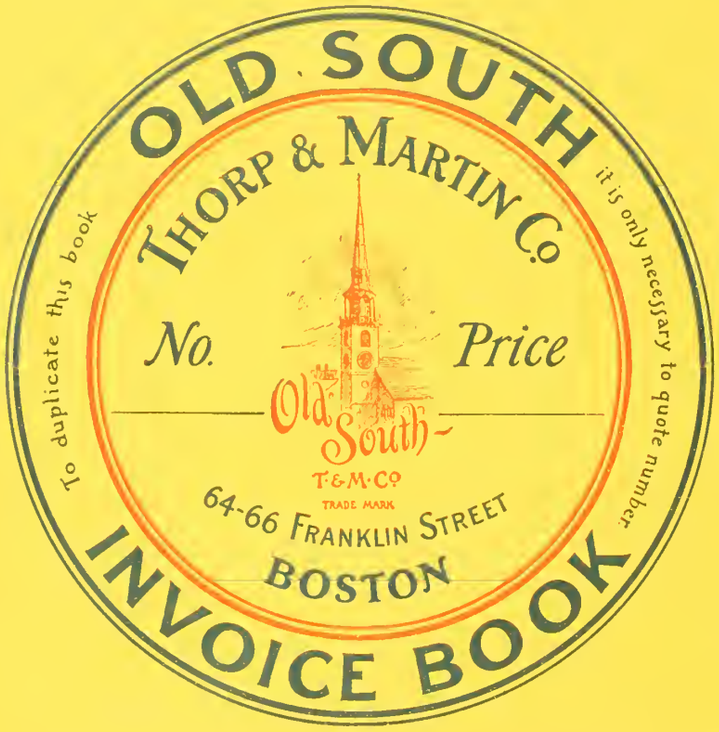

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Jan 7 1913

MAX PAUER'S DEBUT WITH PHILHARMONIC

N. Y. Sun

The eighth Thursday evening subscription concert of the Philharmonic Society at Carnegie Hall last evening served to demonstrate that there is a method in the programme madness of conductor Josef Stransky. Once again relegated a soloist, and a new one that, to the fourth position on the list and prefaced his interpretation of a delicate and rather fragile composition the tumult and the shouting of the captains and the hosts in the "Hunnenschlacht" of Liszt.

The first composition of the concert was Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro" overture, and this was succeeded by Beethoven's "Pastoral" symphony. Then entered the Liszt disturbance. The piano concerto in G minor of Mendelssohn followed and the entertainment was brought to its conclusion with Dvorak's "Carnival" overture. The soloist was Max Pauer, pianist, who made his first appearance in this city.

Mr. Pauer is a son of Ernest Pauer, pianist and composer. Possibly the father is better known to students of music in this country as the author of some small and very serviceable handbooks on technical subjects. The son was ten years professor of piano at the Cologne conservatory and has been since 1908 head of the conservatory of Stuttgart.

These facts are especially worthy of note because his playing of Mendelssohn's cheerful and melodious concerto was in no sense pedagogic. On the contrary it was the performance of a virtuoso of genuine musical instincts. Mr. Pauer's technic proved perfectly adapted to the work. He excels in fluent smoothness in bravura passages and in clarity nearly all the time. The pianist has a fine command of tone, and, within a dynamic range sufficiently great for Mendelssohn's music, he has also a delightful scale of dainty nuance.

In the slow movement he proved that he knew how to make the piano sing and also to play with pretty sentiment. All that was poetic in the composer's thought he found and published with charm. Altogether his interpretation of the concerto was pleasing. To be sure this composition calls for no profound interpretation, and it will be interesting at some future time to hear Mr. Pauer open up the treasures of some larger creation, but his performance last evening was musical and for that reason deserves praise.

Beethoven's "Pastoral" symphony comes around in its turn and is always welcome. Progressives smile indulgently at its quail, its cuckoo and its thunderstorm, but, entering a plea of confession and avoidance as to the little birds, we can at least assure ourselves that the storm remains a very effective one despite the uncarthing of new orchestral terrors by later tone painters.

It was in this same storm that Mr. Stransky and his orchestra were most fortunate last evening. They thundered admirably and helped to turn the winter of our discontent into glorious summer. But it was a sluggish little brook beside which they had their bucolic scene, and there was no great incisiveness in their tread in the first movement. Having aroused themselves by the storm they indulged in the subsequent gladness with blither spirit and came out of the symphony much better than they went into it.

On an occasion not far back there was a most unhappy disagreement between orchestra and organ in Carnegie Hall on the subject of standard pitch. Last evening there was a felicitious accord. Thus the proclamation of the "Crux fidelis," which plays such an important role in Liszt's depiction of the triumph of Christian faith over barbarianism was successful.

ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS

Tribune Jan. 17 13

A NewPianist at the Philharmonic.

There were two orchestral concerts by local organizations yesterday, and to either of them can adequate critical attention be paid, because the interesting features of them occurred almost at the same time. In Carnegie Hall Max Pauer, pianist, introduced himself at a concert of the Philharmonic Society, playing Mendelssohn's pianoforte concerto, which had not figured in a Philharmonic previously for perhaps forty years, but which, played in a clean, crips, direct and unaffected manner by Mr. Pauer, fell most ingratiatingly into the ears of the listeners after the noisy claptrap of Liszt's "Hunnen-Schlacht," which preceded it. Before this number the orchestra had played Mozart's overture to "Nozze di Figado" and Beethoven's "Pastoral" symphony. After the concerto there was left Dvorak's "Carnival" overture.

At Aeolian Hall the Russian orchestra returned to its own first principles and gave a concert of music which was all Russian, save some of the songs sung by Mme. Namara-Toye, which, under any other conditions, would have been inconsequential, but under the particular circumstances were more or less of an intrusion. The orchestral music consisted of Runsky-Korsakow's "Schekeregade," a "Valse Triste," for the incidental music, composed by Sibilius for a drama, "Knolema"; a new serenade by Arensky, Monsorgsky's "Hopak" and Zolatariew's "Rhapsodie Hébraique." The last a composition of so interesting a nature that a recurrence to it when time allows is imperative.

H. E. K.

FARRAR FINE AS "SUZANNE"

First of Non-Subscription Operas Crowds Metropolitan.

The first of what will be probably a series of Thursday afternoon non-subscription performances toog place yesterday at the Metropolitan Opera House, and Miss Farrar, in Wolf-Ferrari's charming little operatic scherzo, "The Secret of Suzanne," and Mr. Caruso, in Leoncavallo's ever popular melodrama, "Pagliacci," drew an audience whose proportions were limited only by the fire laws.

Tribune. Jan. 17 13

It was a happy thought of Mr. Gatti-Casazza's to bring the little one-act work of the Venetian composer to the Metropolitan last night, and those who heard Miss Farrar's song in praise of Our Lady Nicotine must surely have gone hence inspired to turn over a new leaf—if they hadn't already—and smoke cigarettes from that night forth! Music as delicate and intangible as the smoke wreaths themselves, melodies as perfumed as the cigarette between the fair singer's fingers, has Signor Wolf-Ferrari created. Through the light haze of the smoke came back to us the charm of Mozart and of Handel—a dream, indeed, to dream on a winter's afternoon!

Then came "Pagliacci" and chaos and tumult and quick, hot blooded ducts, with Mr. Enrico Caruso to shout them out in tenoric despair. Mr. Caruso never has to call a second time for applause, but yesterday there was forcing in his voice and evident effort throughout. There was, however, a Tonio new to New York in Dink Gilly, who in make-up action and voice proved more than satisfactory. In the first act he dressed the part as a true tramp actor, and gave a dramatic accompaiment to the prologue that was effective and well thought out. In his singing Mr. Gilly always is the artist, and his use of his voice might well be pondered over by other barytones.

In the evening "Otello," with Mme. Alda, Mr. Slezak and Mr. Amato, drew an audience of fine proportions, but one that might have been larger. Yet Mr. Slezak embodies Shakespeare's Moor in a manner fragrant with pathos and force and the sense of impeding tragedy, besides singing the music, as a rule, most effectively, while Mr. Toscanini's reading of Verdi's score is superb. Mr. Amato's Iago, too, is a praiseworthy, if not altogether subtle portrayal, and Mme. Alda's Desdamona, a sympathetic and appealing figure, besides which she sings the music with admirable legato. In the far future, when social prestige is no longer necessary in an opera house, "Otello" may supplant "Pagliacci" in popular favor, but that wished for day is probably far distant.

Russian Symphony Society.

Modest Altschuler's programmes are always interesting, and the one presented last night by him at Aeolian Hall was exceptionally good. Under his vital beat the Orchestra gave a spirited performance of the Rimsky-Korsakoff "Scheherazade," the tone of the strings being especially beautiful. The "Valse Triste" by Sibelius was fascinating, and had to be repeated, the strings again excellent. The Arensky "Serenade" and the "Hopak Dance" won enough applause to warrant repeating them, but Mr. Altschuler wisely refrained from lengthening his well-arranged programme. The "Hebrew Rhapsody," by Zolotareff, closed the evening, sending the audience home in a mood for more of just such music. Mr. Altschuler has fine command of his men, his musicianship, temperament and enthusiasm have evolved an orchestra that is worth listening to.

Jan. 17 13

The soloist, Mme. Namara-Toye, has more natural charm than art. Her voice will be ruined before many seasons if she persists in her present mode of emission. The high notes in "Annie Laurie," which she sang for an encore after her group of songs, were so pinched as to be unpleasantly off pitch. When her throat is free the tones are beautiful, but that is not often. It is a pity that so much good material shuld be wasted.

Pauer and the Philharmonic.

Jan. 17 13

Josef Stransky is arousing as much enthusiasm over Liszt's orchestral works as Paderewski always arouses with his rhapsodies and other piano pieces. Great was the demonstration of pleasure last night by the Philharmonic audience after hearing him interpret the eleventh of Liszt's symphonic poems, the stirring "Battle of the Huns." A truly inspired work it is, worthy of its grand theme, the triumph of Christianity over heathendom—as fine in its way as the struggle depicted in Wagner's "Tannhäuser" overture. Liszt was one of the late Joseph Pulitzer's favorite composers, one of the three whom he requested the Philharmonic Society to place often on its programmes. Could he have foreseen that Josef Stransky, the greatest Liszt conductor the world has ever seen, would be chosen as the one to carry out his wishes, he might have doubled his generous bequest.

As an interpreter of another of Mr. Pulitzer's favorites—Beethoven—Mr. Stransky also greatly pleased last night's audience, which applauded that master's "Pastoral" symphony as it seldom is applauded these days. It is not usually considered one of the immortal Ludwig's greatest works, and it must be admitted that the first movement is dull in parts. But the book scene is charming—though one does not hear the bubbling waters as one does in Schubert's "Maid of the Mill" songs. The storm is splendidly impressive even in these days of rampant realism—at least it is so when done in Mr. Stransky's tempestuous manner. The final hymn of gratitude was also most impressive. In the "Scene by the Brook" and the "Peasants Merry-Making" the Philharmonic had a chance to prove the excellence of its leading players in the different groups, the dialogues between representatives of the wood-wind, the string, and the brass families being delightfully played. In its way there was as much virtuosity in all this as in the brilliant "Battle of the Huns," after which all the players had to rise and make their bow with the conductor in response to the tumultuous applause. The final number, Dvorák's "Carnival" overture was another performance which showed that as a Dvorák conductor, also, Mr. Stransky has no rival, and that the Philharmonic has never been so fine an orchestra as it is to-day.

The soloist last night was Max Pauer, who produced a most favorable impression on the audience, being very enthusiastically applauded and recalled again and again after he had played the Mendelssohn G minor Concerto. He has beautiful touch and tone, poetic feeling, and a masterly technique. Until he has been heard again, and in something better calculated to exhibit his musical and pianistic gifts than this Concerto, one cannot judge his playing completely. Mendelssohn's work calls for extreme dexterity and delicacy of touch, and for some poetry, in the duo between piano and 'cellos of the slow movement. This slow movement is the best part of the work, but very inferior to Mendelssohn at his best. There is every reason to believe that Mr. Pauer will take his place among the favorite pianists of the day. His forthcoming recital promises to be interesting. It does not follow beaten paths.

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"SIEGFRIED" SUNG

Siegfried	Carl Burrian
Mime	Albert Reiss
Der Wanderer	Putnam Griswold
Alberich	Otto Goritz
Fafner	Basil Ruysdael
Erda	Margarete Matzenauer
Bruenhilde	Johanna Gadski
Stimme des Waldvogels	Lenora Sparkes
Conductor	Alfred Hertz.

Wagner's "Siegfried" had its first performance of the season at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. To the delightful scherzo of the tetralogy is usually accorded one or two performances before it takes its logical place in the full presentation of "Der Ring des Nibelungen." These sporadic offerings of the drama do not call for deprecatory remarks, as they did in earlier years, when the fourfold tragedy was much less familiar than it is now. In those days operagoers could hardly be expected to take up the thread of the story at any point without losing it again very quickly. But in these days the case is different.

Those who are interested in the Wagnerian drama at all are able to plunge "in medias res" without hesitation or confusion. Others naturally do not care whether they know what is going on or not. Thus all parties are satisfied, and the only grumblers are those who are inexorable in their pleadings for the entity of art works at all times and in all places.

These grumblers, it must be confessed, have some fairly solid ground on which to stand. But in a polyglot opera house where the repertory has to be so varied as it is at the Metropolitan numerous presentations of the entire "Ring" are not practicable, and it is therefore better to hear "Siegfried" all by itself than only once in the whole season.

There were no new impersonations to call for extended descripton. Mme. Gadski was the *Brunnhilde*, and as every one knows, Wagner's sleeping beauty is not awakened by the kiss of the Volsung prince until a very late hour. Miss Sparkes as the *Forest Bird* contributed the only other feminine tones to the evening's joys, but she made no appearance on the scene. Youth and spirit have to be depicted by the representation of *Siegfried*, who last evening was Carl Burrian, fortunately in such excellent vocal condition that he was able to do full justice to the music.

In Putnam Griswold there was a dignified and sonorous *Wotan*, while Mr. Goritz was a very black *Alberich* indeed, and Mr. Reiss the same incomparable *Mime* as of yore. To complete the records Mr. Ruysdael declaimed vigorously through his megaphone the few brief remarks of the moribund smoke eater, *Fafner*. Alfred Hertz conducted.

THE PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

First Appearance of Max Pauer in Mendelssohn's G Minor Concerto.

The Philharmonic Society at its concert yesterday afternoon, a repetition of that on Thursday evening, introduced to the New York public the latest addition to the pianists who contribute to the music of the present season. It was Mr. Max Pauer, a musician who comes without the halo of a great European reputation, though he bears an honorable name in music, his father, Ernst Pauer having been well known as a pedagogue as well as a pianist, as a writer on music, and as a pioneer in bringing back to the knowledge of the modern world forgotten piano music of the pre-classical period. Max Pauer is, like his father, a pedagogue, and has been for a quarter of a century a teacher in German conservatories.

Mr. Pauer made the somewhat singular choice of Mendelssohn's G Minor Concerto as a medium for introducing himself to the American public. Both of Mendelssohn's concertos have long since fallen into disuse in public performance here and in Europe; and although in earlier years of the Philharmonic Society's history it frequently appeared on its programmes, it would take a long memory to recall its last performance. It is characteristic of Mendelssohn's more superficial qualities, with its pleasing and innocent tunefulness, its arabesques of passage work, its slow movement that, like so many of Mendelssohn's slow movements, gives the effect of a popular hymn tune. It did not appear whether Mr. Pauer had in mind a propaganda for neglected works of Mendelssohn or was endeavoring to find a way out of the rather small circle to which the dearth of new concerted music condemns public pianists.

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He played the composition neatly and fluently, with appropriate grace and pleasing sentiment, with fleet and delicate execution of the ornamental passages. His tone was rather small and flat, rather lacking in richness and in variety of either color or dynamic gradation. The first and last movements, if they are to make much appeal, must be brilliant; but they did not flash or sparkle much under his hands. The music does not permit the player to show many of the deeper qualities of an interpreter, and for a disclosure of what Mr. Paner may possess it will be necessary to wait till he is heard in matter of deeper import. His performance gave pleasure and he was several times recalled.

Times

The orchestral numbers included Mozart's overture to the marriage of Figaro, Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, Liszt's symphonic poem, "The Battle of the Huns," and Dvorak's overture, "Carnival." They were all well played. Mozart's overture had delicacy and the joyous spirit of the comedy that is foreshadowed in it. Mr. Stransky's reading of the symphony was one that lovers of the work could enjoy for itself, for he attempted no elaborate amplifications in Beethoven's score to bring it up, or down,

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[illegible] the level [illegible] ideas of what storms and [illegible] natural phenomena should be like in music. The playing of the second movement, the "Scene by the Brook," had not all the finish and rhythmic precision that are necessary for flowing rhythmic of this music. But in other respects the performance was admirable, and was not lacking in life and spontaneity. Liszt's symphonic poem is one of those less frequently played. Its specifically musical substance is not important, but its orchestral effects including a good deal of thundering in the index are many, and Mr. Stransky made the most of them in a highly sonorous performance.

ORCHESTRA CONCERTS

Tribune Jan. 18 '13

Mr. Pauer in a Philharmonic Concert—A Hebrew Rhapsody.

Lack of time compelled omission of some comments on the concerts given by the Philharmonic and Russian orchestras on Thursday evening from yesterday's issue of The Tribune. Consideration of some features of the affairs is therefore resumed here. Outside the playing of Max Pauer, piano, the most notable thing about the concert of the Philharmonic Society (which was repeated in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon) or, at least the most commendable, was the fact that Beethoven's "Pastoral" Symphony appeared with its face washed. When last it was performed by the Philharmonic Society in January, 1910, its score was soiled by changes and additions made by the conductor, who wanted more noise in the delineation of the storm, and, taking a hint from Berlioz, "Fantastic" Symphony, added a part for a second pair of kettledrums, so that there might be a more realistic representation of the crashing, rumbling and echoing of thunder. This experience Mr. Stransky has repented. He has also restored the normal and natural phrasing of the accompaniment figure in the "Scene by the Brook," and on these things he is entitled to the gratitude of all music lovers who believe in preserving the purity and integrity of the classics, especially in cases like this, where the composer had as perfect a vehicle for the expression of his ideas as his latter-day would-be improver. If there was a want of impressiveness in the performance, it was due to a somewhat too rigid adherence to tempo, a lack of shading and a failure to bring out the real grace and beauty of the melodic contours. But at the best, there is always some danger of the symphony becoming monotonous.

It seems strange though it is striking evidence of the change of taste which has come over performers (as a rule listeners are not willing to say in such matters) that Mendelssohn's concerto in G minor for piano and orchestra, which was played by the new-comer, Max Pauer, should have appeared on a Philharmonic programme for the first time in forty-seven years. In this interval it has figured a few times in the concerts of other organizations, but it is probable that nine-tenths of the listeners in the audiences on Thursday evening and Saturday afternoon heard the work for the first time when Mr. Pauer played it yesterday. Yet time was when it was one of the most popular of all concertos. Of that period there is a record in the amusing book by Berlioz, which tells of its performance at an examination at the Conservatoire in Paris, when so many pupils played it, one after the other, that at the last the pianoforte began of its own accord as soon as the pupil stepped upon the platform, and when the maddened jurors smashed the instrument into flinders and distributed fragments into the court below, they were horrified to see the hammers still flying up and down until the tangled strings. It was a brave thing for Mr. Pauer to choose the old-fashioned concerto for his American debut, but perhaps he was only guessing the lovely music, but feels that we are in the eve of a reversion of popular taste and that serene old things are again to have their turn. Certain it is that our virtuosi must soon break out of the wheel-age in which they have been spinning so long.

For those interested in Philharmonic lore it is recorded that the first performance of the G minor concerto at a Philharmonic concert was by H. C. Timm on January 27, 1845. On May 26 of the same year Mr. Timm repeated it by request at a festival concert given in Castle Garden for the purpose of raising money to build a Philharmonic hall. (It was at this concert that Beethoven's Ninth Symphony had its first performance on this side of the Atlantic Ocean.) On June 27, 1847, Richard Hoffman played it, and his repetition of it on March 30, 1868, is the last record of a Philharmonic which we can find. Meanwhile, on January 10, 1852, Otto Goldschmidt, being in America as accompanist for Jenny Lind, whom he married about three weeks later, played the concerto under the direction of George Loder.

Mr. Pauer had excellent predecessors and showed himself worthy of them. The music does not call for great depth of sentiment, but it is unexcelled in its demand for a tasteful and finished style, and the smoothness of execution which is always associated with music of the pre-Beethoverian period. And this it received at the hands of Mr. Pauer, who also gave it ample tone, without forcing the instrument and beautiful color.

A feature of special interest in the concert of the Russian Symphony Society in Aeolian Hall was the "Rhapsodie Hébraïque," by Zolatarew, a composer utterly unknown here until Mr. Safonoff called Mr. Altschuler's attention to this work and he gave it a performance in the last days of December, '90. At that time the composition stood alone, so far as the knowledge of this reviewer went, as an effort to utilize secular music of the Russian Jews in the artistic forms. Since then, but only within the last few months, some of the songs of the Jews of Russia have been exploited experimentally in German concert rooms, and it is possible that before long a new field of artistic music, based upon a species of folksong actually unknown to the outside world, will be inviting the attention of connoisseurs and students of musical nationalism.

The composition which Mr. Altschuler has introduced to New York's concert-goers, though not highly original in construction, is a well knit and effective composition, and its thematic material is of a most interesting character. The melodies, save one, have nothing in common with Russian folksong. They are Oriental in character, but their Orientalism, as reflected in the fundamental scale of the first theme in particular, is differentiated from a related characteristic of the folk music of Hungary, Wallachia, Arabia, Turkey and Egypt, in that the exotic interval—an augmented second containing three semi-tones—falls in a different part of the scale. In it there is a relic of ancient synagogal song, while the Muscovite folksong frequently seems to be based upon the modal system of the Greek Church. The scale is, in fact, that which writers on Hebrew music call Mischtabach, and lies at the bottom of the most famous of all the synagogal melodies which have been handed down to us by tradition, the "Kolnidre" of the Day of Atonement service. A musical folklorist might find profitable employment in seeking out the secular songs which live in the hearts of some of the Semitic peoples who crowd the East Side of the Borough of Manhattan. Some tentative efforts have been made, we believe, by Mr. Brunof, but more energetic delving might yield more striking results. The rhapsody differs, also, from much of the music based on Russian folksong, in being predominantly cheerful in mood, gay, not desperately mad, like some of the Russian dances. There is a heavy-hearted movement in the Rhapsody in which the Oriental characteristics are very obvious, so obvious as to invite fancies of the heat-laden air of India and the low murmurs of the Ganges.

H. E. K.

"SIEGFRIED" AT THE OPERA

Tribune

First Presentation This Season a Splendid Performance.

"Siegfried" received its first presentation of the season last night at the Metropolitan Opera House, and despite the fact that, with the exception of "Rheingold" it is the least popular of the Wagner operas the audience was one of fairly large size. Siegfried the Dragon Killer is a popular figure in children's story books, but his translation into opera seems to necessitate a maturity of appreciation that is not altogether the possession of the major portion of our public, while the work has a decided lack of the love element so essential to the senses of an overstimulated people. Yet "Siegfried" is in our repertory, and in our repertory it probably will remain—if its future productions are as able as was last night's.

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The Siegfried was Mr. Burrian, and what he lacked in heroic proportions he made up in beauty of song. The Wanderer was Putnam Griswold, who informed the part with a dignity worthy of the god in less doddering days, besides singing the music with much beauty of tone. Mr. Goritz and Mr. Reiss, as Alberich and Mime, were inimitable; when, indeed, shall we look upon their like again? Mr. Ruysdael was the Worm that turned.

The women who appeared were Mme. Matzenauer, who appeared once and then vanished, much to the regret of those who love a beautiful voice; Mme. Gadski, who appeared late, but to good effect, and Miss Sparkes, who did not appear at all but who became a bird invisible and charmed Siegfried as well as many others. Of course, Mr. Hertz conducted con amore, and, as a rule, without undue emphasis.

Shortly after the curtain rose on the second act one of the temporary fly bridges slipped from its place and started to descend. Mr. Goritz and Mr. Griswold were on the stage at the time, but the curtain was quickly rung down, and after seven minutes' wait the curtain again rose and the act was begun again. There was no excitement, and no one was hurt, the bridge catching on some of the scenery, which prevented its falling to the stage.

The third of the dramas of the "Ring" trilogy of Wagner, "Siegfried," was produced at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening for the first time this season. "Siegfried" is not one of the most popular of the series, and the audience last evening was not a large one. Yet the performance was in many respects of remarkable excellence, and of great dramatic vitality. Perhaps a part of the price that must be paid for this spirit in Mr. Hertz's conducting is an undue exuberance on the part of the orchestra, which affected the performance last evening, especially in the first act, where Siegfried had something more than refractory splinters of a steel sword to contend with in his singing of the songs at the forge.

There was no new feature in the performance for those who had heard "Siegfried" as it was given last season. Mr. Burrian's Siegfried gradually loses its youthfulness in appearance, but it gains in artistic beauty and power of song, and in intensity and fervor of dramatic expression, and he has seldom acquitted himself so well as he did last evening. Time does not wither nor custom stale the infinite variety of Mr. Reiss's Mime, which is as near the dramatist's conception as is likely to be reached in the realm of practical stagecraft. Mr. Griswold's magnificent impersonation of the Wanderer was at its best, in beauty and sonority of voice, and in picturesqueness, humor, and solemnity. The Brünnhilde was Mme. Gadski, whose beautiful and eloquent delivery of the music in the last act is one of her most familiar and most admired achievements.

There was a trifling accident that interrupted the course of the second act immediately after its beginning, and caused the lowering of the curtain for a few moments. It was the falling of a bridge of lights that was insufficiently counterweighted, but no one was injured and no damage was done, and the act went forward after a brief wait.

"Konigskinder," January 18 (Matinee).

Humperdinck's pretty opera had Carl Jörn and Geraldine Farrar in its chief role, while Otto Goritz was the Fiddler, and Louise Homer, the Witch. Rita Fornia scored heavily, as usual, in her part (the Innkeeper's Daughter) and Adamo Didur made an irresistibly comical figure of the Woodcutter. Maria Mattfeld made her bit tell, as the Stable Maid.

"Tales of Hoffmann," January 18 (Evening).

As the Saturday evening performance was for the benefit of the French Hospital, no criticism is required. The singers were Hempel, Fremstadt, Bori, Macnez, Didur, Gilly, De Segurola, Ruysdael, etc., in their usual roles.

EVAN WILLIAMS'S RECITAL.

Tribune

Beautiful Singing by the Welsh Tenor in Aeolian Hall.

Mr. Evan Williams does not often appear among New York concert-givers, but when he sings, as he did yesterday afternoon at his recital in Aeolian Hall, he is a most welcome addition even to this season's throng of them. There are few who enter into their music with the fervid enthusiasm and the communicating ardor that the Welsh tenor does, few who so impart the whole significance of what they sing so intelligently, or make it all, great and small alike, seem so intensely alive. His performance yesterday was interesting and moving, and was a beautiful exhibition of some of the finest qualities of his art. He sang everything in English, with breadth and finish of phrase and with a clearness of enunciation that made every word intelligible. There might have been some question of his feeling for style in the selection and arrangement of his programme; but none at all of the appropriateness of his expression, whether of the airs by Handel, with which he began, or of the American, English, and German songs that made up the rest of his selections.

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Of Handel he sang the air, "Where-e'er You Walk," from the secular oratorio of "Semele," and the airs, with their preceding recitatives, "Total Eclipse" and "Why Does the God of Israel Sleep?" from the oratorio of "Samson"; the first in fluent and ingratiating style, the second with poignant intensity of pathos, the third with great vigor and power. The two airs from "Samson" especially are splendid examples of Handel's finest declamation in music, and Mr. Williams wrung from them every drop of their effectiveness. They are also splendid examples of how magnificently great verses of Milton may lend themselves to musical setting in the grand style. Three settings by Protheroe, a Welsh compatriot of Mr. Williams resident in Chicago, of poems by Browning, he sang with stirring eloquence and an unwavering conviction. He equally well commanded the grace and humor of Schubert's "Wandering" and the suave tenderness of Jensen's "Murmuring Zephyrs." An interesting and unfamiliar number was a song by Haydn, "Spirit Song." The rest of his programme was made up of songs by Cadman, Hamilton Harty, Rachmaninoff, Charles Gilbert Spross, his accompanist, Campbell-Tipton, and Hugo Kaun.

MUSIC FOR THOUSANDS

Jan. 20 '13

English, Irish and Welsh Singers Prove Great Attractions.

About two thousand persons heard Clara Butt at the Hippodrome last night; more people than ought to have been permitted to enter Carnegie Hall may three thousand listened to John McCormack there in the afternoon, at the same time that fifteen hundred persons or more were enjoying a song recital by Evan Williams in Aeolian Hall. There were twenty-five hundred persons in the Metropolitan Opera House in the evening, but that affair did not have the special and peculiar interest enjoyed by the other three meetings, for they told a story of popular sentiment, having been called together by an English, an Irish and a Welsh singer respectively. Mr. Williams alone made no attempt to exploit the music of his country, but gave an artistic song recital, in which the Welsh element was summed up in the personality of the singer and that of one of the composers, Protheroe, who, however, was heard in settings of three lyrics by Browning. As for the rest, though there were also songs by German and American composers in his list, the centre of gravity from an artistic point of view lay in the three airs by Handel with which Mr. Williams began his concert. They were "Where'er You Walk," "Total Eclipse" and "Why Does the God of Israel Sleep," and in them the singer gave convincing evidence that some of the best traditions of English oratorio singing are living in him. All of the songs, the very good and the very feeble (and there were representatives of each class) were sung with a sincerity of feeling and an eloquence of declamation which carried them home to the hearers even when, in the use of the half-voice, Mr. Williams's tones sounded veiled and husky. The ringing power of his upper tones was electrifying, however, when he poured them out in their full volume.

The afternoon audience in Carnegie Hall not only filled the seats, but also crowded the space back of the chairs till the doors bulged outward, and then overflowed on the stage till there was room left on it only for the singers (Miss Alice Nielsen helped Mr. McCormack), the pianoforte and the accompanist. There was a large artistic element in the programme, to which both singers, but chiefly Mr. McCormack, did justice; yet it was plain that the hearts of the multitude were in the tenor's Irish songs and in the songs which Miss Nielsen sang after her set groups—"The Last Rose of Summer," "Comin' Thro' the Rye," "Kathleen Mavourneen" and "The Old Folks at Home."

An unexpectedly delightful feature of the popular concert in the Metropolitan Opera House was the playing of the Grieg pianoforte concerto by a youthful artist who, though scarcely in her teens, disclosed a technical command of the instrument and a musical sense which will make the duty of her growth into a pianiste of high rank a pleasure. The player was Miss Aline von Bahrentzen, an American girl, of whom it is said that she carried off a first prize at the Paris Conservatoire some three or four years ago. She is an unaffected child in appearance and bearing, and seemed utterly unconscious of the feat which she was accomplishing in playing the concerto without an appreciable slip of memory and with a crisp, rhythmical incisiveness that many a seasoned virtuoso might envy her. The other artists who took part in the concert besides the opera house orchestra, were Mme. Destinn and M. Martin.

The Belasco Theatre, in the evening, was the scene of the second recital of sonatas for pianoforte and violin by Mr. and Mrs. David Mannes, the programme being composed of three works of this character by Beethoven, C minor, Op. 30, No. 2; A major, Op. 12, No. 2, and G major, Op. 96. An appreciative audience of about three hundred persons listened to this refined entertainment. Let the record be made, in conclusion, that five Sunday concerts were listened to by about nine thousand three hundred persons.

H. E. K.

SUNDAY CONCERTS KEEP SINGERS BUSY

Jan. 20 '13

The temporary cessation of the activities of the Philharmonic and Symphony societies yesterday seemed to be an incentive to numerous other enterprises. At any rate music certainly ruled the fleeting hour from 3 P. M. till close upon 11. Singers filled most of the field. There were five concerts altogether and in four of them vocal art occupied the large share of public attention. In the afternoon Evan Williams, the distinguished tenor, gave a song recital in Aeolian Hall, while Alice Nielsen, soprano, and John McCormack, tenor, were heard in a joint concert at Carnegie Hall.

Both auditoriums were crowded. At Carnegie Hall even the stage was filled with eager listeners and many would-be hearers were forced to go away unable to gain admission to the house. In all probability Miss Nielsen and Mr. McCormack will read the handwriting on the wall and be warned to give another concert. The admirers of both singers must have had a delightful afternoon, for the programme was cunningly arranged so as to give both scope for the display of their most attractive qualities.

Mr. McCormack opened the proceedings with "Waft Her Angels," which is of course excellently suited to his high voice and smooth style. Miss Nielsen followed with songs by Cadman and Spross, thus for once giving a place of honor to the American composer. Thereafter the tenor sang numbers by Parelli, Pergolesi, Schubert, Hue and two English composers, not to speak of the inevitable Irish airs, which are his specialty. Miss Nielsen contributed "Deh vieni" and "Solvej's Lied" and dainty things by Bemberg and Tosti, and at the end the two singers were heard in the duet from Madama Butterfly."

Not to be outdone by the other tenor further uptown, Mr. Williams also sang songs by Cadman, Campbell Tipton, Spross and Hamilton Harty. He did not sing "Waft Her Angels," but drew from the Handel treasury "Where E'er You Walk," "Total Eclipse" and "Why Does the God of Israel Sleep?" Three charming lyrics by Protheroe to Browning words were also on the programme.

Mr. Williams was at his best yesterday, and his best is something very good. His voice was in perfect condition and his production of tone a lesson in the art. His command of breath was noteworthy and his phrasing was guided by fastidious judgment. It is a joy to hear a man sing in such a manly, straightforward and natural style.

Mr. Williams reads a song as an elocutionist would read a poem and he enunciates his text so that every syllable is perfectly intelligible. He has completely mastered the art of singing naturally, so that articulation places no obstacles in the way of tone formation. And furthermore in all his delivery there is a big, communicative enthusiasm, wholesome and invigorating. Mr. Williams ought to sing in New York oftener. He needs it and so do we.

Of the three evening concerts the most serious in endeavor was that of Mr. and Mrs. David Mannes, who again played sonatas for piano and violin at the Belasco Theatre. Their programme was devoted to Beethoven, who was represented by sonatas in C minor, A major and G major. The first of these belongs to the set of three comprised in opus 30 and is the second of that set. The A major sonata is No. 2 of opus 12, and the G major sonata heard last evening is opus 96. There is another G major sonata, the third number of opus 30.

Beethoven's opus 12 belongs to the year 1798 and has the simple characteristics of the music of this period. It is charming, but wants the larger utterance of the mature composer. In the three sonatas of opus 30, which belong to 1812, the year of the first piano concerto and the second symphony, the musician was still writing in his earliest style, but with the G major sonata of last evening's programme Mr. and Mrs. Mannes carried their audience at once into 1812, the year of the eighth symphony, when Beethoven had reached the fullness of his powers and spoke with the authority of a master.

The programme, it will be seen, comprised interesting numbers. Of the skill and devotion of Mr. and Mrs. Mannes there has been occasion to speak frequently. The two musicians continue to command admiration and sympathy for their art and for the steadfastness of purpose which has enabled them to develop a large taste for their specialty.

Besides the usual opera concert at the Metropolitan there was also a joint appearance of Kennerly Rumford and his wife, Mme. Clara Butt, at the Hippodrome. After Manuel Klein had led his industrious orchestra through the mazes of Wagner's "Tannhauser" overture Mr. Rumford walked to the centre of the broad stage and chanted a melancholy Welsh air called "All Through the Night" in a manner which made some people glad that this was only the name of the song and not of Mr. Rumford's performance.

He also invited those present to drink to him with their eyes and finished the first round with an old border ballad. It seemed entirely appropriate that after this Mme. Butt should deliver Handel's largo and Mendelssohn's "Rest in the Lord." The couple sang Goring Thomas's "Night Hymn at Sea," and this concluded the first part of their entertainment.

In the second part the barytone sang "When the Swallows Homeward Fly" and "Thou'rt Passing Hence" and the contralto gave "Kathleen Mavourneen" and "The Lost Chord." It seemed a somewhat melancholy evening on the whole. The songs were generally lugubrious, the singing depressing and the atmosphere lacking in artistic ozone.

WEIL LOSES VOICE IN 'MEISTERSINGER'

Jan. 21 '13

Misfortune attended this season's second performance of "Die Meistersinger" at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. It came in the shape of vocal disability to Hermann Weil, who was the Hans Sachs. He was evidently in poor voice from the beginning, and in the second act his voice was in such a condition that he was singing with great effort. After a long intermission Mr. Guard of the executive staff of the house appeared before the curtain and announced that the management was in a great dilemma—that Mr. Weil had entirely lost his voice, and that, as there was no available substitute for him, it would be necessary to cut out the first scene of the third act in which Hans Sachs sings almost continuously, and go on with the last scene, on the meadow outside the walls of Nuremberg.

This was accordingly done, although the loss in an artistic sense was irreparable. But the damage did not cease with this, for at the end of the act Hans Sachs has a long and important passage that is in a way the climax of the work and sums up the artistic philosophy that Wagner wished to enforce in the drama. Mr. Weil continued in the part of Hans Sachs, but sang with about quarter voice, enough to deliver his speeches and allow the rest of the music to be continued to the end.

There were several changes in the cast though no new singers appeared in this performance. Mr. Slezak and Mme. Gadski were respectively the Walther von Stolzing and Eva, well remembered and admired in their impersonations of these characters. The Magdalena was Marie Mattfeld, who, in former years, had taken that part, but had not done so since the present managament has ruled at the Opera House. She is an excellent Magdalena, especially in her acting and her denotement of the peculiarly Teutonic humor of the part.

It was unfortunate that this Wagnerian performance given to the Monday night subscribers should have so nearly met with shipwreck. The incident prompted several reflections. One was that the close of the comedy was so far advanced by the large exclsion that probably a certain number of the audience may have heard the last scene of "Die Meistersinger" for the first time. Another was that it was passing strange that a great operatic institution should sail so close to the wind as to have no understudy capable of taking this leading part, to avoid the necessity of such an awkward contretemps.

The performance of Wagner's "Die Meistersinger" at the Metropolitan Opera House last night was suddenly cut down. Mr. Weil, who was the *Hans Sachs*, began the evening hoarse, and in the street scene, in the humorous battle with *Beckmesser*, he broke down completely. Otto Goritz, who was the *Beckmesser*, turned his back on the audience and sang the essential parts of *Hans Sachs's* music till the curtain fell. William Guard, press agent of the house, appeared before the curtain and explained the state of affairs. Mr. Weil could not go on, and hence the first scene of the third act had to be cut out entirely and in the second scene Mr. Weil merely hummed his short speech. Thus the opera was brought to its end and the famous prize song was not sung except in its second version.

The only novelties in the cast were the substitution of Mme. Gadski for Miss Destinn as *Eva*, Mr. Slezak for Mr. Jorn as *Walther von Stolzing* and Miss Mattfeld for Mme. Homer as *Magdalena*. In the circumstances it can only be said that these singers acquitted themselves with credit. It was unfortunate that neither Mr. Hinshaw nor Mr. Griswold, who were in the cast, could take up Mr. Weil's role. Their own were at an end, but they were not acquainted with the cuts used at the Metropolitan and without learning them they could not possibly leap into the breach. Both know the role of *Hans Sachs*, but they know the whole of it.

The Metropolitan Opera House has not taken any measures to celebrate the Wagner and Verdi centenaries, which occur this year, in any way so far as known. It might have been supposed, therefore, that at least measures would be taken by the management to prevent such a regrettable mishap. There were two singers in the cast, Mr. Griswold and Mr. Hinshaw, who might have taken Mr. Weil's place. The explanation given as to why they could not come to the rescue was because neither of them knew the cuts made at the Metropolitan. Why were they not made acquainted with them? It has been customary at the Metropolitan always to have substitutes ready in case of such emergencies.

MISS LEGINSKA HEARD.

Jan. 21 '13 Herald

Pianist Selects Difficult Programme for Her New York Debut in Aeolian Hall.

With a programme of Beethoven, Brahms, Chopin and Liszt, Miss Leginska, pianist, made her first appearance in New York yesterday, in recital at Aeolian Hall, and when she had played Brahms' F minor sonata the audience was divided in its opinion as to the merits of the interpretation. Miss Leginska is not large physically and the amount of sound she produced from the piano was astonishing. Her technical equipment, though possessed of some slight defects, was sufficient.

The Brahms sonata is a large work, and its demands were so varied that the young pianist exhausted her force before the end. Her playing, to many, was disappointing in that it gave no feeling of reserve power. She began with Beethoven's rondo a capriccio, opus 120, and then played his andante in F. In both she won much applause. Her programme concluded with a group of pieces by Chopin and Liszt's Mazeppa.

Miss Leginska Makes Impression at Recital

American Jan. 21 '13

Pianist Displays Unusual Technical Ability and Power of Expression Before Large Audience.

Miss Ethel Leginska gave an ambitious and interesting piano recital yesterday afternoon at Aeolian Hall. In a programme made up of difficult technical compositions she made a good impression on a large and appreciative audience.

There is no doubt of Miss Leginska's musicianly ability. She possesses a poetic sense, a well-defined power of expression, unusual technical powers and physical force. Her wrists are remarkably supple, her fingers agile and tireless. The one fault that impressed her hearers was an occasional inaccuracy—a slight lapse from exactitude of touch.

Her performance of Beethoven's Rondo Capriccio (the wrath over the lost farthing) was delightfully fresh and charming, a veritable whirr of notes; but, as in the case of the Brahms Sonata, which came later in the programme, just missing a perfect performance by indifferent articulation.

Her illustration of technical difficulties was praiseworthy. Her octave work and much of the brilliant passages which were interpreted with the left hand were excellent.

In the Chopin group and "Mazeppa," by Liszt, Miss Leginska played with unaffected grace and fluency.

CLEMENT CHANSONS ARTIST

Jan. 22 '13

Gives "Conference Recital" with M. de Fouquieres.

Always may those who attend the recitals of M. Edmond Clément be sure of obtaining much that is of the best in the art of song, and his "conference recital" in conjunction with M. André de Fouquières in the Hotel Plaza yesterday afternoon was no exception. In fact, it was more enjoyable than M. Clément's recent public recitals in that his programme was of far greater interest, comprising chansons d'amour from the Middle Ages down to as late as 1833.

Beautifully did M. Clément interpret these delightful little bits, and those who heard him sing Sully's "Bois épais" or Martini's oft given "Plaisir d'Amour" received an illustration of how the French chanson tendre should be expressed. M. Clément's voice is not a great one, but his use of it is worthy of the highest praise. His employment of falsetto becomes exquisitely beautiful, and his phrasing is a thing to be dreamed of.

Mr. Fouquières gave a graceful explanatory account before each number. The audience was a large one.

spicuous. Mr. Hess has undoubtedly worked hard with his ensemble, the singers followed his beat, sang forte or piano as he required, but it was too evident that there were four singers in each section. The best solo work of the evening was done by Miss Potter, although Mr. Meysenheym and Mr. Randolph have pleasing voices.

Jan. 22. **The Hess Choir.**

At Aeolian Hall, last evening, Ludwig Hess brought forward a small choir in a concert of a kind which is unusual. The programme included part songs by Elgar, Brahms, and Hess, besides some of the Scotch songs arranged by Beethoven for voices with chamber music accompaniment. The great master was not very happy in this achievement, and his arrangements are hardly worth while producing in public. Perhaps it would have been better had Mr. Hess deferred the first concert. In so small a choir differences in the pronunciation of words are noticeable, while individual peculiarities of tone production are too con-

MAX PAUER'S RECITAL.

Times

The German Pianist Plays Bach, Brahms, Schumann, and Reger.

Max Pauer, the German pianist, who appeared last week at concerts of the Philharmonic Society, when he played Mendelssohn's G minor concerto, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. There he showed considerably wider, broader, and deeper artistic powers than were brought into requisition by Mendelssohn's vivacious but rather superficial concerto. He had been recognized as an artist of substantial attainments, musicianly in his style, unassuming and sincere in his manner. His playing yesterday showed his musicianship in a more favorable light; especially his playing of Bach's Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue and Brahms's sonata in F minor, Op. 5, both of which compositions, as it happened, had been heard from the same platform within twenty-four hours.

He played Bach's wonderful composition, that reaches so far ahead of Bach's time into the future of romantic music, with a real feeling for its profound and poetic expresssion, not as a piece for the display of nimble finger technique nor as an exercise in contrapointal exposition. In this and in his other numbers Mr. Pauer produced a richer and fuller tone, a wider variety of tonal color than he had had occasion to before; and yet there are greater resources possible in the piano. [illegible] he seemed to have the key to yesterday. In Brahms's sonata, by turns grandiose and commanding, and exquisitely and introspectively poetical, he played sympathetically. The music appeals to him, and he enters into its spirit in a manner that enables him to disclose it to his hearers. The performance had masculine power not only in its vigor but, as well, in tenderness and sentiment; and the andante and the recurrence of its spirit that comes in the intermezzo assumed much charm under his hands.

Few pianists undertake to play in public Schumann's "Kinderscenen;" least of all pianists who so far overtop six feet as Mr. Pauer does; yet he made it seem not all incongruous to do so. Their public performance, however, is not unprecendented for it was less than three years ago that Marie Von Unschuld presented them here in a piano recital. They are rather pieces about children than for them—an adult view of their doings and feelings; and the music, if it is simple, is not childish. It is, at any rate, wholly characteristic of one of the most lovable sides of Schumann's nature. Mr. Pauer performed it without sophistication, yet

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A DAY OF CHAMBER MUSIC

Tribune

Mr. Pauer's Recital and Ensemble Singing.

[illegible]

Jan. 22 '13

[illegible] Musical Art Society, but [illegible] generally known of a large portion of its territory. In brief, it is the department of concerted music which does not come within the province of a choral society, either small or large, duos, trios, quartets etc., with or without instrumental accompaniment. Last night's programme contained part-songs by Brahms [illegible] and Mr. Hess and a number of Scottish and Irish songs which Haydn and Beethoven arranged for voices with pianoforte, violin an violin-cello obligato for the enthusiastic musical folk lorist Thompson, of Edinburgh. There was much that was entertaining in the performance of Mr Hess's singers, but the absence of homogeneity in the voices was too obvious to justify the application of the word ensemble. The defect was particularly obvious in the voices and style of the sopranos and tenors which failed to blend with each other as well as with the steadier and more euphonious contraltos and basses.

H. E. K.

[illegible] 3

with complete sincerity; and on the whole with delightful expression, though certain of the pieces might have had a little lighter touch, a little more grace and humor. Jan. 22 '13

There was but one more humbler on this programme. Max Reger's variations and fugue on a theme by Bach Op. 81. This was said to be the first performance in America; a rash statement, yet possibly a true one. The composition is characteristic of Reger's incessantly contrapuntal and shifting harmonic style. The theme is a beautiful and dignified melody. Some of the variations, with a simpler treatment, are interesting; the final fugue is of great complexity and abstruseness, impressive in its climaxes, but hardly musically beautiful. The most of the variations are monotonously hard and dry, though Mr. Pauer played them with zeal and with as much enthusiasm as he displayed in anything.

Tribune Jan 23 1913

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE "Manon," an opera in French. Book by Meilhac and Gille. Music by Jules Massenet

The Cast.

Manon Lescaut	Geraldine Farrar
Pousette	Lenora Sparkes
Javotte	Jeanne Maubourg
Rosette	Maria Duchene
Des Grieux	Enrico Caruso
Lescaut	Gustav Gilly
Le Comte des Grieux	Leon Rothier
Guillot	Alber Reiss
De Bretigny	Alberto de Segurola
L'Hôtelier	Paolo Ananian
Deux Gardes	Vincenzo Reschiglian, Bernard Begue
Conductor	Arturo Toscanini.

Some very delightful impressions made in the last fortnight of last season at the Metropolitan Opera House were revived there last night, when Massenet's "Manon" was performed. If audiences were always the same and memories retentive it would suffice for to-day's record and review to state that the singers were the same as last season and that Signor Toscanini conducted as he did ten months ago. But audiences change and memories are fugitive, and so it is the duty of one who tries to inform the public of the progress of musical occurrences in the metropolis to say something about the performance of the French opera, which is better sung and acted by Mr Gatti's artists than any other work in their French repertory.

A comparison of Massenet's opera with that founded on the same story by Puccini, which preceded it this season at the opera house, is an inviting theme, but so would be a study of all the musical versions which Abbé Prévost's romance has received, especially that made by Auber, of which the only fragment which seems to have reached this side of the Atlantic is the laughing song praised by Dickens and sung most infectiously, as some of the readers of this review may remember, by Carlotta Patti. Auber's score would provide some curious study for present day nationalists in music, because of its use of what the composer believed to be negro dances and Creole songs. Perhaps there was some "American opera" in the latter-day score of the composer of "Fra Diavolo" and "La Muette di Portici."

The question ought to be submitted to the National Society for the Performance of Grand Opera in English, which might advance the cause of musical education by arranging a production of the scene along with Bristow's "Rip Van Winkle" and one or two other American operas. Then, too, it might with great propriety publish a protest against the shabby treatment which the region about New Orleans received at the hands of Puccini and his librettist in their "Manon Lescaut" and compliment Messrs. Meilhac, Gille and Massenet for killing off their heroine before she reached the American shore.

It is not only in this feature that the French operatic version of Prevost's story differs from the Italian. The latter, like Scribe's opera book, omits the scene which is not only one of the higher lights in the French romance, but also marks the climax of excellence in Massenet's score—the scene in the seminary of St. Sulpice. For this scene, so essential to a complete exposition of the character of Manon as well as the Chevalier des Grieux, Massenet was willing to sacrifice the incident of the embarkation at Havre of which Puccini made so much, and Mr. Toscanini, to reach the climax quicker, is willing to sacrifice Massenet's Cours de la Reine scene, which is partly a gain but also partly a loss, for it deprives the opera of some of the daintiest of his eighteenth century music—the minuet against which the Chevalier's father and Manon hold converse. It is in Massenet's use of such devices in his dialogue that one of the chief charms of his opera consists; but the conventional market scene, with its huckstering chorus, can easily be spared.

It would be difficult to overpraise Miss Farrar's impersonation of Manon, which is equally potent in its appeal to the eye, the ear, the imagination and the emotions. Very completely, indeed, does she realize Alfred de Musset's apostrophe to the pretty sinner as the romancing abbé created her:

Manon, sphinx étonnant, véritable sirène!
Cœur trois fois féminin, que je t'aime et te hais!

so far as the librettist and composer have permitted the creation to stand, for they have purged her, as well as her unhappy lover, of some of the viciousness which Prévost thought essential for the purpose of invoking sympathy for the pair. But that is an old procedure in opera. The tears of Verdi's Violetta, mingled with those who hear her "Gran Dio," wash the Lady of the Camellias in innocency. Signor Caruso creates no illusion for the eye, so far as his appearance goes; on the contrary, he is distinctly disturbing. But he sings Massenet's sentimental music exquisitely in the first and second acts and with overwhelming intensity after the entrance of the tragic element, and the eye is prone to grant him pardon. H. E. K.

N.Y. Sun

[illegible] Rolland who said [illegible] about the Massenet who dwells in every Frenchman's heart. If [illegible] were in New York he might wonder whether the spirit of the distinguished composer did not dwell also in the sons of many fervent sons of Italy, in of many more or less tired American business men. Massenet's "Manon" was given last evening at the Metropolitan Opera House for the first time this season, and the audience was one of great size. It was also filled with a beautiful and benevolent enthusiasm which refused to be dampened but spread itself in a sunlight halo of glory around every visible head.

But M. Rolland would have gone home perhaps with some new ideas, for he might have gathered in the fact that the size of the audience and its unmistakeable enthusiasm were not due to the splendor of Massenet's music, but to the presence on the stage of Mr. Caruso and Miss Farrar. It makes no great difference whether these two public favorites sing the music of Massenet or that of Puccini. Tickets are sold at the box office in either case until the stern hand of the law intervenes and there is a deep purple atmosphere of joy in the office of the impresario as well as in the auditorium. Possibly M. Rolland, like Mr. Kipling, might be moved to ask "Is it Art?" But who burdens himself with worries about Art when the house is sold out? That may not be Art, but it certainly is business.

There would be room for a learned discussion by Jean Christophe as to which version of the "Manon" story is the better, that of Puccini or that of Massenet. Both have been given now in the current season. In Puccini's the public made the acquaintance of a young, pretty and interesting singer, whose name, it may be recalled, was Lucrezia Bori. Mr. Caruso was the representative of *Des Grieux*, as he was again last evening, when Miss Farrar was the *Manon*.

But the suggested discussion may be left to M. Rolland or to the essayists closer at home. It will be interesting and perhaps profitable, but just at this moment it is not essential. A record of last evening's doings is all that is required. Miss Farrar was a bewitching picture and she sang better than she did when last heard here in the same role. She has unfortunately acquired a habit of singing out of one side of her mouth and this spoils her beauty.

Mr. Caruso was not in good voice. He has not been at his best for some time. Nevertheless he has approached every role with a clearly manifested desire to give his hearers as good an interpretation as possible. That he cannot equal his own past performances is due to the state of his voice. Mr. Gilly was a creditable representative of *Lescaut* and Mr. Rothier acceptable as the elder *Des Grieux*.

Mr. Toscanini conducted in a manner which showed that he had lost nothing of his affection for the graceful and [illegible] music of Massenet. His orchestra played well and there was an abundance of color and nuance in the instrumental part of the performance.

Massenet got more appreciation in his life-time than most composers, and yet it is doubtful if his genius is even now fully appreciated, although, thanks first to Grau, but chiefly to Hammerstein, New York is familiar with a number of his best works. Each of his scores has its own marked individuality, and all are rich in melodic invention. "Manon" has eighteenth-century charm and color, in music as well as story, and the great Frenchman's score is as delicately *poudré* as the gallants and beauties of the period. Real sympathy for either Manon or Des Grieux is impossible, but Massenet's musical setting is so brilliant, so lovely in orchestral color, so rich, harmonically as well as melodically, that one forgets the weaknesses of the two principal characters in the enjoyment of the poiquant music. It is a pity that the scene of the Cours la Reine is now always cut out at the Metropolitan.

Jan 24 1913

A GERMAN CONTRALTO

Jan. 24 '13

Ottilie Metzger Sings at a Philharmonic Concert.

Sun

At the ninth evening subscription concert of the Philharmonic Society at Carnegie Hall last night Fräulein Ottilie Metzger, of the Hamburg Municipal Opera, sang the air from Max Bruch's "Achilleus," which is one of Shumann-Heink's battle horses, and a group of songs by Brahms, Schubert, Weber and Wolf. She will sing again at a repetition of the concert this afternoon, and then, so it is said, return to her home, she having been brought to these shores for the sole purpose of singing at these concerts. The circumstances of her appearance were more calculated to create surprise than her singing, excellent as it was in many of its features. Fräulein Metzger has a contralto voice of fine quality, and if she were not one of a company of foreign women singers who are doing notable things in our concert room her singing last night would call for critical comment almost as enthusiastic as the applause which rewarded her Bruch at last night. This enthusiasm diminished into a form of "modified rapture" in the group of songs, which circumstance seemed to indicate that some of the lessons of preceding song recitals had been taken to heart by a considerable portion of the audience. Her voice has something of the quality of Mme. Matzenauer's, though it is not so firm in texture, so rich and full, nor so well equalized. Neither has she the poseful, full-breathed manner of emission, nor the sense of pure musical beauty that the contralto of the Metropolitan disclosed in her singing of Erda's music at the recent performance of "Siegfried." She marred her songs by so overfilling them with emotion as on occasion to force her voice a shade away from true intonation. But there remained enough of indubitable merit in all that she did to charm the ear and warm the heart and make her coming a welcome incident of the season.

The orchestral numbers were Beethoven's "Prometheus" overture, Mozart's G minor symphony, Richard Strauss's "Tod und Verklärung," in which Mr. Stransky worked up an exciting climax and developed the extreme volume of sound of which the band was capable, to the almost hysterical delight of some of the listeners, and Berlioz's overture to "Benvenuto Cellini."

H. E. K.

A NEW CONTRALTO WITH PHILHARMONIC

Sun. Jan. 24 '13

Ottilie Metzger Comes From Hamburg to Sing at Two Concerts.

The programme of the Philharmonic concert at Carnegie Hall last evening was one which had variety enough to please almost any taste. The composers who contributed to it were Beethoven, Mozart, Bruch, Strauss, Brahms, Schubert, Weber, Wolf and Berlioz. He would be a hard hearted man indeed

who could not find in this list of masters at least one to give him pleasure The wide scope of the assembly of music makers was due to the presence o a singer whose second appearance o the platform was for the purpose o singing a group of songs with pian accompaniment.

This singer was Ottilie Metzger, contralto from the opera house of Hamburg. She had been extensively an enthusiastically heralded chiefly becaus she came all the way from the allure ments of the Alster Basin and th Jungfernstieg to sing last evening an this afternoon and then hasten back t the happy place of amusement of whic she is a bright, particular star. It wa certainly much of a venture to cros the western ocean at a time of yea when it is usually in an infuriate con dition merely to sing six numbers (wit an encore of course) at one evening concert and one matinee.

But let it be recorded that the singer's achievement as a traveller is no her only claim to attention. Her art also demands a few words of comment and this is the place for them. Mme. Metzger is really a contralto, not a mezzo-soprano, and she has a natural voice of some importance. It has body, power and some color. The power is plentiful throughout the scale, which did not seem last night to be uncommonly extensive, but it appeared to be greatest in the lower part of the voice. It was in the chest register that the color was the warmest and most interesting. The upper voice seemed cold and there were spots in the middle where the texture seemed to be perilously thin.

Mme. Metzger's tone production was neither of the best nor of the worst type. So far as could be seen last evening she was given to erratic changes of place and consequently of quality. She phrased well enough, but enunciated by no means ideally. Her delivery of the Bruch air had dignity and intelligence, but it was not stirring in emotion. The proclamation of the destruction of Ilion was conspicuously ambitious, but not at all imposing. In the songs the lady made no improvement. Here she essayed at an overelaboration of some effects and also, alas! in one song was perceptibly at fault in intonation. It may be said in conclusion that no final verdict can be pronounced on any singer after one hearing. The impressions recorded here might be modified later.

The orchestral numbers of the concert were Beethoven's "Prometheus" overture, Mozart's G minor symphony, Strauss's "Death and Transfiguration" and Berlioz's "Benvenuto Cellini" overture. There was something to praise in the playing of the Strauss number, which was unevenly performed, to be sure, but none the less had moments of great tonal splendor. Mr. Stransky commanded praise for the skillful manner in which he developed the great crescendo in the latter part of the work. Here the clarity of the orchestra and the balance of tone were better than in any other part of the performance. The Beethoven number, not one of the composer's inspirations, could have been done with more color. The Mozart symphony was played respectably, but without special distinction of style or finish.

SLEZAK FINE AS TAMINO

Miss Destinn Co-Star in "The Magic Flute."

The special matinee of "The Magis flute" at the Metropolitan Opera House esterday afternoon drew a fairly good ized house, despite the disagreeable eather, a house large enough to encourge the management in continuing its eries of extra afternoon performances. Miss Destinn was again the Pamina and Mr. Slezak the Tamino, and once again it as noted that neither has ever accomlished more exquisite singing than have hese two Bohemians in their respective arts.

Slezak is shortly to return to Europe, robably not to return, but if this is unortunately to be the case, he could leave behind him no more potent memories than those surrounding his two final roles an Ino and Otello.

Mr. Lubkowski's fine basso profundo ought pleasure in the part of Sarastro, and Mr. Gority and Mr. Reiss were, as er inimitable.

But pleasantest of all, it is to add that Frieda Hempel showed in her singg of the music allotted to the Queen of the Night a power and a color of tone hat she had not shown before. Perhps, after all, Miss Hempel is to find ew York's incentive that is necessary o bring out a full display of her native ower.

The opera for the act was as usual, ex t that omitted to the illness of Mme. Melba. Dr. Carl Dietrich took her place as the second of the three boys, and fulfilled her part to general satisfaction. It is unnecessary to praise again Mr. Hertz. It is doubtful if he has ever before shown the delicacy of treatment that he gives to this Mozart work.

In the evening "Tristan and Isolde" received its third performance, and though neither Mme. Fremstad nor Mr. Burrian were in the best voice, their dramatic impersonations are ever worthy of the highest praise, and even last night Mme. Fremstad's use of legato was most exquisite.

Mr. Griswold's splendid voice was effective as King Mark, and Brangaene has ever been one of Mrs. Homer's best parts. Mr. Weil was an acceptable Kurvenal. Mr. Toscanini conducted in his own magnificent fashion.

Philharmonic Concert.

The soloist at last night's Philharmonic concert was Mme. Ottilie Metzger, the contralto of the Hamburg Opera House and successor to Schumann-Heink and Matzenauer. Hamburg seems as much the creator of great contraltos as France does of excellent baritones and while Mme. Metzger cannot be called the equal of her two predecessors, she is undoubtedly a singer with a fine voice, one of large range, and power, but rather a deep mezzo than a contralto. Unfortunately she does not use the gift nature has granted her with the art of either Schumann-Heink or Matzenauer. She hardens the lower register in a way which is not objected to in Germany, but which is sure to injure the voice sooner or later and irreparably. The most interesting thing she did was Schubert's "Death and the Maiden." Besides this she sang several songs, and Bruch's "Lament of Andromache." In Hugo Wolf's "Der Freund," she had the occasion to show the fullness and quality of her high notes. She was much applauded.

Jan. 24-13

The orchestral numbers were Beethoven's "Prometheus" overture, the Symphony in G Minor (Köchel 550) by Mozart, Richard Strauss's "Death and Transfiguration," and Berlioz's overture to "Benvenuto Cellini." Of these, Richard Strauss's tone poem created the greatest sensation, so superbly was it played by Mr. Stransky and his orchestra. The sweep of crescendos, the magnificent tonal masses, the climax-building, each more imposing than the last, made it a memorable performance. The sunny and lovely Mozart symphony was also played admirably.

MR. WILKES IN RECITAL.

Jan. 25/13

Pianist Heard at the Plaza—Mr. Leslie Faber Reads.

Mr. Norman Wilkes, pianist, appeared at the Plaza Hotel yesterday afternoon at a recital, which he shared with Mr. Leslie Faber, of the "Milestones" company, who read from the "Rubalyat" of Omar Khayyam to incidental music by Mr. Christopher Wilson. Mr. Wilkes played several of Chopin's works, and part of the audience thought his interpretations lacked both in musical feeling and technical ability.

N. Y. Herald

Mr. Faber's reading of the "Rubalyat" was not overburdened with sentiment, but he read with excellent diction, and the audience was never at a loss to catch the meaning of his interpretation. The accompaniment was played under the direction of Mr. William Furst by a sextet of stringed instruments.

Sun

ROSSINI'S BARBER

It would take more than a New York winter of rain to put a damper on the gaiety of Rossini's "Il Barbiere di Siviglia." It has endured the rains and snows of nearly a hundred winters and the heats and dry spells of an equal number of summers. It has been a very Marco Polo of travellers and has circumnavigated the globe. It has gladdened the Germans in Berlin and the Argentiners in Buenos Ayres. It has borne the agony of numerous translations and it has been sung in every possible manner from the greatest to the most intolerable. And it will undoubtedly continue to hold the stage as long as singers can be found to give an acceptable interpretation of its music and its comedy.

But there's the rub. There are not many singers now who are capable of singing the light and fluent music as it ought to be sung and still fewer who can live up to the traditions. Custom long ago fastened upon the music of *Rosina* almost numberless embellishments not found in the original score, and even the current performances at the Metropolitan differ from one another in colorature glory according to the whim or the vocal condition of the prima donna.

The opera was repeated last night and Frieda Hempel omitted from her opening number many of the feats which she performed on the occasion of her debut. Nothing so became her as their taking off. It is not necessary to bury "Una voca poco fa" under such masses of fiorituri that even Rossini would not recognize it. In truth it is a better song when ornamented in moderation.

Tradition too, has made it almost a sine qua non that in the lesson scene *Rosina* shall empty her bag of its entire content of vocal tricks. The audience may thus be entertained, but the dramatic situation is reduced to absurdity. What does *Rosina* want of a teacher of singing if she is already one of the greatest colorature artists in the world?

It is imperative that *Almaviva* shall sing the florid music written for him in the first scene, but after that he is fortunately permitted to indulge in a simpler cantilena. On the whole, it seems desirable that some of the traditions should be set aside, at least till there arises a new generation of florid singers who have a real genius for this sort of song. Meanwhile as much as possible of the lightness and froth of Rossini's melody could be retained and this made to play its proper part in the interpretation of the comedy, which is extremely good in its kind.

The comic action is by no means badly handled at the Metropolitan, but too many exhibitions of vocal fireworks distract attention from it. Last night's performance showed some improvement. Miss Hempel was in good voice and the simple treatment of "Una voce poco fa" permitted the full tones of her medium register to show themselves well. In the lesson song instead of the Adam variations she sang Arditi's "Il Bacio" and this seemed to please the audience more than the other.

Mr. Amato, though still somewhat heavy, was more at home in the role of *Figaro*. Mr. de Segurola repeated his excellent *Don Basilio*, and Mr. Macnez as *Almaviva* and Mr. Pini-Corsi as *Dr. Bartolo* were the other principals. Mr. Sturani conducted.

Jan 26. 1913 Tim

MR. SCHELLING PLAYS AGAIN.

His Fine Performance of Bach, Beethoven, and Modern Music.

Mr. Ernest Schelling at his second pianoforte recital yesterday afternoon established an even higher place for himself as an artist than he did at his first recital some six weeks ago. It was noted then that his art had matured in style and grown in breadth and power. To these were added yesterday a more ingratiating quality. He played music that gave the finest exemplification of his powers in Bach's Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue; and Beethoven's last sonata, Op. 111. He showed in these two compositions a penetration into their profound musical beauty and significance that is the mark of a great artist, and expressed them with a far-reaching command of some of the subtlest resources of the instrument in beauty and quality of tone and tonal values. In the Fantasia by Bach he showed forth its wonderfully romantic spirit, its poetry and tenderness; in the Fugue there was manifested a constructive sense in the elaboration of its larger proportions and the upbuilding of the climaxes, a fine feeling for its significant detail and clarity in its exposition; but most of all a conviction that, for all its contrapuntal complexity, it is beautiful music, and as such to be interpreted.

Beethoven's later sonatas are to be compassed only by artists of the completest technical equipment put at the service of the deepest musical and intellectual insight. Mr. Schelling's performance of the one he played yesterday was one of his finest achievements, and of a sort to put him in the highest rank. In the mighty first movement with its majestic rhapsodical introduction his playing was impressive in its dramatic power and energy. In the arietta, where the composer soars to some of his loftiest flights, there was the expression of his rapture, of his poetical imagination.

The lesser pieces of his next group had a manifold interest. The imposing stature of Brahms's two rhapsodies, Op. 79, is seldom so convincingly disclosed as it was in Mr. Schelling's performance of them—they are often played as pieces of smaller calibre than he proved them to be. Unfamiliar, if not new to this public, was the "Triana" from Isaac Albeniz's suite "Iberia." The composer was a Spaniard, though of cosmopolitan training and experience, who died some three years ago, and his suite is an artistic employment of the Spanish rhythms and color that composers are finding increasingly attractive, as Debussy did in his "Soirée de Granade" that followed on the programme, and in other works. These, as well as the "Sarabande" and "Toccata" by Debussy, Mr. Schelling played with a wealth of color effects that were delightful. His last group was made up of Chopin's B major nocturne, three mazurkas and the A flat polonaise, toward which music Mr. Schelling manifests a special predilection.

Ernest Schelling's second piano recital at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon introduced itself with Bach's "Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue." The composition has suddenly returned to the favor of pianists whose programmes in the current season have revealed a remarkable con-

sensus of sympathy. Fortunately [illegible] is so large and so full of the inspiration of a profound mind that it bears repetition with perfect composure, especially when the player brings to its presentation so much intelligence and musical sin[illegible] as one finds in all the performances of Mr. Schelling.

The second number in the [illegible] part of the programme was Beethoven's sonata, opus 111. Pianists have [illegible] cherished a real affection for this [illegible] one of the most beautiful and [illegible] of the series left to us by the master. It is possible to play it very badly [illegible] the player is deficient in fine technique and especially in the rare independence of finger demanded by the closing movement.

It is also equally possible to deliver its musical message with moving eloquence when the player has a superior command of tone color and pedalling and probes the content of each page so that he knows how to apply these to their perfect use. Mr. Schelling's reading of the sonata was one to evoke admiration for its clear plan, its smoothness and balance and its soundness of conception. But it was not lacking in emotional.

Two rhapsodies of Brahms, two of Mendelssohn's "Songs Without Words," the "Triana" from Albeniz's "Iberia" and Debussy's "Soirée dans Granade," "Sarabande" and "Toccata" formed the second group, and their presence showed that Mr. Schelling was striving to leave the beaten path. The last group consisted of a nocturne, three mazurkas and the A flat polonaise of Chopin.

THE OPERA MATINEE.

Mme. Matzenauer Has a Success in Ponchielli's "La Gioconda."

"La Gioconda" and Mr. Caruso were the magnets which drew a very large audience to the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday afternoon. There was one change in the cast and another in Mr. Caruso's makeup. His *Enzo* usually walks the stage with a smooth face, but yesterday the troubled prince wore a handsome mustache. It must be conceded that Mr. Caruso looks better with this adornment of his countenance, and therefore it may be said without violating the truth that his *Enzo* was better than usual yesterday afternoon.

Mme. Matzenauer was the impersonator of *Laura*. She has not hitherto appeared in this part, but, as was to be expected, she made it a strikingly beautiful impersonation. She sang the music admirably throughout and aroused plenty of well deserved enthusiasm. The other members of the cast were the same as heretofore. Mr. Amato, who had sung *Figaro* the previous evening, seemed to be none the worse for wear and his *Barnaba*, which is one of his best roles, had its customary merits. Mme. Destinn sang *La Gioconda* as she habitually does. Mr. Polacco conducted.

Tribune Jan 27/13

SUNDAY CONCERT NOTES

Jan. 27 13

Bach and Debussy at Aeolian Hall—Dvorak's Symphony at a Philharmonic.

No doubt there was food for thought as well as agreeable diversion to be found at every one of the five public concerts which were given in the Borough of Manhattan yesterday, but as it was a physical impossibility for any one person to pick it up, no matter how great his eagerness to enrich his mind and experience, these notes must be confined to some of the features of the meetings of the two most important of our local concert institutions. Both of these meetings took place in the afternoon, the Symphony Society opening a new series of Sunday concerts at Aeolian Hall and the Philharmonic Society giving its sixth Sunday concert in Carnegie Hall. Mr. Stransky's programme approached the popular order, though it concluded with a symphony—Dvorak's "From the New World," in which New York's music lovers have a special interest, due to the fact that the composer conceived and wrote it here, though he completed its orchestration in Spillville, Iowa, for which reason some fantastic writers on national music have found an Iowan rhythm in it—whatever that may be. At this concert Marie Rappold sang the "Ave Maria" from Bruch's cantata "Das Feuerkreutz" and excerpts from "Lohengrin" and "Tannhäuser," and, in addition to the symphony, the orchestra played Goldmark's "Sakuntala" overture and some (perhaps all—the programme gave no titles) of the ballet music from Rubinstein's opera "Feramors." Mr. Damrosch's scheme seemed to have been designed with an educational purpose, the first part consisting wholly of music by Bach, the second wholly of music by Debussy—the strong meat of the eighteenth century classicist contrasted with the *haut gout* of latter-day France. His solo performers were Bruno Consolo, pianoforte, and George Barrère, flute.

The Bach section contained excerpts from the first of the Brandenburg concerti grossi (in F) for strings, two horns, three oboes and bassoon in the revised version made by Robert Franz; excerpts from the suite in B minor for strings and flute, and the D minor concerto for harpsichord (rewritten for pianoforte) and strings. The Debussy numbers were the ever delightful "L'Apres-midi d'un faune," two transcriptions of pianoforte pieces, a Minuet and Arabesque, for flute solo, and the "Marche Ecossaise." Both concerts were heard by large audiences, though neither hall was completely filled.

There was a refreshing uplift in the Bach music. It came like an invigorating breeze and brought with it a sense of gladness that among New York's musicians there are artists who not only sympathize with the old art but who have the technical skill which is necessary to play it with such refinement and elegance of style as were displayed by Mr. Damrosch's collaborators yesterday. The flute does not lie as close to the sympathies of the great public as a solo instrument to-day as it did two or three generations ago, but Mr. Barrère showed how admirably it can be made to disclose deep musicianship in his flawless execution, his perfect phrasing and the tastefulness and grace which exhaled from Bach's melodies. It was, perhaps, a little too much joy in his own skill which led him to play the concluding movement of the suite in so rapid a tempo that some of its spirit was dissipated. Or it may be that both he and Mr. Damrosch were at one with the annotator of the programme in reading a meaning into the movement not intended by the composer. Bach did not write the French word "Badinerie," which generally appears in the scores, over that movement, but the German word "Tändelei." Accepting an old definition of the French ("foolery, foppery, toying, tumbling, juggling, any kind of apish gambrilling") the annotator observes that "Bach makes his flute enter the orchestral scene like a clown turning handsprings, ending in confidential winks to the children shouting their delight," a most astonishing gloss on the movement, which with all its light gayety is yet full of grace and beauty of contour. There is nothing grotesque in the music nor is anything like buffoonry implied in the word which Bach used. The word "tändeln," from which the substantive "Tändelei" is derived, means to play, to dally with, to be sportive; but there is a smile and a caress in the suggested act. It was this smile and caress, the suggestion of light hearted innocence, which was lost in the precipitancy of the movement yesterday.

There were other departures from the letter as well as the spirit of Bach's suite, which militated against the educational value of the performance, though they may have made it fall a little more agreeably into the ears of the listeners because of the variety of color which they brought with them. The suite in B minor is not a flute solo, with string accompaniment. The flute is the one representative of the wind choir in the band, but it was played singly only in the solo passages; in the *tutti* there were no doubt several flutes pitted against the weight of the strings, for such was the constitution of the orchestra in Bach's day. Yesterday's audience heard a flute solo against a background of muted strings, which made a pretty effect, but one scarcely to be called Bachian.

There was another instance of the loss of characteristic color in the concerto, but this was unavoidable. The violino piccolo which Bach associated with his strings is no longer in use. It was a violin of a smaller size than the usual instrument, tuned a fourth higher (the Germans speak of it as the "quartgeige"), wherefore it had a peculiarly bright and vibrant tone. Franz also rewrote some of the other voices, so as to bring them within the command of the players of to-day and the range of their instrument. But nevertheless the little movement in which the horns played on a substratum of oboe tone was of delightful effectiveness yesterday, and brightened the faces of hundreds of listeners. As for the concerto of which Mr. Consolo played the solo part on a pianoforte it stirred the audience into loud expressions of delight. Here is another work in addition to those mentioned in a concert review yesterday which can cordially be commended to the attention of pianists who are willing to break away from the needless round of Beethoven, Schumann, Chopin, Brahms and Tschaikowsky. A few years ago Mrs. Dolmetsch played it on a harpsichord, with a small band of strings, at one of Mr. Sam Franko's Concerts of Old Music in Daly's Theatre. Only once before in a generation had it been heard in public in New York. That was in October, 1888, when Mr. Richard Hoffman, of gracious memory, played it at one of Mr. Van der Stucken's concerts in Chickering Hall. But it is a work of fine vitality when played with such a nice sense of style as Mr. Consolo disclosed in it yesterday, with such crystalline clarity, such nice adjustment of values and such freedom from the ordinary affectations of the modern virtuoso. It has accepted the pianoforte idiom gracefully in all parts, except the slow movement, in which the voice of the harpsichord, against a background of a few well balanced strings, will always be missed.

It was the third time this season that the Philharmonic Orchestra played Dvorak's symphony, "From the New World," that work having been on the programmes of the concerts of January 2 and 3. It was then played in a more finished manner than it was yesterday, but the fact that it was set down together with an orchestral transcription of the Cuban dance, "Bamboula," by Coleridge Taylor, to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of President Lincoln's emancipation proclamation, discouraged comment. It was not easy to see how the memory of a great man was to be honored or his great deed celebrated by playing even the most ingenious and agreeable transcription of the tune of a wild dance, which in its native habitat is sung to words something like "If the potato is cooked we shall eat it," which is the underlying sentiment of the "Bamboula" (Mr. Taylor got the melody from this writer), or even by Dvorak's fascinating symphony. It seems likely that the suggestion that the symphony be employed in such a mission came from some one laboring under the delusion that its thematic material was of negro origin. Fortunately, Mr. Humiston in his notes on the programme put that matter in its proper light. Nothing is more obvious, however, than the fact that truth will never overtake the falsehood that Dr. Dvorak used negro and even Indian tunes in his symphonic masterpiece; at least, not in Europe, where the composition enjoys as great a popularity as it does in the United States. Scores of times has it been stated by men who knew Dr. Dvorak intimately, and who talked with him on the subject when he still had the symphony in hand, that there are no Southern slave melodies or Indian tunes in either this symphony or the Quartet in F (Op. 96), which he composed here, but that he adopted the idiom of slave song and its spirit and embodied them in melodies of his own creation, for the purpose of showing American composers that they had a body of true folk-song in this country which might be utilized in building up a national school, all to no avail. From the press of Joseph Williams, Limited, of London (G. Schirmer, New York), there has just come a book called "Living Music," a treatise intended to initiate the benighted student into the beauties of latter-day compositions, written by Herbert Antcliffe. Speaking of Dvorak, this writer says: "He had a remarkable ingenuity in the utilization of popular melodies, exhibited notably in the most popular of his instrumental works, the symphony 'From the New World,' based on negro melodies." Now, Dr. Dvorak was a fine specimen of the nationalist in music, but he was not in the habit of utilizing popular melodies even in his compositions, which are saturated with Czechism. He put forth the Bohemian spirit in his music, but he did not borrow Bohemian melodies for the purpose. He invented his own. It is a question whether there is an unoriginal melody in his "Slavonic Dances" or his "Klänge aus Mähren," despite their titles, and in his "Husitzka" overture there is only one quoted phrase, and that from an old battle hymn of the Hussites. Yet down to the last day of his life he must have been forced to read about his adaptations of Bohemian, Moravian and negro melodies.

H. E. K.

MISS PURDY IN RECITAL

She and Zoellner Quartet Figure in Sunday Musical Events.

Sunday has become a day of minor as well as major happenings in the concert world, and yesterday was no exception to the rule.

Mr. Winthrop Ames's delightful house, The Little Theatre, was chosen in the afternoon as the scene of Miss Constance Purdy's song recital, an occasion that brought out an audience of moderate size and disclosed a mezzo-soprano of considerable taste in song, if the possessor of a voice of no great beauty of timbre. Yet she gave her two groups of Russian songs with instinctive feeling, if with slight lapses in intonation.

In the evening the Zoellner Quartet, an organization consisting of father, daughter and two sons, gave a concert in Aeolian Hall. The four musicians proved themselves well trained in ensemble playing, and gave the Mendelssohn quartet, Op. 12, in E flat major, with correct intonation and workmanlike finish, even if without any special poetic insight.

The other numbers were Debussy's quartet, Op. 10, in G minor, and Beethoven's Op. 18, No. 4, in C minor. The audience was warmly appreciative.

MISS PURDY'S SONG RECITAL.

Russian Numbers in Her Programme New and Interesting.

The most interesting features of Miss Constance Purdy's song recital at the Little Theatre yesterday afternoon were the Russian songs which made up two parts of the programme. Some of these Miss Purdy sang in Russian and others in French. A humorous air from Dargomijsky's "Russalka" proved to be infectious in spirit and melody, and Glazunow's "Romance Orientale" exhaled the qualities that its title implies. Rimsky-Korskakoff's charming air of the "Song of the Shepherd Lehl" from one of his operas, has been heard here before, but Borodine's song "the Sleeping Princess" was more or less unfamiliar, as were the four songs of Moussorgsky.

The programme began with a group of French and German songs and concluded with an English group. Miss Purdy had wisely chosen her hall, for she is what is known as a "drawing room singer" and the Little Theatre closely approximates the atmosphere of the drawing room.

The Zoellner Quartet entertained a considerable company of friends in the evening at Aeolian Hall. This organization consists of Antoinett Zoellner, first violin; Amandus Zoellner, second violin; Joseph Zoellner, Sr., viola, and Joseph Zoellner Jr., cello. The programme offered by this musical family comprised Mendelssohn's quartet in E flat major, opus 12; Debussy's in G minor, opus 10, and Beethoven's in C minor, opus 18, No. 4.

It can be said of the Zoellners that they play with intonation generally accurate and with an unanimity which shows the effects of constant association in musical thought and frequent rehearsal. That the quartet has much to offer beyond smoothness and correctness of performance may perhaps be questioned, but much chamber music is performed without even these merits.

Rousing Farewell [illegible] *Mr. Slezak*

Cognizant of the fact that Mr. Leo Slezak's appearances in the Metropolitan Opera House are limited in number an unusually large audience was on hand at the concert last night to give him a farewell that he would remember. And it did.

Nor was the tenor less anxious that the concert should be remembered as the last one in which he was to participate, for he sang with vigor and beauty of tone that often surpassed his recent operatic efforts.

An aria from "The Magic Flute" was his first offering, and although his style is not best adapted to Mozart's music the audience appeared to be entirely satisfied with his interpretation. It applauded and applauded, and Mr. Slezak could have kept on walking out to bow indefinitely had not the director of the concert, forced by the pressure of a long programme, given the signal for an encore. Later Mr. Slezak sang a group of songs, one of them Mr. Sidney Homer's "Dearest," in which the tenor essayed the English language quite successfully.

Miss Tina Lerner, pianist, played the Tschaikowsky concerto that has been going the rounds of the concert halls of late. The work is one of excessive demands, but it gives in return, as she played it, a glowing and vibrant inspiration that the audience was quick to appreciate. It accorded her equal praise for Rubinstein's barcarolle in A minor and the E major Polonaise by Liszt.

English songs made another inroad into the usual offerings of these concerts, for Miss Rita Fornia's second group contained two of them. They were "The Lass with the Delicate Hair" and Mrs. Beach's "The Year's at the Spring." Miss Fornia, whose voice has a dainty lyric quality, sang them well. She also sang a duet from "The Magic Flute" with Mr. Otto Goritz. The impression that Mr. Goritz can do little but rôles that contain a strong strain of humor disappears when he appears at these concerts. In the song of the minstrel from "Königskinder" and in the lieder he showed a human quality of expression that made his part one of the most enjoyable of the programme.

HOFFMANN'S TALES ARE TOLD AGAIN

Jacques Offenbach's most ambitious opera, "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," better known to local music lovers by its English title, "The Tales of Hoffmann," was introduced into the regular repertory of the Metropolitan Opera House at a matinee on Saturday, January 11. It was repeated on the following Saturday evening, when it had a special performance for the benefit of the French Hospital. Last evening it was crowned with the first honor of a Metropolitan season in being presented to a Monday night audience.

Doubtless this audience welcomed its announcement with gratitude, for some of the Monday evening offerings have been pretty serious. In Offenbach's work there is a combination of comedy, romance and tragedy, while the changing spectacular features of the opera help largely in preventing any feeling of weariness. It is not the least of the attractions of the musical play that it furnishes roles for three prima donnas.

Mme. Sembrich at one time in her career was troubled with a wish that she might sing all three of the soprano roles, but while such an arrangement would certainly have given scope for the versatility of the artist, the dramatic verities (which are here not clamant) are better aided by the appearance of three different singers.

The unfortunate *Hoffmann*, who sits in a beer cellar and tells to his boon companions the three tales enacted in the three acts of the opera, is the connecting link in the unification of the dramatic chain. He receives some slight help from his companion *Niklausse*, and would receive even more were the friend of his sorrows more convincing.

The real splendors of the Metropolitan production are not the scenery, nor yet the men impersonators. The three sopranos wear the laurels. Frieda Hempel as the automaton *Olympia*, Olive Fremstad as the wicked Venetian *Giulietta*, and Lucrezia Bori as the wretched *Antonia*, the victim of *Dr. Miracle*, form a delightful trio of leading singers.

The performance of last evening was more spirited than its predecessors in certain places where they were weak. The second act failed at the first performance to attain its true importance in the series because of the depression thrown upon it by inadequate singing at the outset. There was an improvement in this matter last evening, but it was not as great as it should have been.

In other respects the presentation of the opera was much the same as before. The excellence of Mr. Rothier's *Dr. Miracle* was again a noteworthy feature of the last act and Miss Bori again created a sympathy for the hapless *Antoinette*. The choruses were excellently sung and the orchestra played well.

GRISWOLD SINGS SONGS

An Unhappy Recital by an Admired Singer.

It would probably be well within the truth to say on the strength of a number of recent song recitals, particularly one which took place in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon, that a considerable portion of the public has drawn more knowledge of song-singing from some notable affairs of recent years than some of the singers themselves. The line of demarkation between dramatic singing, that is, singing accompanied by scenery and actions, and the lyrical style represented in the Lied of the German composers, and the Romance and Mélodie of the French is very wide, so wide, indeed, that to Mr. Putnam Griswold, who gave the recital referred to, it might correctly be described as a chasm. It has been a pleasure to hand Mr. Griswold's beautiful bass voice; but voice and nothing, or little else will never make a singer of such songs as Mr. Griswold attempted yesterday—neither the old Italian "Vittoria," by Cavissimi, nor the delightful "Come Raggio di Sol," by Caldara, least of all the songs by Schumann and Schubert which were on his list. Further than that, it is not necessary to go, for they served sufficiently to show that in the old style of pure song Mr. Griswold was

...lly out of his element. He also in-...d doubt about his artistic taste when, ...he midst of some masterpieces of Ger-...n song, he injected three atrocious ...glish things. These were so bad that ...y must be mentioned—"The Red Man's ...quiem," by Marion Bauer; "St. John ...Baptist," by Emil Polak, and "The ...ddler of Dooney," by Sidney Homer ...no, with all his learning, is plainly not ...intimate terms with the idiom of Irish ...lody). After these, Mr. Griswold ...night it proper to return to Hugo ...olf, Richard Strauss and Johannes ...hms, an impossible proceeding to a ...ower and lover of real song writers.

...R. GRISWOLD'S RECITAL.

Admired Dramatic Baritone ...ings Songs in Aeolian Hall.

...Putnam Griswold, like many other ...tic singers has heard the call of the ...rt hall, and responded to it yester-...y giving a song recital. It was in ...an Hall, and that audience room of ...rate size resounded with his sonorous ..., one of the biggest, richest, and ...st baritone voices now to be heard ...his public. It is well known to fre-...ters of the opera and has been ad-...d by them since Mr. Griswold has ... a member of the Metropolitan Com-... He has been heard in concerts ... with orchestra; his song recital yes-...ay was the first he has given here.

... Griswold showed more skill in the ...pretation of his songs than he did in ...selection and arrangement of them in ... programme. It may be doubted ...ther all the three songs in English ...Marion Bauer, Emil Polak, and Sidney ...mer were desirable items in such a ...ramme. But even if they were, they ...e ineffectively and, indeed, vigorously ...d after a group by Schumann and ...ubert, and before one by Wolf, Strauss ...d Brahms.

...r. Griswold's remarkable voice is com-...ded by praiseworthy intelligence and ...gment, and what he singest best and ...h the greatest sympathy is impres-...ve. He was at his best in two familiar ...Italian songs, with which he began, ...issimi's "Vittoria," and Caldara's ...ome Raggio di Sol," both sung with ...adth and beauty of style, the first with ...ilgal voice, the second with effective ...raint and subdued color. Into Ros-...'s brilliant and rapid song "La ...nza" he put a dash and spirit; but he ... hardly the flexibility and certainty ...technique for tall its requirements.

...n the modern German songs Mr. Gris-...d showed sympathy, appreciation of ...e variations of mood and felicity in ...oting them in his singing. He was ...ppler in Schumann's "Mondnacht," ...ich he sang with sustained beauty, ...n in his "Widmung"; and Schubert's ...orous "Gruppeaus dem Tartarus" ...e him a greater opportunity for his ...st characteristic powers than the in-...uous "Wohin." The splendor of Mr. ...iswold's voice was unfailing and be-...iled the listener's senses throughout ... singing. Yet it seemed that with all ...e enjoyable qualities that he put into ...s interpretation of his programme, Mr. ...iswold is at present more at him and ...re successful in dramatic music upon ...e stage than he is in Lieder singing—...different art and difficult and subtle ...e.

A YOUNG PIANIST

...mmature Playing at Aeolian Hall.

Jan 28 1913

Some high expectations aroused by a ...oung pianist's performance of Grieg's ...oncerto at a recent Metropolitan Sunday ...oncert were put to confusion when Miss ...Aline van Bärentzen gave a recital in ...Aeolian Hall last night. The little lady's ...outhfulness was as evident in her play-...ng as in her appearance when she made ...essay of such compositions as Liszt's ...ranscription of Bach's Fantasia and ...Fugue in G minor and Beethoven's ...Waldstein" sonata. Miss Van Bärentzen ...has a fine pianistic talent, from which ...much may be expected if it is kept under ...private training until she has matured ...intellectually and emotionally. H. E. K.

Miss Van Baerentzen's Recital.

Miss Aline Van Bärentzen, a young ...pianist who had played with the orches-...ra at one of the recent Sunday concerts ...at the Metropolitan Opera House, gave ...a recital last evening in Aeolian Hall. ...She possesses a technique that is in ...many respects well developed and some ...feeling for tonal quality. But she is a ...child in more than her pleasing appear-...ance, her playing of an ambitious and ...difficult programme made a speedy dis-...closure of her complete immaturity. ...Such perforances as she gave of Liszt's ...transcription of Bach's organ prelude and ...progue in G minor and of Beethoven's ...sonata, Op. 53, dedicated to Count Wald-...stein, are not adapted for public presen-...tation, for they are in no sense interpre-...tations of the music. Miss Bärentzen ...evidently has talent, and should ultimate-...ly develop into an artist if she is given ...time and opportunity to do so; but the ...concert platform is not the place for it.

N.Y. Herald

...None of the toleration usually accorded ...a youthful prodigy was necessary at Miss ...Aline Van Baerentzen's first piano recital ...in Aeolian Hall last night. When she ...walked out on the stage her appearance ...was one that might give the audience the ...impression that it was about to hear such a type of artist, for she wore her hair in a long braid and had the most girlish of pink bows just under one ear, but her playing was of another class.

Miss Van Baerentzen appeared first in New York in the Metropolitan Opera House a week ago Sunday and gave a delightful surprise for her audience. This she more thhan dduplicated last night, for her longer and more varied programme gave better opportunities for a display of her ability.

The Bach-Liszt Fantasie and Fugue in G minor, Beethoven's Sonata, opus No. 53, a group of Chopin's works, Brahmes' Variations on the theme by Paganini in two series and Liszt's Sixth Hungarian Rhapsody composed the major part of the programme, and all these little Miss Van Baerentzen played with the technical skill of a veteran. But it was not only for mechanical proficiency that her audience applauded, but for her musicianly interpretations. She seemed to possess inexhaustible resources of strength and in the passages demanding more delicate playing her touch was light and even.

One of the little pianists most delightful characteristics—and one about which many a comment was made—was her total lack of affection. She sought to convince her audience only by force of her playing and not by physical contortions to which some artists are prone. Her audience was convinced.

Jan 29. 1913 Sun

Elena Gerhardt and Julia Culp Give Recitals of High Order of Merit.

When two musical artists whose field is the same elect to appear on the same day, though at different hours and in different places, there is a temptation to enter into comparisons, for the simple reason that these seem to have been challenged. But comparison is not often criticism. Usually it resolves itself into an infinite decimal and no conclusion can be reached. The interpretative artist can very rarely be said to set the final standard of interpretation. That exists within the work to be interpreted and in general is an ideal, alas, often unattained.

There are still other reasons for refusing to be led into comparison, and one of the most pungent is that we are all prone to ask for the best and neglect the next best, though that, too, may be of a high value. Again even where general merit may be unequal as between two artists, one may possess charms which the other lacks and both may fairly claim the enthusiastic approbation of the public.

For such reasons as these it becomes wholly unnecessary to set Elena Gerhardt beside or over against Julia Culp, despite the fact that the former gave a song recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall and the latter another in the evening in Carnegie Hall. There was a plenty of beauty in both entertainments and each artist published an interesting personality and admirable artistic qualifications.

When Miss Gerhardt was first heard here attention was inevitably drawn to the fact that the quality of her voice and the manner of her delivery of it set certain limitations on her art and that she was only infrequently led to overstep them. In order to make programmes not too narrow in range of sentiment Miss Gerhardt sometimes essays songs which demand a more passionate utterance than her voice and style meet with perfect success. There were some songs of this type on her list yesterday afternoon and in them irregularities of her scale and laborious breathing were brought to notice. In songs better suited to her powers she sang with extraordinary loveliness of tone, with faultless smoothness and with touching expression.

In Schumann's "Wer machte dich so krank" and "Alte Laute," in his "Sandmann," his "Mondnacht" and his "Kartlegerin," the last of which was one of the striking features of her first recital here, and in some of the Brahms numbers of yesterday's programme Miss Gerhardt was heard at her best. Possibly there was not the greatest unction in the humor of the "Sandmann," but the delivery was exquisitely delicate in phrase, accent and beauty of tone. Her highest level in dramatic coloring was reached in the "Kartlegerin."

The singer was induced by her audience to repeat several of her songs and of course to add some extra numbers. She was assisted by Erich Wolf, who had not been heard here before as an accompanist, though not unknown as a composer. His share in the concert was most admirable. Fine insight, perfect sympathy, strong musical inclinations and intelligence were joined with a delicate and delineative piano style.

Mme. Culp's programme embraced a larger number of composers than Miss Gerhardt's, which was composed of songs by Schubert, Schumann and Brahms. The singer from Holland offered songs by Beethoven, Tschaikowsky, Liszt, Lowe, Jensen and Hugo Wolf. Texts ranged through German, English, French and Italian, and it may be said here that the singer was at home in all of them and that her enunciation was a continual delight.

The recital of last evening disclosed some qualities of Mme. Culp's art which were not fully revealed at her previous entertainment. Then it seemed as if her range of expression was narrow and her command of tonal color not large. But she completely overset such impressions in her first number last evening. This was Beethoven's "Adelaide," and Mme. Culp poured into it such a wealth of emotional tenderness and eloquence, such a rich stream of color and such a beauty of dramatic declamation as to settle beyond question her status as a lieder singer of the first rank; one of the few really great ones this public has been privileged to hear.

She remained on her high level in her meltingly tender delivery of the same composer's "Faithful Johnnie." She sang Lowe's setting of "Der Asra" and with it satisfied even hearers who have learned to love Rubinstein's beautiful treatment of the same text. Then she gave Lowe's "Madchen sinde wie der Wind," a song not familiar to local concertgoers, but a gem of the first water, a delicious bit of arch humor and playful satire. Mme. Culp sang it superbly, with a wonderful command of enunciation and tone tint. The audience compelled her to repeat it. She sang the Tschaikowsky songs in French and nothing could have excelled the intense feeling she put into the closing lines of the second, "Pendant le Bal:"

"Serait ce l'amour, je l'ignore"
Mais oui, ce doit etre l'amour."

So, too, in Jensen's setting of "Waldesgesprach" she opened the treasury of her tone color and made marvellous effects with her treatment of such phrases of "Du kennst mich wohl" in which she utilized the white tint with splendid results. Throughout the recital her technic was such as to excite the warmest admiration, for she showed such mastery of voice placing, breathing and nuance as to furnish to all hearers a lesson in the possibilities of pure singing.

On the whole yesterday was a day to be remembered in the records of a remarkably busy musical season. For one thing the art of such singers as these two is in itself a demonstration of the justice of a belief which has been slowly forming in some minds here that ideals of vocal art are undergoing a reformation in the lands in which German and allied tongues are spoken. Because of this there should be much rejoicing.

Recitals by Mesdames Gerhardt and Culp.

The undertone of New York's musical activity during its season of a little more that five months, its *basso ostinato*, to speak in terms of the art, is sounded by the opera and the symphony concerts. Above this continuous and but slightly varied note there is the play of the "recitalists," vocal and instrumental, who might, if they were but so minded, relieve the monotony more than they do. They seem to come in groups. One week pianists hold the field, and as if obsessed by a desire to compel a comparison which would seldom bring happiness to any one in its train they play the same compositions. If the choice, which this season seems to have fallen upon Bach's "Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue" and Brahms's Sonata in F minor (already played twice and underlined for another repetition), is an act of unconscious celebration or mere coincidence, it is an interesting phenomenon which might invite the attention of the psychologist. It is to be found, however, there have been parallels in our orchestral concerts. Another week chamber music comes to the front. This week against the background of fine symphony concerts and seven operatic representations there have been projected five song recitals. Two of these took place yesterday: Mr. Griswold was heard on Monday, Mme. Nilssen-Stone is to have a hearing to-night, and Miss Teyte and M. Clement to-morrow.

Yesterday's singers are both mighty and highly accomplished, and it was deplorable that the concerts falling on the same day the pleasure which they gave could not be enjoyed by the entire element in the community whose interest and affection gives out to that refined form of musical entertainment. True, one recital took place in the afternoon and the other in the evening, but there are few persons in this world who would come to listen to songs for twice two hours, with only three hours between for rest and refreshment. Those who did this it is fair, to is fair to assume, were constrained by something besides a desire to be entertained and edified by the performances of the two artists. These artists were Mesdames Elena Gerhardt, who sang at Aeolian Hall in the afternoon, and Julia Culp, who sang in the Carnegie room in the evening.

Miss Gerhardt followed an example set by Mme. Culp at her first recital and devoted her entire programme to songs by Schubert, Schomann and Brahms. All through her recital she paid tribute to these masters even in her supplementary offerings, but in the inevitable aftermatch she invoked also Hugo Wolf ("Verborgenheit") and Richard Strauss ("Ständchen"). Her list of songs, which contained a considerable number which were familiar to only the close students of song literature, such as Schubert's "Der Wanderer an den Mond" and "Vor meiner Wiege," Schumann's "Des Knaben Berglied" and "Die Kartenlegerin" and Brahms's "Blinde Kuh," was varied in sentiment, and, like her singing, grew in value and interest as it went on. There was no demand for a repetition until the end, when instead of repeating "Gretchen am Spinnrad," she added "Wohin?" To unmistakable calls she rencated Schumann's "Provencalisches Leid" and "Der Sandmann," though neither of these marked high water in her performance, that being reached in "Mondnacht" and the double unit "Wer nachte dich so Krank?" and "Alte Laute." Had she given heed to the popular clamor she might have repeated nearly all of the Brahms songs.

There is nothing to add to what has been said about Miss Gerhardt's singing It is far from impeccable from a technical point of view, though her sincerity of purpose and her possession of the purely personal quality called magnetism are well calculated to make the uncritical overlook her defects—such as unwise expenditure of breath which at times bring her to the verge of gasping, inequality of registers and unsteadiness of tone. These faults seem all to be the outgrowth of her too great intensity. She is unwilling to put a curb on her emotional expression for the sake of pure musical beauty, and she therefore frequently fails to pay all the reveence due to the composer. But it is noteworthy that in her most passionate outpourings she never neglects her duty to the part, and her enunciation of the words is as beautifully clear and distinct in a song like Schumann's "Frühlingsnacht" as in such atmospheric songs as those which have been mentioned as her finest achievement yesterday. In them she takes time to think of the technical things which make for beautiful utterance and her voice remains steady and consistent in quality and her intonation faultless.

Mme. Culp departed widely from her earlier procedure and gave so varied a list of songs as almost to destroy its consistency; but it widened the popular knowledge of her capabilities and increased the popular admiration of her artistic gifts and graces. She sang Beethoven's romance "Adelaide" (a man's song and one of the battle horses of the chief of romance singers—Mario, who had it on his programmes on his last visit to the United States, some forty years ago), but also the old Scotch folk-song "Faithfu' Johnie," with Beethoven's accompaniment. She sang Liszt's more or less familiar "Es muss ein Wunderbares sein," and also his "Angislin dal biondo crin"; two songs by Tschaikowsky (in French); Löwe's setting of "Der Asra," which is generally known only in Rubinstein's setting, and Jensen's setting of "Waldesgespräch" which is popularly associated only with Schumann's music. Of four songs by Hugo Wolf, one was a newcomer in local lists—"Trexel ein, hoher Krieger," but her most delightful ne wcontribution was a piquant little song by the balladist Löwe, beginning "Mädchen sind wie der Wind," sung with a piquant humor that none but a Sembrich could equal. Indeed, it sounded for all the world as if it were rippling out of that incomparable Polish throat. Again Mme. Culp exemplified all that is finest, highest and truest in the art of song singing—exemplified it in such a manner that an adequate description of it would be in danger of turning art into a species of rhapsody which has no place in a staid review of a day's occurrences.

H. E. K.

CHAMBER MUSIC AT TWO CONCERTS

The Adele Margulies Trio and Max Jacobs Quartet Are Heard in Attractive Programmes.

Two chamber music organizations gave subscription concerts last night, and interest in this form of composition was amply attested by the presence of large audiences. Jan 27 '13

In Aeolian Hall the Adele Margulies Trio presented an interesting programme, while the Max Jacobs Quartet at Carnegie Lyceum brought out for the first time a suite for piano and violin, in addition to playing quartets by Mendelssohn and Beethoven. Herald

Brahms' C major trio, Mr. Xaver Scharwenka's Sonata for 'cello and piano and Mr. P. E. Lange-Muller's Trio in F minor comprised the programme of the Adele Margulies Trio, and Mr. Leo Schulz, 'cellist, carried off the principal honors. His playing throughout was the foundation for Miss Margulies and Mr. Lichtenberg, both of whom were disposed to be t trifle flighty. There were times when Mr. Lichtenberg's violin was not quite on the key and Miss Margulies too often overbalanced the trio by accentuating the piano parts.

Mr. Irwin E. Hassell, pianist, was the assisting artist with the Max Jacobs Quartet and with Mr. Jacobs combined to give the Gottlieg-Norren suite a careful reading. It made a favorable impression on the audience.

WAGNER AND VERDI

Jan. 30 '13

Operatic Contrasts at the Metropolitan. Tribune

The cosmopolitanism of opera as presented by the Metropolitan Opera company could scarcely have been shown in a more striking light than it was yesterday. It was a day of contrasts—contrasts of languages, contracts of subjects, contrasts of styles, contrasts also of audiences.

In the afternoon "Das Rheingold" received that one and only performance which is necessary to justify the managerial pretence of an annual presentation of Wagner's Nibelung tetralogy in cyclical form. A week will elapse between the prologue and the beginning of the tragedy, which, under some circumstances, might be disturbing; but under existing conditions is so only to that fraction of the public (a very small fraction) which attends the subscription performances as well as these special affairs arranged for the benefit of the lovers of Wagner's art who are more numerous outside the list of subscribers than in. These Wagnerites are again a host, as they were twenty-five years ago. They filled the house yesterday and listened with an intensity of interest such as can only be seen at the holiday "Parsifal" functions. And at the end of two and a half hours of uninterrupted attention they stopped to call the performers before the curtain again and again. It was a grateful audience and one which on the day after is not likely to have much sympathy with critical cavillings at features of a performance which gave them so much pleasure. And yet it ought to be said in their own interest, and for the sake of the work itself, that it would be well if all the Wagnerian dramas were subjected to a rigid revision and new study from the bottom up before they are given again. That shabby rainbow is calculated to get onto the nerves of even those who do not profess to be perfect Wagnerites, and with such fair stage furniture for the opening scene it is really a pity that the purely decorative music is not permitted to illustrate some of the features of the canging picture. A clearer purpose ought to be given to the movements of the nixies, now that the mechanical devices for regulating those movements are so perfect. Throughout the scene there ought to be synchronism between word and music and action, as we had it in the long ago, when the cumbersome apparatus devised for the first Bayruth festival was still in use. It is all in vain to plead for a return to the poet-composer's original purpose of suggesting Wotan's creative thought concerning a race of demigods and their equipment with a magic sword by the music instead of a flourish of a sword of evil instead of divine origin, for on that point Bayreuth has spoken and it is easier to follow and obey than to be wise and right but the nixies might be kept out of sight until they are called by the music which symbolizes them, for thus are Wagner's artistic purposes and methods made plain. And why should Froh—the gentle Froh, the god of summertime, the representative of peace in the old Teuton's theogony, wander about with a spear as if he were about to join Landgrave Herman's boar hunt. Froh did have a sword in one of the old mythical tales, but it was a gift and through it possessed miraculous powers, he cared so little for it that he gave it to Skirnin when he sent him a-wooing to Gerd, wherefore he fell an easy prey to Surtur in the great battle of Ragnarok. Why not be heedful of such details? They have a charm for those who have made a study of the myths which are at the bottom of the tetalogy. It would cost nothing except a small expenditure of thought.

The most gratifying features of the performance were those which also signalized last season's performance of the prologue—the fine singing, acting and appearance of Mme. Matzinauer as Fiska, the well conceived and well executed Loge of Mr. Burrian, the thrice admirable Alberich and Mime of Messrs. Goritz and Reiss, the ingratiating music of the representatives of the Rhine Daughters, Miss Sparkes, Mme. Alten and Miss Mulford, the beauty of Mme. Homer's voice and song as Erda and the ample and lignified impersonation of Wotan by Mr. Weil; finally, the satisfactory work of the orchestra under Mr. Hertz.

In the evening the Wednesday subscribers filled the chairs vacated by the Wagnerites and were entertained with a performance of "La Traviata," in which Miss Hempel played the part of Violetta. Her impersonation was original in some respects, but not praiseworthily so. The fad of costuming the opera in the period of Dumas's "La Dames aux Camillias," which was taken up a few years ago was abandoned, and a return made to eighteenth century styles by all but Miss Humpel, who exercised the prima donna's right to dress as she pleased, and amazed the audience with a succession of tight gowns, such as had never been seen on the Metropolitan stage before. Her appearance and the mark of distinction in her singing in the first act, brilliant in tone and execution, but singularly and aggressively bold, made sympathy with the frail heroine a feeling of slow growth; but she conquered by the sheer beauty of her voice, its power, and the technical finish of her vocalization. Enthusiastic plaudits rewarded her after every fall of the curtain. Signor Macnez, as Alfredo, was scarcely an adequate companion of the lady and Signor Amato, but he was kindly received by an indulgent audience.

H. E. K.

Sun Jan 30

The annual representations of the four dramas of "Der Ring des Nibelungen" begun yesterday afternoon at the Metropolitan Opera House. Although the first of the series, "Das Rheingold," rarely attracts as many persons as the later dramas, there was an audience of large size, which sat through the performance in deep interest. The preparations for this production of "Das Rheingold" were manifestly made with the greatest care, and the only regrettable incident was the failure of the rainbow to illumine the valley of the Rhine with its glory of color.

This particular thing has been failing at different times in the Metropolitan for so many years that the suggestion is now and here offered without price that the management request David Belasco to go over and show the electrician how the thing should be done. If this advice is followed it is safe to say that that rainbow will attend to business thereafter.

In all other respects the pictorial presentation of the drama was admirable. The changes were carried on with smoothness and with as much illusion as the music of Wagner will permit. Naturally where heavy scenery has to be moved while the orchestra plays planissimo some noise is bound to be heard.

Musically the production was one of the most even the Metropolitan stage has enjoyed in recent seasons. There have been particular impersonations of more distinction than any offered by the present cast, but it is not easy to recall any performance in which the various singing actors were more excellently brought together in a concerted expression of the content of the scene.

Interesting again was the fact that of the fourteen characters in the opera seven were impersonated by Americans. Of the other seven six were allotted to Germans and one to an English woman, Miss Sparkes. The prominence of the American element in the local opera house might be more significant were it not that natives of this country are also occupying many of the seats of honor in German and Austrian opera houses.

To Alfred Hertz, conductor; Edward Siedle, technical director, and the stage manager, Anton Schertel, must go the first honors of yesterday's successful achievement. No matter what the singers may do in "Rheingold" the whole thing is bound to fall pretty flat if the mechanism is halting and the musical interpretation not authoritatively controlled. Most of the principals have been heard in the same roles before and their impersonations call for no extended record.

It ought to be said, however, that Mr. Burrian has further elaborated his *Loge* with fine musical intelligence and his impersonation showed decided improvement. The three Rhine daughters, Mmes. Sparkes, Alten and Mulford, sang excellently, and Mrs. Homer delivered the warning of *Erda* with unusual impressiveness. A special word of mention, too, is due to Basil Ruysdael, whose *Fafner* was the best we recall in Metropolitan performances of this drama.

Mme. Matzenauer is too intelligent an artist to do anything in an insufficient manner, and her *Fricka* was well planned and executed. The others placed admirable accomplishment to their credit except Miss Curtis, whose voice was not quite equal to the demands of *Freia's* music. The orchestra played with great skill and Mr. Hertz reserved his big dynamic climaxes for passages which did not interfere with the voices.

In the evening "La Traviata," which had enjoyed a well earned vacation, was restored to the stage. The absence of the work is to be explained by the want of a leading soprano capable of singing music of this type. It will be recalled that Miss Farrar made a venture in the role and was one of the most beautiful *Violettas* ever seen on the stage. But she did not excite much enthusiasm by her singing. Mme. Tetrazini was the latest soprano to arouse public enthusiasm as the Lady of the Camellias, and the return of Verdi's old opera to the Metropolitan was naturally due to the advent of Frieda Hempel as a member of the company.

Miss Hempel placed descriptive comment at a disadvantage in one respect by singing the music nearly always as it was written. She introduced no original embellishments into the famous aria and cabaletta of the first act. In the subsequent acts *Violetta*, having put dissipation behind her, eschews fiorituri and lives a life of domestic cantilena. Opportunities for vocal specialities are confined to the first act and to "Ah, fors e lui" and "Sempre libera."

Miss Hempel approached the role of *Violetta* with a manifest determination to treat it dramatically. True, she wore a most effective evening gown of contemporaneous fashion in the midst of the other old style costumes, but this liberty may be forgiven. She looked the part and that ought to be enough. Her singing of the whole first act was done in full blooded tone, with immense buoyancy, and with artistic attention to the meaning of the text. It was a genuinely good and enjoyable treatment of the act and it made a preparation for a characterization which was consistently carried out. The music of the role has been more brilliantly sung in New York on many occasions, but Miss Hempel ought to make "La Traviata" worth some repetitions in the course of the season.

It was not altogether easy to believe in this *Violetta's* intense devotion to the *Alfredo* of the evening, Mr. Macnez, who was colorless and uninteresting. Mr. Amato was the *Germont* and of course his delivery of the familiar air, "Di provenza," was warmly applauded. Mr. Sturani conducted the performance.

Wotan ..... Hermann Weil
Donner ..... William Hinshaw
Froh ..... Lambert Murphy
Loge ..... Carl Burrian
Alberich ..... Otto Goritz
Mime ..... Albert Reiss
Fasolt ..... Herbert Witherspoon
Fafner ..... Basil Ruysdael
Fricka ..... Margarete Matzenauer
Freia ..... Vera Curtis
Erda ..... Louise Homer
Woglinde ..... Lenora Sparkes
Wellgunde ..... Bella Alten
Flosshilde ..... Florence Mulford
Conductor, Alfred Hertz.

Jan. 30 '13

Times

Violetta ..... Frieda Hempel
Flora Bervoise ..... Jeanne Maubourg
Annina ..... Marie Mattfeld
Alfredo ..... Umberto Macnez
Georgio Germont ..... Pasquale Amato
Gastone ..... Angelo Bada
Barone Douphol ..... Vincenzo Reschiglian
Marchese D'Obigny ..... Bernard Begue
Dottore Grenvil ..... Paolo Ananian
Conductor—Giuseppe Sturani.

The presence of Miss Freda Hempel in the company of the Metropolitan Opera House has made the performance of Verdi's opera of "La Traviata" at the Metropolitan Opera House a somewhat less speculative and hazardous undertaking than it has been for some years. The opera was given last evening for the first time this season, obviously for the behoof of the new soprano, who is the first singer of her kind who has shown her ability there to cope with this music adequately since the departure of Mme. Sembrich. Miss Hempel sang the music brilliantly and with a greater power and richness of voice than she has shown at any time since she came. She has likewise ideas about the dramatic impersonation of Verdi's heroine that resulted in the injection of a good deal of animation into her scenes. It was a robust and determined Violetta that began the play; and presented with a good deal of dramatic power and variety of expression. The variety hardly included much finesse, however, and it was a Teutonic heroine rather than a Gallic one. In the last scenes there was the suggestion of pathos and depth of feeling. Miss Hempel's singing of the coloratura airs that fall to her share in the opera was admirable in its brilliancy and incisiveness and the accuracy with which the vocal ornaments were executed.

Mr. Umberto MacNez, who was the Alfredo, did little to heighten the estimation that has been formed of him from his former appearances. His voice lacked color and vitality, and his action showed little flexibility or resource. Mr. Amato's singing as Giorgio Germont was splendidly resonant. Mr. Stuoani conducted. The personages were clothed in this performance in the mixture of ancient and modern costume that has become traditional in the opera; the heroine appearing in the latest models, the others in eighteenth century garb. Better things have twice been attempted in New York; once when the costumes really belonging to the period of the opera—that of the '30's of the last century—and again when those of the present time were used.

Herald

Verdi's familiar "La Traviata," whose tunefulness has been allowed to languish for some time, was revived at the Metropolitan Opera House last night. It evidently was done to give further opportunity for the display of Miss Frieda Hempel's singing powers, and in the rôle of Violetta she was liked better than in any other part she has sung here. The "Ah! fors e lui" was admirably sung, and the spirit with which she charged the "Sempre libe" was fine in its jubilation, but her singing of it was not marked by any amazing feats of agility or of high notes, and so her hearers were only moderately enthusiastic.

Miss Hempel made Violetta in the second act a marked pathetic figure. Vocally she was best in the third act, after which she was recalled many times and received a lot of flowers. Her costumes were all most attractive, although decidedly modern and did not give well with these worn by the others in the cast. She surprised her audience by wearing an anklet of brilliants, which showed to excellent advantage, thanks to a slashed gown.

Mr. Macnez sang Alfredo gracefully, but his voice was scarcely robust enough to cope with the dramatic scene of the third act. When the curtain fell he had the misfortune to be caught on the wrong side of it and had to walk to the centre of the stage and then grope his way in.

As Germont, Mr. Amato won applause by his singing of "Di Provenza." Mr. Sturani conducted.

Second Pulitzer Concert Is Given by Philharmoni

That they were annual members of the New York Philharmonic Society was a matter of gratification to the large audience which attended the second private concert of the orchestra in the ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria last night and listened to Mr. Max Pauer play the piano. The concert was the last of its character this season. Both were presented in compliance with a wish expressed by the late Joseph Pulitzer in his will.

With the bequest of $1,000,000, which he gave to the Philharmonic Society, was expressed the desire that two concerts be given for the annual members. The first was of such interest that more than four hundred requests for extra tickets were received by Mr. Felix Leifels, the manager, for last night. The result was an audience that taxed the capacity of the ballroom, and it gave the closest attention to the programme, which contained one novelty, Mr. Friedrich Gernsheim's tone poem, "To a Drama." The work was well received, for Mr. Gernsheim, writing in the midst of an age which is straining for new orchestral effects, has not overlooked the essential of melody.

Mr. Pauer showed another phase of his talent—consistency. The high standard he set on his three previous appearances was maintained in his interpretation of Beethoven's Concerto No.

The musicians, under Mr. Sturani, refused to let a bad night interfere either with their tone or spirit. They played Wagner's "Faust" Overture and the Cesar Franck Symphony.

Ime. Niessen-Stone Is Heard in Recital

Jan. 30 '13

zzo-Soprano Gives Equal Attention to Score and Enunciation in Varied Programme.

dme. Niessen-Stone, the well-known zzo-soprano, gave her annual song ital last evening at Aeolian Hall. r programme contained old and new positions, lieder, ballads and oper- extracts. American

he singer fortunately considers the t of equal importance with the e and her clear enunciation of the rds was as great a delight to her ience as was her ample production he notes.

he sang a group of compositions Mozart, Loewe, Schubert and Gus- Nahler in German, English songs Marion Bauer and Beach, and other bers by Rachmaninoff, Gretsch- off and Moussorgsky.

CONCERTO FOR HORN

Jan. 31 '13 Tribune

olos in Philharmonic Concerts in the Long Ago.

In the tenth evening subscription con- rt of the Philharmonic Society last ght (a very delightful affair, which will repeated this afternoon in Carnegie all) Mr. Xavier Reiter played a concerto r French horn by Mozart. There were her features, of course, all of them easant to the ear, but none quite so un- alifiedly charming, for a number of rea- ns, as this concerto, which not only led the hearers with ingenuous delight. it, no doubt, served a good educational urpose in permitting the audience to arn what one of the most lovable nd useful instruments in the orchestra and the nature of the music which is ative to it. Mozart wrote four concertos r the horn and a rondo between 1772 and 76, all for an old friend of his father's, ho was a horn player in Salzburg when e composer was a boy, and whose ac- uaintance he renewed when he found im a cheese monger, bot still a virtuoso n his instrument, when he went to ienna after being literally kicked out of oors by the prince archbishop's cham- erlain. This horn player was named oseph Leutgeb, who, from all accounts, ith all his mosical skill, was so much f a good natured ignoramus in all other hings that Mozart, even while composing olos for him, could not help filling his cores with glosses, all numerous and ome in such qoestionable taste that they annot be quoted here.

It may serve a purpose as illostrating ith what ease he wrote these horn con- ertos (which, however, are still models f what horn music should be) to quote ome of the marginal notes with which e embellished one of the concertos. Scattered through the concerto in Italian hey read thus when put into free and olloquial English and contemporary lang: "To you, Signor Ass—With anima- ion.—Quick!—Get a move on you.— Bravo!—Get along!—Courage.—Have you inished already?—Beast!—Bravo, poor ittle fellow.—It is to laugh!—Help!—Let is breathe a little.—Forward, forward!— This goes better.—What, not ended yet?— Oh, infamous pig!—Ah, how graceful!— Dear little ass!—Ha! ha! ha!—Now I breathe again.—Play it in tune, at least.— Bravo!—Evvlra!—Yoo have come to an- noy me for the fourth time, thank God for the last.—I beg of you.—Oh, mala- detto!—And a bravora, too.—Ah, the trill of a sinner.—Finished?—Thank heaven, enough, enough!"

The reference to the fourth time, per- haps also the trill, would seem to indi- cate that these glosses were written in the score of the concerto in E flat which Mr. Reiter played last night, which in its final rondo echoes the old hunting music which the French, encouraged by their pause-loving kings, developed to such a degree as to win for it a place in the or- chestra (wherefore, no doobt, it came to be known as the French horn in England, though still beautifully called the "forest horn" (Waldhorn) in Germany. Mr. Reiter did not play the old "natural" horn of Mozart's day, but a valve horn, for which reason there was some loss of characteristic horn tone (unfamiliar to most modern ears), but a gain in clear- ness of execution. He is a fine artist, as all know who have listened to him for years in the Metropolitan Opera House, Mr. Seidl's orchestra and the Philhar- monic Society, in whose band he has played since the advent of Mr. Mahler, and his playing gave great pleasure last night. The other numbers on the pro- gramme were Gluck's overture to "Al- ceste" (which is not a good concert piece with its solemn beauty), Tschaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet" and Goldmark's "Rus- tic Wedding" symphony.

Is the Philharmonic Society as it pro- ceeds into the third generation of its existence returning to some of the prin- ciples of programme making which char- acterized the first forty years of its his- tory? The recent inclosion of an overt- ure by Rossini in one of its schemes, taken in connection with last night's per- formance would seem to point that way. From its foundation in 1842 up to the end of Carl Bergmann's artistic direction of the society in February, 1876, not only were the solo features of a very varied character, but it was the manifest policy of the society's directors to afford its members an opportunity to be heard as solo performers. Among the players in the earlier years there were a number of excellent artists, like N. C. Hill and J. Noll, violin; Alexander Boucher, violin- cello; P. Eltz, bassoon; N. Kiefer, clarinetist, and Henry Schmitz, horn.

These men and their associates intro- duced some good chamber music into the programmes at the very beginning of the society's career, but the taste exhibited in the choice of Hummel's quintet in D minor, for pianoforte and strings, in the first season, and Beethoven's septet, in the second, was not always maintained. It was not long before Louis Schreiber was playing pieces of his own composi- tion on the cornet-à-piston, the Distins (father and sons) were edifying the public with a transcription from "Lucia di Lam- mermoor," for four sax horns; Mrs. Bost- wick was singing "The Happy Birdling," with flûte obligato, a duet for two cornets found a place on the programme, and J. A. Kyle and W. T. Groenevelt played a "Dialogo brillante," by Bochsa, for flute and clarinet. The horn entered the lists as a solo instrument (outside of the en- sembles referred to), when Harry Schmitz played a concertino, by Fuchs, on No- vember 27, 1859. Some there will be among the very old subscribers to the Philhar- monic concerts who will remember the little old gentleman if not seated among the players on the platform, standing at the door of the Metropolitan Opera House and Carnegie Hall, placidly watching the gathering audiences for Mr. Schmitz, after he ceased his activity as a per- former, was treasurer of the society from 1883 to 1903. He repeated the concertino in 1856, and in 1862 played "La Solitude," a nocturne, composed for him by Theo- dore Eisfeld, then director of the society. Between these dates, with S. Knaebel, he played a "Duo concertante, for two horns and orchestra, on the air 'Araby's Dangh- ter,'" composed by F. Baumann. These are the only instance, prior to last night in which the horn has been permitted to figure in a solo capacity on Philharmonic programmes.

Eisfeld's generous attitude toward solo numbers may not have been wholly un- selfish, as while he was conductor he gave a place on his lists to a concertino for clarinet, a fantasia capriccioso and an "Elégie Cantabile" for cornet-à-piston, a "Scena Italiana," composed for Signor Centemeri, a singer, and a set of "Varia- tions de Bravura," sung by Clara Louise Kellogg, besides the nocturne composed for Mr. Schmitz.

A member of the society who played a prominent part among the solo perform- ers in the heyday of his efficiency was the violoncellist Frederick Bergner, who still sat at the first desk well within the time compassed by the memories of the younger subscribers of to-day. Bergner came forward in 1860 with a Russian fantasia composed by Kummer, and in 1864, under Eisfeld, played a concerto composed by F. L. Ritter. The next year Carl Bergmann became sole conductor, and under his régime the programmes of the society took on the dignity and seri- ousness which they maintained down to the present season. Bergmann did not go precipitately about his reformatory work. He was himself a violoncello player, and this drew him to Bergner, whom we find playing Kummer's fantasia again on February 4, 1871, Goltermann's first con- certo in 1872, and an adagio by Bargiel in 1875. Moreover, Bergmann himself joined Bergner, A. Liesegang and A. Hoch in a performance of a serenade for four vio- loncellos by Lachner on February 4, 1871. He also showed his appreciation of that clarinetist, who lives in fragrant memo- ry, Edward Boehm by composing for him a recitative and romanza for bass clarinet, which was played on February 4, 1871. It was under Bergmann that Theo- dore Thomas played his first solo (the first movement of Beethoven's concerto for violin) at a Philharmonic concert on April 18, 1868. Bergmann's successor, Dr. Leo- pold Damrosch, continued the propaganda which Bergmann had begun for Wagner's [illegible] by opening the lists to [illegible] from the "Ring of the Nibelun- gen," which was continued by Theodore Thomas. Since 1876 the solo features of the Philharmonic schemes have been re- served for singers, violinists and pianists and music of the highest class.

H. E. K.

Pretty Costume Entertainment Provided by Maggie Teyte and Edmond Clement.

Who does not recall those happy days of childhood when we were wont to steal away to the attic and rummage in the old trunks? What joy it was to explore those mystic and magical treasuries of the past, to identify, per- haps, the brocade gown in which grandmother attended the ball at the court of a George or the blue swallow tail with brass buttons in which grand- father paid his respects to the Presi- dent. And then, rapture of all rap- tures, to "dress up!" to dress up in the old time garments and dream wonder- ful and indescribable dreams, such as only the real, true children of that generation could have.

Children have no dreams now. They are all little old men and women, with an impertinent assumption of the airs of their parents and a confidently pub- lished contempt for confessed juvenility. Maybe it is because of this that the old folks are so fond of "dressing up" and of seeing others do it. Maybe it is a half formed regret for the old days that has preserved the costume ball in such general popularity and has made society so happy in the presence of the costume concert, the "Chansons en Crinoline," or whatever one may choose to name it.

Since musical entertainments of this type are now in favor it is fortunate that there are artists capable of making them unique in charm. Two of these gave a costume concert at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. These were Mag- gie Teyte, the little English soprano of the Philadelphia-Chicago Opera Com- pany, and Edmond Clement, the French tenor. The stage was set with an arched trellis at the rear, together with plants and foliage, to give some slight illusion of a garden. This was required chiefly for the finale of the entertainment, a one act operetta ent- itled "La Laitiere de Trianon," the book by Baloppe d'Onquaire and the music by J. B. Weckerlin, known to all stu- dents of music through his collections of old French songs and his numerous valuable prefatory essays.

Before the operetta Mr. Clement, garbed in one of the two costumes of the lyric play, sang a group of songs and Miss Teyte, also wearing one of her op- eretta dresses, sang another group. Both singers gave pleasure, though without doubt Miss Teyte would have provided still more had she not been so badly made up that she looked as if Father Time had become acquainted with her daintiness long before he did.

The story of the little operetta is sim- plicity itself. It is the old tale of two people of high birth betrothed by order and as yet unknown to each other. The lady has been made milkmaid in Marie Antoinette's toy dairy at the Trianon. The lover falls in love with her in this guise and demonstrates that he is ready to descend to her fictitious rank in order to win her. Then she is satisfied that she is loved, joy reigns, and we are left to suppose that they were married and lived happily ever after, just as the princes and princesses did in the good old day, when we used to "dress up."

The dialogue of the operetta is neatly written, and the music, which is cer- tainly not important, has that char- acteristic grace and charm so often found in the small works of the French stage. Miss Teyte and Mr. Clement acted the little lyric play most de- lightfully. The tenor showed himself thoroughly in his element. His de- livery of the lines may possibly have been a surprise to some of the audience, for it disclosed extraordinary finesse in the high art of comedy. The operetta will be repeated at a second entertain- ment by Miss Teyte and Mr. Clement, when without doubt there will be an- other audience as large as that of yesterday afternoon.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

Xavier Reiter Performs One of Mozart's Works for the Horn.

The programme arranged by Mr. Stran- sky for last evening's concert of the Phil- harmonic Society at Carnegie Hall had certain features of novelty and interest. It began with Gluck's "Alceste" overture, after which a concerto of Mozart for French horn was played. Tschaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet" overture fantasia and Goldmark's descriptive symphony "A Rustic Wedding" were the other numbers. Gluck's overture to "Alceste," an opera to which he wrote a preface setting forth his theories of operatic composition and in which he demonstrated them with trium- phant ability, is not an ideal concert piece, because it voices only one mood and has only one movement. It is impressive as a prelude, but dissociated from its sequel it seems monotonous. It was well played last night. Sun. Jan. 31 '13

Mozart wrote four concertos and a rondo for horn with orchestra. The one performed last evening was the fourth, that numbered opus 495 in the Kochel catalogue. It is in E flat and has three movements, an allegro moderato, a ro- manza and a rondo. The performer was Xavier Reiter, first hornist of the Phil- harmonic Society and long known in this country as a masterly virtuoso on his instrument. The cadenzas which he played in the first and last movements were porbably his own and at least served to exhibit some feats of his technic not admitted by Mozart.

Mr. Reiter played admirably, but his performance naturally causes the reflec- tion that he possesses certain advantages over Joseph Leitgeb, the player for whom Mozart composed the concertos and whom he unmercifully gibed in one of his dedi- cations and in some of the comments jotted in the scores. In Leitgeb's day the natural horn was used, and it was more of an achievement to play concertos on it than on a modern horn with valves such as Mr. Reiter has. However, good music well done is always a cause for gratitude, and any one who could feel unhappy after hearing Mr. Reiter deliver the last move- ment would be fit for treason, strategem and spoils.

Olive Mead Quartet.

Miss Mead and her associates, the Misses Fonaroff, North, Littlehales, presented an interesting programme last night in Rum- ford Hall, which was well filled. The first number, Beethoven's op. No. 4, was a fine example of ensemble playing, the Allegro being especially well done. Glazounoff's "Interludium in modo antico" was put on the programme by request and repeated by unanimous demand of the listeners. Schu- bert's Quartet in D minor was delightful—every one would have liked to have heard the lovely second movement a second time.

No greater tribute could have been shown the players than the attention given them despite the crackling and pounding of the steam pipes. If this is not a problem for the chemists perhaps they can call upon some of their engineer friends and have the nuisance stopped. Nothing requires perfect conditions as much as chamber mu- sic, and if the manager of Rumford Hall expects to have it used for recitals of this character, he must heat his hall with less noise. Jan. 30 '13

OPERA'S "SIAMESE TWINS"

Tribune

"Cavaleria" and "Pagliacci" Sung at the Metropolitan.

"Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci" were the operas last night. It is a weari- ness to write of these Siamese twins of grand opera. The public's hysteric joy hymns their praises whenever they are sung. Criticism is powerless before that joy—joy unthinking and unmeasured.

Mr. Caruso sang Canio and hundreds were turned away. He has sung it better and he has sung it worse. Miss Destinn was the Gedda and Mr. Gilly the Tonio and both were in splendid voice. A spec- ial word of praise, too, should be said for Mr. Gilly's most admirable conception of the part of the old, broken down actor. It is an impersonation instinct with hate and bitterness of spirit, yet in- formed throughout with an intense pathos. Mr. Gilly has done nothing bet- ter. Mr. Rescniglian was an adequate Silvio. Jan. 31 '13

The Mascagni opera was repeated by Mmes. Gadski and Duchene and MM. Martin and Gilly. It was Mme. Gadski's first Santuzza of the season, and she de- livered the music full throatedly, beside giving an excellent enhancement of the pas- sant girl.

Double Bill at the Opera.

Sun.

The ancient and honorable operatic partners, "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," entertained a large assembly at the Metropolitan Opera House last even- ing. In the first Mme. Gadski as *Santuzza*, Mr. Martin as *Turiddu* and Mr. Gilly as *Alfio* were the chief singers. In the second Emmy Destinn as *Hedda*, Mr. Caruso as *Canio* and Mr. Gilly as *Tonio* were the principals. Mr. Polacco con- ducted the first opera and Mr. Sturani the second. Jan. 31 '13

LEO SLEZAK SINGS GOODBY IN 'OTELLO'

Herald. Feb. 1-13

Bohemian Tenor Gives Exceptional Performance of Great Part at Farewell Appearance.

By CHARLES HENRY MELTZER.

Leo Slezak sang goodby to the Metropolitan last night, when, in his best style and in his best voice, he interpreted Otello in the very greatest of all Verdi's operas.

One may object to this or that point in Mr. Slezak's Otello; to his costuming of the part in the first act, and to some other things. But, as things stand to-day, he is, perhaps, the best exponent of a character to whom no one on the operatic stage has done full justice, with the exception of Tamagno.

The departure of Mr. Slezak from the Metropolitan will leave a gap which may not soon be filled. He has not always been ideally consenting in his various roles. But, whether he was Tannhaeuser, or Walter von Stolzing, or, as last night, Otello, he has acted with intelligence, and sung with art.

A sudden cold prevented Amato from appearing as Iago. Antonio Scotti thereby got a no doubt welcome chance of showing how impressive he can make the part of the arch-traitor. Nothing, except possibly his Scrapia, in Mr. Scotti's repertory is more fitted o his subtle powers of acting, both in tones and gestures. Since the withdrawal from the boards of the French baritone, Maurel, no one has come near to Mr. Scotti as an interpreter of Shakespeare's human snake. The "Credo" and the narrative sung by Iago in the second act last night had their right values. Moreover, Mr. Scotti was in excellent voice. And that meant much.

To this it may be added that Frances Alda, always charming as Desdemona, was more confident than she has sometimes been. She sang with taste and far more steadily than usual. It would be hard to find a lovelier interpreter of Otello's ill-starrted spouse.

The Emilia of Jeanne Maubourg was delightful from the pictorial and artistic standpoints. She had not much, maybe, to do. But all she did lent force and meaning to the opera. And, in the second act, she seemed a model for "Our Lady of the Lilies."

The beauty of the performance, which attracted a large audience, was enhanced by the splendid skill and sympathy with which Maestro Toscanini read the score.

Eugene Ysaye, the great Belgian, was the soloist at yesterday's New York Symphony concert in Aeolian Hall. He played a violin concerto of Viotti and the concerto of Mendelssohn, which he had substituted for a work of Brahms. Walter Damrosch and the orchestra contributed the "Fantastic" symphony of Hector Berlioz, which did not suit them. It takes Frenchmen (or at least a French conductor) to play the "Fantastic" with the proper style and spirit. A crowded audience, none the less, enjoyed the performance of Ysaye and seemed satisfied with the interpretation of Berlioz's masterwork.

Herald

For his farewell at the Metropolitan Opera House, Mr. Leo Slezak, the Szech tenor, last night sang the title rôle in Verdi's "Otello," and the performance probably was the best given here in years. Mr. Slezak has been at the Metropolitan four years, and he made his début in the rôle in which he sang his farewell last night. As has been told in the HERALD, he has not asked to have his contract here renewed because he wishes to spend some time abroad with his growing son, and he does not intend to return to this country next season.

Last night he was quite at his best, his acting and singing being charged with dramatic intensity. After each act he was called out alone, and at the end of the performance many persons remained to applaud him. These called him before the curtain a dozen times and the tenor, emotionally moved, bade them a mute farewell.

Another feature of the performance was Mr. Scotti's Iago, a rôle which he sang for the first time this season. Mr. Amato was to have appeared in it, but he became hoarse and Mr. Scotti consented to sing. He had sung Iago in Boston on Wednesday and left his costumes there. They did not arrive until after eight o'clock, so Mr. Scotti sank the first act in a costume designed for "La Gioconda."

He was wonderful in the subtlety of his acting and his artistic conception of the villanous part, and his singing of the Credo called forth great applause.

Never has Mme. Alda sang Desdemona as she did last night. Her voice was free of all shrilliness, even in the dramatic scenes, which she did notably well, and the "Salche" and the "Ave Maria" she sang with compelling beauty of tone. Many flowers and curtain calls were her reward. Mme. Maubourg was Emilia, and Messrs. Bada and De Segurola contributed their share.

Mr. Toscanini commanded his orchestral forces magnificently, and he made the memorable performance ring with dramatic force.

THE NEW YORK SYMPHONY.

Times. Feb. 7-13

Mr. Ysaye Plays Two Violin Concertos at Symphony Concert.

Mr. Ysaye changed his mind at the last moment before yesterday's concert of the New York Symphony Orchestra, as he has been known to do on other occasions; and the projected first performance in this country by him of Brahms's violin concerto was abandoned. No reason for this change of purpose was given in the announcement on the programme. Instead of Brahms's concerto, he played yesterday Mendelssohn's; and at the repetition of the concert to-morrow will play Bruch's first concerto, in G minor.

The programme was unusual in its composition and arrangement. The concert began with Mr. Ysaye's performance of a concerto by Viotti, as had been announced. Between it and Mendelssohn's concerto came Berlio's "Symphonie Fantastique." Viotti's concerto seems a little old-fashioned now, yet not as the work of the older masters, so much of which is not outmoded. It is music that commands respect, even if it has no very significant message for the modern listener. Its greatest appeal to-day lies, perhaps, in the last movement, which Mr. Ysaye played with great spirit, dash, and humor, an interpretation which his performance made wholly convincing. He was enthusiastically applauded.

Berlioz's Symphony appears fitfully on concert programmes, though in the forty-five years that has elapsed since it was first made known to New York, the musical public has not grown to love it, or to make any urgent demand felt to hear it. Like so much of Berlioz's music, it is interesting from almost every point of view except the musical one—historically, for its place in the development of programme music; technically, for many features of its instrumentation and for its utilization of Berlioz's invention of the "idée fixe"; biographically, for the remarkable series of episodes in the life of its composer that are connected with it. Musically it is dreary enough, and is one of the conspicuous examples of how Berlioz's achievement often panted far behind his ambition. It was played with much zeal and energy, with a careful elaboration of all its significant detail, by Mr. Damrosch and his men; not always with complete precision and finish.

Sun. Feb. 1-13

THE SYMPHONY SOCIETY.

Eugene Ysaye Plays Two Concertos for the Violin With Excellence.

The spice was extracted from the Symphony Society's concert in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon by a change in the programme. It had been announced that Eugene Ysaye, the soloist of the concert, would play the violin concerto of Brahms for the first time in this city. The famous Belgian has been heard many times in New York, but he has not yet disclosed to local music lovers his conception of the also famous "concerto against the violin," which is now accorded a place not far behind that of Beethoven.

But there was a note on the programme yesterday that the distinguished artist had once again locked Brahms within his bosom, and would play the Viotti concerto as arranged, but as his second number would give the time honored work of Mendelssohn. Therefore critical comment is reduced to a mere record of a repetition quite in line with Mr. Ysaye's standard of art.

The orchestral work which stood between the two concertos and with them made up the programme was the "Symphonie Fantastique" of Berlioz. Aeolian Hall did not prove to be altogether favorable to the music, which seemed to lack some of its wonted brilliancy of instrumental effects. But Mr. Damrosch conducted his orchestra through a performance which was conspicuous for clarity and careful consideration of details.

MR. KOCIAN'S RECITAL.

Times. Feb. 1-13

The Bohemian Violinist Makes His Reappearance in Aeolian Hall.

Jaroslaw Kocian is remembered as a young Bohemian violinist who first came to New York ten years ago to be exploited by a sensation-mongering manager, quite without his fault, as a rival of Kubelik, his compatriot and fellow-pupil of Sevcik. He made little impression then. Two years ago he returned a riped artist, with a dignified purpose. He returns now again, and made his first appearance in a recital in Aeolian Hall last evening. He has reached man's estate, and has developed a man's powers; and there was much in his playing last evening that commanded admiration. He has a rich, penetrating, and powerful if not always wholly sympathetic tone; he plays with remarkable precision and accuracy of intonation, and he possesses a facile, hold and elastic style, to which vigorous bowing contributes much of its masculine character.

Mr. Kocian gave a robust and authoritative performance of a concerto by A. d'Ambrosio, an unfamiliar work that hardly showed qualities of inspiration or even of interest likely to make it appeal widely to either violinists or the musical public, though it is written effectively for the solo instrument. In the Chaconne from Bach's D minor solo sonata Mr. Kocian played with technical skill and, on the whole, with accuracy in its difficulties of intonation. It would be too much to say, however, that he disclosed a complete command of the style of the music or that he showed forth all its profound beauties.

He played also a group of pieces of his own composition, an andante by Goldmark, and Wieniawski's polonaise. He was accompanied on the piano by Charles Hanbiel, who also contributed some piano solos to the programme.

TWO ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS.

Sun. Feb. 3-13

Bruch's Violin Concerto in G Minor Heard at Both.

It was Max Bruch's busy day yesterday. As most music lovers know, Bruch was a composer and among other works he turned out three concertos for the violin. Yesterday afternoon that in G minor was played twice, once at Carnegie and once at Æolian Hall. In the fomer auditorium the Philharmonic Society gave one of its regular Sunday concerts and the soloist was a violinist named Bonarios Grimson, who made his first appearance here.

Mr. Grimson is yet young and there should be time for him to reach the stature of virtuoso, but it was evident yesterday that he was still immature. With a good tone and a fair amount of technic he combined uncertainties in the upper positions of the first string and much mannerism in the use of the sliding finger. His performance of the Bruch concerto was respectable, but deficient in style.

Mr. Stransky conducted the orchestra in an excellent performance of Weber's "Der Freischultz" overture. The other numbers on the list were Bizet's first "Arlesienne" suite and Tschaikowsky's fourth symphony. The other delivery of the Bruch concerto was by Eugene Ysaye at the Symphony Society's concert, and this may be dismissed without further comment, for Mr. Ysaye's art has had a plenty of discussion in the course of the current season. The distinguished Belgian also played the Viotti concerto which he gave on Friday afternoon and the orchestra was again heard in the "Symphonie Fantastique" of Berlioz.

YSAYE AT SUNDAY CONCERT

Tribune

N. Y. Symphony and Philharmonic in Good Programmes.

The confusion that exists in the concert world was emphasized yesterday afternoon when at the two symphony concerts at Carnegie and Aeolian halls two violinists, one of whom was making his American debut, chose the same concerto in which to display their powers.

The violinists were Bonarios Grimson and Eugene Ysaye. Mr. Grimson is a young Anglo-Greek who has recently had not a little success on the Continent. From yesterday's performance it is evident that he has yet much to learn, even in a technical way, yet he showed a warm, rich tone, and gave the first two movements in a good style. The last movement, however, proved a little too much for him. Feb. 3-13

As for Mr. Ysaye, he was in admirable form, which was that he played as no one else can play, giving, besides the Bruch number, Viotti's concerto.

The orchestral numbers of the Philharmonic concert at Carnegie Hall comprised the "Freischütz" overture, given a surprisingly brilliant reading by Mr. Stransky; Bizet's "L'Arlésienne," Suite, No. 1 and Tschaikowsky's Fourth Symphony.

Mr. Damrosch gave Berlioz's brilliant "Symphonie Fantastique," and notably in the third and the spirited fourth movement secured most admirable results. Both concerts had good-sized houses.

HEAR MR. M'CORMACK AT OPERA CONCERT

Herald. Feb. 3-13

Mr. John McCormack, with his inexhaustible store of Irish songs, assumed a strategic position beside the piano on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House last night, and gave the audience just what it seemed to want to hear:—"Molly Brannigan, I Hear You Calling Me," and several others. The vigor and impetuosity with which the audience applauded was a matter for comment.

Miss Lenora Sparkes, Mme. Louise Homer and Mr. William Hinshaw were the other singers who appeared at the twelfth Sunday evening concert and all were in excellent form. Mme. Homer's singing of the Che Faro Senza Euriddice aria, from "Orfeo," was one of the most brilliant of the evening.

And for once there was no general movement towards hats and wraps as soon as the concert was three-quarters over, for the quartet from "Rigoletto" held the audience until the last. During his last encores Mr. McCormack developed a slight hoarseness, but this hardly affected his singing in the quartet. The other artists and the orchestra, under Mr. Stnrani, carried him up and past all thought of such a slight interference and the audience stayed long enough to show him that it did not mind anyhow.

MISS HUSTON IN SONG RECITAL

Herald 7 Feb. 3-13

She Presents Varied Programme, Including Works of Wolff and Debussy in Little Theatre.

English and Irish folk songs intermingled with the leader of Hugo Wolff and the songs of Mr. Claude Debussy made Miss Margaret Huston's recital in the Little Theatre yesterday afternoon a pleasing one for a large audience. Miss Huston was well up to the standard of the Wolff songs and her voice appeared to be much better fitted for them than for the Debussy group.

The dramatic quality she read into the Wolff group was well liked, but she did not interpret the Debussy works with enough clarity to please the greater part of the audience. At the piano Mr. Richard Hageman, of the Metropolitan Opera company, gave her valuable assistance.

CHAMBER MUSIC PLAYED.

Herald. Feb. 3-13

Chamber music occupied an important place in the musical scheme of things last night, for two concerts attracted their usual quota of enthusiasts. The Saslavsky Quartet, with Miss Isabel Hauser, pianist, as the soloist, gave their second subscription concert at the Belasco Theatre, and in Rumford Hall Mr. Howard Brockway and Mr. Ludwig Marum gave their second ensemble recital.

Grieg, Schubert and Victor Kolar were the composers on the programme for the Saslavsky Quartet. Miss Hauser played the Grieg sonata in A minor, with Mr. Jaques Renard, 'cellist, and it was very well received. Mr. Kolar's second quartet also met with a favorable reception, its composer, who plays the second violin, having to respond to several recalls.

Messrs. Brockway and Marum played three monatas, Brahms' in A major, Mozart's D major and Mr. Wilhelm Berger's G minor, which had its first hearing. Mr. Brockway was unusually fine at the piano, while the violinist did not always give his audience the best impression of his art.

In Aeolian Hall the Plectrum Orchestra gave its second concert, which was well attended and proved a pleasant entertainment. Miss Hultger Hillerg, pianist, called in at the last moment because of the indisposition of Mr. Giovanni Lafemina, baryton, played an important part, her playing receiving a great deal of applause.

Mr. Grimson Plays with Philharmonic and Leaves Pleasant Impression—Other Concerts.

Feb. 3-13

Another violinist made his New York début yesterday, Mr. Bonarios Grimson, who was the soloist with the Philharmonic Society at its matinee concert, in Carnegie Hall. It was a graceful bow the young man made, too. When he stepped upon the stage his audience received the impression of a composite of Edgar Allan Poe and Paganini. Extremely tall is Mr. Grimson and slight, with a shock of black hair and pale features.

He played the Bruch G minor concerto and for the purposes of comparison he could not have chosen a better work, for it has been the most popular concerto of the season, having been played more than once by Messrs. Ysaye, Elman, Zimbalist and others. Mr. Grimson's interpretation was not particularly brilliant. He paid more attention to accentuating its melodies and this pleased his hearers. It might be said that Mr. Grimson succeeded wit

is delicate task, for his playing was licate, in spite of the orchestral accompiment, for Mr. Stransky's men on casions overtopped the soloist's less werful passages.

Nor did the orchestra win any great apuse for its playing of the overture to er Freischutz" or the Bizet suite "Arlesienne." It was the second time latter number has found its way into Philharmonic programme within a short e and the audience accepted it with nethng of the indifference that comes h familiarity.

he closing part of the programme was oted to Tschaikowsky's Fourth Symny. This symphony contains the pizto movement well devised to show, if re be any, the faults of an orchestra's ng choirs. But the orchestra seemed ally at the final test and gave a better unt of itself than during the preceding bers.

CHAMBER CONCERT

Feb. 4-13

sical Afternoon by the Flonzaley Quartet.

its second concert of chamber sic in Oeolian Hall last night the nzaley Quartet played music by zart (quartet in B-flat, Beethoven artet in A-minor, Op. 132) and Boccrini (C-major). An audience so nurous as to delight the lovers of this est form of music, a serious folk, tened to the playing of Mr. Betti and associates with great interest and tention, though not without some evinces of impatience in the Beethoven mber, which was made to seem unduly g (especially the "Song of Thanksing in the Lydian Mode") by a per-sentimentality which is in great nger of growing into a mannerism with is organization whose superlative exllence lies in its precision and purity intimation. The spirit of this worl d of Mozart's, too, for that matter, is sentially Teutonic and full-bodied, if e phrase may be permitted, while the yle of playing cultivated by the Femleys is characteristically Romanic.

H. E. K.

HE FLONZALEY QUARTET.

Times

lozart, the Later Beethoven, and Boccherini in Their Programme.

he concerts of the Flonzaley Quartet steadily commanding the attention of larger and larger audience in New rk. Its playing is, indeed, of an unual sort; a sort that easily commands admiration of those who love the furst refinements of a delicate art. Their gramme last evening comprised Mort's quartet in B flat, Beethoven's in A, p. 132, and Boccherini's in C, Op. 33, o. 4.

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Music of the style and period of Boccrini's the Flonzaley Quartet has alys made a special feature of its conts. The quartet by Mozart was played th much grace and finish, with a sponneous flow and balance of parts, and re intonation. This organization has ldom before attempted one of the later artets of Beethoven, which offer so any problems to ensemble players, and resent themselves as the highest task to hich they can aspire. These problems late to intellectual grasp, to stylo and nception, as well as to the difficulties the technical execution, and the adjustent and proportioning of the voices to roduce a perfect ensemble. The technil powers of the Flonzaley Quartet are a sort to make them masters of the chnical difficulties of this composition. here was much that was fine in their erformance of the work. It denoted a rious and devoted study of it, and a riving toward the highest ideal. That hey had wholly mastered its style or ully reproduced its spirit, even with the ine musicianship they lavished upon it, as not shown at every point. Nevertheess it was in many ways one of the finst performances the Flonzaley Quartet as given in New York.

HE BARRERE ENSEMBLE.

Feb. 4-13

Concert of Pleasing Music for Wind Instruments.

Times

Much agreeable music appeared on the rogramme of the second concert of the arrère Ensemble, which took place yesrday afternoon before an audience incative in its number of a growing public terest in the music for wind instruents. There was nothing to make a rain upon the intellect or rack the erves of the listeners, or to puzzle the rains of those who are not in the curnt of the newest in music. Perhaps it as as well that there was not, and that e concert was a cheerful period of ily bought enjoyment.

Mr. Barrere's numbers began with a Little Symphony" by Gounad, for nine nd instruments; in which the comoser did not belie himself as the comoser of "Faust," for his music is of the ame strain, a little more dilute, but reeable, melodious and symmetrically ompact in form. Somewhat more ambitous in its dimensions is Sylvia azzari's Octuor, Op. 29. Lazzari's name s not familiar in New York, though he as a standing in France, being a pupil f Cesar Franck and no longer a young nan. His relations to Franck were from time to time disclosed in this Octuor, especially through certain harmonic traits. But the music is more smiling, less serious than Franck's; its mood is bordering on the mirthful and the gay, and even when it takes a more earnest turn it never gets very deeply involved, and indeed it makes no pretension to depth. Like the little symphony of Gounod, it was delightfully played with finish and balance of tone, with a nice sense of the delicate gradations of color that hte composer has aimed at in his instrumentation.

The third instrumental number was a "Suite Gauloise," in four movements, by Theodore Gowry, one who wrote special lines for wind instruments, and whose books have figured before on Mr. Barrère's programmes.

Miss Florence Hinkle sang four French songs by Mme. Massenet Debussy, Ranel, and Bachelet, of which Ranel's had a flute obbligate, delightfully played by Mr. Barrère. Miss Hinkle's beautiful voice and finished style were applied to those songs with intelligence; but their style is not wholly suited to her.

CARUSO NOT HEARD IN "LA GIOCONDA'

Ponchielli's "La Gioconda" was given at the Metropolitan Opera House last night and the hastening hordes of children of Italy met with sore disappointment.

At the outer doors they found placards announcing that Mr. Caruso was indisposed and that the role of *Enzo Grimaldo* would be sung by Riccardo Martin.

Aside from this unforeseen change the cast was the same as it was at the first performance of the season. At the last previous representation Mme. Matzenauer sang *Laura*, but last evening Mme. Homer returned to the part.

Times

Barrère Ensemble Concert Fills Belasco Theatre.

The Barrère Ensemble, whose concerts devoted to music for wind instruments have for the last few seasons been among the most delightful occasions of the musical year, gave the second one of the present season's concerts yesterday afternoon in the Belasco Theatre, and, despite the rain, enough lovers of music were present to fill comfortably the auditorium. Those who might complain that music played, with the exception of two horns, exclusively by a wood-wind choir must lack color and foundation should have been compelled to hear the Ensemble play Gounod's "Little Symphony" as it gave it yesterday; should have heard the gracious beauty of the adagio and the life and impish humor of the scherzo. It was played with admirable spirit and unison by Mr. Barrère and his seven musicians.

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Scarcely less delightful was an "Octuor" by Sylvio Lazzari, a jolly little composition for flute, oboe, English horn, clarinet, two horns and two bassoons. The programme closed with T. Gouny's "Suite Gauloise."

There was also a soloist, Miss Florence Hinkle, whose fine voice and admirable method gave great pleasure in a group of French songs. If only her diction had been equal to her vocal powers, there could have been little to criticise unfavorably in her offerings.

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'LOUISE' REVIVED, WITH MARY GARDEN

Louise	Mary Garden
Julien	Charles Dalmores
The Father	Hector Dufranne
The Mother	Louise Berat
A Noctambulist	Edmund Warnery
A Ragpicker	Gustave Huberdeau
King of the Fools	Emilio Venturini
The Painter	Nicolo Fossetta
The Sculptor	Desire Defrere
The Student	Jean de Keyser
The Song Writer	Emilio Venturini
A Young Poet	Marius Sperte
First Philosopher	Desire Defrere
Second Philosopher	Charles Meyer
Gertrude	Ruby Heyl
Irma	Mae Reigelman

General music director, Cleofonte Campanini.

The Philadelphia-Chicago Opera Company began its series of performances of French opera at the Metropolitan Opera House before a very large audience. The opera was Gustave Charpentier's "Louise," which had not been heard in New York for two seasons. Mr. Dippel's company did not perform here last year, though he gave it twice in New York two seasons ago. "Louise" has been popular in New York. It kept the interest of the operagoing public for three seasons at Mr. Hammerstein's house, and was again heard with interest two seasons ago at the Metropolitan, as it was last evening. It has thus disconcerted those who dismally shook their heads and predicted that New York could neither understand nor enjoy a work so essentially Parisian in its spirit and atmosphere. But New York did appreciate this picture which is so vivid, vivacious, and amusing, and again touching and pathetic. It accepted even the rapture and ecstacy which Paris, the word and the thing, sums up in the breasts of Julien and Louise and their companions, even if the union of extreme realism and poetic symbolism, sometimes extravagant, with which Charpentier has presented it, was found difficult.

The music, even if it can hardly lay claim to real originality, and is in large part derived from easily recognizable sources, Wagner, Berhoz, and even Massenet, has abundant life and picturesqueness. There is much fluent and ingratiating melody, under rich and brilliant orchestration. Many of its leading motives have character end expressiveness, often lending themselves to the composers characterization of the lighter and more joyous phases of the Parisian life that he has ben most successful in depicting. There is, however, little in the opera that is more successful than the final scene, in which the father tries to win back the wayward daughter to his way of thinking and living—a scene of much tenderness and pathos.

Much depends in "Louise" upon the realty of the setting, whether commonplace and mean, as in the first act and the last, or the characteristic night picture at Montmarte, or brilliant and picturesque as the garden and festival in the third act. Much depends also on the atmosphere with which these pictures are presented; and in these respects the performance as given last evening was successful. It was more successful than it has been at some previous performances of the opera; especially in the night scene on Montmarte, in the second act, which has benefitted by the restoration of certain positions previously cut out. Nor is anything in the opera more ingenious or more successfully achieved than the musical use of the sheet cries that the composer has made a part of his score. It has been done in a measure before; but it has not been done with an effect so wholly charming or of such musical value. The scene of the festival on Montmarte, also on the significant passages of the opera as a part of the picture of Paris was admirably represented.

The burden of a successful representation of "Louise" is by no means borne chiefly by the principal characters, but most of the forty-four who appear in the cast have something of importance to contribute to the whole, and many of these were of commendable excellence. Miss Garden's Louise accomplishes a close identification of her personality with that of the Parisian working girl, to which she gives a peculiar buoyancy and hard brilliancy, with its vulgarity, sentimentality, selfishness, and petulance. Her singing is deplorable. Mr. Dalmorès is strikingly appropriate in his appearance as Putien—he still makes the hero a portrait of the composer—and vigorous in his action and singing. But it must be said, reluctantly, that his voice has not now the beauty of his first years in New York. Mr. Dufranne sang with superb and masculine power. He disclosed his admirable art in his impersonation of the most sympathetic character of the opera, the nameless father, of which he presents the full flavor. And even more skillful is Mme. Louise Bérat as the equally nameless mother, a beautifully studied piece of characterization, presented with a vivid sense of reality and without a gesture or a movement too much.

Mr. Campanini conducted with his firm grasp on everything in the orchestra and upon the stage, and the orchestral performance was excellent in its full body and variety of nuance.

Charpentier's "Louise."

Feb. 5-13

Mary Garden is one of the few people on the operatic stage whom it pays to watch with an opera glass. Last night she made her first operatic appearance here this year. She took the rôle of Louise, Charpentier's ultra-French heroine. Miss Garden has softened her first act, removing the objectionable features of boldness and extreme resentment which once characterized it. She now makes Louise a much more attractive girl in the early part of the opera; and she sang unusually well last night.

Dalmores as Julien, Dufranne and Louise Berat as the father and mother of Louise, completed the principal parts, although a special word of praise is due to Edmond Warnery as the "noctambulist" and to Gustave Huberdeau as the rag-picker. The latter made a striking little scene of the tragic story of his daughter's fate. He has made so much heretofore of the small parts entrusted to him that he could doubtless do equally well in more important rôles.

M. Dalmores's Julien is a well-known figure in operatic New York. He acts the part with buoyance and sings it well. He is one of the French artists who, while an excellent musician, relies more on the volume and beauty of his voice than on variety and finesse of acting. His parts seldom develop beyond the first conception.

Louise Berat and Dufranne gave good performances of their rôles. They cannot be blamed for failing to efface memories. Mme. Berat's voice is a pleasant one, and the general effect of costume and make-up is good. Of Dufranne one can say more emphatically than of Dalmores that he lacks the greatest French qualities. His idea of gesture is good, but there is no facial expression beyond a smile. Consequently the heart-broken man in the last act does not live before one's eyes, as Gilibert made him live. He succeeds better in coloring his voice, and the last heart-broken cries of "Louise" were well done.

Mr. Campanini conducted with his usual spirit, and all the vitality which he invariably brings to his work. His enthusiasm and endurance are a wonder. It is not strange that he is such a favorite wherever he conducts.

PARIS STREET SOUNDS

Feb. 5-13

The Chicago Opera Company Performs "Louise."

An audience differing in appearance from that ordinarily seen there, but quite as numerous, except on gala occasions, gathered at the Metropolitan Opera House last night and both enjoyed and endured a performance of Charpentier's "Louise." The enjoyment was provided by the opera itself and by the singing of half a dozen of Mr. Dippel's artists, and by the acting of half a dozen others and one more with whose name the opera is indelibly associated in America, that is to say, namely, to wit, Miss Mary Garden. Insofar as she contributed to the chief merit of Charpenter's creation, which is local color, Miss Garden was satisfactory to the eye; but the local color in the music—the sounds which float upward—the early morning air to the heights of Montmartre from the great city below, and are blinded by the composer's skill into the fascinating symphony in the second act—is more admirable a hundred times to the ear than any words Miss Garden can utter in song, and these were permitted to work their charm. For beautiful singing the audience had M. Dufranne and M. Huberdeau to listen to, for good dramatic singing Mr. Dalmores, and for good dramatic singing and acting combined Mme. Berat. In the impersonation of the mother by this artist the performance, which as a whole was distinctly inferior to those which preceded it in former years at the Manhattan Opera House and the Metropolitan, reached its highest point of excellence. In it there was not a superfluous or unmeaning pose or gesture, not one which was not eloquent, illuminating, convincing. And the companion picture which M. Dufranne presented was worthy of it. Beyond this warm praise cannot go, though an agreeable impression was left by the playing of the orchestra.

H. E. K.

Sun - Feb 5 1913

The Philadelphia-Chicago Opera Company, under the direction of Andreas Dippel, has come back to town. It occupied the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House last evening in the first of a series of special Tuesday performances similar to those given by it in previous years. The company visited this city once earlier in the season for the purpose of permitting this public to hear the extraordinary voice of Titta Ruffo, but the presentation of Ambroise Thomas's "Hamlet," given on that occasion, was outside the regular plan of the winter.

The opera offered last evening was Charpentier's "Louise." This work was first performed at the Metropolitan by the same company on January 31, 1911, and was repeated on March 21 of that year. It had not been heard since until last night. It is of course no news to operagoers that "Louise" was introduced to this country by Mr. Hammerstein at the Manhattan Opera House, and that it is a part of the goods acquired by the Chicago company when it divided the spoils of the West Side institution with the Metropolitan.

It is also known to most lovers of the lyric drama that before Mr. Hammerstein produced it there were numerous predictions that it would not meet with popular favor, because its point was so peculiarly French and particularly Parisian. But from the outset local operagoers gathered it to their hearts and decided that they adored its flavor. Nor can it be asserted that the general affection centres itself entirely upon potent individuality of Mary Garden, the impersonator of the heroine.

The sketches of life among the humbler people of Paris, in the unfamiliar byways, in the sewing room, in the home of the workingman, and on the heights of Montmartre, all have their spell. They create the current upon which the wayward *Louise* floats to her undoing. Charpentier's music voices all the moods of the opera dramatically and

its lyric fluency is not the least of its charms.

Of course there is no one else just like Mary Garden. That is why she is so intensely interesting. Her technic is radically original and she achieves results which astonish the merest tyro in the art of observing dramatic action or listening to music. But when all is said, she is *Louise*, and you are sorry for her father, which is just what the composer intended that you should be.

Miss Garden wore a lovely new red wig last evening, but otherwise her *Louise* was about the same impersonation as it was when it was last on exhibition here. It is a role nicely adapted to Miss Garden's methods, and for that reason she is successful in it. Mr. Dufranne's impersonation of the *Father* is not unknown here, and acquaintance with it was renewed with satisfaction. A quiet, reposeful, pathetic figure till the last act, it then rises to tragic heights, such as the same artist's memorable *Golaud* reached in "Pelleas et Melisande."

Mr. Dalmores was again a capable *Julien* and Mme. Berat an excellent *Mother*. But "Louise" the principals cannot interpret without aid from the minor performers. Such scenes as those of the second act are designed to create an atmosphere, a Paris which makes the character of *Louise* comprehensible, and in such scenes the minor roles produce the effect.

With such a skilful and interesting singer as Gustave Huberdeau as the *Rag Picker* and Mr. Warnery as the *Noctambulist* the most important points were in good hands. Francisco Daddi also contributed to the effect by his excellent delivery of the few phrases of the *Old Clothes Man*. Mr. Campanini's admirable government of the musical spirit of the whole performance and the excellent aid rendered by the orchestra also call for praise.

MR. SAPIRSTEIN'S RECITAL.

Times

Young American Pianist Appears for the Second Time This Season.

David Sapirstein, a young American pianist, who made his first appearance here in the earliest days of the season, gave another recital yesterday in Aeolian Hall. This recital showed, as the earlier one did, a sincere strivingafter the highestideals, a efarless looking of great difficulties in the face, and a courageous dealing with them. At his first recital Mr. Sapirstein played Beethoven's so-called "Hammerklavier" sonata; at this one he played the same master's sonata, Op. 110, large parts of which are scarcely less difficult. Feb. 5 '13

He made an interesting experiment with Chopin in playing the four ballades in chronological order. He closed with Busoni's enormously clever transcription of Liszt's "Mefisto" walt. His Chopin playing suffers to a certain extent from an excess of "rubato," which he uses to a degree that seriously injures the rhythm of the music. Mr. Sapirstein's technique is ampleand brilliant. It is also well controlled—controlled by thought and musical feeling. It may well be believed that the years will bring him a greater maturity and measure where these hthings are now to a certain extent lacking.

MR. KRONOLD'S RECITAL.

Tr. 5-13 Herald

Mr. Hans Kronold, 'cellist, gave his recital in the Carnegie Lyceum last night, and his programme, consisting of the music of five countries, was one of such interest that his audience gave to him close attention and liberal praise. Mozart's sonata in B flat major was his first offering, and, with the exception of a certain flatness of tone, Mr. Kronold's interpretation was a careful and intelligent one. He also played a group by Russian composers, another by the exponents of the modern French school and five interesting shorter works and a suite by Grainger, which came under the title of Scandinavian music. The concluding numbers were Mr. Kronold's own compositions, and one of them, Ave Maria, written in memory of the Titanic heroes, was very well received.

MME. BUTT AND MR. RUMFORD

Times Feb. 5 '13

The English Singers Appear Together in a Recital.

Mr. Kennerley Rumford, who has been prevented by illness from appearing with his wife, Mme. Clara Butt, at a joint song recital planned by them three weeks ago, and recovered yesterday and the joint recital was given in Carnegie Hall. It was not the first time Mr. Rumford had sung in New York, however, for he had appeared at the Hippodrome in a popular concert. He sang yesterday a group of German songs, another of English songs, and joined Mme. Butt in two duets, by Liza Lehmann.

Mr. Rumford's voice is a light baritone, approaching a tenor quality. It has few resources in expressiveness or variety of color; its main resource, in fact, appears to be a potential sob that lies near the surface in most of his interpretations of serious music. It must be said that he made little effect with his German songs and scarcely showed that he penetrated deeply into their significance. One of his greatest excellences as a singer is his diction, which is unusually clear in both English and German.

Mme. Butt sang songs by Brahms and Schubert, a group of English songs, and one by Saint-Saëns.

CONCERTS VIE WITH OPERA

Mme. Butt, Sapirstein and Kronold a Day's Offerings.

The concert world goes no serenely, opera or no opera. There were three offerings yesterday, one of them that packed Carnegie Hall to the doors, and two others, in Aeolian Hall and Carnegie Lyceum, drawing fair sized audiences. Feb. 5 '13 Sun

The Carnegie Hall concert was in the afternoon, when Mme. Clara Butt again displayed the natural beauties of her voice and caused regret at her uneven use of it. Her husband, Kennerley Rumford, also appeared, which was a matter of distinctly less importance.

At the same hour occurred David Sapirstein's piano recital in Æolian Hall, which, if of a less sensational order, was artistically really of more importance. Mr. Sapirstein played Beethoven's Sonata, op 110, Chopin's four ballads, and the Liszt-Busoni Mephisto Waltz. His playing of the Sonata was uneven, being, despite a little heaviness of style, good in the first movement and far less satisfactory in the last. Hi sinterpretation of the Chopin ballads was lacking in the rhythm essential to them, especially in the one in F minor. However, his tone was usually good and his playing called forth warm applause. Herald

In the evening Hans Kronold gave his annual 'cello recital in Carnegie Lyceum, playing for his *piece de resistance* Mozart's Sonata in B flat major. Mr. Kronold is ever a sincere musician, and his musicianshiu was never more apparent than it appeared last night. His tone was warm and large, his intonation usually impeccable, and his technical efficiency adequate to all calls. He played in addition groups by Russian, French and Scandinavian composers.

Tr. 5-13

GOLDONI AND MUSIC

Feb. 6 '13

Wolf-Ferrari's 'Donne Curiose' at the Metropolitan.

Some of the most delightful memories of last season were revived at the Metropolitan Opera House last night, when Wolf-Ferrari's operatic version of Goldoni's comedy, "Le Donne Curiose," was performed. The production of this masterpiece, with its classical literary and music flavor, a year ago, was one of the peculiarly significant incidents in the history of opera in America, not the least interesting feature in it being the fact that the composer had to cross the ocean to hear his opera in the language in which it was conceived, though not the language in which his conceptions were first fully realized. Signor Wolf-Ferrari was within a day's voyage of New York last February when "Le Donne Curiose" had its first Italian representation. Itis dainty little "Segreto di Susanna," performed by the Philadelphia-Chicago Opera Company, had opened the way for him, and he came across vast waters to witness an Italian representation of the comedy which had won fame for him in Germany and the first production of a new work on very different lines—lines which run out from a school a century younger than that to which he did reverence when he composed the beautiful works which had so quickly habilitated themselves on this side of the Atlantic. The circumstance has allied him in a peculiar way with American operatic activities, and it is a pretty safe prediction that the opera upon which he is engaged at the present time will not wait long for production here.

Last night's performance of "Le Donne Curiose" was practically a duplication of the five representations which it had last winter. There was only one important change in the cast. Signor Macnez appearing in the part created here by Mr. Jadlowker, and doing his duty by the part so satisfactorily that there is no call for a discussion of his voice or manner of singing. His gifts and accomplishments are not voluminous enough to justify the expectation of a revelation under any conceivable circumstances. To him and Miss Farrar falls all the sentimental music of the score, and both artists succeeded in arousing and holding amiable sympathy by their singing, while the lady, in addition, was thrice charming in appearance and action. Many operas in Mr. Gatti's list are better sung than this, but none is so well acted as this comedy. There is, in fact, scarcely a weak element in it, and there would be danger of falling into extravagance of expression were one to attempt to tell how capitally Miss Farrar, Miss Alten, Miss Maubourg, Miss Fornia and Messrs. Didur, Pini-Corsi, Scotti and De Segurola realized the comedy characters as they have come down to us from their original creator. Their spirit permeates Signor Wolf-Ferrara's music, which sparkled in the orchestra under Signor Toscanini's beat like champagne.

H. E. K.

Times Feb. 6, 13

Ottavio.....Adamo Didur
Beatrice.....Jeanne Maubourg
Rosaura.....Geraldine Farrar
Florindo.....Umberto Macnez
Pantalone.....Antonio Pini-Corsi
Lelio.....Antonio Scotti
Leandro.....Angelo Bada
Colombine.....Bella Alten
Eleonora.....Rita Fornia
Arlecchino.....Andrea de Segurola
Ascendubale.....Pietro Audisio
Almoro.....Lambert Murphy
Alvise.....Austin Hughes
Lunardo.....Vincenzo Reschiglian
Monolo.....Paolo Ananian
Menego.....Giulio Rossi
Conductor, Arturo Toscanini.

It was a great pleasure to welcome Ermanno Wolf-Ferrari's sparkling comic opera, "Le Donne Curiose," back to the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House. It was given there last evening for the first time this season. First heard there a year ago, it had five performances last season. Under Mr. Toscanini's direction they were charming in their finesse and spirit; and those qualities were the ones that prevailed in the revival last evening. The cast was the same as last season's, except—and the exception is important—that Mr. Macnez sang the part of Florindo, previously taken by Mr. Jadlowker.

In "Le Donne Curiose" Wolf-Ferrari accomplished something far more characteristic and original, and, it may be said, much better worth doing, than what he did in "Le Gioielli della Madonna," a later composition. It was a delightful surprise to find a modern composer dealing with his art in the spirit and with the aims and methods that he discloses in "Le Donne Curiose." It required courage to do it. The most striking quality of the score is its naturalness, its freedom from striving for originality or novelty of effects. The composer has not been afraid to use methods and expressions apparently simple and sometimes even "old-fashioned"; to refrain in a very considerable degree from chromatic complexity of melody, and especially in harmony; to be absolutely straightforward.

And yet, with all this prevalence of diatonic simplicity and notwithstanding its gossamer lightness, the music is not commonplace. It has true distinction; it has a youthful freshness, a lightness of humorous touch, a sparkling brilliancy that of themselves mark it off from so much that is produced to-day with effort. Through this very simplicity Wolf Ferrari has achieved a really individual style and has brought something really new into modern music. What he has accomplished with his diatonic material, with his tonic and dominant, has the effect of a truly spontaneous, unsought, individual expression.

The music of "Le Donne Curiose" is saturated with the spirit of comedy. It has the sparkle and verve of Goldoni's play, and gushes with the same buoyancy and rapid movement. It is not often that a musical dramatist puts so little of a clog upon the progress of a dramatic action as Wolf-Ferrari has done in this work. His music moves with almost the rapidity, vivacity, and point of the spoken word. Nor is there, on the other hand, the sense of haste, of incomplete and fragmentary utterance, that is so often given in the "conversation operas" of the younger Italian school.

One feature of this opera that is of especial value is the frequent use of vocal ensemble. The voluble utterances of the assembled company in the first scene, and some of the chattering conversations of the women are adroitly elaborated with polyphonic skill and the art of making a beautiful sound. Especially admirable is the quartet in the second act in its dramatic characterization. Among the most telling passages is the duet that ends the second act. And among the few solos are the charming air for Rosaura in the second act. Another, only less striking, for Florindo, immediately thereafter.

Wolf-Ferrari is a master of moods, and he expresses tenderness and sentiment as aptly as he does the gayety and mirth that blow across the scene like gusts of a Summer breeze, and as full of fragrance. The apt suggestiveness, lightness and delicacy of the orchestra, its fine detail, its transparent color, are among the most delightful qualities of the work. The whole orchestral treatment is an example of what a master can do with the simplest means; for this orchestra lacks several of the instruments that are commonly deemed indispensable by composers of to-day.

The performance was one of Mr. Toscanini's most consummate achievements. The ensemble upon the stage is of extreme difficulty, but the effect was one of almost perfect co-ordination of all the factors entering into it. There are many singers not of the first rank in this performance, but they seemed all raised to a higher level of accomplishment for the time being. Whatever they could do in singing, they all seemed to have attained a unity of style not only musically but in the details of their action and in the spirit of the comedy, and of this Mr. Toscanini was the moving and controlling force.

There has perhaps never been more exquisite orchestral playing heard in the Metropolitan Opera House. The performance of the overture, itself a fascinating piece of humorous suggestion in music, was such as would have done credit to the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and a similar perfection of finish and balance and delicate color went through the whole opera.

There must be unstinted praise for the grace and charm of Miss Farrar's impersonation of demure and mischievous beauty; and her singing, especially in the numerous passages of mezza voce that occur in her music was delightful. Miss Alten has a congenial part in Columbine, which she fills with sprightliness and vivacity. Messrs. Didur and Scotti, the elderly members of the suspected club; Mr. Pini-Corsi, the Pantalone, in his familiar buffo style; Mr. Segurola, in the archaic type character of Arlecchino, were all of the unusual excellence that is remembered from last season. Mr. Mac Nez, the new member of the cast, is an uninteresting singer with an uninteresting voice, but his performance was not without intelligence. But more than all the individual excellence of the several singers was the admirable way in which they played into each other's hands.

The stage is a series of charming eighteenth century pictures.

Sun Feb 6 1913

Ermanno Wolf-Ferrari's charming lyric comedy "Le Donne Curiose" was performed at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening for the first time in the course of the current season. The work was received with no small amount of public favor when it was first made known here and it will probably hold its place on the local stage as a feature in the established repertory of the theatre. This may be expected, too, in spite of the indisputable fact that the opera is of a type not at all related to that of the works which evoke the most clamorous applause.

The prevailing taste favors operas in which the musical effects are of the boldest kind. Frank appeals for popularity or efforts at excitement of nervous conditions by the employment of prodigious combinations, vocal and instrumental, are much more successful, as a rule, than dainty fancies and delicate humor clad in a musical garb of lacelike texture and transparency. Mr. Wolf-Ferrari's "Le Donne Curiose" is a treasury of refined melody and polite humor.

The classic character of Goldoni's comedy, from which the book was skilfully made by Luigi Sugana, is preserved, and its Italian spirit is perfectly embodied in the music. The rapid play of the sentiments contained in the dialogue is reflected in the fluidity, the volatility of Wolf-Ferrari's melodic ideas, and the contrast between the patter of the talk and the suave song of the more serious feelings, a contrast founded on a solid musical philosophy and early established in the demarcation of recitative and aria, is here presented in a modern and individual manner.

The musical comedy received an extremely brilliant performance at the Metropolitan. Hermann Jadlowker, who sang the role of *Florindo* last season, was replaced by Umberto Maenez, who did not efface memories of his predecessor, but who did not do harm to the general effect. Otherwise the cast was the same and the high spirit and champagne sparkle of the comedy were produced with unimpaired freshness.

For this the chief thanks are due to Mr. Toscanini, who has brought all the singers into perfect command of the limpidity of delivery, the touch and go jocularity of musical style, the rhythmic crispness and the elegance required for an adequate interpretation of the score. With the overture, played with remarkable delicacy and finish last evening, the key of the performance was struck and the subsequent accords were all delightful. Miss Farrar as *Rosaura*, Mr. Scotti as *Lelio* Mr. de Segurola as *Arlecchino* and Mr. Pini-Corsi as *Pantalone* made themselves particularly noticeable among the assembly of generally competent artists who caused the delicious creation to be so enjoyable.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

"Le Donne Curiose."

A admirable performance was given Metropolitan Opera House last night olf-Ferrari's comic opera, "Le Donne se." The chief honors were shared raldine Farrar, who was equally fas- ng to eyes and ears, and Arturo Tos- i, who made the orchestral score le like a diamond. Several of the oth- n the cast fell little short of the st excellence. It is a cast which calls n unusual number of singers, among included on this occasion being Bella Maubourg, Fornia, De Segurola, Scot- idur, and the new tenor, Macnez, who somewhat better than on previous oc- ns.

much cannot be said in praise of -Ferrari's technical skill and refine- of style as displayed in this opera. Un- nately, technical skill and refinement yle do not suffice to make an opera factory to the public. Verdi's "Fal- " is much more remarkable from this of view than "Le Donne Curiose"; neither in Italy nor in any other coun- has the public taken it to heart. What ublic wants in an opera—and the pub- s right—is melody steeped in emotion. such, there is very little in either i's or Wolf-Ferrari's opera. Verdi was old to originate new melodies, and successor and imitator is in all his as weak in point of melodic invention. e lack of individual melody is not the reason why "Le Donne Curiose" got ttle applause last night, notwithstand- its admirable performance. The plot xtremely slight. If played by first- Italian comedians in a small the- the Goldoni comedy on which it is d might prove amusing. But to spread a trifle over three long acts was a l mistake. As we took occasion to ark after the first performance of this a (January 3, 1912), "brevity is the of wit, and, as an Irishman might say, e is precious little of either brevity vit in this opera." Gestures which, in medy played at lightning speed, would natural, become artificial and stilted, in the best of artists, when the music rds the dialogue. Moreover, an opera this is sure to fall flat if not sung the language of the country. Nine- hs of those who heard it last night evi- tly could not follow the dialogue, and was only the occasional approaches to seplay that evoked any laughter.

must be great fun to conduct music this, but is it fair to the public to e on it this kind of an opera when so y masterworks are neglected in the notonous repertory of the Metropolitan?

MISS CASE IN FINE VOICE.

Feb. 6-13 Herald

usiastic Audience Hears Her Balalaika Orchestra Concert.

s Anna Case, of the Metropolitan company, was the soloist with the an Balalaika Orchestra at the con- n Aeolian Hall last night. She was ved with such enthusiasm that the ence would not let her complete the from "Traviata" without an interrup- for applause. Her voice was clear rue to key, and the difficult passages e "Ah, fors'e lui" seemed easy for She sang an encore and later a group ngs by Russian composers.

der Mr. Vladimir Pogoreloff the laika players gave a characteristic ramme, of which the most enjoyable were devoted to Russian folk songs.

OMANTIC SUITE" NOVEL

Feb. 7-13

ilharmonic Orchestra Ren- rs Max Reger's Production.

sef Stransky introduced to the New k public for the first time at last t's concert of the Philharmonic Or- tra in Carnegie Hall Max Reger's mantic Suite,' the latest production the Bavarian composer. The work is nded on a poem by J. von Eichendorff, is quoted in the programme notes. t, aside from the first movement, ch is distinctly dull, proved of much est.

Tribune

rom the fanciful lightness of the eze and the rousing climax to the ole it might be inferred that the joy life was at last entering into his veins! r the "Romantic Suite" came far from ing its name. In it—wonder of won- there were melody and beauty, as beauty was understood before the advent of the ultra-moderns. Its stunning climax brought forth well won enthusiasm, being given with fine spirit by the band.

The solo performer was Miss Germaine Schnitzer, who played, with the orchestra, Grieg's piano concerto in A minor, op. 19. Her reading throughout was most admirable technically, her treble in particular being beautifully clear, while her brilliant playing in the finale called for warm recognition.

Miss Schnitzer, as far as the concerto gave an opportunity for judgment, has matured in her temperament and is in every respect an artist of sincere musicianship and abundant technical resource. Mr Stransky gave an admirably continent accompaniment to the pianist. The concert closed with Schubert's Symphony in C major, No. VII.

BURRIAN SINGS FAREWELL

Feb. 7-13

"Die Walkure" and "The Tales of Hoffmann" Day's Operas.

Wagnerians, perfect and some no doubt still in the formative stage, poured into the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday afternoon to help strengthen Mr. Gatti-Casazza's already most evident belief in the popularity of German opera. The opera was "Die Walküre," given in its regular order in the special Ring series, and the audience, even in the number, if not the nationality, of its standees, rivalled that of a Caruso night.

It was Carl Burrian's farewell for this season, and his Siegmund once more called for admiration, even if his voice was not always at its best. Mr. Burrian's sound musicianship, his sincerity of purpose and his constant improvement in the art of song make his departure much to be regretted.

Mme. Fremstad's Sieglinde was the superb creation, both vocally and histrionically, that it has ever been, and Mme. Gadski's Brünnhilde called for abundant praise. The rest of the cast, Mr. Griswold's Wotan, Mr. Ruysdael's Hunding, and Mme. Matzenauer's Fricka, were all in admirable voice, Mr. Ruysdael in particular showing marked improvement in steadiness of voice. Mr. Hertz never gave a more restrained reading of the score, and as a result the orchestral offering was a delight.

Tribune

In the evening "The Tales of Hoffmann" was sung to a full house. There was one change in the cast, Mme. Duchene taking Mme. Fremstad's place as Giuetta. Mme. Duchene had sung the part before in Mr. Hammerstein's company with fair success. She sang it with the same amount of success last night. Mmes. Hempel and Bori were both in excellent voice, and MM. Macnez, Gilly, Didur, Rothier, Reiss and Segurola repeated their capable impersonations. Mr. Polacco conducted with proper spirit.

"DIE WALKURE" FINELY GIVEN

Burrian Sings His Farewell in Second of the "Ring" Dramas.

The second of the present "Ring" cycle at the Metropolitan Opera House, "Die Walküre" was performed yesterday afternoon before a large audience. This was to be expected as the story of Wotan and Brunnhilde, Siegmund, and Sieglinde, commonds more interest than any, other of the "Ring" dramas.

It is unnecessary to speak at length of the performance, as unlike that of "Das Rheingold," it has already been given many times before this season with the same cast. "Die Walküre" in fact has for years been a feature of the répertoire and many, doubtless, never think of it as a part of a larger whole.

Carl Burrian yesterday sang his farewell to New York for this season. He will be heard once in Boston, and then he sails to sing thirty-one performances at the Vienna Opera. His Siegmund, as usual, was a commanding impersonation, and his singing gave much pleasure.

Mme. Fremstad's Sieglinde is one of the most perfect portraits that the opera house has to offer. This singer seems to invest it with newer and lovelier details of action, pose, and song at every performance. Mme. Gadski's Brunnhilde, too, is notable, and Mme. Matzenauer makes an imposing Fricka and sings as Frickas seldom have. Mr. Griswold was the Wotan. The group of Valyries in the last act sang well, and the orchestra, under Alfred Hertz, has seldom played better, at least in this particular drama. It was, in fact, an excellent performance.

Siegmund	Mr. Carl Burrian
Hunding	Mr. Basil Ruysdael
Wotan	Mr. Putnam Griswold
Sieglinde	Mme. Olive Fremstad
Brunnhilde	Mme. Johanna Gadski
Fricka	Mme. Margarete Matzenauer
Helmwige	Miss Lenora Sparkes
Gerhilde	Miss Bella Alten
Ortlinde	Miss Vera Curtis
Rossweisse	Miss Rita Fornia
Grimgerde	Miss Florence Mulford
Waltraute	Miss Lila Robeson
Siegrune	Miss Marie Mattfeld
Schwertleite	Miss Maria Duchene

Yesterday's Music.

The soloist at last night's Philharmonic concert was Germaine Schnitzer, who was cordially applauded after her performance of the Grieg concerto—a concerto which for melodious originality, beauty of coloring, and variety of moods, holds its own against all rivals. In writing of it, Hans von Bülow once said that it has what the Americans call "ginger." It certainly has that, and much more. While some of the tender nuances were missing in last night's interpretation, the young Viennese pianist played the music brilliantly, and with a thorough appreciation of the opportunity for climaxes in the different movements, especially the sweeping one in the finale which so aroused the enthusiasm of Liszt when he played this concerto at sight, in 1860.

Feb. 7-13

The Grieg concerto was preceded by the "Cosi fan Tutte" overture, which the orchestra played in the true antique style, and followed by a novelty, Max Reger's "Romantic Suite," opus 125. It was announced as his latest work, and some of those who heard it wished it were his last. Reger is a pupil of Dr. Riemann, but a perusal of the article on Reger in the last edition of Riemann's "Musik-Lexikon" shows that its author is not particularly proud of him. The "Romantic Suite" would hardly make him change his mind, for the usual poverty of invention is in evidence. It is needless to say that it is written with rare technical skill, and that at the close there is an effective climax; that is a clever trick of Reger's to insure applause, even for his dullest products. The suite is based on three poems by Eichendorff, which seems to indicate that Max Reger is beginning to coquette with programme music.

After the Reger, Schubert's C major Symphony came as a real blessing. No orchestra has played it so far this season, and so it would have been a delight under any circumstances. Possibly it is of "heavenly length," but this is an instance in which duration is justified by heavenly contents. And, yet, after all, its performance scarcely consumes more time than Beethoven's "Eroica," which is ever with us. Mr. Stransky gave a splendid reading of the glorious work, which contains melody enough to furnish forth half a dozen average symphonies. Especially worthy of the applause it received was the wondrous andante, with its thrillingly emotional climax, which was built up in inspiring fashion. This is an episode which Schubert seldom, if ever, surpassed, and which even at this date sounds startlingly modern.

The Russian Symphony Orchestra gave a concert in Aeolian Hall last night, one-half of which was devoted to Wagner, the other to Tchaikovsky. In the afternoon, Minnie Tracey gave a song recital in the same hall.

At the Metropolitan, two operas were sung yesterday; in the afternoon, "Die Walküre," to a crowded house, and in the evening "The Tales of Hoffmann," with Mme. Duchene in the part previously taken by Mme. Fremstad, who was busy in the afternoon opera as Sieglinde, the Brünhilde being Mme. Gadski, and Mr. Griswold Wotan. It was a fine cast, and the only occasion for regret was that in the part of Siegmund Mr. Burrian made his last appearance this season.

Sun F 4 6 7

The eleventh Thursday evening subscription concert of the Philharmonic Society at Carnegie Hall last night provided some interesting features and was on the whole one of the most satisfying entertainments given by the organization this winter. The programme consisted of Mozart's "Cosi fan Tutti" overture, Grieg's piano concerto, Max Reger's "Romantic Suite" and Schubert's C major symphony. The pianist was Germaine Schnitzer.

It is always pleasant to hear music by Mozart, but it must be confessed that the little overture to "Cosi fan Tutti" is hardly to be received as a concert piece. Its place is in the theatre, where it perfectly serves its purpose as a preparation for the gleeful moods of the pretty comedy. It is our misfortune that we do not hear this work of Mozart's, which would be swallowed up in the large spaces of the Metropolitan.

Even the Century Theatre, when it was called New, would have been more than roomy enough. The Little Theatre would be a better place, for the Residenz Theatre in Munich is ideal, and there the opera is delightful. But since we cannot have the work itself we can at least amuse ourselves in the concert hall by observing Mozart's ingenuity in the repetition of two or three melodious ideas just often enough and then being so wise as to come to a stop.

The orchestral centre of the evening was the suite of Reger, which had its first hearing in this country. The suite has three poems of Eichendorff as its mottoes, one for each of the three movements, but the music is not in need of the verses as an explanation. It stands by itself quite easily and its moods and content are easily apprehended. The three movements are marked nocturno (molto sostenuto), scherzo (vivace) and finale (molto sostenuto). The mood of the first is reflective, introspective and a little melancholy. The second is fanciful and at times playful, but with moments of thoughtfulness, while the last, beginning soberly, develops into a mood of boldness and even of triumphant strength.

The Debussian thematic idea which introduces the first movement is repeated at the beginning of the third, thus indicating a return to the original frame of thought, but the development of the two movements advances on entirely different lines. The first movement is the least satisfying of the three, for after its middle passage there are some dry and futile pages before the coda is reached.

But the scherzo is altogether well conceived and is written with admirable skill and unflagging spirit. It has great ingenuity of orchestration and its instrumental relations are planned with artistic judgment so as to give effects of constantly changing color and unclouded lucidity. The finale is also splendidly scored and its development to a sonorous climax is excellently brought about.

The whole composition is comparatively free from the worst mannerisms of the composer. The melodic ideas are of firmer texture and more comely form; the harmonies, while modern, are no mere congestion of dissonances but a logical progression of thoughts, and the orchestration is beautiful in its richness and clarity and avoidance of empty sound. On the whole the new suite is good and it was made known to last night's audience by a performance reflecting much credit on Mr. Stransky and his orchestra. They have done nothing better this season.

Miss Schnitzer is already known to this public as a pianist of high merit. Her playing of the Grieg concerto published some of her best qualities, albeit there were forte passages in which her tone was decidedly unmusical. On the other hand in moderate phrases and in all the softest pages her playing had great beauty of color and nuance. In pedalling, too, she showed much skill in certain places. Her conception of the work was romantic and she erred only in the employment of too much vigor at times.

MASSENET'S MANON REPEATED AT OPERA

Sun. Feb. 8/13

There can be little room for doubt that the general public prefers Massenet's "Manon" to Puccini's "Manon Lescaut." The former was repeated at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening and the auditorium was crowded. It must be added that the combination of singers in the Massenet opera is one to which the public looks forward always with eager expectation. Miss Farrar's vogue continues and the name of Caruso is one with which the impresario can conjure with facility. These two are the protagonists of Massenet's lyric drama and they need little assistance from other members of the company.

The burden of the story rests on the shoulders of *Manon* and *Des Grieux*. The only other character of real significance is *Lescaut* and this role is now in the competent hands of Mr. Gilly. The elder *Des Grieux* is capably impersonated by Mr. Rothier and *De Bretigny*, who exists solely as a demonstration of the instability of *Manon's* character, is sufficiently well represented by Mr. de Segurola. The minor personages are well taken care of, and the chorus disposes of its duties without

difficulty.

A successful performance of "Manon" depends largely upon the vocal condition of the prima donna and the tenor, and last evening both were in good voice. Miss Farrar has been singing better this season than last and she sang last night with beauty of tone and style. Mr. Caruso's *Des Grieux* is not one of his best roles, but he enters into it with fervor and artistic devotion. Mr. Toscanini conducted the work as he has on previous occasions with discretion and with great delicacy of nuance.

Is it Miss Farrar as Manon or Manon as Miss Farrar? Only the Abbé Prévost himself could decide, and he, being dead there two hundred years, won't. At any rate, one of these two young women enacted the other at the Metropolitan Opera House last night, and a more winsomely beautiful, exasperatingly feminine bit of frailty never tripped the New York stage.

There was little doubt, however, that it was very much Mr. Caruso who was in love. Tender, romantic Des Grieux had quite vanished, leaving behind in his stead a portly body and a golden voice. With these the audience appeared much content. Mr. Gilly, admirable artist that he ever is, was never more so than in his Lescaut, and Mr. Pothier satisfied as Le Comte des Grieux.

It goes without saying that Mr. Toscanini raised the score in tragic import to a height perhaps unconsidered by M. Massenet himself, yet in no way rendering the lighter portions any the less volatile.

Mr. Urlus Loses His Voice and Mr. Burrian Sails for Europe.

Full of troubles was yesterday for Wagner's immortal love drama "Tristan und Isolde." A tale of woe in New York a half told tale indeed, it became in Boston a twice told tale in two radically hostile tongues, Teutonic and Tuscan.

The misfortunes began in the afternoon when the drama was with difficulty performed at the Metropolitan with *Tristan* almost whispering. The sequel was in Boston in the evening when a Cornish knight sang in Italian to an Irish princess, who answered in German, and this because one of three *Tristans* started for Hamburg instead of the Hub.

At the Metropolitan Opera House Jacques Urlus, a new tenor, made his New York debut as the knight. He has sung with much success in the stronghold of Wagnerism, Bayreuth and last season he came to this country to appear in the drama in Boston together with Mme. Nordica and under the direction of the famous conductor Felix Weingartner. His reputation had preceded him here and expectations were high.

Unfortunately he had a touch of cold and was not in good vocal condition when he began yesterday and the more he sang the more nervous he became as the realization grew upon him that he was in difficulties. At length, when he reached the words "War Morold dir so werth," a veil descended over his tones and he momentarily lost the pitch. Thenceforward to the end of the act his voice weakened more and more and it seemed as though he would certainly be unable to finish the performance.

In the entr'acte he was attended by a physician, while Mr. Gatti-Casazza and Mr. Toscanini, the conductor, held a consultation. There was no one to take the place of Mr. Urlus, and the impresario was in a quandary similar to that which he experienced when Mr. Weil lately broke down in "Die Meistersinger." Mr. Urlus, realizing the situation, determined to go on with his impersonation. William Guard, press agent of the house, went before the curtain and apologized for the tenor and asked the indulgence of the audience.

At times in the second and third acts Mr. Urlus partly regained his voice, but his condition was such that no fair critical estimate of his *Tristan* could be made. There were indications, however, that he will be an acceptable addition to the company. For one thing, he showed both presence of mind and musicianship in several places where he transposed notes in order to favor his voice.

Carl Braun, a new basso, made his debut as *König Marke*, and disclosed a voice of excellent quality. But discussion of his art ought to be reserved till he appears in an undisturbed presentation of opera. Mme. Gadski as *Isolde* (and sometimes also as *Tristan*, for she helped the tenor), Mme. Homer as *Brangaene* and Mr. Weil who made his last appearance as *Kurvenal* were the other principals.

The other "Tristan und Isolde" trouble broke out in Boston, but originated in New York. Carl Burrian had completed his engagement in this city, but was scheduled to sing *Tristan* in Boston yesterday. It was to be an extra appearance. But late Friday night Mr. Burrian decided that he would sing no more and yesterday morning he boarded the Amerika and sailed for Europe.

Henry Russell, manager of the Boston Opera, telegraphed to Mr. Gatti-Casazza asking for the loan of Mr. Urlus, but this of course could not be granted. As a last resort Fontana Ferrari, husband of Mme. Matzenauer, consented to sing the Boston *Tristan*, and he did so with the Italian text.

It was a bad day for Wagner's love drama. But as already remarked, it is immortal and so it survived.

Heinrich Meyn's New Songs.

Heinrich Meyn, barytone, gave a recital of songs last evening in Aeolian Hall. His programme had the merit of containing some unfamiliar numbers. Among these were Frank la Forge's delightful "Schlupfwinkel," four songs by the late Max Spicker, a new song by the prolific Sidney Homer and others by Spross, Chadwick and Woodman. Mr. Meyn has long been known as a singer of earnest purpose and intelligent insight. His voice, however, does not possess those sensuous charms which appeal most strongly to the average listener.

"Boheme," February 8 (Evening).

For the second of the series of performances at popular prices, "Boheme" was sung at the Metropolitan Opera House last Saturday evening. The house was sold out, and standing room was at a premium; this indicates that New Yorkers have cultivated an inordinate taste for operatic entertainment. The cast for Saturday evening included Riccardo Martin, as the poet, Rodolfo; Antonio Scotti, as Marcello; Frances Alda, as Mimi; Bella Alten, as Musetta; Leon Rothier, as Colline; Vincenzo Reschiglian, as the musician Schaunard. Madame Alda had

SUNDAY SYMPHONIES

Feb. 10 13 Tribune

French Music at the Philharmonic—The Symphony Society.

At the last of the first series of Sunday afternoon subscription concerts in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon Mr. Stransky devoted the entire programme to music by French composers. In this he was but following a precedent established some time ago for the purpose of giving the composers of all the world (so far as they have written music adapted for performance at dignified orchestral concerts) a hearing. Mr. Mahler, it will be remembered, in his last season gave an Italian concert with compositions by Sinigaglia, Martucci, Busoni and Bossi; a Slavic and Norse concert with music by Sverdsen, Tschaikowsky, Sibilius and Dvorak; a French concert to which Enesco, Lalo, Massenet, Debussy, Bizet and Chabrier contributed, and an English and American concert wherein the composers were Stanford, Elgar, Loeffler, MacDowell and Hadley. The circumstance is recalled in connection with yesterday's concert because of a letter printed in The Tribune some ten days ago in which an obviously well meaning but certainly ill informed gentleman complained of the too great predominance of German music in the Philharmonic Society's list and, lauding the fine concerts which he said he had heard in Italy, suggested that an Italian Philharmonic society be formed in New York, which done, "we should hear music never heard here before performed to perfection." The writer, indignant that the music of German composers should be preferred "to the exclusion of great composers of other nations," almost shouted the question: "What is the matter with the great composers of Spain, France, and especially Italy?"

What, indeed? But who are the orchestral (we will not say symphonic) composers of those countries who have been excluded? Our correspondent compels us to think that his knowledge of orchestral music is on a level with that of the newspaper critic in St. Louis who some time ago, when the local orchestra was beginning its educational labors there, like the champions of Strauss waltzes and Rossini overtures in the programmes of the Philharmonic Society, protested against the heaviness of the St. Louis orchestra's schemes and demanded "some of the lighter works of Berlioz and Palestrina." If Mr. Holmes will produce the scores of Spain's great composers no doubt Mr. Stransky will read them with interest and care, not unmixed with the natural curiosity always challenged by first acquaintance with the unknown. As for the French symphonists, they are no more neglected in New York and Boston than in Paris, and if our correspondent heard much more Italian music from the few concert organizations of Italy than he has heard in New York (provided he has been diligent in attendance on the Philharmonic concerts) he ought to make haste and tell Mr. Stransky and the public what it was.

Italy is the land of opera. The sceptre of its supremacy in instrumental music passed away with Corelli, Vivaldi and their contemporaries. The modern art roots in Bach and in German, no matter where cultivated. Sgambati, Martucci, Sinigaglia, Bossi—who else has attempted the orchestral forms with even a modicum of success?

What kind of orchestral music is cultivated in Italy, where Mr. Holmes would have us believe he found such internationalism? We open at random a record of the orchestral doings in Milan, where there exists the finest orchestral organization in Italy, the Società Orchestrale del Teatro alla Scala. By a lucky chance the leaves part at a list of programmes for four concerts conducted by Signor Toscanini in 1896. The compositions are not many, and so their titles may be given:

First concert—Symphony in D, Haydn; Suite, "Casse noisette," Tschaikowsky; prologue, "Götterdämmerung," Wagner.

Second concert—Symphony in C major, No. 1, Beethoven; Suite "Aus Holberg's Zeit," Grieg; "Tragic" overture, Brahms; prologue, "Götterdämmerung."

Third concert—Symphony in C (first time), Schubert; barcarolle for strings and harp, Mancinelli; Saraband, Girard; "Danse Macabre," Saint-Saëns; prologue, "Götterdämmerung," Wagner.

Fourth concert—Symphony in D, Haydn; Piccola Suite, Trucco; march from the opera "Marion Delorme," Ponchielli; prelude, "Parsifal," Wagner; "Waldweben," Wagner; overture, "Vespri Siciliani," Verdi.

It would not seem a very large purpose to compare these four programmes with any four of the same season's Philharmonic list unless it were to indicate that the Italians in 1896 were a little more daring than New Yorkers in their drafts on the Wagnerian spring. A better comparison is afforded by the concerts given at the Scala Theatre and by the Philharmonic Society in the season 1897-'98. In the Italian city five concerts were given by the Società Orchestrale under the direction of Lamoureux and five "Concerti sinfonici," of a more popular character, under the direction of Leandro Campanari. At these ten concerts the German compositions performed numbered 19, the French 7, Italian 6, Russian 2, Bohemian 1 and English 1. In the eight concerts of the same season the Philharmonic Society played 19 German compositions, two Bohemian, two American, two Russian, one Norwegian, one Italian, one French and one Hungarian. The number of German and Russian compositions played in the two cities were even. It was a poor year for the French in New York; Mr. Seidl, who was the conductor, was not always so intolerant, but even this showing suffices to exonerate the Philharmonic Society from the charge of inhospitality toward composers who are not German. Its attitude seems to be very like that of the Italian society, and for the same reason.

Mr. Stransky's French programme yesterday was made up of the overture to "Benvenuto Cellini," by Berlioz; César Franck's Symphony in D minor, Saint-Saëns's "Danse Macabre," Massenet's overture to "Phèdre," and three vocal numbers sung by Edmond Clément, viz., "O Paradis," from "L'Africaine," "Clair de Lune," by Fauré, and the dream song from Massenet's "Manon." The playing of the orchestra in the symphony was admirable, its tone noble and of fine sonority, the judicious instrumentation standing in the way of the deafening noises which Mr. Stransky frequently evokes.

The Symphony Society's eleventh subscription concert was given in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon under the direction of Mr. Walter Damrosch. The programme was admirable in its beauty and also its variety. After Haydn's "Military" Symphony, Mme. Culp sang Beethoven's "Adelaide," and Clärchen's songs from "Egmont," and Mme. Rider-Possart played Mozart's pianoforte concerto in B flat (not B, as the programme had it), No. 450 in the Köchel catalogue. Then there followed the orchestral version of Hugo Wolf's "Italian Serenade" (a composition of singular charm), three songs by the same composer (Mme. Culp) and the last movement from Rimsky-Korsakow's "Scheherazade" suite. Mr. Coenraad V. Bos played the pianoforte accompaniments to the Wolf songs. The orchestra seemed to be in fine fettle, and the music was almost an unqualified delight. There was little distinction, little of the characteristic grace of Mozart, in Mme. Rider-Possart's playing, yet the concerto fell gratefully into the ear. The concerto is full of that graceful beauty which once drew out the exclamation from Beethoven as he walked away with one of his great contemporaries from an Augarten concert at which the C minor concerto had been played: "Cramer, Cramer! We shall never be able to compose anything like that!" Yet Beethoven did compose something like Mozart's concerto, and in the same key, and this, too, has been set down for performance this season, which seems singularly rich in revivals of archaic works.

H. E. K.

"Tristan" with Impediments.

Is the Metropolitan Opera House living up to its traditions? Not long ago several thousand persons were deprived of the pleasure of hearing the most popular numbers in "Die Meistersinger" because no provision had been made for an understudy for the most important rôle in the opera. On Saturday afternoon the performance of "Tristan and Isolde" was virtually "Hamlet" without the prince; for while Jacques Urlus, who was making his début as Tristan, was among those present and acted his part well, he could not sing except pianissimo because his voice suddenly gave out. What this means those will best realize who remember Jean de Reszke, or that passage in Vol. VIII of Wagner's literary works (p. 232), in which he says, with reference to Schnorr, that the orchestral symphony, the most complicated score he ever wrote, seemed in comparison to his singing like the simplest accompaniment to an operatic solo, or rather disappeared as a separate factor, and seemed to be part and parcel of his song. Pat

In view of Mr. Urlus's condition at the end of the second act, it seemed scarcely credible that he would be able even to attempt to meet the cruel ordeal of the third, wherein Tristan is almost constantly the centre of interest. Except for a cut of moderate length in the "love curse" there were no excisions beyond the ordinary ones made in this act. The tenor's struggles were pathetic and found a sympathetic response in the audience. Toward the close his work was practically reduced to dumb-show. And yet during the whole trying scene on the couch he managed to give the idea that under normal conditions his portrayal must be one of dramatic eloquence and power. Feb. 10 13

The new bass-baritone, Carl Braun, who was King Marke, showed himself to be a valuable acquisition, and the impression he created was distinctly favorable. His voice is of excellent quality, good volume, and range, and it is well used. He gave King Marke's long speech with emotional effect and sufficient variety of expression.

The moral of Saturday's unfortunate accident is that the Metropolitan Opera House needs more than one impersonator for leading rôles. Colds and the bad food served in most restaurants easily upset singers, and the Metropolitan is bound to provide capable substitutes unless it wants to lose prestige as an art institution and become entirely commercialized. It must be said, on the other hand, that, so far as was possible, reparation was made on Saturday by the other artists concerned in the performance and by the conductor. Mr. Toscanini led like one inspired. He cleverly tempered the music to the pianissimo singer and increased the volume of the climaxes to cover the vocal omissions. Mme. Gadski sang and acted as if she felt that she, also, must help to atone for the tenor's atony by giving out more of passion and of the beauty of her glorious voice than ever before; and Mme. Homer, also, sang admirably, especially the warning call from the tower.

M. Lhevinne

ith Mr. Josef Lhevinne as the principal action, enthusiasm rose to a high pitch he concert in the Metropolitan Opera se last night. But Mr. Lhevinne was alone responsible for the many outts of applause, for Miss Anna Case, r a rather indifferent beginning, sudy found herself and at her last appearfloated up into those dizzy heights of coloratura so surely and easily that audience was quick and hearty in its eciation.

. Lhevinne first played Liszt's con in E flat, which, as musicians know, work that leaves little to be desired show purposes. There was no run too cult for him, and the brilliance of the lost nothing as Mr. Lhevinne played At times he showed tremendous gth, bringing the piano out above the stra with clarity and remarkable emis.

the subtler and delicate passages also atisfied his audience. When the con was brought to its dashing finish the ence began to applaud and its manner one of determination. Mr. Lhevinne played a Liszt waltz and variations, again held his hearers. Later he ed three shorter works, with the same t. He had to give an encore, and even the audience was hardly satisfied.

ss Case did not make herself felt to marked degree by her singing of an from "Le Roi de Lahore," but when became more ambitious and gave the ta Diva," from "Norma," she won a triumph. Her voice, with its charistic clearness and purity, was the ect of many favorable comments when concert was over.

Dinh Gilly and Mr. Carl Jörn uptheir part of the programme without ulty, although the audience did not particularly enthusiastic about "I acci," as the "Vesti la Guibba" aria ng in German by Mr. Jörn. Mr. Rothmeyer conducted the orches-

Lhevinne's Second Recital.

his playing Saturday afternoon in an Hall, Mr. Lhevinne convinced all nt that in technical equipment there ew who equal him. To prove this he Schumann's Toccata, which he playagnificently, and a Rubinstein group. Mozart Sonata, chosen for this recital, ins nothing so abstruse that it is necy to play all of the repeats; it is quite enough once through, even when as deully played as it was at this recital. Brahms' Sonata, op. 5, Mr. Lhevinne d his command of rhythmical nuance, f one is fond of Brahms—and there not a few who expressed their pleasMr. Lhevinne's playing left little to be d. Having played so many things that ed mere technique the pianist did not get the mood of the Chopin nocturne, but he did wonders with the Alle Concert, and, of course, he had to several extra numbers, which made rogramme too long, even for a Lenital.

Fe 11 1913

"The Secret of Suzanne" and "Pagliacci" Give Pleasure to Large Audience.

nonio Pini-Corsi is a buffo barytone. ooks vigorous and substantial, being on the rotund plan. But he is a er and is therefore the natural prey hidden indisposition. It caught him erday and laid him by the heels, hat he was unable to sing. In the currepertory of the Metropolitan Opera se two operas became impossibilities h Mr. Pini-Corsi is on the pinnacle One is "Il Barbiere di Siviglia" and other is "Le Donne Curiose." The r of these was to have been given night, but had to be laid aside.

. Gatti-Casazza is a very kind hearted resario and it grieves him to disapt his Monday evening subscribers. a time he was at a loss to know how ompensate them for the postponet of "Le Donne Curiose." After deep tation he hit upon a charming idea. y should hear an opera by Wolfari, the composer of "Le Donne ose," and as a substitute for Pini- they should have nothing less than so.

hey, presto, change! Instead of the opera, behold that joy of all bargain ers, a double bill, "The Secret of nne" and "Pagliacci." And the joys e evening did not end with this, for audience had an opportunity to gaze o of the great beauties of the operatic e, Geraldine Farrar and Lucrezia Bori former, of course, appeared as the tess *Gil* in the exquisite comedy of -Ferrari and the latter as *Nedda* in ese little tragedy of Leoncavallo.

Three leading barytones also trod the stage. Antonio Scotti repeated his admirable impersonation of the suspicious *Count Gil*, who was sure that where there was so much smoke there must be some fire, and who found it and burnt his finger. Mr. Amato was the delineator of the revengeful *Tonio*, who starts the trouble in "Pagliacci," and Mr. Gilly sang the rôle of *Silvio*, the lover of *Nedda*.

Mr. Caruso was of course the *Canio* and artistically beat the bass drum and sang "Ridi, Pagliaccio." Both operas were carried through with excellent spirit and the audience seemed to be well pleased.

A SONG RECITAL

Public Concert by Mr. Paul Reimers.

The art of Mr. Paul Reimers, a German singer of Ceries, who gave a recital in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon, is of that intimate order which is more effective in a drawing-room. Mr. Reimer's tenor voice is not voluminous, nor of strikingly ingratiating timbre, but these qualities are not always essential in the department of music to which artisite singing belongs. Their taste, intelligence and technical skill, when they are combined, frequently excuses deficiencies in vocal material. Mr. Reimer's commanded respect which seemed likely to grow into admiration when at the beginning of his recital he sang Schumann's "Flutenreicher Ebro": a suspicion, not to say an apprehension, that he might fall into mushy sentimentalism accompanied his singing of the same composer's "Mondracht," hopes for the best returned with Schumann's "Der Soldat," and was strengthened by Schubert's "Forrilli" and "Wandrer's Nachtlied," but fled before a jigging interpretation of "Das Died un Grünen," in which the singer's sole aim seemed to be to show how daintily he could maintain melody and put forth the words utterly forgetful of the large field of sentiments over which the poet and the musical quickener of his lines ranged—how they invoked birds and boscage dreams and delights, star sheen and cloud shade, fancies without forebodings, wonder and wisdom, and all the other companions of spring to be found as in the greenwood. How was it possible so to misconceive the sentiment of such a sing? Afterward there were songs by Hugo Wolf and a group of French composers—Fouré, Debussy, Hüe and Dalcroze. Prettiness without depth, grace without strength, win achievement in spite of material drawbacks—perhaps these phrases combined will serve to characterize Mr. Reimers's agreeable art.

H. E. K.

PAUL REIMERS'S RECITAL.

A Lyric Tenor Makes a Pleasing Impression in German and French Songs

Mr. Paul Reimers, who made his first public appearance in New York in a song recital at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon, showed at once that he was properly described on the programme as a "lyric tenor." His voice is agreeable but small in power and limited in its range of color and expression; and when it is forced beyond certain limits it loses something of its quality. His style is finished, and in many things, perhaps most, is governed by taste, musical appreciation, and sincere feeling, though his taste is often toward the sentimental, and he loves the "dying fall," the "sweet sound that breathes upon a bank of violets," sometimes to excess.

Mr. Reimers chose interesting songs for his programme, generally of a sort adapted to his voice and style. There were songs by Schumann, Schubert, and Wolf in German, and by Faure, Debussy, Hue, and Dalcroze in French, which he sang with excellent and finished diction in both tongues. Schumann's "Der Soldat," a setting of verses by Hans Andersen, is a striking song, quite unfamiliar to most Lieder singers; Mr. Reimers earned thanks for bringing it forward and singing it well. And among the less well-known is the romanze, "Fluthenreicher Ebro," from the "Spanische Liebeslieder," in which he was also successful. He put quite the right touch upon Schubert's "Die Forelle," and the "Wanderer's Nachtlied" was a creditable piece of work; but he deplorably missed the spirit of "Das Lied im Grunen" by his jigging tempo and mincing style. Wolf's "Elfenlied" he sang with grace and spirit, as he did "Auf dem Grunen Balkon," and the former he was called upon to repeat. But much more can be made out of "Der Tambour" than he found in it.

Mr. Reimers seemed quite at home in songs of the modern French school. Faure's "Apres un Reve" he sang charmingly, and he showed the true inwardness of Debussy's "Chevaux de Bois" considerably better than some others who have attempted it. Mr. Theodore Flint played his accompaniments with unusual skill and sympathy.

Feb 12 1913

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE.—"CONCHITA," opera by Mr. Riccardo Zandonai.

Conchita	Mme. Tarquinia Tarquini
Don Mateo	Mr. Charles Dalmores
Dolores	Miss Helen Stanley
Ruffina	Miss Ruby Heyl
Estella	Miss Minnie Egener
La Sorvegliante	Miss Adele Legard
L'Ispettore	Mr. Frank Arthur Preisch
Banderillero	Mr. Vittorio Trevisan
Venditore di Frutta	Mr. Emilio Venturini
Una Guida	Mr. Francesco Daddi
Madre di Conchita	Mme. Louise Berat
Una Voce	Mr. Emilio Venturini
La Gallega	Miss Rosina Galli
Le Danseur	Mr. Luigi Albertieri
Una Madre	Miss Esther Grimm
Tonio	Miss Desire Defrere
Morenito	Miss Marie Hamilton
Garcia	Mr. Constantin Nicolay
Sergno	Mr. Vittorio Trevisan

If "Conchita," the new Italian opera which was performed by the Philadelphia-Chicago Opera Company at the Metropolitan Opera House last night, holds its place on the stage—that is, if it survives a decade—we shall be strongly tempted to set it down as marking a more distinct departure from old Italian ideals than any of the operas of Mascagni, Leoncavallo or Puccini. Because it is so different in one respect from the works which the younger generation of composers have written, however, it is extremely doubtful if it will so survive. When Dr. von Bülow recovered from the intoxication produced in him by his first hearing of "Cavalleria rusticana" he tried to make amends to Verdi for a grievous wrong which he had done that master by apologizing to him and writing a letter to Mascagni, in which he told the latter that he had found his successor in his great predecessor. Mascagni, Leoncavallo and all the small fry veritists of Italy who trod upon each other's heels in their eagerness to exploit the new style set by these pioneers were the product of an artificially inflated protest against Verdi. To pull him down they set up Wagner, only to discover that it was as impossible to imitate their German model as it was to compete with his great Italian contemporary. All that they could do was to seek to lift the dramatic element of their operas into prominence, to which end they plunged their hands into the shambles and sewers of Neapolitan life in search for subjects, bespattering the stage with filth and degrading the art which they professed to be raising to higher potentiality. Undisturbed by their clamors, Verdi kept on his way, keeping step with Wagner in his onward march, but unswervingly faithful to the musical ideals of the people from whose loins he was sprung. Puccini, who is not yet within seeing distance of the Verdi who wrote "Otello" and "Falstaff," has won his way by adhering (as he did up to the time when he composed "La Fanciulla del West") to the principle that vocal melody is the thing most desirable in the lyric drama; but it was Bizet who really pointed the way in which German art, typified in Wagner, and Italian art, represented by the early Verdi and his immediate predecessors, might be united.

There was nothing strange in the circumstance that "Carmen" came out of France—that it should have been the product of a people in whom is mixed Teutonic and Latin blood. It is much more surprising that the French have not since produced successors to Bizet and his masterpiece. Some enthusiasts have hailed their successors in Charpentier and his "Louise," but it is not likely that they will long be able to press that flattering unction to their souls. Without going any further into the subject, it may be said that there can be no permanency of interest in any dramatic representation of the process of making a bawd, and that some of the musical devices which are fascinating in "Louise" will some day be put to a better use. Puccini began to do this in "Madama Butterfly." One of these devices is local color, most appropriate in comedy, but applicable also in the field which lies between comedy and tragedy in the classic sense.

"Carmen" and "Louise"—were they absent five minutes from the minds of the people who saw the new opera last night? No more than they were absent from the minds of the authors of "Conchita." But before this branch of the subject is taken up something must be said about a third influence—operative in this case—a purely musical one. While the men who made an opera book out of "La femme et le Pantin" (Vaucaire and Zangarini—to judge by their names a Frenchman and an Italian) kept "Carmen" and "Louise" in mind, Signor Zandonai, the composer of the music, was thinking also of Debussy. From him he drew many of the orchestral devices with which he aimed to produce that effect, so dear to the hearts of latter day critical word mongers, called "atmosphere" and "mood." Does the lover of fine musical thought, gratifying to the sense, appealing to the emotions and stimulating to the imagination, demand expressive melody and harmony? Immediately he is met by the statement that the essence of a drama is better conveyed in fragmentary phrases, unnatural harmonies and unwonted instrumental colors. The human voice does not offer the composer an adequate vehicle for conveying these things, so song must needs go by the board and instrumental music take its place. And therefore "Pelléas et Mélisande" had much to do with the musical element of "Conchita." More than this Zandonai, we venture to say, is familiar not only with Debussy's opera, but also with his "Iberia"—possibly also with Ravel's "Rhapsodie Espagnole," in which works the coiners of pretty phrases would have us recognize not the fine, normal and natural body of Spain, but its flocculent, fleeting and flimsy soul. "A hot night disturbed by a guitar," said Norman Macleod in characterization of Spanish music. A hot night disturbed by a multitude of orchestral instruments speaking strange idioms, mixed with the voices of street venders, is Signor Zandonai's paraphrase of Dr. Macleod's definition. It is a highly important ingredient in the Italian composer's operatic decoction, wherefore he employs it again and again, and the instrumental intermezzi become the most significant, as they are the most beautiful, features of his opera.

It is in the subordination of the verbal element to the instrumental that the new opera marks a departure even from those predecessors which it most closely resembles and which haunted the fancy of its authors while they were making it. Zandonai, we are told, is only thirty years old, and "Conchita" is his second opera. Of his librettists we know nothing, but their opera offers ample evidence that they are inexperienced. Only novices would cling so slavishly to their models and thus work their own undoing. The story of the opera was told in this journal a few days ago on the occasion of its production in Philadelphia. In brief, it tells of how a man wins the love of a coquette by flogging her after she has driven him to distraction by abusing his affection. It is not a pretty tale; in the original book, on the contrary, it reeks with vulgarity.

Professing to purify it of its dross by claiming virtuous conduct for the drab created by the French novelists, the librettists have robbed her of all dramatic consistency and every vestige of the psychological trait which some men have professed to find in our type of womankind. They would have us look upon a woman who throws herself into the arms of a man whom she has seen but once, and whom she has introduced into her house, who gives him her embraces and kisses, who dances in the nude for patrons who pay to see her in private behind the locked doors of a vulgar cabaret, who locks the man who loves her to distraction out of the house in which he had ensconced her and lets him see her there in the embraces of a rival, who twits him for failing to blow out his own brains because of her treatment of him, and who finally gives herself to him because he has flogged her, as one who was actuated wholly by "pride of purity under the appearance of vice"—whatever that may mean. Such a woman does not ask nor does she receive even that singular sympathy which can go out to such frank sensuality as is personified in the Carmen of Merimée and Bizet. Neither do the supposed sufferings of the hero of the singular tale enkindle a single spark of interest or compassion. It is all sordid and mean, a farrago of nonsense put together for the sake of stage pictures and lurid music of the highly impressionistic kind to be found in portions of "Louise" and the instrumental compositions referred to. For the sake of these pictures and this music large drafts have been made upon Charpentier's opera. There is a scene in a cigar factory in Seville, with girls at work and gossiping—a parallel to the scene in the dressmaker's shop in "Louise." Then comes an intermezzo, which the authors intended should be played with a scene in which strains of dance music and the sounds of a Spanish street are mingled with the cries of a vender of fruit and the conversation of the lovers as they walk homeward. But this Mr. Dippel keeps veiled by his curtain, thus saving too bald an imitation of the early morning episode in Montmartre. A picture of Conchita's home calls up memories of that of Charpentier's sewing girl, but the newer heroine's mother is represented as a wicked foil to an allegedly virtuous daughter, instead of the opposite as in "Louise." Then comes the cabaret scene, a picturesque one of wild merrymaking, culminating in the lascivious dance, which though presented by suggestion rather than literally, is yet as *risque* as anything that has yet

been shown on the operatic stage, more so by far than the love which brought condemnation on "Salome."

In the factory and cabaret scenes the music provides only a flood of sound, which has its chief purpose in heightening the effect of the part-colored pictures. Outside of that of the two principal characters there is nothing in the dialogue that needs to be heard. It is all inconsequential and in that of the man and woman there is little else than stressful dramatic declamation whirled along on the instrumental flood.

There is some beautiful and expressive music in the score, nevertheless. The intermezzo, already described, is such, though it descends to vulgarity in its brazen climax, in which it is somewhat disconcerting and likewise amusing to hear something very like a paraphrase of one of Schubert's "Soirées de Vienne." A narrative by Conchita in the first act has much appositeness and no little beauty, and a languorous nocturne between the third and fourth acts is well calculated to take the imagination captive. In the cabaret scene there is much ingenious commingling of rhythms by two bands, and when the noise subsides for Conchita's dance there is a use of local color which falls gratefully upon ears which had been rudely assaulted a moment before. All of Signor Zandonai's music, of the order that can be called reflective or contemplative, is charmingly orchestrated, even if it lacks the merit of originality of idea.

There was a great deal of spirit in last night's performance and the pictures which Mr. Dippel placed upon the stage were wholly adequate and caused no small amount of delighted comment. Admirable without a qualifying epithet is Miss Tarquini's action and song in the titular role. She is a specialist of a new type—a singer who has devoted herself for a year and a half to this single impersonation, creating it in its native Italy, in London, San Francisco, Chicago, Philadelphia and here—carrying it nearly half way around the earth. She is an artist to her finger tips, full of magnetism in utterance, pose, appearance and action; lithe, sinuous, graceful with a most pleasing play of features. If the character permited she would play upon the emotions of her auditors "as a harper playing upon his harp draws out a string." But this neither the drama nor the music will permit her to do.

The part of Mateo, the lover, which Mr. Dalmores is called upon to enact, calls for the kind of work in which he is at his best, but is as little calculated as that of Conchita to make a sentimental appeal. It is enough to say that it received full justice at his hands as also did that of the mother at the hands of that excellent artist Mme. Bérat. As for the two dozen others whose names were on the house bill they are like their prototypes in Charpentier's opera.

H. E. K.

Tele. 1913 Feb 12

The second evening in the series of special performances of the Philadelphia-Chicago Opera Company took place at the Metropolitan Opera House last night. The audience had the pleasure of hearing one of the latest creations of the youngest Italian school, "Conchita," a work which was originally produced in this country in San Francisco with Tarquinia Tarquini, the soprano of last evening, in the title role. She also sang it in London last summer and was specially engaged for the role by Mr. Dippel. Her success last night was perhaps the most striking feature of the evening, and it might easily be the text for a sermon on the new formula of operatic impersonation. But this may well be deferred.

"Conchita" is the four acts, the book constructed by Maurizio Vaucaire and Carlo Zangarini after a novel entitled "La Femme et la Pantin," by Pierre Louys. It is one of the stories which have become fashionable on the operatic stage since the excursions of Mascagni and Leoncavallo into low life met with such popular favor. It was remarked in the classic period of Roman literature that the descent into Hades was easy, and this kind of opera has been descending continually since it was invented.

In "Conchita" it has perhaps sunk no lower than in some other works. The excuse is offered that the elemental nature of the passions among the unbridled masses makes splendid material for dramatic expression in music. Without doubt there is a modicum of truth in this, but there is an opposite point of view, for great passions are noble and uplifting, while rampant sensuality raging like strong drink is debasing, no matter how vigorous the verbal or musical publication of it.

The girl *Conchita* enjoys life by tormenting men who love her. She is proud of what she calls her purity, which is bodily, not spiritual. She drives men to madness and then laughs at them. This is the theme of the drama. *Mateo* conceives a fleshly love for her and desires to possess her. She plays with him as a cat would with a mouse. She has a mother who has more worldly views and who eagerly accepts *Mateo's* money, but when *Conchita* finds that *Mateo* would buy her the boasted purity quite offended and she flees from him.

Six months later he finds her dancing in a low cafe. She dances in the latest style, to wit, with little clothing. *Mateo* creates a scene, and she pacifies him by promising to take up her residence in a house to which he gives her the key. In the next scene he goes to this house, but *Conchita* instead of admitting him stays behind the iron rail surrounding the building, and gives him her hand to kiss. She again torments him till he falls fainting. Then she rouses him to point out one *Morenito* as her lover.

In the final scene *Conchita* enters *Mateo's* room to deride him for not having killed himself as he threatened to do. He locks the doors and tells her that she is in his power. She tries to defend herself with a mantilla pin, but he overpowers her, throws her down and beats her. Then she says that this proves to her that he really loves her, and she yields herself to him. This is the extremely tragic plot of the opera.

This squalid story affords opportunities for the presentation of some of those realistic scenes which are now regarded as so desirable. The interior of the cigar factory where *Conchita* works and the action carried on therein at the opening of the first act, the smoky little cafe where she dances and the doings there, and the struggle between her and *Mateo* have come down the broad crooked highway upon which "A Basso Porto" travelled and in which we lately saw some of the history of "The Jewels of the Madonna."

The realism of the action of "Conchita" is something which the spectator cannot escape and which he does not wish to lose. It soon gains a grip on him and the spell of the play becomes potent despite the frankness of the motives. The composer has found a musical method which conveys the emotions of the drama with direct and striking force. There is subtlety in the conception of the means, but the final effect is one of unyielding bluntness.

This does not mean that Zandonai has not found in this play inspiration for captivating music. It is by his idealization of the emotions that he has achieved musical successes. For example, there are two intermezzi, one after the cafe scene and one following the episode of *Mateo's* repulse at the iron railing. Both will find favor with audiences and the second contains a violin solo which will rival Massenet's familiar "Meditation" in "Thais."

The composer has been described as a disciple of Mascagni and Charpentier. His music is of the kind usually described as "atmospheric." This means that the orchestral background dominates the picture. Here the tone painting, done with delicate touch, is continuous, while the stage itself is occupied with melodic fragments, declamatory, passionate in purpose and achieving some dramatic ends. Spanish color is laid on in places with liberality and skill. The bluntness before mentioned is a direct result of the forced projection of some of the declamatory phrases over the orchestral support. Parts of the music have little beauty or significance, but there is considerable matter of real value. What will stagger most opera lovers is the want of sustained melody in the voice parts. The orchestration is admirable and here the composer has shown his best gifts.

The production last evening was in all ways excellent. The action in the cigar factory and in the cafe was full of dramatic color. But as before noted Mme. Tarquini was the real feature of "Conchita." A woman of slender figure, she indicated with fine dramatic skill the intangible, shifting character of the passionate girl. With small resources of voice and vocal skill she infused a wonderful variety of color and eloquent expression into her music. She could not dance, and that was a pity, because the lack of movement made her personal exposure to the tourists needlessly harsh.

Mr. Dalmores was equal to the demands of the lover and the other roles all small, were in good hands. Mr. Campanini conducted with skill.

KNEISELS OFFER NOVELTY

Tribune Feb. 12-13

Two of Three Numbers Require Additional Artists.

The Kneisels' offered a programme last night that had two elements of considerable novelty in that two of the three numbers required the quartet to be greatly augmented. These two numbers were Bach's Double Concerto in D minor, for two violins, with string accompaniment, and Svendsen's Octet in A major for four violins, two violas and two violoncellos, Op. 3. In the Bach number the chief part was sustained by Mr. Kneisel and Mr. Litz, the assisting violinists being Louis Bostleman, Sascha Jacobson, Ellas Breeskin, Conrad Held, Samuel Gardner and Robert Taedt; the assisting viola, Josef Kovarik; the assisting 'cello, Leo Schultz, and the assisting double basso, Ludwig Maroly. The extra artists appearing in the Svendsen Octo were Mme. Gardner, Jacobson, Kovarik and Schultz.

The Bach double concerto was played with splendid spirit and with a grace of style that never lost its sense of classic dignity. Great credit is due the assisting artists for their admirable work. The same praise must be given to the Svendsen Octet, a composition of unusual interest, in that it is rarely given. Charming, though, is its second movement, filled with Scandinavian folk spirit, elvishly melodious, and given last night with a spirit that brought forth round after round of applause, applause that was repeated after the more sustained melody of the third movement. The quartet itself appeared in the first number, the Schumann Quartet in A minor, Op. 41, No. 1.

It is needless to say that Aeolian Hall contained one of the largest and most attentive audiences that it has seen during its brief existence.

YSAYE AND ALDA IN JOINT RECITAL

Feb 12/13

American

Two rare artists combined forces at Carnegie Hall last evening when Eugene Ysaye, the celebrated violinist, and Mme. Frances Alda, the popular soprano of the Metropolitan Opera House, gave a joint recital.

Ysaye was in his most brilliant form. He began with Grieg's sonata in G minor, a work in which violinists revel, for it contains so much in the way of expression and melodic beauty. The sympathetic first movement was made most appealing in last night's performance. The violinist produced a tone both luscious and full. The vivacious and animated movements were presented with scintillating charm, and his shades of expression—especially his pianissimos—were marvels of tone quality.

The other violin solos were a rather showy albumblatt by Wagner-Wilhelmj; a tender "Lointain Passe," by Ysaye, and a work by Loeffler containing many modern melodic ideas.

Mme. Alda, looking beautiful in a Frenchy gown, sang two groups of Italian, French and English songs, varied in their schools as in their texts.

An aria from Mozart's "Il re Pastore," which Mme. Alda sang with splendid feeling and power, was further enhanced by a masterly rendering of the violin obligato by Ysaye. The same unusual combination obtained in "Le Nil," by Leroux, which the soprano interpreted delightfully and into which the glorious tones of Ysaye's violin wove a golden thread.

There was a good sized and fashionable audience present, and the efforts of both singer and instrumentalist were enthusiastically appreciated.

THE NEW SIEGFRIED

Feb. 13-13

Mr. Urlus a Fine Acquisition at the Opera.

Mr. Jacques Urlus, who made an unfortunate New York debut in "Tristan und Isolde" because of a sudden failure of his voice, essayed a second part at the opera yesterday afternoon with complete success. "Siegfried" was the opera in the special subscription series of the Nibelung dramas and the newcomer appeared as the youthful hero. Other tenors have created a more pleasing illusion in appearance, though not of late years, but few have sung and acted the part with such freshness of voice, such free and graceful action, such fine abandon as the newcomer developed in it. His conception of the part is that which may be said to have become traditional in Germany, but he bodies it forth with a good deal of individual forcefulness and charm, and without loss of strength makes music of its song. His success was immediate and the applause which rewarded him unusually enthusiastic. There was not a drawback to the representation, which was much superior to that given in the regular subscription series, all the performers seeming to be inspired by the enthusiasm which filled the fine audience—an audience which, though it crowded the house, seemed to be composed wholly of devotees of Wagner's art; who, while paying especial tribute to Mr. Urlus, also showed the appreciation compelled by the representations of the other characters and the sympathetic reading which Mr. Hertz gave the score.

H. E. K.

Tele 2-13-13

"Der Ring des Nibelungen" made further progress yesterday afternoon at the Metropolitan Opera House, when "Siegfried" was given. Jacques Urlus, who was so unfortunate as to lose his voice last Saturday afternoon when making his New York debut as *Tristan*, appeared in the title role, and was able to show his true artistic quality. Before his voice quite gave out on Saturday he showed certain evidences of ability, which were much more fully displayed yesterday. He seemed to have recovered entirely from the cold which laid him low, and his confidence in his own vocal security enabled him to do his best.

The quality of his voice is very agreeable and he has more legato than Teutonic singers usually possess. With these items of equipment he sings lyrically, and does not shatter his phrases with the brittle staccato so long authorized by Cosima Wagner, but now gradually losing its vogue in Germany. Mr. Urlus is that rare thing, a musical tenor, and his musical intelligence shows itself in his treatment of the melodic line and his use of nuances.

His *Siegfreid* was worthy of much praise. It had the lightness and buoyancy of youth and it was not without the promise of the great hero yet to come. He looked well and acted with mobile grace and graphic expression of gesture and pose. He developed the character with fine skill. The transformation of its untutored forest youth into a passionate man was excellently delineated and when he finally clasped *Brunnhilde* to his bosom there was no doubtful note in the act. And it was in the final duet, too, that he let loose the final resources of his tone and made the music throb with eloquence. In fine Mr. Urlus was an admirable *Siegfried* and his audience emphatically recognized the fact.

The other members of the east have been heard and seen already in their various roles. But pause must be made here to pour blessings upon the head of Mme. Gadski for her relegation of *Brunnhilde's* traditional Delsarte posturings to the scrap heap of dramatic absurdities. Lovers of Wagner's immortal drama of the youth of the world have long groaned in impotent anguish at the employment of the glorious measures of *Brunnhilde's* awakening as an accompaniment to meaningless and awkward calisthenics. Mme. Gadski has cut out the exercises. She wakes up as a goddess might and reserves demonstrative gesticulation for the address to the sun.

Mr. Griswold as *Wotan*, Mr. Reiss as *Mime*, Mr. Goritz as *Alberich*, Mr. Ruysdael as *Fafner*, Mme. Homer as *Erda* and Mme. Alten as the *Forest Bird* were the other members of the cast. Mr. Hertz conducted.

In the evening the opera was "Tosca," and the house was crowded. The combination of conditions was such as to make a large audience certain. Geraldine Farrar and Enrico Caruso singing together on a holiday night was something out of the ordinary. A performance of "Tosca" with these two public favorites and with Mr. Scotti in his unequalled impersonation of *Scarpia* does not call for description in these days. The singers were in good form and Mr. Toscanini conducted the opera with his accustomed skill.

TTI STAR IN "TOSCA"

Farar and Caruso Also ine in Puccini's Opera.

n Miss Geraldine Farrar sings all ebutantes rejoice. When Enrico sings Little Italy transports itself from Mulberry street to the top-allery of the Metropolitan and the t space behind the orchestra brass

Feb. 13-13

was last night a concatenation of vents, and feminine America and ine Naples and Sicilia met in a n fount of happinoss. The opera "osca," not by any means Miss Far-ost effective part, but one in which s improved during the last three

nusic at least was last night within mpass, and she sobbed out the D'Arte" in a manner that Mr. s Conio must have envied. His-lly hers is no actress crowned agic sorrows, but a comedienne s got into an awkard fix and who be tragic, willy-nilly, for the

o be fair, there is a poignancy in ing that there was not when she sayed the part. Yet at the end ust come the wish she had never ed the opera. It is a composition and of melodrama, and Miss Far-t, even if it does not reach the of imaginative feeling, is often e in gentle pathos, or fascinating ious coquetry. After all this is a field than running the gamut of d passion as evolved by Victorian for the exhibition of the unique of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt. Miss s not Mme. Bernhardt, and what no one wishes her to be.

Mr. Scotti it is doubtful whether has ever equalled him in the part ia. He, with Mr. Toscanini, were stars last night. Of eouse Mr. Cavaradossi was golden voiced, last night there were at times the n of a slight alloy.

CERT OF NEGRO MUSIC

Feb. 13-13

for Colored Students of ic Music.

Clef Club Orchestra, aided by a of men and women gave a concert o-American slave songs and music sed by American negroes in Carne-ll last night for the benefit of the School Settlement for Colored Peo-A similar concert was given last hich though inferior in interest to f last night, nevertheless provided pulse which has called the new ed-al institution into existence. The sung last night by the choir con-for the better part, in two runs, of nal slave music: that played by nd, the constitution of which is a any significant progress along ar-ines of composition by such com-as James Reese Europe, who con-the orchestra; Henry T. Burleigh, H. Tyers and Coleridge-Taylor. music, as well as the manner in the choir sang the folk songs, in-nore serious comment than it can here. In writing marches the ollow Sousa, who is now a bad as all the world knows. In his tation,' for solo and male chorus, ill Marion Cook, while reflecting of the spirit of Slav song, has l a characteristically Magyar a circumstance which admits of tion, but offers little encourage-the help which our black musi-night give toward the creation of inal school of music. Far more ing, much more promising, was yers's "Samoan Dance," which remarkable skill in the use of Major Moton, of the Hampton e, took advantage of the inter-to make an appeal to the audi-large and enthusiastic assem-n behalf o the new school.

Concert of Negro Music.

oln's Birthday was most fittingly ted last night, in Carnegie Hall, by sic School Settlement for Colored From slavery to the concert of music in fifty years is a marvelious , and, whether it be the old planta-elodies or the imitation of modern the music made by these people is ue a contribution to art as any na-s made. No other folk music has charm of rhythm and melody, which lost when one of l composers uses rn Viennese waltz for a pattern. when the negro imitates—and that a fault confined to him—he adds ng so characteristic to the old form virtually creates a new mode. Wil-l. Tyers's new waltz shows this uch a composer as William H. Vo-es a dance of his own people, the result is as fascinating as anything heard here this season. Henry T. Burleigh and Will Marion Cook were well represented, and "Deep River," by Coleridge-Taylor, will live when most of his "Hiawatha" music is forgotten.

The Clef Club Orchestra, with banjos for violins, played with wonderful precision, under James Reese Europe and William H. Tyers, and, while there may have been some exaggeration in their beat, the effects they produced fully atoned for them. Adalma F Jackson has trained a very efficient chorus, and led it admirably. All of the plantation melodies were given with a fervor that swept the audience into enthusiasm. "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" had to be repeated—in fact, everything on the programme received enough applause to warrant repetition.

With Borglum's heroic head of the Great Emancipator facing the listeners, and the stage crowded with the descendents of those he freed singing and playing their own music, the effect cannot be put into words.

One of the most delightful effects of the evening was secured by plucking the banjos with the fingers instead of with the metal tips, the result being that the tone seemed as if produced by bows instead of by plucking.

In the audience there were many of the white race; more, in fact, than of the colored. The boxes were all filled, and everybody enjoyed the graceful and humorous appeal made by Major Moton, of the Hampton Institute, in behalf of the Music School Settlement. Already these concerts have become a notable feature of the musical season, and it is most desirable that they should remain so.

MISS MICHELSON'S RECITAL.

Feb. 13-13

Pianist's Playing Shows Musical Insight and Depth of Feeling.

Miss Henriette Michelson, a pianist who has played before in New York, gave a piano recital in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon, interesting not only on account of her musical and sincere performance, but also on account of the programme that departed from conventional lines. She began with Schubert's A major sonato, Op. 120, a composition tempting to concert givers on account of its many beauties but dangerous for their purposes because of its inordinate length. There was a prelude toccato and fugue of Bach's, which got left off the programme and César Franck's beautiful Prelude Aria, and Finale. Pieces by Brahms, Chopin—the impromptu in G flat, which is not often played, was one of them—Floridia, Liszt, and Saint-Saëns made up the rest. Times

Miss Michelson's playing shows musical insight, intelligence, and depth of feeling. Her tone has beauty and variety, and her technique, if not faultless, is highly developed. It might have seemed to some that she played the Intermezzo and Capriccio by Brahms with some excess of rubato.

NEW MASTER SINGERS

Tribune

Wagner's Comedy with Excellent Recruits.

The first of Wagner's lyric dramas which suffered from the chapter of accidents this season had a repetition last night, and was wholly redeemed by the excellence of two of Signor Gatti's recent recruits from Germany. The opera was "Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg," and both of the new singers were new in their parts here, though one had fallen under the cloud which settled on last Saturday's "Tristan" performance and the other had been given an opportunity to feel the pulse of American operagoers in Brooklyn in the part in which he appeared last night. The former was Herr Braun, the Pogner of last evening; the other Herr Buers, the Hans Sachs. For both the local public is gratefully beholden to Germany. If Frederick the Great were alive he might now successfully make a requisition on the Metropolitan basses for his regiment of grenadiers. Hinshaw, Ruysdael, Braun, Buers and Witherspoon would all meet his requirements as regards stature. After the misadventures of "Die Meistersinger" and "Tristan" it is a comforting reflection that there need be no apprehension of a shortage of giants for the "Nibelung" dramas. Luckily, our basses fill the bill not only physically, but artistically. Feb. 14-13

Mr. Braun, who had been heard before as King Marke in the performance of "Tristan" which made chipwreck because of Mr. Urlus's loss of voice, seemed to loom up last night all the greater on that account. He disclosed a voice of magnificent breadth and volume and made an unusually interesting character of the art loving goldsmith musically as well as histrionically -giving Pogner an individuality which lifted him out of the group of guildsmen who teach so significant a lesson concerning the intimate union between art and handicraft in the Nuremberg of four centuries ago. His companion, Mr. Buers, though intrusted with the chief role of the opera and larger opportunities, did not make so profound an impression. His voice is agreeable in quality and ample in range, and he is free from the voices which were bred by the Bayreuthian desire to pursue all consonants to the death for the sake of distinctness of enunciation, but unhappily his voice is frequently unsteady and his poetical and emotional gamut seems to be a short one. It is possible to over-accentuate the character of Sachs as a poet and also to exaggerate his character as a cobbler without totally spoiling Wagner's conception; but it is unpardonable to make him tiresome, as Mr. Buers did for long stretches at a time last night. H. E. K.

WAGNER MEMORIAL

Feb. 14-13

Philharmonic Society Gives Special Treat a tCarnegie Hall.

The Philharmonic Society gave a Wagner memorial concert last night at its regular Thursday night subscription series in Carnegie Hall, which, wit hthe performance of "Die Meistersinger" at the opera, was surely enough for one night, even for the perfect Wagnerite. Tribune

Possibly this surplusage of wealth accounted in some manner for the moderate sized audience at the concert, which was given in memory of the thirtieth anniversary of the great composer's death. Mr. Stransky had chosen a large variety of selections from Wagnerian works, opening with a "Faust" overture and including Siegfried's "Rhine Journey," the prelude to "Lohengrin," the Vorspiel and Liebestod from "Tristan," the "Ride of the Valkyries," the overture to "The Flying Dutchman," the Siegfried "Waldweben," the "Good Friday Spell" from "Parsifal" and the overture to "Rienzi."

Mr. Stransky infused his musicians with spirit, and they gave the "Lohengrin" prelude and the "Ride of the Valkyries" in a manner that brought well won applause. There was no solo performer, but the audience appeared none the less satisfied.

Sun Feb 14 1913

Wagner's "Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg" was given at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening and the performance had some elements of personal interest, coupled with novelty. Willy Buers, a barytone late of the Leipsie opera, made his debut in this city as *Hans Sachs*, and Carl Braun, who was first heard as *King Mark* last Saturday, made his second appearance, singing *Pogner*. It may interest those who have noted the development of physical stature among the singers of the Metropolitan company to know that these are two more giants. If that were all that could be said of them it would be a pity; but they won a hearty welcome as desirable additions to Mr. Gatti-Casazza's forces.

Mr. Buers disclosed a good voice, one of sufficient fulness and sonority and of decidedly agreeable quality. He sang with taste and skill. Smoothness and urbanity ruled in his style, but his treatment of the text was not slovenly. His *Sachs* was good in conception and he carried out his ideas with intelligence. There have been representatives of *Hans Sachs* who were perhaps more unctuous, others who were possibly more imaginative; but as a cobbler who had artistic ideas, warm convictions and strong feelings Mr. Buers was sympathetic and pleasing. His impersonation won for him a warm welcome, and he will probably become one of the popular members of the company.

Mr. Braun had the misfortune to make his debut in the performance of "Tristan und Isolde" which was disrupted by the failure of Mr. Urlus's voice and he was therefore not a proper subject for critical comment. Last evening there was no question of his excellence. He has a big, powerful voice of fine quality and he sings with fine intelligence. His delivery of *Pogner's* address was a model of style and duction. It must be said for him, furthermore, that he did not fall into the common error of making *Pogner* an aristocrat. He was a prosperous and dignified burgher, which was correct.

The other members of the cast were familiar to local operagoers. Mme. Gadski's *Eva*, Mr. Jorn's *Walther*, Mr. Goritz's *Beckmesser* and Mr. Reiss's *David* are all well known. Mr. Hinshaw's *Kothner* is of later acquaintance, but it has taken a firm place in the Wagner gallery of portraits. A special word is due to Mme. Mattfeld, whose impersonation of *Magdalena* had the true German spirit. Mr. Hertz conducted the performance with plenty of spirit.

Kneisel Quartet.

Feb. 14-13

Typical Kneisel weather, a typical Kneisel audience, and a typical Kneisel performance of a Schumann quartet are phrases by no means novel, but they may suffice to picture the first third of the entertainment offered at Aeolian Hall on Tuesday night. Then came the most delightful feature of the evening, that is, after the scene shifters had made their appearance and exit. Nine desks and eight chairs had to be placed for the musicians who were to assist in the Bach double concerto for violins (D minor), and they were arranged in a half moon which, however, under the direction of Mr. Kneisel, soon changed to two sides of a triangle pointing toward Forty-second Street, which was later to be closed in by Mr. Kneisel and Hans Letz. Those who assisted in this number were: Louis Bostleman, Sascha Jacobson, Elias Breeskin, Conrad Held, Samuel Gardner, Robert Toedt, violins; Joseph Kovarik, viola; Ludwig Manoly, double bass; and Leo Schulz, who received an especially cordial welcome as he entered with his 'cello, as hefitted a former member of the quartet. Nothing could be further from the modern idea of the concerto than this work of Bach's, which served neither for mere display of the capabilities of the instrument nor for the virtuosity of the performers, but to convey the composer's message in a manner at once charming and unmistakable. The ensemble, despite the large augmenting force, was perfect. The closing number was Svendsen's octet in A major, in which the Kneisels were assisted by Samuel Gardner and Sascha Jacobson, violins; Joseph Kovarik, viola; and Leo Schulz, 'cello. Here, of course, was modernity which afforded such contrast as the astute programme builder had sought. And here, too, was one of those curious thematic coincidences which puzzle, no matter how unimportant. In this instance, the doubt suggested was as to which had been first published—the octet or "La Bohème."

YOUNG VIOLINIST HEARD.

Herald

Mr. Louis Persinger's Recital Pleases Audience at Aeolian Hall.

Varied and interesting was the programme which Mr. Louis Persinger played at his violin recital in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. Mr. Persinger is one of the younger violinists, and he made his first appearance in New York early this season. At that time he created a very favorable impression, but his playing yesterday showed much improvement, for he seemed to have gained confidence in himself. Feb. 14-13

The interpretation of Mozart's concerto in E flat revealed the young artist's talent in such a way that the audience could make no mistake as to the value of his ability. Through the three movements Mr. Persinger played with fine, full tone, his upper notes being such as to cause especial comment. His technique was more than ample for his programme, which included Handel's sonata in E major, Cesar Franck's sonata in A major and two groups of shorter works.

Louis Persinger's Recital.

Feb. 14-13

Although he was suffering from an attack of grippe, the young American violinist, Louis Persinger, gave a generally excellent account of himself at his recital in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. Except for an occasional roughness of tone he played beautifully, with those qualities of delicacy, refinement, and charm that he has disclosed on previous hearings. His programme contained a Handel sonata, another by César Franck, a Mozart concerto, and a number of short pieces. Its length was its main drawback. Two sonatas on a recital programme is quite enough—and often too much—of a good thing, but when a concerto is added to the list it seems time to call a halt. However, Mr. Persinger was very warmly received, as he deserved to be. He did particularly good work in the Franck sonata, which, in spite of some surprisingly literal quotations from "Tristan," is strongly fascinating.

Louis Persinger, the clever young American violinist, was heard in a recital at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. This programme was varied and ambitious, and in its performance Mr. Persinger demonstrated his firm grasp on the art of violin interpretation. His ideas on phrasing are broad and artistic; his tone is clear and crisp; his attack sure and true. Feb. 14-13

He played first a sonata by Handel, in which that master's characteristics were ably presented. The graces and charm of Mozart's Concerto were likewise conceived and interpreted with taste and poetic feeling.

A "Hebrew Dance," written by Zimbalist, and first played here by the composer, was one of the most pleasing numbers. Other selections were by Franck, Wieniawski-Thibaud, Schubert, Wilhelmj and Gretry-Kreisler.

The audience was large and appreciative.

VERDI'S TRAVIATA GIVEN AT OPERA

7 Feb. 15 13

The changes of scene in a succession of performances such as that provided for the subscribers of the Metropolitan Opera House offer many striking contrasts, but these are naturally brought chiefly to the notice of those whose business calls them to the theatre every evening. No contrast could be more striking than that caused by the change from Wagner's "Die Meistersinger" of Thursday night to Verdi's "La Traviata" last evening. The old time favorite, glorified by memories of the art of such great singers as Patti, Gerster and Sembrich, seems to keep a firm hold on public favor, and it is likely to do so as long as there are singers who can impersonate *Violetta* with as much charm as Frieda Hempel.

The role has not been joined in operagoers' minds with the names of German singers, but in it Miss Hempel has thus far achieved her largest success with the public. Her debut was made at a time when she had not recovered from an illness and a subsequent passage across the Western ocean when that unruly body of water was in an especially turbulent mood. It was not till she sang *Violetta* for the first time here that she convinced operagoers that she was an artist competent to excite their enthusiasm.

This was the case in spite of the fact that in the role of *Rosina* in "Il Barbiere di Siviglia" she gave an exhibition of coloratura singing of an unusual variety. But in *Violetta* she has presented a picture of attractive womanhood garbed in highly effective costumes and has acted with vivacity and with dramatic significance. The music brings out the best qualities of her voice and she sings it with elegance, spirit and authority. Last evening she was in full command of her vocal powers and made no hesitation about such upward flights as that to the high E flat in the closing measure of "Semper libera."

Umberto Macnez, the young tenor who is entrusted with the role of *Alfredo*, adds no distinction to a figure which needs the addition, but he can at least sing the music in time. Amato, on the other hand, is an artist of a stature considerably above that of the role of *Germont*, and he gives it a fine dignity of bearing and a plentiful volume of tone. The remaining roles in "La Traviata" are only lay figures and call for no comment. Mr. Sturani occupied the conductor's post.

Metr. Opera Nat.
Feb 15 1913
Puccini Manon
Lescaut,
Bori, Duchene Mem.
Bonci, Scotti,
de Segurola
Evening
Walküre.
Urlus, Ruysdael,
Braun, Fremstad
Gadski

A SYMPHONY CONCERT

7 Feb. 15 13

Damrosch Society Gives Twelfth Sunday Performance

At the twelfth of the Sunday afternoon concerts of the Symphony Society, yesterday, Mr Walter Damrosch brought forward the second symphony of Brahms, produced Liszt's concerto in A major, with Mr. Max Pauer at the pianoforte, and gave a first hearing to a new composition, entitled "A Fairy Tale," by Victor Kolar, one of the members of the orchestra. The programme invited an interest which was gratified only in part. There was far too much evidence of perfunctoriness in the performance of the symphony and of insufficient rehearsal in the concerto, the solo part of which Mr. Pauer, moreover, played in a peculiarly brittle style, thus emphasizing its most deplorable feature. The new composition by Mr. Kolar was interesting and gave no small amount of pleasure, but also served to show how dependent upon one device the young composers of to-day are—a confession, of course, of their poverty in invention. Mr. Kolar is a pupil of Dr. Dvorak, but he could not write even a fairy piece without going to Debussy.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

7 Feb. 15 13

Victor Kolar's "A Fairy Tale" Performed for First Time.

The programme of the Symphony Society concert at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon was composed of three numbers. These were the D major symphony of Brahms, Liszt's A major piano concerto and Victor Kolar's orchestral sketch entitled "A Fairy Tale." The solo pianist was Max Pauer. The arrangement of the programme was compact and it brought into a short space a considerable yet not conflicting variety. All the music was romantic in spirit, though in different individual styles. The concerto served well to separate the novelty of the afternoon from the tried classic which stood at the beginning.

Lest some sensitive mind be vexed by the employment of both terms "classic" and "romantic" in reference to the music of Brahms let us hasten to add that it assuredly is both, for Brahms demonstrated perfectly the feasibility of putting new wine into an old bottle when he utilied the classic symphonic form to publish such poetic and moving ideas as those found in the lovely symphony in D major. The work was played with much affection yesterday and in general with smoothness.

Mr. Pauer's reading of the Liszt concerto was vigorous, if nothing else. It had moments of delicacy and scintillation, but these were by no means numerous. For the most part the performance was heavy and devoid of vitalizing color. Mr. Pauer can play better than that.

Victor Kolar is a young first violinist in the orchestra, a Bohemian by birth and a pupil of Antonin Dvorak. Mr. Damroech has already made known to this public some of the young man's music and will probably be encouraged to do so again. Mr. Kolar was unable to give the writer of the programme notes much information about his work. He imagined that he had written something about youth and love. At least he hoped so. Perhaps he just wrote some music.

His title is excellent in that it allows the fancy of the hearer free play. The composition itself is melodious and pleasing. It shows that the young writer has a firm grip on the basic principles of form and that he is thoroughly acquainted with the idioms of orchestral speech. His music sounds always rich and closely woven. The themes are not strikingly important, but their treatment is effective and the composition refreshes the ear.

Mr. Kolar has a real talent. It is difficult to say at this time just what it is likely to prove to be in the future, but it is certainly worth cultivating and encouraging. Many orchesral compositions of far less merit and real beauty than "A Fairy Tale" are imported from Europe and offered to us as important novelties. Mr. Kolar conducted his own music and did it well, and the men of the orchestra showed that they were friendly to their young confrere, for they played his sketch admirably.

MR. YSAYE HEARD AGAIN.

7 Feb. 17 13

Violinist Appears in Carnegie Hall with Mr. Malkin.

Herald

Mr. Eugene Ysaye gave another violin recital yesterday afternoon, appearing in Carnegie Hall with Mr. Manfred Malkin, pianist. The audience, which comfortably filled the hall, evidently regarded the violinist as one of the masters of the present, and from his first appearance until long after five o'clock it applauded every number with enthusiasm, especially the Vitali Chaccone, to which Mr. Frank L. Sealy played the organ accompaniment. This example of the seventeenth century church music seems to have become a favorite with Mr. Ysaye's admirers. The violinist also played Veracini's Sonata in A minor, and the last two movements of Vieuxtemp's E major concerto.

Mr. Malkin did not come up to the artistic standard set by Mr. Ysaye. He played with a hard and unbending touch, and, while mechanically his versions of Schumann's "Carnaval," and the Bach-Liszt Prelude and Fugue in A minor were almost faultless, they were without much musical expression.

Ernest Schelling's Third Recital.

Feb. 17 1913

One of the busiest of itinerant concert-givers this season is Ernest Schelling. He is not, as newspaper readers were informed yesterday, a Swiss pianist, although he has a château near Morges, where dwells his teacher and friend, Ignace Jan Paderewski, from whom he has learned many a thing worth knowing. But he is a genuine American, and one of whom his native country can feel proud. Like his great friend, he is a composer as well as a pianist, and at his recital in Carnegie Hall on Saturday afternoon he played two of his pieces, both of which deserved to be placed on such a choice programme as he had. One of them, "Au Château de Willigrad," is a sort of prelude, of quiet and simple character, while the other, "Fatalisme," has the message and eloquence of a ballad. It has a striking melody, which makes an immediate appeal. Its story becomes more and more exciting till it ends in a grand climax. Both the pieces are as idiomatically pianistic as the music of Chopin and Liszt, Grieg, Paderewski, and MacDowell.

Paderewski was represented by a beautiful "Legende," Schubert by the Serenade, "Hark, Hark," Wagner by the "Liebestod," Chopin by five preludes, a nocturne, and a valse. The first group comprised Schumann's Fantasie, of which a most sympathetic reading was given, and Beethoven's "Appassionata," which was played with much animation and thorough appreciation of its true spirit. A number of extras had to be added, one of them being the fascinating "Triana" from the Iberian Suite of the Spanish composer Albeniz, for whom Mr. Schelling is doing missionary work.

Nothing succeeds like success. Mr. Schelling's Saturday recital was the third he has given in Carnegie Hall this season. A fourth is announced for March 13.

Xaver Scharwenka's Recital.

On Saturday afternoon Mr. Scharwenka entertained a large and cordial audience in Aeolian Hall, by giving a sane, musicianly recital of works written for the pianoforte. It was so free from sensationalism and frenetic emotionality that even jaded concert-goers went away refreshed. Mr. Scharwenka has technique and feeling, but these are under the control of healthy intellect, and at no time was the performer more than the sincere interpreter of the composer. The programme was well-chosen and presented as printed—no ill-timed encores marring its proportions. This was not for lack of applause, as he was recalled after each number, but the artistic spirit dominated.

Feb. 17 1913

It was a relief to hear the piano in its proper sphere. At no time was it a black and white orchestra vainly striving to accomplish the impossible. The Chopin Ballade, op. 23, was dramatic without being theatrical, and the "Moonlight Sonata" was poetic and not maudlin. Schumann was well represented and very well played. Scharwenka's own "Réminiscence" du Bal, op. 53, is a musicianly Concertstück and the audience really wanted to have it repeated. At the end of the programme he had to return and play several encores, among them his Polish Dances, a number which was greeted with a storm of applause. Even with the additions the programme was not too long.

THE NEW YORK SYMPHONY.

Times Feb. 17 13

Pauer Plays Liszt's A Major Concerto—'A Fairy Tale' by Victor Kolar

Max Pauer, who was the soloist at the New York Symphony Orchestra concert in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon, played Liszt's piano concerto in A major. There is very little use in conjecturing why a solo performer chooses one or another piece to play, and conjecture might go far in finding an answer to the question why Mr. Pauer played this concerto. Perhaps he likes it. He played it with immense vigor and a good deal of brilliancy. The audience very much liked either the piece itself, or his resounding performance of it, or both, for he was repeatedly and enthusiastically recalled. Whether the admirers of Liszt believe it to be cheaper and tawdrier or less cheap and tawdry, poorer or richer in musical quality, or sounding to-day more outworn and old-fashioned, or less so, than Liszt's other concerto in E flat shall not be here conjectured. It might be safe to go so far as to say that the A major concerto is not so popular as its companion, for it is less played.

There was a new composition on the programme, heard for the first time. It was "A Fairy Tale," Op. 19, a symphonic poem by Victor Kolar. Mr. Kolar is one of the first violins of the orchestra, a Bohemian, 25 years old, a pupil of Dvorak. He has written an interesting and delightful composition that was well worth playing. Mr Kolar scarcely betrays, by any native idiom or suggestive phrase, either his nationality or his instruction; his idiom, it may be said, is more "modern" than that of his master. His harmonic feeling relates him to some of the most recent workers in his craft. He is, perhaps, not burdened with musical ideas of overwhelming weight or originality, but the composition has abundant substance and is developed with skill and power—perhaps with a little too much length and discursiveness. Mr. Kolar wishes to consider his "Fairy Tale" as absolute music, and the only suggestion he makes as to its poetic content is "Youth and Love." Its greatest excellence, perhaps, is the skill in writing for the orchestra shown in it. The scoring is rich, substantial, and full of color and variety, and the instruments are treated with admirable certainty of touch. Mr. Kolar conducted his composition himself, and was abundantly complimented by applause and attention.

The concert began with an excellent performance of Brahms's beautiful Second Symphony.

GLUCK SINGS ON EAST SIDE.

Times

Metropolitan Artiste Appears at Music School Settlement.

Alma Gluck, prima donna of the Metropolitan Opera Company, surprised the children of the east side who make up the senior orchestra of the Music School Settlement, in Third Street, by going down to sing at their regular Sunday morning rehearsal yesterday. Mme. Gluck was at the orchestra rehearsal the week before, when she went to the school with Mrs. Rudolph E. Schirmer of the advisory board, and was so impressed by her visit, she told David Mannes, the Director, afterward, that she wanted to show her appreciation of their work. So she had a prompt opportunity.

No announcement was made of Mme Gluck's coming, and the orchestra and the audience of friends and neighbors which fill the school's auditorium every Sunday forenoon, met her on the friendly basis of fellow-music lovers. She sang eight numbers, and repeated one of them which, to her evident enjoyment, was a special favorite with the listeners as with her.

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"It is wonderful what is being done here," said Mme Gluck, while she lingered to talk with some of the young musicians. "If it were only teaching them to be players that would not be so great; but here, in a part of the city where poverty and hard life and bad surroundings are bound to breed misery and crime, is this place that gives the good in these young people a chance to develop which it otherwise could not have."

AMERICAN PIANIST RETURNS.

7 Feb. 17 13

Mr. John Powell and Mr. Zimbalist to Give Joint Recital.

Herald

After several years abroad, during which he attained renown as a pianist and composer, Mr. John Powell, of Richmond, Va., returned to his native land yesterday on board the Kaiserin Auguste Victoria. Some of Mr. Powell's music has preceded him here, his violin concerto having been played by his friend and associate, Mr. Efrem Zimbalist, at a recital a few weeks ago. These two artists are to give a joint recital in Carnegie Hall February 25.

7 Feb. 17 13

Mme. Schumann-Heink Sings and Great Audience Applauds Her and Other Artists.

Herald

If on a Sunday night in the Metropolitan Opera House the orchestra pit is covered and the audience overflows to the chairs on the temporary platform it is a sure sign of the popularity of a singer. That is what happened last night when Mme. Schumann-Heink sang. The house was filled to its limit and many persons were refused admission.

Her smile never was happier and it seemed to infuse the audience with the same spirit for it listened to her and applauded her smiling and once, when something out of the ordinary occurred and she laughed the whole house caught the infection and laughed with her. The spring son from "Samson et Dalila" was her first offering and as an encorse Mme. Schumann-Heink sang Brahams' Sapphic ode.

Then she sang songs in English. Five of them comprised her part of the second half of the programme and her dictation was excellent. Again she had to give encores, two of them this time, one a German folk song and the other "Mavourneen." Delightful as is her voice it was not wholly due to it that Mme. Schumann-Heink received the ovation given her. She has that rare faculty of making her audience feel like one big family to which she administers in her whole hearted way

this happy mood the audience was not to praise the singing of Messrs. ez and Witherspoon, who were the sentatives of the Metropolitan com- and upheld local traditions. Mr. ez sang an aria from "The Barber aville" and Verdi's melodious ease st women from "Rigolette." After of these he was applauded until he encores. Mr. Adolph Rothmeyer con- d the orchestra.

Concert by Bonci.

very large audience crowded Aeolian on Saturday evening, filling the stage well as the auditorium, to hear Signor ci in his only New York appearance this on. Not only was the audience large, it was unusually enthusiastic and de- ined to show the tenor that he has not forgotten. Assisting him were Miss tina Zatella, a light soprano, and Miss da Segré, a young violinist, who shows mise and who will probably be heard in the future, if she does not lose head over temporary successes.

gnor Bonci's numbers were "Cielo e " from "La Gioconda," two operatic s, one from "Martha," the other from lisir d'Amore"—Miss Zatella singing soprano parts—three songs by De Cur- Denza, and Rossini, and the ever-popu- "Che Gelida Manina," from Puccini's ème." Feb. 17-1913

gnor Bonci was in excellent form, and York audiences well know what that He has been regarded for years as an nent of the best style of Italian *bel o*, and he has lost none of his right to that he understands the perfect tech- use of the human voice. His part on programme seemed short, but he was ed to add many encores.

CHILDREN'S STORY BEFORE A TRAGEDY

Feb. 18-1913

ansel und Gretel" Used as a Preface to Mascagni's One Act Opera.

Sun

e fifteenth week of the season at the opolitan Opera House began last t in the presence of an audience e enough to give joy to the soul of impresario. The offering was one hose double bills which have become opular since Messrs. Mascagni and ncavallo furnished the operatic stage two short tragic works of apparently nanent popularity. Together "Caval- Rusticana" and "Pagliacci" in- st the public, despite the fact that similarity of their dramatic motives musical treatment makes their com- tion devoid of stimulating variety yle.

ortunately Engelbert Humperdinck ted in "Hänsel und Gretel" a type pera which is as far remoeved from of the Mascagni and Leoncavallo ks as one of Grimm's fairy tales from ragedy of Schiller. "Hänsel und tel" unites well with either of the act operas referred to, and it is given he Metropolitan sometimes with one again with the other. Last night as the turn of "Cavalleira Rusticana" ring upon the stage the elemental sions of its Sicilian villagers after babes in the wood had put the witch oast in her own oven, liberated the gerbread children and been restored e arms of their parents.

he cast of the Humperdinck opera the same as on other occasions this son, except that Mme. Louise Homer rned to her old rôle, the *Witch*. In part Mme. Homer is most happy. employs a skilful treatment of the e in delivering the dialogue with fine nor and her action is artistically phic. Mmes. Mattfeld and Alten ated their capital impersonations, he two children. Mr. Hertz conducted he central point of interest in the per- nance of "Cavalleria Rusticana" was reappearance of Mr. Caruso as *Turi- lu*. He is heard more frequently as io in the Leoncavallo work, and on whole the part is one which gives a ter opportunity for the display of his sent methods. In the Mascagni work, ever, an audience can always enjoy delivery of the serenade behind the tain, the duet with *Santuzza*, the drink- song and the farewell to the mother. he *Santuzza* last evening was Mme. lski, a conscientious and capable rpreter of the rôle, and Mr. Gilly sang io excellently. The conductor was rgio Polacco.

ELENORE ALTMAN PLAYS

Times

Young New York Pianist Performs with Sentiment and Good Taste.

The latest candidate for pianistic honors is Miss Elenore Altman, a young New York girl, who gave a recital at Aeolian Hall last evening. Her programme included Beethoven's sonata Opus 31, No. 2; three of Mendelssohn's "Songs Without Words," Schumann's "Carnaval," the D flat Nocturne, four preludes, and the G minor ballade of Chopin, a "Legend," by Stojowski, a "Moment Musical," by Paderewski, and Liszt's E major Polonaise. Feb. 18-1913

Miss Altman showed that she possesses technical facility, an agreeable touch, and sound musical instincts. She played with sentiment and yet with good taste. She is not yet a mature artist, but already her playing can give pleasure to discriminating listeners. An audience of good size applauded her generously.

FAIRY OPERA ON A MONDAY

Tribune. Feb. 18-13

"Babes in the Woods" and Caruso in One Evening.

Caruso provided an excuse for "Hänsel und Gretel" at the opera last night, and as the "Pagliacci" limit had been reached, for Mondays at any rate, and there is a scarcity of other Caruso operas (presumably) "Cavalleria rusticana" was requisitioned. Mascagni's opera has not been in the Caruso list this year, and consequently had had but two performances before last night. To lovers of music as ingenious, learned, beautiful, ingratiating and light-hearted as that of "Hänsel und Gretel" any excuse would have served; why not, then, the singer whose possession all the season round makes the New York community the envy of opera lovers the world over? The opera does not permit Signor Caruso to put on the antic disposition which so delights the public in "Pagliacci," but it enables him to sing at his best, and so between the delightful musical comedy by the German authors and the highly spiced tragedy of the Italians a Monday night audience had its fill of dramatic music last night. H. E. K.

Feb 19, 1913 Sun

MASSENET'S THAIS AND MARY GARDEN

Thais	Mary Garden
Niclas	Charles Dalmores
Athanael	Hector Dufranne
Palemon	Gustave Huberdeau
A Servant	Constantino Nicolay
Crobyle	Marie Cavan
Myrtale	Minnie Egener
Albine	Louise Berat

Gen. Mus. Director—Cleofonte Campanini.

Opera pervaded the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House from early afternoon till late in the evening yesterday. There was a necessary interval for rest and refreshment for the attaches of the institution, but it came near to being a continuous performance. In the afternoon took place the annual benefit for the emergency and pension fund of the house and this was attended by an audience large enough to insure a substantial addition to the treasury.

The plan of the entertainment included the first act of "The Tales of Hoffmann," the third act of "La Boheme," the second act of "Tannhauser" and the first act of "Pagliacci." The audience had the pleasure of hearing Mmes. Hempel, Alda, Gadski and Bori, and Messrs. Macnez, Amato, Martin, Jorn, Griswold, Buers and Caruso. It was a real bargain matinee and it drew forth much and continued applause.

In the evening Andreas Dippel's company from Philadelphia was present for its weekly visit. The opera was Massenet's "Thais," which was made popular by repetitions at the Manhattan Opera House and in which the combined interpretations of Mary Garden and Maurice Renaud evoked no small amount of critical warmth. Mr. Renaud is no longer a member of the company and the role of *Athanael* is now in the hands of that sterling artist Hector Dufranne.

There is no food for discussion in "Thais" at this late day. Its story is well known and its violinist's "Meditation" haunts the popular concert programmes and even finds its way into the theatres and the restaurants, where meditation might otherwise be a stranger. Nevertheless most of the music is almost as thin as some of the garments worn by the women of Alexandria and it is by no means as seductive as the chief one of them was.

Massenet's "Thais" in this day is Mary Garden, whose skill in delineating women of the seductive type is not to be questioned. Last evening she was not well made up and for that reason her *Alexandrian* was less desirable than usual, but still there was something to explain the swift infatuation of the rapt and neurotic *Athanael*.

Mr. Dufranne's impersonation of the monk was excellent in its emotional intensity, its pictorial significance and its nice adjustment of theatrical means. There was reason, however, to regret the frequent appearance of a decided tremolo in his singing. Mr. Dalmores again made a good figure of *Nidias*, and Mr. Huberdeau's art was favorably shown in the small role of *Palernon*. The opera was presented with a careful attention to details. The chorus and orchestra were capable and Cleofonte Campanini conducted with authority.

MARY GARDEN IN "THAIS"

Tribune

Usual Audience Greets Singer and Massenet's Opera.

The Lady Thaïs of Alexandria made her annual hegira to New York last night, descending upon the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House clothed in the person and personality of Miss Mary Garden, of Scotland, Chicago and Paris. It was Oscar Hammerstein who first provided America's operatic table with M. Massenet's Alexandrian banquet and opened the eyes of our public to the delights of musical repentance. Truly Gallic is the story of the opera, purged as it has been by its librettist of the philosophical subtleties which were the *raisons d'etre* for the original novel of M. Anatole France. Feb. 19-1913

It is true that this purging has left the story void of any intellectual appeal, yet such an appeal when voiced by the melodies of M. Massenet would probably have had slight force. But the sensuousness, the sensuality, has thereby become increased and "Thaïs" has returned to us year after year, always to large and interested audiences. Last night's audience was no exception to the rule, and Miss Garden's entrance was applauded as rapturously as in those exciting times when 34th street had seceded from Broadway.

So, if we accept the Gallic conception of religious ecstacy and enjoy tunes that melt languorously in an atmosphere of sugar and animalism and love Miss Garden's most interesting personality, we were all very happy last night. As for Miss Garden's singing, it is ever the same—like her dressing.

Hector Dufranne sang Athanael for the first time in New York, and though his work was as always sincere, the memory of Maurice Renard will to the discriminating remain ever the one true delight of Mr. Hammerstein's production of the opera. Mr. Dalmores was the Niclas; M. Huberdeau, Palemon; Mmes. Cavan and Egener, Thais's two attendants, and Mme. Berat, Albine. Campanini conducted with his usual spirit.

Feb. 19-1913

"Thais."

In a recent magazine article, Miss Mary Garden mentioned "Thaïs" as her favorite rôle. If the opera had been written for her, it could not fit her better. She has exactly the artistic temperament, and, more important still, the personal fascination, to suit the part. She was seen in it again last night, in the third of the Philadelphia-Chicago company's offerings. Unfortunately for her, and for every one concerned, the original Manhattan conditions did not prevail, and Miss Garden was like a race-horse, eager to reach the goal, who has, for running mate, a heavy Percheron. Being a great artist herself, she must have sorely missed the artistic stimulus which she used to receive from her colleague, Maurice Renaud, whose name was so constantly associated with hers in the days when Hammerstein was giving unforgettable performances of opera at the Manhattan. All real artists know that coöperation with others of a like calibre, far from dimming their own lustre, only serves to enhance it. Miss Garden did her very best last night, but the effort to raise a dead weight was constantly apparent. In her scenes with Dalmores she was as of old. He has always made a striking picture of Niclas, although he dresses it less picturesquely and in a less manly way than in the original performances.

For New York audiences the part of Athanael, the fanatical saviour of Thais, was created by a genius. To invite comparison is disastrous to artistic results. It might be argued that, as the audience was large, last night, it is not necessary to have a superlative artist in this rôle, to make one long duo with Thaïs, as Tristan does with Isolde; but after all, the box office is not the only "yard-stick" by which an art work should be measured.

It is only fair to Mr. Dufranne to say that he worked very hard and did his very best. It is not his fault that the result was mediocrity, but the hopeless part about it is that his limitations are insurmountable. A careful study of his face through a glass reveals the fact that it is absolutely unchanging. Neither suffering nor joy are mirrored there, and his singing is equally expressionless. Occasionally both voice and action become rough, but that is all. He carries no conviction.

Would opera audiences consider that the "Aïda" cast without Caruso was "practically the same" as "Aïda" with him? The case was similar last night.

The performance was spiritless in spite of Miss Garden, of Dalmores, of Huberdeau's small, but beautifully sung rôle, of Palemon, and of Mr. Campanini's ever-masterly conducting. Of course, he had to repeat the "Meditation." It was a pity that the first part of the fascinating Oriental music in the second act was marred by a drum which was beaten too hard and gave a coarse effect. Oriental drums are hypnotic, not aggressive.

Paul Dufault's Recital.

Feb. 19-13

Mr. Dufault has never sung better than he did last night in Aeolian Hall, when he gave one of the best selected and arranged programmes heard this season. His voice has grown and his style broadened; he is now able to range from the delicacy of "Have you seen but a white Lily grow" to the dramatic fervor of Augusta Holmes's "Au Pays"; from the humor of "Couplet de Triquet" (from Tchaikovsky's "Eugene Onegin") to the religious intensity of the "Prière" (from Massenet's "Le Cid"). His English diction has all the politesse of his French, and no singer excels him in that. The emission of his voice is so free and fluent, his interpretations so naïve, and his musicianship so sure that he can be ranked with the great artists.

Mr. Spross did not at all times accompany the singer well, nor was his tone as musical as it should have been. So many accompanists, when they attain the position Mr. Spross holds, forget that the singer has some rights, and in forcing their own personality destroy the ensemble. However, in Sinding's "Sylvelin" Mr. Spross contributed quite as much as Mr. Dufault, and when he plays like that he is good.

Mr. Dufault was generously applauded, but refrained from giving encores until the end of the programme, except after Mr. Spross's "I Know," when he sang a little song quite away from the tenor of the evening.

MR. LHEVINNE AT HIS BEST.

Feb. 19-13

Audience Enjoys Pianist's Playing in Carnegie Hall Better Than at Any Time This Season.

Mr. Josef Lhevinne was the soloist with the Volpe Symphony Orchestra at their third subscription concert in Carnegie Hall last night, and seldom has he played to a more enthusiastic audience this season. The pianist played Rubenstein's Concerto in D minor, and although he used the score in certain places it must have been only a very few times, for his interpretation was one which for continuity and color seemed to lack little in the estimation of the audience. His technique was never better and he developed the melody in such a way as to bring out all of its beauty and shading. Herald

Under Mr. Volpe the orchestra was the recipient of a great deal of enthusiastic applause. The audience liked the sound of the intermezzo from "The Jewels of the Madonna" so well that it was repeated. Haydn's G minor symphony was not so well played as the later numbers, but it old fashioned atmosphere was well preserved. Mendelssohn's "Fingal's Cave" overture and the first Liszt Hungarian rhapsody were the other offerings.

Feb 20 1913 Tribune

MOZART'S FANTASTIC OPERA.

"Die Zauberflöte" had its seventh performance this season at the Metropolitan Opera House last night. Three features, in addition to the many that have made the representations admirable, distinguished that of last night. Mr. Jörn was the "Japanese" prince who wandered about among the Hindu-Assyrio-Egypt an scenes, and sang very admirably in his Mr. Braun gave the public the first full-voiced, voluminous, orotund and impre-

sive Sa astri who has been heard this season, and Mme. Destinn came back to give dignity of bearing and artistic finish to the part of Pamina. The performance therefore was on the whole one of the best that has been heard. Mr. Jörn had sung the part of Tamino once before at the performance of the opera for the benefit of the German Press Club.

Herald

Mozart's enchanting opera, "The Magic Flute," in the Metropolitan Opera House last night attracted and interested another huge audience.

A feature of special interest was a new Sarastro, Mr. Carl Braun singing that rôle for the first time here. He amazed his hearers by the sonority and depth of his voice. The impression which he made last Saturday singing Wotan in "Die Walkuere" was deepened. His first act aria was sung with fine repose, admirable diction and beauty of voice, but he was even better later when he sang "In diesen heil'gen Hallen." For this he was enthusiastically applauded and compelled to take several curtain calls.

In all respects was it an admirable performance. Miss Hempel, the Queen, sang her arias with unusual brilliancy. Mr. Jörn was acceptable in the part of Tamino. Miss Destinn, as Pamina, was in wonderful voice, and Mr. Griswold was excellent as Der Sprecher. Messrs. Goritz and Reiss and Mme. Alten furnished comedy element without end.

Mr. Hertz conducted a beautiful performance, despite that he was suffering so from neuritis that he was compelled at times to lay down his baton and nod time with his head.

AN ENGLISH PIANIST

Tribune Feb. 20 1913

Norman Wilks Gives a Recital —"Magic Flute" Again.

It is becoming more or less a weariness of the flesh to keep the number of solo pianoforte players who are seeking to maintain their art in the public eye, and also ear, but Mr. Norman Wilks, who gave a recital in Aeolian Hall yesterday, was probably the thirtieth this season. The fact concerns chiefly the newspaper reviewer, for nobody but he has heard the host. The hunger for pianoforte music is not general, and the audiences which gather in the concert rooms where the pianists play are generally pretty sharply differentiated. Some bear the mark of one agent's free list, some of another's; some show their allegiance to one brand of instrument, some to another; some proclaim a following won by diligent labor in social drawing rooms. Mr. Wilks, who has been in the city for some weeks, if not months, probably represents the last class. At any rate, his audience was not of the ordinary and most numerous variety. Mr. Wilks played pleasantly and agreeably in some familiar music by Beethoven (the "Waldstein" sonata), some Chopin pieces, the most popularly effective of which was probably the so-called "Butterfly" study (on a recall), and, before winding up his programme with the customary Lisztian flourish, he played some ballet music from the precocious boy Korngold, of Vienna, who is being more generously exploited than many of his elders and betters. Mr. Wilks was in kind hands all afternoon.

NORMAN WILKS'S RECITAL.

Times

An English Pianist Heard—Pieces by Master Korngold.

Mr. Norman Wilks, an English pianist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. He is the latest, and probably not likely to be the last, of a long line of his profession who have presented themselves before the New York public this season. The number is estimated to be close to the neighborhood of thirty, including the great and the small, and when twenty-nine have been heard a certain loss of interest is hardly to be avoided, unless the thirtieth shows something in some way of unusual excellence or individual value. Mr. Wilks, who is still a young man, is evidently serious and devoted to his art, and his intentions are of the best. There were features of his playing that were commendable, and some that were not. As a whole, it scarcely showed conspicuous excellence, and rarely rose to distinction. As Mr. Wilks is still young, he may yet develop his technique to a higher finish and mastery and his tone to greater beauty and variety. And so much intelligence and musical feeling as he showed in his playing yesterday will stand him in good stead.

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Mr. Wilks played Beethoven's sonata in C, Op. 53, a group of pieces by Chopin, another group by Erich Wolfgang Korngold, and two pieces by Liszt. Master Korngold has had considerable attention in New York recently. The pieces heard yesterday were his Op. 3, composed when he was 13 years old; a set entitled "Fairy Pictures," bits of programme music concerned with a fairy Princess and a fairy King's ball, and some other matters. They show somewhat more spontaneity of invention and native charm than some of the music of Master Korngold that has hitherto been heard here; they also reiterate the fact that he is a child of the period and has been thoroughly inoculated with all the latest harmonic serums, viruses, and enzymes.

Mr. Wilks's playing was heard with friendly ears by a not numerous audience; he was applauded, and after his group of Chopin's études he added another one.

OLD OPERA ARIAS HEARD.

Feb. 20-13

Herald

Mme. Gina Ciaparelli-Viafora Gives Enjoyable Recital.

Mme. Gina Ciaparelli-Viafora gave a song recital in Aeolian Hall last night with the assistance of Mr. Salvatore Giordano, tenor, and Mr. Max Liebling. The most interesting part of her programme was devoted to arias from early operas and the audience seemingly enjoyed the melodies of Monteverde, Durante, Orlandi and Giordigianl. She also sang two selections from Mozart, and with Mr. Giordano, a duet from "Tosca." Her tones in the upper register were rich and clear, and the audience was quick to appreciate them.

Mr. Giordano also was received favorably, and in the duet his voice was at its best. At the piano Mr. Liebling gave valuable service to obth singers.

NEW MUSIC FROM BOSTON

Feb. 21-13

Tribune

Much Cry and Little Wool in a Symphony.

When the Symphony Orchestra which makes a monthly visit to the metropolis from Boston, elects to begin its concert with a novelty it lightens the labors and, as a rule, heightens the pleasures of all its listeners. In the first place, it takes a load of apprehension early in the evening off the minds of its patrons who, from long years of experience, have been taught to fear new offerings; in the next, it leaves them free to the enjoyment which the playing of the men from Boston never fails to bring. For this reason last night's concert was a scene of more perfect delight than its predecessor, which was marked by the production of an unfamiliar work. After the first number of the programme, a new symphony by an unknown composer, was disposed of happily for the present and presumably for all future time—there was nothing to do but to enjoy Weber's "Freischütz" overture, Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel" and Berlioz's overture to "Benvenuto Cellini," music which calls for no comment when played perfectly for the same reason that good wine needs no bush. Concerning the new symphony something of course must be said. It is a work by Lendvai concerning whom even the industrious Mr. Philip Hale, the most generous purveyor of musical information whom the world knows, could tell us but little in his programme notes. Yet that little was quite sufficient to satisfy the curiosity of those who heard the music. The large world can scarcely be profoundly interested in one who has so little to say in so pompous a proclamation as his Symphony in D, even though it be a tenth numbered work to which Dr. Muck has given his interest and affection. As a rule modern symphonists adopt an extremely complicated method of reiterating small thoughts and trying to make them significant by great variety of orchestral coloring, and reintroducing them and fragments of them in the different sections of their composition. In this method, which has always much smell of the midnight oil about it, there is at least the semblance of sequence if not of logic. But the new composer seems to care little for either sequence or logic. His scheme in the new symphony reminded us of nothing so much as the story invented by the wit to stump the memory man: "So she went into the garden to get a cabbage leaf to make an apple pie for dinner; and a great bear coming up the street popped his head into the shop. And, 'What, no soap?' So she died and he, very imprudently, married the barber. And there were present the pickaninnies and the gaynidies and the Grand Panjandrum himself, with the little round button at the top, and they all fell to playing catch-as-catch-can till the gunpowder ran out of the heels of their boots." Or words to that effect. There was even a suggestion of the Orientalism of the Grand Panjandrum in the slow movement, and the sequence of idea ran not only through the symphony but each of its movements. But the fine sonority of the work seemed to please the audience.

H. E. K.

TRIUMPH FOR BRAUN

There have been many noteworthy performances at the Metropolitan Opera House since Giulio Gatti-Casazza first assumed the directorship of the opera company, but few more remarkable than the one that occurred yesterday afternoon when Wagner's "Götterdämmerung" had its final performance in the Ring series, three singers taking part in their respective roles for the first time in New York—Mr. Urlus as Siegfried, Mr. Hinshaw as Gunther and Mr. Braun as Hagen. It is of the last that first mention must be made, admirable in many respects as were both the others.

In his previous appearances, above all in his Sarastro of the night before, Mr. Braun had showed increasing evidence of his splendid vocal equipment. It remained for his Hagen to present him at his best, to disclose him as an actor as well as a singer, an actor whose impersonation was at once sinister, powerful, yet ever informed with a tragic pathos that lifted his figure above that of a mere spirit of evil.

His sonorous voice, a voice of great power and great range, was equal to his impersonation. From Mozart to Wagner, from a character compounded of light to one compounded of darkness, was the journey this singer made within the space of fourteen hours—in itself surely a remarkable achievement.

Yesterday's Hagen was a figure worthy to stand beside the incomparable Brünnhilde of Mme. Fremstad, a Brünnhilde who in the great scene before the Hall of the Gibichungs surpassed in tragic poignancy of feeling even her former performances.

Mr. Urlus was a fine Siegfried, properly more mature than his enactment of the same character in "Siegfried," and his singing was characterized with much beauty both of nuance and tone.

A gratifying surprise was the Gunther of Mr. Hinshaw, who brought to his conception fine dignity and poise, while, despite a slight dryness of tone, singing it on the whole remarkably well. Mme. Fornia was appealing as Gutrune, and Mme. Matzenauer's superb voice gave pleasure in the scene allotted to Waltraute, and with Mmes. Sparkes and Alten as the trio of Rhine maidens. Mr. Hertz entered into the general spirit of excellence, though at times his enthusiasm caused him to bring forth from his orchestra a little more tone than might have been desired by the singers.

Yet, despite this fault, he infused into the performance a spirit that called for high praise. The audience in size and enthusiasm was a noble one, one worthy of the occasion.

Boston Orchestra Plays New Symphony

When Dr. Dvorák was director of the National Conservatory of Music in this city he wrote for the *Century Magazine* an article on Schubert, which Sir George Grove pronounced the best thing ever written on that composer. In course of that article, Dvorák made the important suggestion that no symphony should last more than half an hour. His own works are, to be sure, somewhat longer, though not excessively so. Since he wrote that article, however, the composers have been making their symphonies, as well as their symphonic poems, longer and longer. It is a great—often a suicidal—mistake, because, the longer a work, the more a conductor must hesitate to give it a place on one of his programmes.

Last night, in Carnegie Hall, the Boston Orchestra played a new symphony which comes up to Dvorák's ideal as to duration. It is in D major, and is the tenth opus of Erwin Lendvai, a pupil of Hans Koessler, of Budapest. Possibly Dr. Muck chose it for performance because of its brevity, since there seems to be little else to commend about it, unless it be an occasional patch of glowing orchestral coloring, and some agreable melodic pages in the third movement. As a whole it is singularly deficient in content, in ideas, in structural interest. For the most part it just maundered on and on without any obvious plan or pattern. Some of the brass climaxes are rather coarse, and in the first movement, mingled with the harmonies, there are bitter dissonances that are as agreeable as a pinch of quinine would be on a plate of ice cream.

The Lendvai symphony gave the Boston Orchestra a good chance to show off its brilliant virtuosity, and the same was the case with the "Till Eulenspiegel" of Strauss, and the concluding number, Berlioz's "Cellini" overture. Weber's "Freischütz" overture, however, which came after the symphony, is, as conducted by Dr. Muck and played by his men, enjoyable as music pure and simple, without any reference to orchestral virtuosity.

THE EVENING POST:

MUSIC AND DRAMA

End of the Wagner Cycle.

A very good performance of the "Götterdämmerung" was given yesterday afternoon, completing the afternoon "Ring." Mr. Urlus appeared for the first time as the older Siegfried, while Mr. Braun sang Hagen, the rest of the cast being Madame Fremstad, Mme. Matzenauer, Mme. Alten, Miss Sparkes, Miss Fornia, and Mr. Hinshaw and Mr. Goritz, with Mr. Hertz in the conductor's chair. Twice Mr. Hertz was singled out for an especial demonstration by the delighted audience.

Mme. Fremstad was particularly fine, and the Rhine maidens distinguished themselves. In fact praise may be generally accorded to an excellent cast. Mr. Urlus confirmed the good opinion formed with his young Siegfried. In the exceedingly difficult scene where he drinks the potion which makes him forget Brünnhilde, he sang admirably, and he acted it in a measure satisfactorily, although he blinked and gasped rather too much. This seems to be the present way of expressing Siegfried's feelings at that moment. He did the narrative in the third act very well.

Mr. Braun proved himself to be a good Hagen dramatically and vocally. He forced his voice and sang somewhat off the pitch in the call of Act II, which was quite unnecessary, as his voice is a large one, and of good, if somewhat rough, quality.

The funeral pyre absurdities seemed to have reached a solution to-day, as the pyre was built behind the scenes, but suddenly it appeared coming up through the floor, the same old pyre we have seen all along. The management might find it advisable to do away with it altogether except for the glow of the fire. The Siegfried body was better than it had been heretofore. It had a semblance of reality. Mme. Fremstad also added a good touch by running off at Grane's side, her hand on his back. Hagen's final disappearance was far better than usual, thanks, apparently, to Mr. Braun's own idea of it.

Miss Teyte Is Charming in 'Goodby', Recital

Lingering was the farewell sung by Miss Maggie Teyte at her recital in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon for an audience that filled the hall, refused to leave at the end of the regular programme and its endurance was sufficient to provoke five encores. Not until next season will Miss Teyte be heard here again and this seemed reason enough for her friends to be on hand and at an hour which was earlier than that set for most recitals, too.

Mozart, Parelli, Giordani and a song by Mr. Schindler comprised her first group, and when it was over the audience was convinced that Miss Teyte was in such voice as to justify a rousing farewell. Six songs by Mr. Debussy came next, and so delightful were they that the audience demanded an encore, and Miss Teyte's response stirred enthusiasm which led to the great farewell demonstration.

A group of Schumann and Grieg alternately and "Die Nussbaum" and "Ich Grolle Nicht" showed the singer at her best. In the former she did not force her voice in the least. The latter was for a fuller tone, but it did not call for all the volume Miss Teyte possesses. To judge from the many times the adjective was used "charming" seems the word which best applies to both Miss Teyte and her recital.

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Minneapolis Symphony Adds to Surfeit of Concerts.

The Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, which, under the direction of Emil Oberhoffer, has done good service in spreading the love for good music throughout the Northwest, came to New York last night for a concert in Carnegie Hall. Exactly the orchestra's object in coming was not apparent, unless it was as an object lesson in what the West is accomplishing in the music world. Certainly, judging from last night's audience, there can be no financial return. However, it came, and with Tschaikowsky's "Pathetic" symphony as the *piece de resistance*, to show what the band could do.

To the symphony Mr. Oberhoffer brought enthusiasm, love for brass and love for violent contrasts, which destroyed the effect even of the march in the third movement, that march of which the popu-

r appeal scarcely ever fails. But Mr. berhoffer, by beginning at too quick a mpo, by neglecting to prepare for the velopment of the march, and when he ached it by taking the full march too owly, lost the very effect after which sought. In the "Rienzi" overture, nich opened the programme, his tempo as again too slow and he let out the ass until the hall was raw. Yet the usicians played with spirit, and at times e strings showed not a little brilliancy tone. The solo performer was Miss na Lerner, who played with the orches- a Tschaikowsky's piano concerto in B t minor, No. 1, Op. 23.

New York is already overburdened with ncerts, and if the popular appeal of out- le orchestras is not what their support- s might wish, they must realize the con- ions that obtain in the metropolis, the habitants of which are continually hear- g the best that there is in the music of e world. Of symphonic, as of other nds of music, we have enough and more an enough, much as such visits as last ght's may interest Western orchestras.

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INNEAPOLIS ORCHESTRA.

oncert by an Orchestra Far from Home in Carnegie Hall.

e Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra as ta have a "wanderdust," or mania traveling far from hame. It has come e 1,200 or 1,400 miles, as it did last r, to give an orchestral concert in York, which is already fully and e than fully supplied with all the or- stral concerts it needs. This week st orchestral concerts are given within n confines of this city by four differ- n orchestras. One of these was the neapolis Orchestra's, which was in negie Hall last evening. A large au- ce had been gathered together and properly enthusiastic over the enter- ment to which it had been invited.

s a contribution to the week's music New York this concert was of no t importance. It made no deeper im- ssion, in fact, than the one given by Minneapolis Orchestra in New York year. It showed on orchestra of rcely more than mediocre quality in its choirs; a conductor, Emil Ober- fer, of some talent; playing sometimes mmendable, sometimes crude and un- shed; sometimes inclined toward noise n blatancy, not often toward polish of emble or beauty of tone or fine bal- ce and proportion of the different ces. The programme comprised Wag- r's overture to the opera of "Rienzi," haikowsky's sixth symphony, and the l scene from "Das Rheingold." The oist was Miss Tina Lerner, who played haikowsky's piano concerto in B flat nor.

irl of the Golden West" Repeated.

"The Girl of the Golden West" re- ved another performance at the Met- olitan Opera House last evening. The t can still be called the original one, hough there have been made some ght changes in minor parts since the t production. Miss Destinn and ssrs. Caruso, Amato, Gilly, Reiss, dur, and de Segurola, however, still g to their original parts, and Mr. Tos- nini is still conducting.

THE NEW YORK SYMPHONY.

ieces by Elgar Played—Mme. Alda and Mr. Durieux Soloists.

Walter Damrosch, who has been one of e most zealous champions of Sir Edward lgar in this country, gave that English mposer a prominent position on the pro- amme of the New York Symphony So- ety's concert yesterday afternoon in olian Hall. His series of "Enigma" riations took the place of a symphony, d the march, "Pomp and Circum- ance," brought the concert to a resound- g close. Both are familiar to New York ncert-goers from frequent repetitions. he variations are one of Elgar's most ccessful orchestral compositions. In em he does not become so heavily in- lved with numerous and closely packed emes and their development in what is ten not elucidation, as he does in the mphonies. The theme of his "Enigma" riations is more of a theme than many at Elgar has put much intense applica- on upon and its flowering into varia- ons is a more spontaneous growth than as been observed in some of his more riously intended orchestral compositions. r. Damrosch omitted four of the four- en yesterday, doubtless without damage the effect of the whole; and the per- rmance gave pleasure, evidently.

The other orchestral number was luck's overture to the opera "Iphigenia Aulis," with Wagner's close for concert erformance. There were two soloists, me. Frances Alda sang an aria from lozart's opera "Il Re Pastore," and a roup of songs with piano accompaniment. he was the more successful in these and hildor's "Je ne sais qu'une Bergère" she ng with some charm, as she did Cac- ni's "Amarilli." William Durieux, one the cellists of the orchestra, was the ther soloist, playing an "Elegie" Fauré, nd a "Tarentella" by Victor Herbert, ith praiseworthy dexterity and skill. In e latter piece a string of his instrument napped near the end and he continued ith an instrument lent him by one of his llow cellists.

THE BOSTON ORCHESTRA.

Feb 23 1913

A Matinee Programme of Fine Music Well Performed.

The fourth afternoon concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra which took place at Carnegie Hall yesterday, gave unalloyed pleasure to a large audience. The programme was almost entirely classic, and indeed might, without stretching a somewhat elastic term, be regarded as entirely so.

Mozart Jupiter

The numbers were Haydn's symphony in C minor, the Bach suite in D major, the Brahms variations on the "Chorale St. Anthoni" and Beethoven's "Egmont" overture.

A more restful list of compositions it would be hard to arrange. The symphony is one of those which exhibit in the clearest light Haydn's lovely simplicity of melodic idea, his firm and compact symphonic form, his beautiful clarity and logic of development and his sunny lucidity of instrumentation. The qualities of the music were perfectly disclosed in a performance which was marked by the unfailing suavity of style, balance and aristocracy of tone and finish of nuance characteristic of the playing of the Bostonians.

The Bach suite is an old and much loved friend of concertgoers, who long ago gave themselves to the spell of its marvellously beautiful air and to the daintiness of its gentle humor. The performance of this number sustained the high level reached in the first. If anything attracted special attention it was the certainty and delicacy of the trumpets and the purity of the style with which the concertmeister, Anton Witek, played the violin solo.

The Brahms variations have had a rest and they came with renewed freshness of charm. The wide range of character in them makes them thoroughly interesting from beginning to end, and the brilliant summary in the closing measures leaves the hearer with a feeling of full satisfaction. After this number the music of Beethoven rounded to a climax a skilfully planned programme. The afternoon was one to be cherished in the memory.

Metropolitan
Barber of Seville mat
Hempel Amato Pini-Corsi
Tavazzi manez. Segurola
Tavazzi
Gadski-Homer
Martin Gilly

TWO SUNDAY SYMPHONIES

Tribune

Damrosch at Aeolian and Ysaye at Carnegie Hall.

Sunday appears to be the day of days for symphonic music. Yesterday, as usual, saw two of these, respectively in Aeolian and Carnegie halls.

In the former Mr. Damrosch and his orchestra repeated last Friday afternoon's programme, at which Sir Edward Elgar's "Enigma" variations and his march "With Pomp and Circumstance" were played with much spirit, several of the variations being omitted.

Mme Frances Alda and William Durieux were the solo performers. Mme. Alda sang Mozart's "Il re pastore" and a group of English songs. Her voice sounded tired, owing to her rehearsal, ended only an hour before, of "Cyrano." But her skilful use of legato gave much pleasure in her Mozart air. Mr. Durieux played two 'cello solos, one by Faure and the other by Victor Herbert. The audience was of moderate size.

The Philharmonic Orchestra's regular Sunday afternoon performance, despite the appearance of Mr. Ysaye, drew only a fair sized house. The great violinist was at his best—a best that always leaves his nearest competitor leagues behind. Mr. Ysaye played Vivaldi's violin and organ concerto in G minor, and Bruch's "Fantasia on Scotch Melodies," playing them both with a sweep of style, an absolute perfection of technique, a richness and warmth of tone that were unsurpassed by anything he has done this season.

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The orchestral numbers were Gluck's overture to "Alceste," the Mozart "Jupiter" symphony, Dvorak's "Carnival" overture, and the Schubert-Liszt "March Hongroise." In the Mozart symphony Mr. Stransky infused into the orchestra much lightness of expression

NEGRO FOLKSONGS

Feb. 24 '13

Shall Their Traditions Be Preserved?—Work for Music School Settlement.

In furtherance of a scheme to teach music to colored people along the lines of the Music School Settlement, which has been in successful operation on the East Side for several years, a concert was given by the Clef Club at Carnegie Hall a fortnight ago yesterday, to enlist further interest in the cause. A lecture-recital on "American Negro Folk Songs" was given by W. E. Burghardt Du Bois and Henry T. Burleigh. The former, who is said to have made a study of the subject, discussed some aspects of the songs formerly sung by the African slaves in this country, chiefly historical, literary and psychological, ending with some observations concerning the influence of the music of the American blacks upon contemporaneous art-music. Much that the speaker said was apposite, though it must have seemed a bit singular to those familiar with the literature of the subject and the songs themselves that he seemed to go out of his way to avoid the most obvious explanation of the textual as well as musical characteristics of the great bulk of the really beautiful folksongs which have come down to us from the days of American slavery. To find their origin in secular work-songs and treat their perfervid but naïve imagery to a process of sophistication designed to conceal their original burden of suffering and longing is about as far fetched a theory as that which turns some of our Mother Goose jingles into ingeniously corrupted Saxon or Cymric verses with profound political significance. These songs are what they are because, like all true folksongs, they are emotional outpourings, and because the religious life of the plantations, which was not only tolerated but even encouraged, was the only life in which romantic feeling could find untrammelled utterance. The "spirituals" of the slaves are the voices of suffering undergone in bondage and hope of that deliverance which was to come with translation to heaven after death. The older the song and the more obscure its origin the more characteristic and beautiful it is.

It was therefore a pity that in Mr. Du Bois's exposition and Mr. Burleigh's illustrations so little attention was paid to striking psychological and musical elements. Mr. Du Bois toward the close of his address alluded to the rhythm which has developed into ragtime, and may, in his opinion, lead to higher things, but he said nothing about the singularities of scale illustrated by many of these songs, which are just as likely as the syncopated rhythm called the "Scotch snap" to enter into whatever growth of art-music may follow the intelligent cultivation of these folksongs; and in all of Mr. Burleigh's illustrations there was only one departure from what for the sake of argument may be called the universal intervallic line. This was in the familiar hymn, "Roll, Jordan, Roll."

Mr. Du Bois referred to the unwillingness of the present generation of blacks to sing the songs in which the joys and sorrows of their ancestors found vent. In commenting on the recent concert of the Clef Club this reviewer intimated (he could do no more at the time) that the manner in which the choir sang the traditional music was deserving of serious discussion. The point which he wanted to make was that the beauty and effectiveness of the music depended upon the preservation of the manner of singing and also of the musical text. Both are rapidly disappearing, though the integrity of many melodies has been maintained in some publications, the most valuable of which is still the first, the book entitled "Slave Songs of the United States," compiled by William Francis Allen, Charles Pickard Ware and Lucy McKim Garrison, and published in this city in 1867. Later publications, such as the Fisk jubilee and Hampton Institute collections, already contain so many sophistications that they must be used more judiciously than they have been by the exponents of negro folksong now under discussion. The faculty of creation is quickly atrophied in the field of folksong when the psychological springs are closed—when the occasion and need of expression come to an end. After the period of creation comes that of imitation, and it was as grievous to hear the Clef Club (and Mr. Burleigh also) celebrate the emancipation of the slaves in a song ("Freedom" is its name, and it is printed in the Hampton collection), which is compounded of phrases from "Lily Dale" and "Rally 'Round the Flag," as it was to have the Philharmonic Society seek to do honor to President Lincoln's proclamation by playing a rhapsody on a vulgar West Indian dance tune.

Here is a mission, indeed, for the Music School Settlement for Colored People. Let not only the colored people, but also the whites who love folk melody learn and perpetuate these songs as they were created and sung. The Clef Club sang an admirable specimen, "Rise and Shine," but neither leader nor singers showed appreciation of its most striking melodic element—the use of the flat seventh. The writer has pursued this subject with interest ever since he heard the first concert given by the Jubilee Singers north of the Ohio River, forty-two years ago. He was not a little amazed two or three years ago to discover that the Hampton Quartet, whose performance was technically and æsthetically of almost matchless excellence, had entirely overlooked the same intervallic element in so familiar a song as "Roll, Jordan, Roll," and that, like Mr. Burleigh in a few instances yesterday, they robbed other songs of their charm by harmonic sophistication. There are songs which admit of elaborate harmonization, and some submit to even the most modern harmonic garb, but not all, and intelligence and taste are necessary if they are to be made to play a part in modern music. Of some arrangements which we have heard, as well as of some transcriptions of Indian melodies, it may be said, as Mistress Ford said of Falstaff's professions and performances, "They do no more adhere and keep place together than the Hundredth Psalm to the tune of 'Green Sleeves.'"

H. E. K.

Mr. Efrem Zimbalist last night refused to permit an indisposition to prevent him from appearing at the concert in the Metropolitan Opera House. Like many other persons in the last two weeks, he was suffering from a severe cold and grip and he had been ordered to remain in bed until his recital with Mr. John Powell on Tuesday.

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That he was not in the best physical condition would have been hard to conclude from his playing, however. He won such applause by his interpretation of the Bruch G minor concerto that two encores had to be given before the audience would let him go. Later his group of Svendsen's "Romance," Mr. Kreisler's "Caprice Viennoise" and the Hubay "Scene de la Czardas" led to a similar demonstration that was only stopped by two more encores.

Mme. Fremstad and Messrs. Leon Rothier and Lambert Murphy were the artists from the Metropolitan company who appeared. Mme. Fremstad was in fine voice and her selection from "Die Walküre" so aroused the audience that she was called out many times. Her subsequent group contained several Scandinavian songs, which completely won the audience.

Mr. Rothier sang an aria from "Don Carlos" and, as an encore, gave "The Two Grenadiers" with all the martial spirit that song deserves. Mr. Mrphy sang the Prize Sing from "Die Meistersinger." The orchestra was conducted by Mr. Adolph Rothmeyer.

SUNDAY CONCERTS.

Feb. 24 '13

Fewer in Number Than Usual, but of High-Grade Quality.

There were fewer concerts yesterday than usual on Sunday. In the afternoon Eugene Ysaye, the Belgian violinist, was the soloist with the Philharmonic Society at Carnegie Hall. He played Vivaldi's concerto in G minor, and Bruch's Scotch Fantasy, in both of which he has been heard before this season. The orchestra, under Mr. Stransky, was heard in Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony, Gluck's "Alceste" overture, Dvorak's overture, "Carneval," and a Schubert-Liszt Hungarian March.

Times

The Symphony Society concert at Aeolian Hall was a repetition of the programme of last Friday. The most important number on the programme was Sir Edward Elgar's "Enigma" variations, Elgar's march, "Pomp and Circumstance," and Gluck's overture to "Iphigénie en Aulide" were also performed. The soloists were Mme. Frances Alda and Willem Durieux, 'cellist, and a member of the orchestra.

At the Metropolitan Opera House in the evening Olive Fremsted sang some of the Scandinavian songs which she sings so well. She was also heard in Brünnhilde's prayer to Wotan, "War es so schmählich?" Leon Rothier sang an air from Verdi's "Don Carlos" and some songs, and Lambert Murphy sang the "Preislied" from "Die Meistersinger." The soloist from outside was Efrem Zimbalist, the young Russian violinist, who played Bruch's G minor concerto and three shorter pieces, including one by another famous violinist, Kreisler's "Caprice Viennoise." The orchestra was under the direction of Adolph Rothmeyer.

Sun Feb. 25 '13

Concert of Sonatas.

At Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon Elsa Fischer, violinist, and Mrs. William Mason Bennett, pianist, gave a concert of sonatas for their two instruments. The three numbers chosen were Grieg's C minor sonata, opus 45; Beethoven's in G major, opus 30, No. 3, and Cesar Franck's in A major. The two players showed themselves to be serious in artistic purpose, but not distinguished in achievement. Miss Fischer played with a respectable tone and generally good intonation, but her style was little above the level of an accomplished amateur.

DAY'S MUSICAL DOINGS

Tribune Feb 25

An Operatic Repetition and Some Sonatas.

At the [illegible] last night Wolf-Ferrari's "Le Donne Curiose," postponed from one Monday because of the illness of Signor Pini-Corsi, had its second performance this season. It should be well if the circumstance could be accepted as an evidence of the taste and appreciation of the patrons of the Metropolitan Opera House. If the opera were given half a dozen times at least; but this is not likely to be the case. The sparkling work depends too much on appreciation of its comedy and this comedy has in it certain elements which seem to bewilder the observers rather than to amuse them, and so it seems destined to remain caviare to the general. Yet it is unquestionably one of the finest products of the last decade, to say the least, and admirers of its composer who are also lovers of good music must rejoice at the tidings which have come from a dozen cities of Germany during the last six months, that there has been no criticism of "The Jewels of the Madonna" in which its rude verismo has not been contrasted with the music of "Le Donne" and its predecessors to the disparagement of the former. It is to be hoped that the lesson has not been lost on Signor Wolf-Ferrari. The audience last night was not large, nor were the demonstrations of appreciation enthusiastic.

There was a recital of sonatas for violin and pianoforte in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon which may have tended to the edification, even if it did not give a large measure of delight, to the small audience assembled to hear it. The performers were Miss Elsa Fischer, violin, and Mrs. William Mason Bennett, and they played Grieg's Sonata in C minor, Beethoven's in G major (Op. 30, No. 3) and César Franck's in A. The message conveyed by the players was not a large one, though it was a pleasure to recognize an intelligent and sincere artistic purpose in the work of both performers. H. E. K.

N. Y. Sun Feb 25

The Monday evening audience of last night had an opportunity to study the characteristics of Wolf-Ferrari's "Le Donne Curiose," which had been announced for a Monday earlier in the season but had to be postponed on account of the indisposition of Mr. Pini-Corsi. The work had only one representation in the current season previous to that of last evening. It really ought to be heard oftener because it is a work of unfamiliar type and this public can only come to enjoy it through more intimate acquaintance.

It recalls the time honored anecdote of Wagner and Carl Bergmann. It was many years ago that some one wrote Bergmann, a distinguished orchestral conductor, who had much Wagner on his programmes, and said "But, Mr. Bergmann, the people don't like Wagner." Bergmann replied: "Oh, they don't like Wagner? Then they must hear him till they do." It is also narrated that Von Bulow once conducted a Brahms symphony after which there was no applause at all. Von Bulow turned sharply to the assembly and said: "Oh, you don't understand it! Then you shall hear it again." And he repeated the symphony.

It would be perhaps an exaggeration to say that local operagoers do not understand "Le Donne Curiose," but it is not too much to say that they have not realized yet as thoroughly as they may in the future that the score cannot be appreciated without an intimate knowledge of the comedy, even to the details of its fluent dialogue. Numerous performances of the opera will supply much of the needed knowledge, and then this public will find lasting delight in this extremely clever and charming work.

The performance of last evening did not differ in any essential features from its predecessor. The same singers were concerned in it and Mr. Toscanini directed it with his customary skill and authority. To-night the Philadelphia-Chicago company will give Wilhelm Keinzl's "Le Ranz des Vaches" for the first time here.

"Le Donne Curiose" Sung Again.

"Le Donne Curiose", was repeated at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. The cast included Miss Farrar, Mmes. Maubourg, Fornia, and Alten, and Messrs. Macnez, Scotti, Didur, Pini-Corsi, and De Segurola. Mr. Toscanini conducted.

Herald

By CHARLES HENRY MELTZER.

Apart from the subscribers, who were in their usual seats, the attendance at the Metropolitan last night was rather slim.

The opera was "Le Donne Curiose," perhaps the most charming work of Wolf-Ferrari. And the remissness of the public in responding to the call of art in this case was not due to any objection to the delicate music of the composer, the character of the cast or the quality of the stage settings.

The explanation, I believe, is simple. It applies with equal force to the pleasing "Versiegelt" of Leo Blech, which was produced last season. It will apply to many other charming operas, which depend on witty words and "situations" not made clear in foreign texts. The public wants to enjoy the quips and cranks—the delightful humors of Wolf-Ferrari's dainty work. It is quite aware that it has many beauties.

WIT OF TEXT HIDDEN.

But how can it enjoy a Venetian comedy, sung partly in the Venetian dialect, and perceive the relationship—which is so quick and close—between the amusing dialogue and the amusing score?

To do that it would have to know the sense of every phrase, the significance of the "situations," and the value of the characters in the opera. Which is impossible, and will be so until the enchanting work is sung in English.

Then all will know that in "Le Donne Curiose" ("Inquisitive Women") they are hearing a bright, nimble, lovely skit, in words and tones, on the perversity which leads so many women—only, of course, in Venice—to pry into masculine ways which don't concern them. And they will see that, though built up on an old play, devised a century and a half ago, the story told so happily by Wolf-Ferrari still has living interest.

WAS ADMIRABLY SUNG.

Last night, as at a recent performance, the parts of the four women who were curious were admirably interpreted by Geraldine Farrar (Rosaura), Jeanne Maubourg (Beatrice), Rita Fornia (Eleonora) and Bella Alten (Colombine). Macnez made a romantic Florindo; Scotti was a Lelio to the life; Pini-Corsi impersonated the conventional Pantalone with the required humor, and De Segurola excelled himself in another conventional character—that of Arlecchino. Their efforts were, alas, half wasted.

Maestro Toscanini, as before brought out the graces of the expressive and beguiling score.

MR. PHILIPS SINGS.

Miss Harriet Ware Unexpectedly Takes Part in Recital.

Aidded by Mr. Leo Schulz, 'cellist, Mr. Arthur Philips gave a song recital in the ballroom at the Plaza Hotel yesterday afternoon. There was an additional feature to the programme, as a result of the enthusiasm displayed by the audience. Miss Harriet Ware, whose songs have become popular on recital programmes, was in the audience. She acceded to the request to play the accompaniment for her "Boat Song."

Herald

Mr Philips, who was with Mr. Hammerstein's company at the London Opera House, made his first appearance here early in the season with the Volpe Symphony orchestra and later sang with Mme. Namara-Toye. On both occasions his voice won praise and yesterday he strengthened the fine impression he had made here.

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Mr. Schulz played with fine tone and technique and at the end of his last group of selections had to give an encore.

VIOLIN AND PIANO RECITAL.

Feb. 25. 13

Miss Fischer and Mrs. Bennett's Performance Lacking in Inspiration.

Times

Miss Elsa Fischer, violinist, and Mrs. William Mason Bennett, pianist, gave a concert of violin and piano sonatas yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. The programme contained nothing approaching novelty. It began with Grieg's third work in this form his sonata in C minor, which is played less frequently perhaps than his other two violin and piano sonatas; Beethoven's G major sonata, Op. 30, No. 3, which probably is played more often than any other of Beethoven's violin and piano works, and César Franck's sonata, which has been played here this season by Ysaye, to whom it is dedicated.

Miss Fischer and Mrs. Bennett seemed to have a correct understanding of the ensemble spirit, and there was nothing in their performance to offend the ear. On the other hand, there was not much inspiration in it.

Feb 23 1913 Tribune

"Le Ranz des Vaches" Sung by the Philadelphia-Chicago Company.

The opera which the Philadelphia-Chicago Opera Company produced at the Metropolitan Opera House last night after performing it twice within four days in Philadelphia, though sung in French and under a French title, is a German work, which perhaps would have been happier in a German garb. Its title is not a matter of large consequence, for neither "Le Ranz des Vaches" nor "Der Kuhreigen" conveys a hint of the style of the opera or its story. The French and German terms are identical in meaning and equally vague as to their origin. They stand for the melodies played in Switzerland on the Alpine horn with which cows are called from the pastures, and in this sense are inapplicable, strictly speaking, to the song which provides the dramatic motive for the opera in question. From them we receive suggestions of Alpine pastures and lowing herds; in the opera we see scenes of san culottism and bloody political revolution.

This story of the opera was extracted by Richard Batka, a newspaper critic of Prague, from a German novelette entitled Die Kleine Blanchefleurc," written by Rudolf Hans Bartsch. Wilhelm Kreizy, who has enjoyed a wonderful degree of popular favor in Germany, because of an opera entitled "Der Evangilimann," for several years composed this new opera two years or so ago and for something more than a year it has been sweeping over the German stage like wild fire. It is to the credit of Mr. Dippel that having brought forward such novelties as the French "Quo Vadis?" and the Italian "I Gioielli della Madonna" and "Conchita," he should also have presented a German novelty. "Der Kuhreigen," is not of very large significance artistically, but it serves an excellent purpose as a balance wheel, and as a presentation of good taste in the lyric drama. Its success in Germany, in Philadelphia and here last night is at least a handsome tribute to the handicraftsmanship of both librettist and composer.

The story of the opera, its romance and its revolution, revolves on the singing of a prohibited song by a Swiss volunteer in the French army, in the last decade of the eighteenth century. Perhaps the story will not bear analysis, but it has a deep psychological foundation. The story goes that the sounds of the Alpine horn used to cause such homesickness and lead to so many desertions in the French army that Bonaparte forbade the singing of the "Ranz des Vaches" on penalty of death. Whether the story is strictly true or not does not matter. It has a parallel in the indubitable fact that songs which appeal powerfully to the emotions of a people have frequently been the subject of political regulation. Thus, the Austrian government has had occasion to prohibit the performance of the "Rakoczy March" and confiscate the copies in the music shops because of its effect upon patriotic Magyars; and to cite only one other instance, the Scottish tune of "Lochaber no more" was taboo at the time of the Sepoy mutiny. There is, therefore, a poetical foundation for the pretty romance utilized in Krinzl's opera, though it is more or less a pity that the novelist, dramatist and composer were not a little more respectful to the verities in their choice of material. The story of the opera in brief is this: A young Swiss volunteer in the French army, overcome by nostalgia, sings the prohibited song, which is called "A Ranz des Vaches." The author of the romance being a German, the Swiss are made to represent that fidelity to only typified in the Lion of Luverne. The singer has quarrelled with a French officer because of his treachery to his commander, and the Frenchman seeks revenge by demanding the Swiss for singing the prohibited song. But the wife of the commander intercedes with the King, and secures a pardon for the singer. She has looked with favor upon his cruely face and figure and draws a pretty pastoral drama of him playing Shepherd to her Shepherdess on her estates, but finds herself repulsed because of the fact that she is married. Now the revolutionary storm breaks, the aristocratic commander goes to the guillotine and the romantic wife is doomed to follow him. Circumstances throw the power to have her into the hands of the Swiss soldier, now madly in love with her; but when he suggests a blissful, peaceful life among the cows of Appengill, the lady thinks it so gross a misfit that she chooses to go to her death after the favor of a minuet.

There is dramatic blood in the story and it flows through the opera warm and unimpeded. It is too bad, of course, that the song which Princess Thaller, the Swiss hero, sings is not a Swiss song, but a German one, which describes the fate of a Swiss soldier who was led to desert in French army by the sounds of the Alpine horn. The French translation does no disguise it. It is that which all the German world knows and which begins:

Zu Strassburg auf der Schanz,
Da gieng mein Trauern an;
Das Alphorn hört ich drüber wohl an stimmen,
Ins Vaterland musst ich hinüber schwimmen—
Das gieng nicht an.

The song is a paraphrase of an earlier one, which was no doubt known in some parts of Germany at the time of the French Revolution; but it was never a Swiss song, and not a Ranz des Vaches though it refers to it. The familiar melody by Silcher was not composed until 1835, wherefor, no doubt, Kienzl wrote a theme of his own, which is the "leitmotif" of the opera, and is almost a lyrical embodiment of the folksong spirit. In harmony with it is the music which beautifully echoes the melodies of the Alpine horn, which invites the Swiss soldier to his offence, and which recurs whenever a vision of Alpine scenery is invoked in the dialogue. Contrasted with this music is the ribald song of the French soldiery about their colonel, and the revolutionary airs, "Ca ira," "Le Carmagnole" and "La Marseillaise," all of which are given savage settings and a pictorial environment which recalls Giordano's "Andrea Chenier." It would be foolish to say that there is great music in the opera; it would be equally foolish to deny much of its splendid effectiveness and emotional as well as æsthetic charm. Librettist and composer know their trade.

Mr. Dippel mounted the opera picturesquely and cast it as well as his forces would allow. The principal men, Messrs. Dalmores, Huberdeau and Dufranne were thoroughly admirable, but Miss Helen Stanley has neither the voice nor the histrionic skill to carry a part like that of the capricious yet amiable Blanchefleur to success. The male choruses were also better sung than those in which the women took part, and, though Signor Campanini did not show complete sympathy with the German sentimentality of the music, he yet brought out much of its vigor.

H. E. K.

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE.—LE RANZ DES VACHES, opera, by Dr. Wilhelm Kienzl.

Louis XVI	Mr. Constantin Nikolay
Marquis Massimielle	Mr. Gustave Huberdeau
Blanchefleur	Miss Helen Stanley
The Chancellor	Mr. Frank Preisch
Captain Bayole	Mr. Jacques Urlus
Marquis de Chezy	Mr. Emilio Venturini
Cleo	Miss Margaret Keyes
Primus Thaller	Mr. Charles Dalmores
Dursel	Mr. Georges Mascal
Marion	Mme. Eleonora de Cisneros
First Swiss soldier	Mr. Jean de Reszke
Second Swiss soldier	Mr. Desire Defrere
Kavart	Mr. Hector Dufranne
First chasseur	Mr. Emilio Venturini
Second chasseur	Mr. Joseph Dumoulin
Doris	Miss May Mann
Master of Ceremonies	Mr. Joseph Mezzinghi
An officer	Mr. Georges Mascal
An orderly	Mr. Stanislaus Grundgan
First lady of the court	Miss Minnie Egener
Second lady of the court	Miss Adele Legat
First gentleman	Mr. Emilio Venturini
Second gentleman	Mr. Nicolo Fossetti
Chanteclair	Mr. Etienne Coutes
A lackey	Mr. Rocco Friuzi
Jourdan	Mr. Etienne Coutes
Duval	Mr. Desire Defrere
Epissier	Mr. Georges Mascal
Cartouche	Mr. Charles Meyer
"Temple" warder	Mr. Charles Demorii
An ordonnanz	Mr. Jean de Reszke
A courtesan	Miss Katherine Rennyson
Sans culotte	Mr. Nicolas Colas
Another sans culotte	Mr. Nicolo Fossetti

N.Y. Sun

Under the French title "Le Ranz des Vaches" Andreas Dippel with his Philadelphia-Chicago Opera Company produced at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening Wilhelm Keinzl's opera "Der Kuhreigen." The work was given in French for reasons of expediency, namely, that the best fitted members of the company for the interpretation of the opera are French or trained as French singers, and the scene is laid in Paris. The opera, however, is the creation of a German, who made his first large success with "Der Evangeliman," first performed in Berlin in 1895. "Der Kuhreigen" was brought out in Vienna on November 23, 1911, and Mr. Dippel at once secured the rights for this country. The opera had its first performance on this side of the Atlantic in Philadelphia last Friday evening.

The book was written by Dr. Richard Batka and is founded on Richard Hans Bartsch's story, "Little Blanchefleur." The action begins in the Swiss barracks in Paris and a conversation between a Swiss and a French officer informs the audience that the Swiss are not permitted to sing their native songs, because this makes them homesick and they desert. *Primus Thaller*, a Swiss officer and hero of the drama, discloses his identity

womanhood. Presently a party of visitors, including *Blanchefleur*, come, accompanied by the commandant. When they are gone some of the French soldiers jeer at the commandant and this causes a quarrel between *Primus* and the French officer, *Favart*. The latter, like a good stage villain, announces that he will have revenge. At sundown *Primus* involuntarily begins to sing the Swiss "Ranz des Vaches," whereupon *Favart* summons the guard and has him arrested.

In the next act we behold the morning rising of the French King. The *Marquis Massimelle* appears with the death warrant of *Primus*, but the King reminds them that this Swiss had on the previous day defended *Blanchefleur*, the wife of the Marquis, and as she intercedes for her defender's life the monarch pardons him. A meeting between *Primus* and the *Marquise* now takes place and the soldier discovers in her his ideal woman. There is a love scene in which she intimates pretty plainly that he would like to go and play at shepherd and shepherdess with him in a remote corner of the earth, but he is not to be tempted. He respects the fact, but always important in French dramas, that she is another man's wife.

The third act brings us to the home of the *Marquis Massimelle*, but it is now in the hands of the revolutionists. The *Citizen Massimelle* is already on his way to the guillotine. The little *Blanchefleur's* hiding place is discovered and she too is made a prisoner. *Primus* arrives and discovering what has taken place departs with a determination to save her.

He finds her in a subterranean prison among French nobles who comport themselves with a gallantry astonishing to the Swiss. *Primus* desires to carry off the *Marquise* and marry her, but she prefers to terminate her career as a French aristocrat rather than as a Swiss plebeian. She asks *Primus* to dance a last minuet with her and while they are dancing she bids him go on and seek happiness. She is taken away to be executed and he swoons. That naturally brings the opera to an end. It is not a very important story.

It has been said of Keinzl that the salient characteristic of his music is its embodiment of the folk song spirit. He leans upon the simple song style of the people, and possibly it was this tendency which led him to base an opera on the Swiss devotion to the "Kuhreigen." While the dramatic motive of the book does not seem to be quite clear in purpose or logical in development, the musical treatment of the story is at least noteworthy for directness and freedom from affectation.

The method of the composer is entirely without complications. It is as simple as that of Donizetti in "La Fille du Regiment," but it cannot be said that the results are as charming. The dialogue is carried forward in a flowing style, sometimes recitative of the modern kind and sometimes arioso, but always supported by melodic instrumentation. The points of lyric expansion are frequent and in them the composer's predilection for simple melodic forms is displayed with skill and often with dramatic poignancy. Mr. Keinzl well understands the value of contrast in his music. He does not permit his auditors to grow weary while he develops his pet thoughts to his own selection. Consequently the action of the opera keeps moving and there are no incidents which seem to be quite pointless or depressing to the interest.

On the other hand it must be recorded that much of the music of the opera is slight in texture and that it seldom offers anything to thrill the hearer. It is a well made score, turned out by a man who understands his business. The best of the music most likely to be remembered is its tunefulness, and in certain admirable episodes, such as the finely written duet of the second act, its warm and convincing expressiveness. A composer who can write as cleverly as this has at least a reason for asking public consideration.

The production was excellent in respect of scenery, costumes and mise-en-scene. The cast was in general equal to the demands made upon its members, though it must be admitted that some of the voices showed the effects of an arduous season. Miss Stanley, Mr. Dalmores and Mr. Dufranne carried the heaviest burdens of the evening and the honors were distributed among the three. Mr. Campanini conducted.

Evg. Post

An Operatic Novelty.

Wilhelm Kienzl, whose opera, "Kuhreigen," was sung for the first time in this city at the Metropolitan Opera House last night, began his career as a Wagnerite of the deepest dye. To be near his idol he dwelt at Bayreuth in 1879, and when his first work for the stage, "Urvasi," was produced at Dresden, in 1886, it was found to be quite in the Wagnerian idiom. There is a story that one day, in talking with Wagner, Kienzl spoke enthusiastically about Schumann, with the result that he lost the Bayreuth master's good will. Dr. Hanslick expressed the opinion that this was lucky for Kienzl, for had he continued to write in the "Urvasi" style he would not have been likely ever to win the big success he achieved in 1895 with his "Evangelimann," a work full of strophic songs, tuneful choruses, marches, and dance pieces after the fashion of pre-Wagnerian opera. Yet there was realism, too, in the modern style, notably a conflagration, in the accompanying music for which the Austrian critic could almost "see the sparks fly and the rafters crash to earth." More than two hundred European opera houses performed this tuneful work, in eleven languages, and the composer became a man of means. Feb. 26-13

His next ventures, "Don Quixote" and "Knecht Rupprechts Werkstatt," did not add much to his fame; but the "Kuhreigen," which was first produced in 1911, again attracted national attention, and Mr. Dippel promptly put it on his list of novelties. It has the advantage of a good libretto, good not only in its general treatment of the plot, but in the details of poetic elaboration. It is based on a story, "Little Blanchefleur," by Rudolf Hans Bartsch, and Richard Batka, who made the operatic version, is one of the leading men of letters in the musical world of Austria. Among his works are a general history of music, a monograph on Bohemian music, and some volumes of musical sketches. Dvořák, Poldoni, and Saint-Saëns are among the composers whom he has supplied with librettos. The "book" for "Kuhreigen" was, of course, written in German, but at last night's production by the Philadelphia-Chicago Opera Company it appeared in a French version as "Le Ranz des Vaches," for the reason, apparently, that Mr. Dippel's company includes more singers versed in French than in German diction.

Post

Richard Batka's story is of the time of the French revolution. Blanchefleur, Marquise de Massimelle, is the heroine; Primus Thaller, a Swiss, and a sub-officer of the Swiss Guards, is the hero. About these two figures are wound scenes which bring the King and his court, and the contrasting elements of the revolting populace, into high relief.

In the first act, which takes place in the St. Honoré Barracks, the soldiers, chasseurs, and Swiss Guards, are the centre of interest. Blanchefleur and her husband appear for a moment and arouse the anger of the chasseurs, who sneer at the aristocrats. Primus protests, especially when the Marquise's name is made the subject of ribald jest. He has fallen in love with her at sight. His love-longing, mixed with the memory of his beloved country, leads him to sing, half unconsciously, the forbidden "Ranz des Vaches," which all the other Swiss join in singing. One of the chasseurs sneaks away to inform a superior that the Swiss are singing the home song which always makes them desert; Primus is arrested and condemned to death, according to an old law.

In the second act Blanchefleur obtains his pardon from the King, and afterward receives the man who defended her good name. She discovers his love and dismisses him kindly, in spite of his presumption.

The last act—in which there is a moving scene as in "Parsifal," but which was not used last night—begins in the sacked castle of the Marquis de Massimelle and ends in the prison of the Temple. The Marquise is found in a subterranean passage of the chateau, and is carried away to prison, Primus arriving too late to save her. When he hears of the execution of her husband, however, his hopes revive. He follows her through the secret passage, finds her in the Temple, and tries to persuade her to marry him, but she refuses tenderly but firmly, saying that their lives are too far apart and that she will die an aristocrat as she has lived. As a last favor she offers to dance the minuet with him, perhaps her last, she adds; and her prophesy comes true, for she is called to her death in the midst of its stately measures.

The Ranz des vaches, strictly speaking, is a melody blown on the Alpine horn to call the cows to pasture. The tune varies in different valleys, wherefore Herr Kienzl was justified in choosing or inventing any strain he liked for one of his leading motives. Half a dozen composers before him, including Grétry, Rossini, and Meyerbeer, had been attracted by the opportunities suggested by the "Kuhreigen," and a number of books beginning in 171 with Zwinger's "Fasciculus Dissertationum Medicarum," have treated of the Swiss "heimweh," or longing for home, caused by the hearing of the familiar strain.

The success of Kienzl's opera in Germany is no doubt due largely to the "salbungsvolle" (half-sentimental, half-religious) choruses of the Swiss soldiers, culminating in the finale of the first act. These are no doubt effective in their own way, but more charming are the French, or quasi-French, dance measures appropriately employed, notably a delicious gavotte, which introduces the second act and which the audience asked Mr. Campanini to repeat. How thoroughly this great Italian enters into the Gallic spirit of such music is well known. The gavotte recurs in the vocal music of this act, and in the final scene there is an equally pretty minuet.

In much of this music, as well as in the Teutonic portions, it is difficult to say just where the composer uses his own and where he employs borrowed material, but the matter is of no great importance in an opera of this sort if only the audience is pleased; and last night's audience evidently was pleased; pleased because there was plenty of melody, no needless cacophony, and an agreeable variety of mood pictures and orchestral colors conjured by one who is a thorough master of the technique of composition. There is little individuality of conception or treatment in either the vocal or the instrumental parts, yet such suggestions as there are of other composers—Gounod, Liszt, Grieg, among others—are very faint.

Musically, the best part of the opera by far is the second half half of the last act, which strongly suggests the dungeon scene in "Lobetanz," both musically and otherwise. There is the same contrast between cheerfulness and horror—the horror of hearing one's name pronounced, with the added "prepare vous à mourir." The best thing heard last night was the Marseillaise as sung at the end of the first part of the last act; but then there are few composers who can equal the inspiration of that grand old tune. Taken all in all, Kienzl's "Kuhreigen" was well worth hearing; in choosing it for performance, Andreas Dippel showed better judgment than he did in selecting "Le Donne Curiose" (when he was still connected with the Metropolitan) or "The Jewels of the Madonna."

The performance was an acceptable one. No one rose to any remarkable heights, nor fell to any deplorable depths. Mr. Dalmores, as the lover, and Mr. Dufranne, as his enemy, were both in good voice, and acted their parts well. Mr. Huberdeau, as the Marquis, and Mme. de Cisneros, as the wild leader of the mob, were also good. Miss Helen Stanley, the Blanchefleur of the occasion, has a personality that fitted well the rôle of the Marquise. She is pretty, dainty, and graceful, and her voice is like her person. Moreover, she uses it well and sings agreeably in tune. However, this is hardly the kind of cast for which people would cheerfully pay six dollars a seat for any great length of time.

Times.

The Philadelphia-Chicago Opera Company gave its final performance of the season last evening at the Metropolitan Opera House, when it presented another new opera, Wilhelm Kienzl's "Der Kuhreigen." It was given in a French translation, with a French title, "Le Ranz des Vaches." A greater contrast to the last offering of a novelty, Zandonai's "Conchita," would be hard to find. A new work, first produced a little more than a year ago, "Der Kuhreigen," is a product of a German art that lags considerably behind the vanguard in Germany. It has no appreciable relation with that which owes its origin to Strauss, or to any of the reckless innovators. It is in parts agreeable, popular in character, tuneful in a way, and might have been expected to have had more success than it actually did have.

The audience was considerably smaller than most that have been hearing the Chicago-Philadelphia Company's performances in New York. Nor did it seem deeply impressed with the qualities of the new work or its performance. It was pleated with the tuneful gavotte that makes the substance of the prelude to the second act, and Mr. Campanini repeated it, but there were few other manifestations of much interest in the occasion.

Kienzl's name is probably strange to many opera goers, for none of his works had previously been performed in New York. He will be remembered by many as the composer of "Der Evangelimann," a very popular German opera first heard some eighteen years ago; an opera that for a time made a place for itself on all the German stages and in other countries. It had a sort of popularity that led some admirers to compare it with "Hansel und Gretel"; and others, less admiring, to see more kinship in it with Nessler's "Trompeter von Säkkingen."

Mixture of Romantic Ideas.

In "Der Kuhrtigen" Kienzl has left the soil of German burgess life, in which "Der Evangelimann" was planted, and has established himself in a corner of Paris at the time of the Revolution. The adventure which forms the plot was taken from another German's story of the Revolution, to be found in Rudolf Hans Bartsch's collection of tales called "Vom Sterbenden Rokoko"—"The Last of the Rococo." It is a mixture of the romantic ideas that belonged respectively to the Paris and the Alps of the eighteenth century.

The scene of the first act is the barrack yard of St. Honore in Paris, where are gathered French chasseurs and Swiss mercenaries in the French King's service. They are none too friendly, for the French troops are already disaffected with the revolutionary spirit, and the Swiss are faithful. The French soldiers are joking about the gloom of the Swiss, a serious folk, who will not join in the singing, for they are forbidden underpain of death to sing the "Kuhreigen," or "Ranz des Vaches" of their native land, which drives them into desperate homesickness and desertion, and they prefer to keep silence. The commandant, Marquis Massimelle, his wife, Blanchefleur, and his staff pass through, and when they are gone there are revolutionary singing and disrespectful allusions to the Marchioness by the French soldiers. They prompt reproof by Primus Thaller of the Swiss troops results in a quarrel. The Swiss are unhappy, and the coming of twilight sets them to thinking and then to singing about their native land. This leads them at last into the forbidden "Kuhreigen." Primus Thaller is arrested for it and is taken off to prison.

The second act represents the lever of Louis XVI. in his bedchamber in Versailles, with all the details of his awakening in bed, and the court ceremonies of his toilet. In the performance, very all these details are wisely omitted. The case of Thaller, condemned to death is the first business brought before the King, and he pardons the Swiss at the intercession of the Marchioness Blanchefleur, who thinks it will be amusing to take him into her service in the country, imagine a picture "half Rousseau, half Watteau," as she calls it. In her ensuing interview with her new servant there is a prompt flaring up of amorous passion for him, and, while the Swiss is charmed with the idea of tending her hundred cattle, à la Reine and is also much smitten with the great lady's beauty, he is troubled by the fact, which seems no obstacle to her, that she has a husband. Virtue triumphs, and Thaller kisses her hand and leaves her.

The third act shows the palace of Massimelle, which the revolutionists have already taken and sacked and where they are making merry. The Marquis has been taken to the Temple to await his death and Blanchefleur is dragged out of a secret chamber, where she has been hiding, just before Thaller, appointed Captain by the Directory, arrives to take command. He sees from the window the Marquis guillotined; and as the thought flashes upon him that the Marchioness is now a widow, he rushes off to the prison in the Temple to save her—or himself. There is a transformation of the scene and Primus Thaller appears in the dungeon where the aristocrats are preparing for death by dancing to the strains of the minuet. There he beseeches Blanchefleur to flee with him. But the Marchioness cannot conceive anything so "tasteless" as living to become Mme. Thaller. She prefers to die in her own world, dance the minuet, and, when her summons comes, goes forth to the guillotine. Primus Thaller is left alone; the minuet goes on, the curtain falls.

Some Effective Situations.

It is difficult to take either of these chief personages very seriously. It is difficult to feel profoundly moved when Thaller is arrested for violating the law against singing; or when that worthy Swiss soldier politely declines the invitation to be at once cowherd and lover to the Marchioness after a brief discussion of the relation so delicately hinted at by the lady; or when the Marchioness, with equal politeness, declines his invitation, at the end, to become Frau Thaller, with her head saved from the guillotine. These things may affect what the eighteenth century English called the "sensibilities" of the audience, but they cannot grate deeply into the emotions or strongly stir the imagination. Some of the situations are in a way, theatrically effective, and the librettist has not unskillfully taken advantage of the opportunities offered him by the original tale but of real dramatic force and impulse there is little.

There are no problems, moral or other, in "Der Kuhreigen." There is no reason why anybody should not take in all the significance of this music at first hearing. Kienzl has written often agreeably, tunefully, competently, at with little distinction, grazing often dangerously near the commonplace and obvious, and often diffusively and ineffectively. He has explored no new or perilous paths in music, and has made no reckless experiments. His fluent writing of tunes and ensembles is marked by the smoothness and pleasing quality of his orchestration. But anything in either art rises above mediocrity is hard to find. Some of his scenes appeared last night to lack their intended effect.

The atmosphere of the time and place is in large part strange to the composer and is not convincingly presented in his music. He is most successful in suggesting the sentimental feeling of the Swiss.

either in a box, when twilight falls and they are reminded of their native valleys and peaks and the sound of distant bells, or as personified in Thaller, who regrets that the Marchioness is not the poorest girl in Appenzell, that he might accept her kind offer. He falls short in his picture of the court function of the King's "lever" at Versailles. In aristocratic grace and distinction, however pretty the gavotte tune that comes into this scene and is intended to give it its color. Nor is the Swiss soldier's repulse of the Marchioness's temptation filled with much vividness or force—great emotional power it could not have, for the emotions that are summoned up in it are neither deep nor passionate.

The opera in the palace is tame. Through the first scene, where the aristocrats are playing at insouciant elegance to the very end, runs a minuet, also an agreeable tune; but the ominous significance of the situation is barely suggested. Even the "Marseillaise," when it is sung by Dr. Kienzl's sans-culottes, is mitigated by something of a German singing-society flavor.

The song of home, as it is heard from the sorrowful Swiss soldiers in the barrack yard, is a good enough "Liedertafel" chorus; but it is incapable of drawing tears from a cis-atlantic audience. The "Kuhreigen," or "Ranz des Vaches," itself, that gives the opera its name, a tune that makes its appearance at several places in the score, has not much of the alfresco character of the real thing; but the "Ranz des Vaches" is so various in its native forms and has become in a way so conventional a formula and has been habitually so modified in artistic music that the composer's version of it is no doubt one that will serve.

The performance, as has been suggested, left something to be desired in vigor and spirit. The opera was largely cut. The most satisfying impersonation was that of Mr. Dalmorès as Thaller, who sang and acted with conviction. He was in poor voice in the first act, but improved in this respect as the performance went on. Miss Helen Stanley as the Marchioness disclosed a light, pure soprano voice, apparently not yet wholly matured in technique nor wholly under her control; and her action was also somewhat deficient in the resource that comes of experience. She was a pleasing figure. Mr. Dufranne had a not very grateful part as Favart, the subaltern who afterwards becomes a revolutionary leader, but he made something of it, and bettered in later acts the singing he did in the first. Mr. Campanini conducted with an evident anxiety to produce all the effects that opera is capable of; but it seemed as if the performance had been insufficient in its preparation.

MISS GERHARDT'S RECITAL.

Feb. 26-13

English Songs Are Feature of Delightful Programme.

Miss Elena Gerhardt ventured into the realm of song in English at her recital in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. The enthusiasm that her art evoked was shared by Mr. Erich Wolff, who accompanied her and also played the rôle of composer, a group of his songs being on the programme. Herald

Two songs by Mr. Howard G. Gilmour were Miss Gerhardt's first offering in English, and the audience could detect no error in diction. So pleased was the audience that Miss Gerhardt had to repeat the "Slumber Song."

Mr. Wolff's songs proved to be delightful, for each, distinct from the others in style and treatment, was musical from beginning to end and had the added advantage of being played by the composer.

Miss Gerhardt devoted the first part of her programme to Franz, Schubert and Schumann. She sang groups of their works with characteristic vigor and skill and with every song the art of Mr. Wolff's accompaniments became more apparant.

Post Margulies Trio.

The pièce de résistance at the Margulies Trio concert at Aeolian Hall last night was the charming and delightful Trio in G minor of Chopin, opus 8. It is not very well known, and not often played, but it is full of interest, nevertheless, and its neglect, as the programme notes said, "is difficult to explain in view of the intrinsic beauty of its contents." It was well interpreted by Miss Margulies and Messrs. Lichtenberg and Schulz, and was evidently much appreciated by the audience. Feb 26 13

Richard Strauss's Sonata for violin and piano (in E flat, op. 18), and Rubinstein's Trio in B flat, op. 52, were the other numbers. The Strauss Sonata belongs to his earlier, but not by any means immature, years; it is melodious in the manner of some of the composer's best songs. The Rubinstein Trio completed an exceptionally well-chosen programme; it fortunately did not exhibit its composer's worst trait, diffuseness, and it is full of melodic charm.

Zimbalist and John Powell.

Post Feb. 26-13

It is a wise arrangement for artists to combine forces, for it generally means better audiences, a more amiable frame of mind on the part of the overworked critics, and more varied enjoyment for the hearers. Joint recitals have been quite the fashion this year, and it is to be hoped they will continue for the benefit of all concerned. Few artists are great enough to interest an audience for two hours.

Yesterday afternoon Mr. Zimbalist, the well-known and much-admired violinist, and John Powell, a young pianist, made their appearance at Carnegie Hall. Together they played a Mozart Sonata in B flat major and Grieg's beautiful violin sonata in F major. Mr. Zimbalist played the Vivaldi concerto in A major, and as an encore to this MacDowell's song, "Long Ago," arranged for violin.

Mr. Powell's share was the "Etudes Symphoniques" of Schumann. His playing has a very musical quality, a much higher gift than perfect technique. This does not imply that the latter is faulty, but that the pianist has something beyond. Technique, as such, has become a drug on the market. Mr. Powell has an excellent wrist, an even scale, and a very agreeable touch. He added two encores after the études.

Mr. Zimbalist played with all his accustomed beauty of tone and technique. His style is always excellent in its taste and simplicity. Together the two artists played the exquisite Grieg Sonata with real musical feeling for its beauty.

MR. PILZER GIVES RECITAL.

Herald Feb. 26-13

Violinist Includes Own Compositions in Attractive Programme.

An audience lacking neither in size nor enthusiasm greeted Mr. Maximilian Pilzer, violinist, at his first recital of the season last night at Carnegie Hall. His friends in the audience gave unmistakable evidence of their approval by recalling him many times after each number.

A feature of the programme was the interpretation of two of his own compositions. One, a waltz caprice, was much appreciated. The programme included Saint-Saens' concerto in B minor, Wieniawski's "Faust Fantasie" and shorter compositions by Randegger, Hubay and Sarasate. Mr. Max Herzberg was a sympathetic and capable accompanist.

According to his own statement, it was with humility that Mr. John Powell, American pianist, but perfected musically abroad, made his first bow to the American public as a pianist yesterday at Carnegie Hall. The large audience, however, did not notice any hesitancy on the part of the young artist, and he could not have arranged a better reception than they gave him. Mr. Powell appeared in joint recital with Mr. Efrem Zimbalist, and such acceptable young artists would be hard to duplicate.

To the audience they represented a generation that has cast aside artificiality and circumstance and demands solely upon the quality of its art to win favor. Mr. Zimbalist long ago won his place, and it seemed apparent, after his playing, that Mr. Powell was to be placed beside him. Though not tall, Mr. Powell is broad of shoulder and his head and hands are of such size and shape as to indicate great strength.

In his playing of the Mozart sonata in B flat major Mr. Powell showed a full, round tone and clear, sharp technique. No slight blunders marred his runs or trills and ever did an intimation of certainty and strength prevade his playing. Mr. Zimbalist played with characteristic nicety.

Schumann's symphonic studies were the work Mr. Powell chose for his solo. The same clarity of expression which showed in the sonata was in evidence again, and the audience, quick to welcome this style, gave most generous applause. Early in his interpretation it was apparent that Mr. Powell is a master of the pedal, with which he made his playing doubly effective and never allowed the more sweeping chords to blurr.

Mr. Zimbalist accomplished a little triumph with Vivaldi's concerto in A major, which was accompanied by organ as well as piano. In the largo movement his tone was rich and lustrous, and so strong was its appeal that the audience applauded until he repeated it.

Feb 27 Sun 1913

Meyerbeer's opera, "The Huguenots," was repeated at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. In the days of Maurice Grau's management this work was made the occasion for the disclosure of great star casts. Sometimes the prices were raised and in spite of the increased tax the public crowded the house and gazed with the deepest interest upon the entr'acte promenades behind the footlights of the line of celebrities. It was indeed a gallant sight to behold Mmes. Nordica, Sembrich and Mantelli and Messrs. Jean de Reszke, Edouard de Reszke, Scotti and Plancon parading before the curtain.

At the first performance of the work this season there was a large audience, but that of last evening was larger. It was said here on the previous occasion that Mr. Gatti-Casazza found himself unable to offer such an imposing array of artists as that named above. But in one case at least a solution of the difficulty has been found. Carl Braun, the German bass, who has appeared this season in several Wagnerian roles and who was readily acclaimed as a great *Hagen*, made his debut last evening as an Italian opera singer in the role of *Marcel*.

His impersonation was one of high excellence. Indeed, it ought to be said without hesitation that Mr. Braun is one of the finest *Marcels* the local stage has held. His costume and makeup combined with his height to make him a commanding figure, a splendid picture of the rough and devoted old soldier. He sang with tremendous breadth and virility, and yet in the sustained phrases with a good legato. His enunciation was clear and fluent, though a German accent was noticeable at times. His conception of the part was just and it was carried out with real power.

The other members of the cast were the same as before. Mr. Caruso, who is naturally the magnet of every performance of the opera, was at his best last evening and at no other time this season has he sung better. Mme. Hempel and Mme. Destinn were heard again with pleasure and Mr. Scotti again gave distinction to the role of *De Nevers*. Mr. Polacco conducted with good judgment.

FREDERICK WELD'S RECITAL.

Feb. 27-13

Baritone Gives Excellent Performance of Brahms's Gypsy Songs.

Frederick Weld, a baritone who sings at St. Bartholomew's Church, and has been heard in concert in New York, notably in the Beethoven Cycle given a few years ago by Mr. Damrosch and his band, gave a song recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. Mr. Weld's voice has a beautiful quality; he uses it with discretion and with variety. Consequently his singing gives pleasure. Yesterday he gave an exceptionally good performance of Brahms's eight gypsy songs. Times

The programme further included Franz's "Widmung," Buononcinni's "Per la gloria d'Adorarvi," an air from a Bach cantata, Thomas Linley's "Still the Lark Finds Repose," Fielding's Hunting Song, Roger Quilter's "O Mistress Mine," Granville Bantock's Serenade," and "Tra la la lie," and Elgar's "The River." The last group was devoted to American composers, the names being George W. Chadwick, Sidney Homer, Edward A. MacDowell, Marshall Kerniochan, Mary Helen Brown, and Seth Bingham. Arthur S. Hyde, the organist of St. Bartholomew's, furnished excellent accompaniments.

MISS GERHARDT'S RECITAL

Lieder Singer Shares Audience with Three Other Concerts.

The concerts piled up yesterday with vengeance, notwithstanding the fact that in the evening the Chicago Opera Company was presenting an opera entirely new to New York. The concerts were four in number. Feb. 26-13

In the afternoon Miss Elena Gerhardt gave a well attended recital in Aeolian Hall, and all who love the best in the art of lieder singing found their cup of joy filled to overflowing. Exquisite were her Franz and Schubert songs, while her singing of Brahms's "An die Nachtigall" and his "Margebliches Standchen" was characterized with a delicacy of expression and an exquisite sense of nuance that was beyond all praise. Her accompaniments were well played by Erich Wolff. Tribune

While this concert was in progress Efrem Zimbalist and John Powell were giving a violin and piano recital in Carnegie Hall, at which were presented the Mozart sonata in B flat major and the Grieg in F major, while Mr. Powell played Schumann's "Etudes Symphoniques."

In the evening the Margulies Trio in Aeolian Hall played Chopin's Trio in G minor, little played of late, the Rubinstein Trio in B flat major, and Richard Strauss's Sonata in E flat major, op. 18, for piano and violin. The playing of the three artists was, as always, characterized with admirable precision and with sound musical insight. The audience was one of moderate size.

At Carnegie Hall at the same moment Maximilian Pilzer gave a violin recital, and added much pleasure to the good-sized audience by displaying a tone that was large and warm, though at times playing with a little more roughness than might have been desired, notably in the opening Bach-Schumann Sarabande and Double. However, his spirit was always praiseworthy, and he showed himself a young artist whose powers will without doubt deepen with age.

JULIA CULP AGAIN CHARMS

N. Y. Times

Singer Entertains Large Audie with a Varied Programme.

Julia Culp gave another exhibition her entrancing art as a singer of so yesterday afternoon in Carnegie H when she held a large audience under spell throughout a programme of a var nature. She began with four songs Schubert; "Ungeduld" is a familiar so of this composer. The others, "Hei liches Lieben," "Suleika," and "Wiegenlied," are seldom sung. In the fi Schubert song Miss Culp seemed to scarcely in voice, but she warmed up i mediately to the task in hand and by t time she had reached the "Wiegenlied she had her voice completely under h control. Feb. 28-13

The next group included French a English songs; Lully's lovely and famili "Bois Epais," from "Amadis," (Ma senet, by the bye, has written an oper as yet unperformed, by this title;) Wec erlin's "Mignonette," Purcell's "When am laid in earth," from the opera "Di and Aeneas," a beautiful air; an c English song, and a song "arranged b Beethoven." To this group she add "The Sweetest Flower That Grows."

Three songs by Richard Strauss comprised the third group, "Befreit," "Morgen," and "Heimliche Aufforderung. These songs all call for different qualiti of the singer's art, but Miss Culp rose all their demands. She ended the pr gramme with five songs of Brahm "Vor den Fenster," "Das Madchc Spricht," (the daintiness of her interpr tation of this song passes description; "O Liebliche Wangen," "Wie komm Ic denn zur Thür herein," and the "Wi genlied." Of course, at the close th singer was recalled until she had adde several other songs. During the cours of the afternoon, however, she refused t repeat songs in spite of insistent demands Coenraad von Bos at the piano provide accompaniments of color and worth

MME. CULP WINS AUDIENCE

Tribune Feb. 28-13

Singer Shows Great Vocal Power in Carnegie Hall.

Mme. Julia Culp, whose appearances in New York this year have introduced to us a new lieder singer of rare skill and charm as well as the possessor of a voice of great natural beauty and ample power, gave another recital yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. The audience was of good proportions, but, considering the artis stature of the singer, might have and should have been larger. It could not, however, have been more appreciative.

The exquisite art of Mme. Culp, her power of coloring her voice, of spinning out a pianissimo to the barest thread of silver, of sending out a fortissimo with splendid dramatic power, of giving expression to the most delicate of sentiments, was beautifully exhibited in her songs by Schubert, Strauss and Brahms.

In addition she gave three songs in English—Purcell's "When I Am Laid in Earth," Beethoven's "The Cottage Maid" and "Long, Long Ago"—in all of which her diction was as clear as crystal, not a solitary word being missed in any corner of the auditorium.

Mme. Culp is a Dutch woman, but most English-speaking singers might well go to school to her.

Schumann-Heink Sings Two New Songs

Feb. 28-13

Philharmonic Conductor Stransky' "Moonrise" and "Requiem" Win Approval.

The Philharmonic Society's concer last evening presented Mme. Schu mann-Heink as the soloist and als had the distinction of exploiting th ability of the orchestra's conductor a a composer. These two features wer coupled, for the great German co tralto sang two symphonique songs "Moonrise" and "Requiem"—whic bore the signature of Josef Stransky.

The songs are finely conceived ar developed. The first named is a ser ously poetic tone-poem. "Requiem with a larger, fuller scope, is writt along the lines of older works of re erent character.

Mme. Schumann-Heink was afford several thankful opportunities for t display of her excellent voice contr and quality. "The Spring Song" fro "Samson et Delilah," by Saint-Saer ner third offering, was enthusiastical received. American

The purely orchestral numbers we Schumann's overture to "Manfred," pr ude to "Die Meistersinger," a colorf and spirited tone-poem, "The Wi Huntsman," by Cesar Franck, a Brahms's Symphony No. 3.

Particularly in the symphony w the work of the orchestra noticeak fine.

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"YRANO" MAKES DEBUT

"Cyrano," the grand opera in English, usic by Walter Damrosch, libretto by illiam J. Henderson, from the play by dmond Rostand, was produced for the st time on any stage last night at the etropolitan Opera House. The occasion as a notable one, and the audience, both size and brilliance, was equal to the casion.

nterest had steadily grown in the presstation of the work, and the standees valled in numbers those of a Caruso ght. By the time the opera began the ditorium was absolutely full, and roughout the performance the presention was followed with close and symthetic interest. The applause after the rtain on the first act was warm and ontaneous, the artists receiving nine rtain calls.

he applause of the second act was even ater, twelve calls being registered, both Hertz and Mr. Damrosch at length pearing and bowing their acknowledgnts. There was much applause also er the balcony scene and both Mr. nderson and Mr. Gatti-Cassazzo were ught out to bow. Mr. Damrosch at s point spoke a few words.

I thank you for your applause," he d. "The last act is the most essential. you show me you like that as well as have liked the others I shall be happy ay a few words to you."

tto Kahn, chairman of the board of ectors of the Opera Company, said he eved that "Cyrano" would stay in the ular repertory.

I like 'Cyrano' immensely," said Mr. hn. "It will encourage the productions American composers, as it has proved opera in English is possible. 'Cyrano' success, is well fitted for the stage the Metropolitan will produce any a that an American composer may e that has anywhere near its merits. mly believe that Mr. Damrosch's opera remain in the regular repertory."

r. Henderson, when asked what he ld like to say, replied:

am glad of 'Cyrano's' production, as elieve it will encourage other Ameri composers to write operas, and will encourage foreign singers to learn s in English."

trying to record our appreciation or e an estimate (however it may turn on the new opera, on so short an aintance, it may be well to give as eonsideration as the matter allows he question of the language in which as performed. The question is indeed ery complicated one, and affects so y elements that a single performance ny opera could not, even under the favorable of circumstances, bring all into the field of discussion. It ines, for one thing, a command of the singing pure and simple (of the art ocalization), but also a knowledge command of that department of the which the informed call diction, and h, in its relation to the lyric drama, east, has not been made the subject s much study as it demands by Engspeaking peoples. Besides this, it for skill and knowledge which are in to that which ought to be posed by the mere interpreter, though of ssity of a higher order in the writer he words, who must therefore not be practically a poet, but theoreti, at least, also a singer. (That he t be familiar with the technical side ramatic construction is a matter of se.) From the composer it exacts all hese things, plus the capacity to give musical expression in the spirit of people for whom he writes and whose uage he employs.

operatic singers have not been ed in English song in the sense that students of the French have been ed ever since the establishment of national school of music or the Gerand since Wagner gave them a disly national art. There was a brief oming of the English art under ell, but all that has survived him. ballad operas which rejoiced the souls English of the eighteenth century, the mongrel works of Balfe and Wal is found now in the operettas of Gil and Sullivan—works which are hy of study by the creative as well nterpretative artists of to-day from point of view as well as others.

is liked, that one word out of fifty night went through the ears listener and penetrated their untanding. Had the opera been sung rench, Italian or German the same er of words would have been comnded by the audience and the same demand been made upon the fancy by the libretto.

Shall we attempt to apportion the blame? That were too large a task, little edifying and less entertaining. Mme. Alda's verbal utterances were more frequently and consistently distinct than those of any one of her fellows; in fact, when she failed to make herself understood the fault did not seem to lie with her, but with the music. It would have been the same had her words been the clearest and most limpid ever set on paper by Metastasio, the prince of classic Italian operatic poets. It did not lie with Mr. Henderson, in whose lyrical paraphrase of M. Rostand's play it is a pleasure to recognize an admirable measure of that combination of qualities which are essential to the efficiency of a lyric drama in any language.

Mr. Reiss brought many of his words to the consciousness of his hearers also (unfortunately those which might have been most easily spared, since neither the words nor the music were worthy of the service in which they were employed—particularly the pastry cook's recipe), and so did Mr. Griswold, Mr. Hinshaw, Mr. Murphy, Mr. Ruysdael and Mme. Mattfeld; but the words were generally those which had least significance. It was when the language of the drama rose to emotional heights, when it became a vehicle of feeling, of passionate stress, of eager love and longing, of pride in conscious strength, contempt for conventions, defiance of death, when, in short, it should have reached its highest utterance, that it was made to become only one of the inarticulate voices in Mr. Damrosch's instrumental music. It would not have been different had the language been any other; the determining factor was the style in which much of the dramatic music is written. Unfortunately, Mr. Amato had to be the chief sufferer, because he was the representative of Cyrano, and it was the Plumed Knight whose glorification enlisted Mr. Damrosch's most ardent inspirations and—so it would almost appear—his most sonorous music, though we cannot understand why they should so often have adhered and kept pace with one another. But further consideration of these things may be left to those reviewers whose conceptions of patriotism and art give them more trouble than they do this writer.

It is less a wonder that Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac" should at last have been turned into an opera than that it should have waited so long for that transformation which every reader or spectator of the play must have seen was inevitable from the beginning. In Europe the play is protected by copyright, and it would be an easy guess to say that Mr. Rostand was himself the obstacle in the way of the omnivorous French librettists, who have no bowels of compassion for the literary masterpieces of any people. Mr. Rostand is powerless in the present instance, and though Mr. Damrosch has publicly announced that he intends to divide his royalties with him it is not likely that he is contemplating with equanimity the fact that his Cyrano is to put on the antic disposition which his transmogrification into an operatic hero involves, no matter how ingeniously the translation is accomplished. Least of all will he be pleased to know that Cyrano is to utter his speeches not only with the alloy of music, but sophisticated by a tongue so foreign to their spirit as is the English. If he was displeased with the performances of his drama in English, he will no doubt feel doubly outraged at the reflection that his hero's famous nose is to be celebrated in music. And yet it was inevitable. As a matter of fact, the work of Messrs. Henderson and Damrosch is not the first operatic version of Rostand's play. In September, 1899, it had a brief career as an opera, which was made to give vent to the ambition of Mr. Francis Wilson to get away from acrobatic musical farce and demonstrate that he could use his mind as well as his legs in giving entertainment to the public. Unhappily, the demonstration involved also the use of Mr. Wilson's voice, from the idiosyncrasies of which the genial and scholarly comedian could not divorce himself; and so it failed miserably. Mr. Wilson made the scenario for the opera himself; Mr. Stuart Reed put it into dramatic shape—that is, he wrote the dialogue and indicated the places for the music. Mr. Harry B. Smith wrote the songs and Mr. Victor Herbert composed the music.

Everybody was quick to recognize that it was a correct instinct which saw the making of an opera in "Cyrano de Bergerac," but everybody who saw and heard the opera was equally quick to observe that it was a mistaken one which chose another treatment than frank and broad burlesque for Mr. Wilson, even if he wanted it so. Much of the lyrical célébration of "le panache" seemed provided to order by M. Rostand himself, who had conceived his play on lines that cried out for a musical setting as loudly as a work so profoundly poetical and romantic could. It is sufficient to remind the reader of the first act, with its merry gathering, its play scene, the ballad of the duello; the second, with its hungry poets and the rhyming pastry cook, and the inditing of the letter to Roxane; the third, with its proxy serenade (an echo of Mozart's "Don Giovanni"), the song of the Cadets of Gascony; the fourth, with its camp scene before the battle and the battle itself; finally, Cyrano's unconscious confession of his passion, his fight with the phantoms of the things in life of which he had been the implacable enemy—why, they all seemed to be made for opera! And then the pretty invitations to seventeenth century music—the musette which is the prelude to Montfleury's effort to recite a pastoral, the pavane, which was to be played "out of tune" in case De Guiche should approach the home of Roxane to spoil the love-making—what delightful opportunities for dainty and ingenious musicianship!

All this seems to be of the opera operatic, and every person in the play, too, struck out in sharp lines for musical characterization and a transporting interchange of lightsome humor, semi-gravity and deep passion. Unfortunately, there was too much to lend itself to the languid legs of music, and when the authors of the opera undertook the transformation they did not know how and when to make the heroic excisions which were necessary to bring the play within the operatic framework. Much of the literary sparkle would have to go by the board, of course. That Mr. Henderson knew, and he labored valiantly and with much success to supply its place with lines which would carry music, though they could not reflect the romantic life which was the breath in Cyrano's nostrils. But music came with its elog, in spite of him and in spite even of Mr. Damrosch, who had a multitude of pretty conceits which he plainly thought necessary to preserve the joyous vivacity which the hero injects intermittently into the play, even though consumed with mournful contemplation of the rôle which he is forced to enact in the eventful history of which he is a part. There were other drawbacks to a perfect adaptation of the drama to music, but we cannot go into them all here. Let it suffice that there is too much of action and incident in it to permit of musical expression and illustration, and that neither Mr. Henderson nor Mr. Damrosch seemed to know how to bring it into reasonable proportions.

It must be assumed that nobody is likely to be sufficiently interested in reading a discussion of the opera who is not familiar with Rostand's play. Upon all others the bulk of this review will be wasted. Mr. Henderson has not departed materially from the French drama except (at the suggestion of the composer, as he has stated) to bring the two closing scenes of the last act closer together, in point of time, and have the hero die of a wound received at the battle of Arras, the day after that incident. There is no serious objection to be urged against this device except that it lessens the psychological interest in Cyrano's character, and also measurably that of Roxane, by robbing the unvolitional confession of the hero's love and pious fraud of much of its illusion and bringing him nearer the commonplaces of romance than he ever was in the magnificent conception of the poet. It was a more serious defect that, not knowing what the composer's method would be, he gave him more material to clothe in music than could be compassed within reasonable time by that method. A brave effort was made to obviate this difficulty by liberal excisions made in the course of the preparatory rehearsals, but the obvious remedy which was to cut out the scenes which, however brilliant and illustrative of Rostand's genius, are not essential to the presentation of the romantic figure which was uppermost in Mr. Damrosch's mind.

The music of Mr. Damrosch might be approached from several points of view and always invite more praise than condemnation. As to its style it is most emphatically eclectic, so eclectic indeed that it can scarcely be credited with marked consistency of style. The opening scene is splendidly effective, full of grace and spirit, and nothing could have been conceived more appropriate in any respect than the measures which begin the pastoral play interrupted by Cyrano. But the interest drooped where it was expected to mount in the duel. Here synchronism of real swordplay and word, a rhythmically piquant melody and a nice adjustment of music and action would have been of beautiful effectiveness. We should have had the touch at the end of the refrain, not in a long drawn out "I," and the poetic genius and swordsmanship of Cyrano would have been illustrated—not travestied. An equal measure of good taste would have spared us the feeble imitation of Gilbert and Sullivan in the Pastry Cook's recipe, and the intolerably wearisome choral repetition of line after line in this song as well as that of the Gascony cadets.

It was in the love music of the third act and in the dramatic finale of the fourth that Mr. Damrosch's skill showed itself at its best. Here there were echoes of the melodic, harmonic and instrumental idioms of composers who have drawn luminous lines across the pages of operatic history, but enough freshness of inspiration in every department to compel not only respect but admiration. As for the details of the very excellent performance there will be time to go into them hereafter. To sum up: A drama which has many external features that lend themselves gracefully to an operatic setting, which might even be said to cry out for an operatic investiture, but which frequently in all that makes it great and glorious in its original form resents despoliation of any kind, has been turned into an attractive musical drama. With its Gallic *esprit*, inseparable from the original text, there has evaporated so much of its characteristic charm that it is to be feared few of M. Rostand's admirers will approve of the transformation; but, saving the defects which are to be found chiefly in the musical setting of portions of its comedy, it is yet a notable artistic achievement and one which reflects credit upon its authors and the institution which produced it. It offers nothing which points even remotely to a solution of the problem of English or American opera, or the peculiar value of the vernacular as an element in the lyric drama, but it will encourage native composers to work, and through their strivings there may yet be found a style of operatic writing adapted to the genius of our language and appealing to the taste of the American people.

To complete the record of an interesting occurrence there follows here a copy of the playbill:

CAST OF "CYRANO."

Cyrano ..... Pasquale Amato
Roxane ..... Frances Alda
Duenna ..... Marie Mattfeld
Lise ..... Vera Curtis
A Flower Girl ..... Louise Cox
Mother Superior ..... Florence Mulford
Christian ..... Riccardo Martin
Ragueneau ..... Albert Reiss
De Guiche ..... Putnam Griswold
Le Bret ..... William Hinshaw
First Musketeer ..... Basil Ruysdael
Second Musketeer ..... Marcel Reiner
Montfleury ..... } Lambert Murphy
A Cadet ..... }
A Monk ..... Antonio Pini-Corsi
Four Cavaliers—Austin Hughes, Paolo Ananian, Louis Kreidler and Maurice Sapio.

H. E. K.

JOINT SONG RECITAL.

Mr. H. Birkerod and Miss E. Arendrup Present Scandinavian Songs.

Under the auspices of the American Scandinavian Society, Mr. Holger Birkerod and Miss Ellen Arendrup gave their joint song recital in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel last evening, and their programme, wholly made up of Swedish and Norwegian songs, was extremely interesting. This is the first concert given under the direction of the society, and represents the beginning of a movement to stimulate interest among Scandinavians in this country in the music of the fatherland.

While the name of Grieg was to be found several times on the programme, there were a number of other composers who are not so well known here. Among them were Mr. N. W. Gade, Heise, Agathe Backer Groendahl, Ludolf Nielsen, Hakon Borresen and Lange Muller.

Both Mr. Birkwood and Miss Arentrup won applause for their interpretations, and from the feeling of the audience they put a great deal of their national sentiment into some of the songs founded on folk legend and song.

REPEAT MR. STRANSKY'S SONGS.

Mme. Schumann-Heink and Philharmonic Again Are Heard.

If the reception of their second hearing is a criterion the two symphonic songs by Mr. Josef Stransky, played at the concert in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon, are the most delightful novelties that have found their way into the Philharmonic orchestra's programmes this season. Mme. Schumann-Heink interpreted them again, and when she appeared many in the audience received the impression that she simply made herself the adopted mother of Mr. Stransky and his orchestra.

It was evident that Mr. Stransky had lessened the power of the orchestra in many places where Mme. Schumann-Heink's voice was overtopped Thursday evening. The change greatly enhanced the effectiveness of both songs.

The Brahms symphony and the prelude to "Die Meistersinger" were received with enthusiasm, and Mme. Schumann-Heink's singing of the spring song from "Samson et Dellah" evoked another enthusiastic outburst.

URLUS AGAIN AS TRISTAN

Artist Whose Voice Failed at Debut Shows Great Skill.

Jacques Urlus, whose unfortunate loss of voice [illegible] to his debut as Tristan, had another chance last night and this time was enabled to give to the public one of the most effective Tristans that New York has heard in recent years. It was a Tristan of much ability of bearing, and one whose skill in song was equal to his histrionic enactment. Rarely has the love duet been sung more beautifully than it was last night by Mme. Fremstad and Urlus, sung with exquisite tenderness, passion and beauty of tone. In short, Mr. Urlus again proved himself a most welcome addition to the forces of the Metropolitan as a Tristan worthy of his Isolde.

As for Mme. Fremstad, all that can be said has been. It is one of the great impersonations of the lyric stage. Mr. Braun sang King Mark as effectively as King Mark can be sung, and Mr. Goritz, if his voice was explosive, at least made a vital human figure after the too often lay Kurwenal. Mme. Matzenauer was the Brangaene. Mr. Toscanini seemed inspired by the occasion and brought out from his orchestra incomparable beauty. The audience was the largest that has attended a "Tristan" performance this season.

PIANIST'S RECITAL PLEASES.

Mme. Rider-Possart Confines Programme to Schumann and Schubert.

It is seldom that a piano recital programme does not contain at least one selection by Chopin, but such was the case at Mme. Cornelia Rider-Possart's recital in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon, for she played from Schumann and Schubert only. The audience did not seem to mind the lack of Chopin, for its appreciation of Mme. Rider-Possart's playing was at all times keen.

In the Schumann sonata, G minor, Mme. Rider-Possart played with technique sufficient to the demands of the work and her expression and coloring were all that could be desired. For her second group she offered a series of impromptus and intermezzi by Schubert and Schumann which the audience applauded with enthusiasm. Schubert's Fantasie in C major was the concluding number, and in the introductory measure the artist showed remarkable strength, bringing out the heavy chords clearly and with precision. The more modulated passages she read with delicacy and her tone throughout was of full and ringing quality.

Mch 3 1913

YESTERDAY AT THE OPERA.

"Manon" in the Afternoon and "La Gioconda" in the Evening.

The Metropolitan Opera House was crowded twice yesterday. In the afternoon Massenet's "Manon" was performed, with Miss Farrar in the title role and Mr. Caruso as the unfortunate lover, *Des Grieux*. Quite naturally, Mr. Toscanini conducted and the audience was most enthusiastic. In the evening the opera was Ponchielli's "La Gioconda," with a cast which delighted the large assembly.

Mme. Destinn as *La Gioconda*, Mme. Matzenauer as *Laura*, Mr. Martin as *Enzo*, Mr. Amato as *Barnabas* and Mr. de Segurola as *Alvise* formed a good serviceable combination, singing with devotion and spirit. Mr. Polacco occupied the conductor's chair and demonstrated quite clearly that his skill entitled him to the cordial approval of the audience.

MR. GARDNER'S RECITAL.

A Young Violinist of American Training Makes His First Appearance.

The violin recital of Mr. Samuel Gardner in Rumford Hall last evening had an interest something greater than the young man's playing, which was admirable artistic, denoting talent of no mean order. Mr. Gardner is just emerging from the status of a pupil into that of an artist; and the fact is of more than passing significence that he has had all of his artistic training here. What he still needs is artistic maturity an da deeper penetration of feeling; matters which ought to come to a young man so soundly musical and so evidently gifted. His playing is marked by an musually full and rich tone, elegance and energy of bowing and precision of technique in the left hand. There is something solid and substantial in his performance, a sense of form and symmetry and of phrasing. It is interesting, and it will be still more so when he has freed himself from his present emotional limitations.

Mr. Gardner played two movements from Karl Goldsmith's suite for piano and violin Op. 11., the Praeludium and Adazio by Pugnani, that violinists have recently much favored, the Chaconne from Bach's D minor solo sonata, Paganini's variations on "Di Tanti Palpiti," Wienlawski's A major polonaise, and a group of small pieces. Mr. Emil Newman played his accompaniments well. There was a friendly and interested audience.

CONCERTS OF A DAY.

One by an Orchestra, One by Pianist and One by Violinist.

The concerts of yesterday numbered three. At Carnegie Hall in the afternoon the programme of the Young People's Symphony concert was divided into two parts, one devoted to the illustration of the development of the symphony and the other to "Fairy Tales in Music." Haydn, Beethoven and Tschaikowsky contributed to the first part and Ravel's "Mother Goose" was the chief feature of the second. There did not appear to he any close relation to each other, but the children, even the old ones, appeared to like it all.

Also in the afternoon, but at Aeolian Hall, Herbert Sachs-Hirsch gave a piano recital. This is a young man who has played in other parts of the country, especially on a concert tour with Mary Garden. His programme began with Beethoven's thirty-two variations in C minor, after which stood Chopin's B flat minor sonata and a group of other compositions by the same master. Pieces by Weber, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Strauss and Liszt formed the last group. Mr. Sachs-Hirsch played in a simple style without providing any special reason for public appearance. His art was not to be condemned except that it was without any message.

In Rumford Hall last night Samuel Gardner, violinist, gave a recital. He played two movements from a suite by Goldmark, Pugnani's prelude and allegro, Bach's "Chaconne" and a number of smaller works. Mr. Gardner is a pupil of Franz Kneisel and once played in a sextet at one of the Kneisel Quartet concerts. The young man plays like a young man, without balance, repose or finish, but he has a genuine talent. His technic is well developed, he bows excellently and he has some style. The last would be better if the player used less speed in his performance. But he is a credit to his teacher and if he will face himself squarely and estimate his merits and his faults at their true proportion he will probably arrive.

Mch 1 1913
N.Y. Sun

Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde" was repeated at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. The attitude of the public toward this work is most encouraging. When it was first performed in this city a newspaper announced that it was the end of "the Wagner craze." And indeed there was a long period in which only the most devoted adherents of the great master would yield themselves to the magic spell of this marvellous creation. Others confessed their devotion to the early works and some were willing to accept with composure later ones, but they halted before "Tristan und Isolde."

Now the music drama is actually more popular here than "Die Meistersinger." Nor can we say, as once was said of the vogue of "Carmen," that it is due to the genius of one woman. When Mme. Gadski sings *Isolde* the house is full, just as it was last evening when she was at home and Mme. Fremstad was the impersonator of the Irish princess. No, the work had its day of victory in this town when Nordica and Lehmann sang *Isolde* and Jean de Reszke made of *Tristan* the revelation of a new gospel of vocal declamation.

It would not be going too far to say that the great Polish tenor revolutionized what was called Wagner singing. His method of delivering the song speech of the music drama was within its limits a creation. At first it was bitterly opposed in Germany, on the ground that it was lacking in Teutonic virility; that it was French; that it was too sweet. But every one has the seed now. All the German tenors are trying really to sing *Tristan*, not to declaim the part.

When Jacques Urlus broke down in the role on the occasion of his debut here it was clear that he was one of the dsciples of De Reszke. Last night he was heard again in the opera and it was more convincingly shown that it was his ambition to give full musical beauty to the sensuous phrases of the melody allotted to the tenor up to the time of the scene of delirium. Mr. Urlus has not a very sensuous voice, nor has he a consummate vocal art, yet his *Tristan* has a definite musical and therefore dramatic value.

In all that he did last night there was an intelligent purpose, and his impersonation was marked by many interesting and significant details of action and vocal accent. It was a genuinely good *Tristan*, and proved that no error was made in securing his services for the Metropolitan.

Carl Braun, the basso, sang *King Marke* for the second time, and again showed his large qualities. He had not a good opening in the role, as he sang it on the evening of Mr. Braun's first appearance; but last night he was admirable. The other members of the cast were old friends. It is always hard to resist the temptation to praise once more the superb *Isolde* of Mme. Fremstad, but why gild refined gold? Mr. Goritz sang *Kurvenal* last evening. He has not sang it recently, and he did it well. Mr. Toscanini conducted.

Mch 3 1913

CONCERT RIVALRY

Yesterday's Symphonies—Cubism in Music.

There was a pretty even division of interest in the two orchestral concerts given yesterday afternoon by the Philharmonic and Symphony societies, the former in Carnegie, the latter in Aeolian Hall, and audiences which seemed about equal in numbers attended the two. Neither concert, however, appeared to have aroused a large measure of public curiosity. The Philharmonic Society's programme was obviously arranged to make a serious appeal in its first half and a popular one in its second, and in each section there was music which had been heard here recently. The overture to Mozart's "Cosi fan tutte" and Beethoven's "Pastoral" symphony had occupied places on Philharmonic schemes, and Liszt's second pianoforte concerto, which was played yesterday by Mr. Rudolph Ganz, had previously been played at a concert of the Symphony Society by Mr. Max Pauer. What remained as a new contribution to the season's music was a transcription for strings by A. Walter Kramer of an organ piece entitled "Vision," by Rheinberger; another transcription, by Victor Herbert, of Rubinstein's pianoforte composition, "Kammenoi-Ostrow," No. 22, and an "American Festival Overture," composed by Leo Schulz, principal of the orchestra's violoncello players, for performance at the St. Louis exposition of 1904.

At the concert of the Symphony Society Mr. Walter Damrosch gave the first half of the programme to Mozart and the second half to the latest symphony, No. 1, in A minor, by Jean Sibelius, a novelty to American concert rooms. The Mozart numbers consisted of some of the music composed for a ballet called "Les Petits Riens," and the violin concerton in E flat, the solo part played by Mr. Arthur Hartmann. This concerto had already had two hearings in New York this season, one by Miss Greta Schlosser, the other by Louis Persinger. Mr. Hartmann played it smoothly, but without the marked distinction of style which it invites and which makes a revival of the old-fashioned concertos so delightfully refreshing at the hands of M. Ysaye. The pretty ballet music was introduced to our concert rooms by Mr. Damrosch four years ago and has been repeated since then. It was composed in 1778, when Mozart, then twenty-two years old, made his memorable visit to Paris. The music was lost to the world for nearly a century—"irrecoverably lost," wrote Mozart's biographer, Jahn—but the score was found in the library of the Académie in 1873, and George Göhler made an arrangement of it for concert purposes which was published in 1797. As music by so great a master it is of little moment, but there is enough of blithe charm in it to justify the occasional performance of it at a concert of the popular order.

The symphony by Sibelius is so singular a work that Mr. Damrosch thought it incumbent on him to preface its performance with some remarks setting forth the fact that it was music of an anomalous character and protesting that the fact of its performance must not be accepted as an expression of opinion on his part concerning the merit of the composition in whole or in part. He had placed it upon the programme only because he considered it a duty toward a distinguished musician whose other beautiful and important works had won admiration. It was an ingenious apologia, and served its purpose in invoking curiosity and no doubt helping some few score of listeners to make up their minds that the proper thing to do was to applaud after each of the four movements. As for the rest, the music was little short of irritating to all who have not made it a point to see beauty and significance in everything that departs sufficiently from all accepted canons of taste. Sibelius has been heralded as a nationalist in music, and in his earlier works there do occasionally seem to be a charm of gentle melancholy, a wayward, mystical beauty which seemed an expression of the spirit of his native Finland. But there is nothing of this in the new symphony, which is cut and rude in its thematic material and in its harmonization seems purposely designed to pain the ears. It is an individual expression beyond question, but it will be hard for many to believe that the composer wrote it, because it was the voice of any æsthetic or emotional impulse crying within him for utterance. Some things in it might be explained on the ground that it was designed as an expression of a sequence of scenes, incidents or feelings—in other words, that it is based on external or extra-musical notions, on a programme of some sort; but unless this explanation be adopted and until the programme is supplied it must leave the mind of the normal listener in a maze. The second movement breaks off abruptly in the middle of a theme, leaving sense and fancy painfully suspended—as if Cowper had written:

"Absence of occupation is not rest,
A mind quite vacant is a"——

and stopped there. It is daily becoming plainer that we have not only impressionists in music but cubists also. H. E. K.

THE NEW YORK SYMPHONY.

A New Work by Jean Sibelius Played for the First Time.

Mr. Damrosch prefaced his performance of Jean Sibelius's new symphony at the New York Symphony Society's concert yesterday afternoon with a brief statement in the nature of a warning. He was performing the symphony for the first time in America, he said, as a duty, because it was the last word in symphonic composition of a man who had previously made a recognized place. And if any did not like it, or liked it only in parts, they were to remember this fact.

The symphony, when it was heard, seemed to justify Mr. Damrosch's statement, and the opinion he added that it was the work of a man "tired of the musical effects of the past, or of what have hitherto been considered such": also that it embodied the most extraordinary ideas of symphonic development that ever he had seen.

The symphony certainly signifies a sudden departure of its composer from all his previous musical ideals, as these have been made known in the works hitherto performed in New York. It is a few weeks since the Boston Symphony Orchestra played his first symphony here. A strong, sinewy, gloomy music, shown in a strong, imaginative flow, a rich, even a harsh, expressiveness; and certainly no doubt in his own mind as to what he meant.

This new symphony seems hemmed with doubts of the composer's own raising, uncertainties, half-hearted attempts beginnings without issue. His themes are generally long and diffuse, though they sometimes have character. One of the strangely resembles the pastoral theme in Berlioz's "Fantastic Symphony." But they are developed with singularly little feeling for a definite result, often gropingly, tentatively; they are dropped and something else is taken up; they vanish mysteriously and leave no results. There is little constructive feeling in any of the movements—they simply expire, like a candle blown out, or, as Mr. Maxson says in his programme note, like a soap bubble, pricked. There are few attempts to build up instrumental effects. The instrumentation is very light and transparent. The themes are often presented in imitation by one and another choir, with so light a harmonic background as to give the effect of barrenness. Biting dissonances in the leading of these open voices the composer is unconcerned about. There are other "modern" effects, "whole-tone scale." The substance of these four movements is rhapsodic. The second movement begins somewhat more coherently with the feeling of a scherzo; in a rhythmically striking theme for the oboe, but the mists soon gather around it. In the third there is a strong and eloquent passage of a more decidedly minate character, but it, too, "dies and makes no sign." The work leaves an impression on a first hearing of something vague, shadowy, elusive, not to say inconsequential. Whether it is truly a realization of a more definite purpose than was to be heard in it yesterday perhaps greater familiarity with it would disclose.

Mr. Arthur Hartmann, a violinist who has been heard in New York, but not recently, played Mozart's concerto for violin in E flat with taste and skill, but in a style rather limited and subdued beyond what the character of the work required. He played with correct intonation and with a tone somewhat small but not unpleasing in quality. The programme began with the ballet music "Les Petits Riens," by Mozart, that Damrosch was the first to play in New York a few years ago.

SIBELIUS MUSIC IS INTERESTING

Two novelties were produced at the orchestral concerts of yesterday afternoon. One was the American festival overture of Leo Schulz, the well known 'cellist, which was the final number on the programme of the Philharmonic Society at Carnegie Hall. The other was the fourth symphony of the Finnish composer Jan Sibelius, which had its first performance in this country at the concert of the Symphony Society at Aeolian Hall. The performances of the two compositions conflicted and the music musician was the sufferer because the symphony was a work of more ambitious proportions than his.

Sibelius is known in this city by several interesting works, to wit, his "Finlandia," his violin concerto, introduced by Maude Powell, and his first symphony. The latest disclosure of his art had its first hearing in Helsingfors in 1911 and was afterward played by Weingartner in Vienna and at the Birmingham festival of last October. It seems that when the work was played to the Britons it greatly puzzled most of them. Mr. Damrosch, addressing yesterday's audience, said that perhaps no one would wish to hear the composition again, but that it was a conductor's duty to let the latest composition of an important master be heard at least once.

Mr. Damrosch can rest easy. The symphony will be heard again, for the day is rapidly passing when music lovers are frightened by new harmonic progressions and pages of sheer harshness. Sibelius has parted company with himself. In his first symphony he played no great sympathy with the dissonated chords and the marrowless melody which plays so large a part in the newest music. But he has heard the futurists. He is as frankly dissonant as the worst of them. He has swallowed the whole tone scale, the tainted sequences, the chord of the major second, the flattened supertonic and all the Chinese horrors of the forbidden fifths.

But the symphony is a noteworthy composition. It has elemental imagination, courage of utterance, fearlessness of style. It is no mere jumble of sounds, but a consistently planned and powerfully executed work. The themes are unusual, remote, solitary, but impressively thought; sometimes almost uncouth. The harmonies chafe and fret through many pages, and only occasionally do they fall into the restful graces of the ancient day. Yet some passages, especially such as that given out by the cello near the beginning of the first movement, and that of the violins in the finale, do not lie far from familiar methods of musical speech, nor do the comments of the instrumental counterpoint, where that is used, befog the mind of the hearer.

On the contrary the symphony is clearly written and its thought nicely balanced. Its chords are exquisitely distributed, its instrumentation is marvelously pure and transparent, and over all the work has much to say. There is a truly characteristic delineation of moods and scenic backgrounds belonging to the wonderful northern land in which the composer lives. In the first movement the proclamation of the elegant nature is made with tremendous eloquence, yet the melody and harmonies almost raise the suspicion that Russia's far eastern Mongols have swept westward and invaded Finland.

The work is in four movements, the first marked tempo molto moderato, the second adagio, the second allegro molto vivace, the third il tempo largo and the fourth allegro. The first leading idea of the first movement is the 'cello phrase before mentioned and the contrasting thought is supplied by a succinct figure given by clarinet and oboe. The development is quite free, the sonata form is not used; but the evolution is straightforward and logical. The movement ends abruptly without any coda or the conventional final climax.

The second movement serves in lieu of a scherzo and it is fascinating. There are two themes, the second officiating as a quasi trio, but there is no return to the first thought and the movement ends as abruptly as the first. The slow movement is indefinite in shape, but full of beautiful instrumental and harmonic treatment of its two themes, one announced by wood wind and the other by cellos. The final movement is the weakest of the four in externals, but by many means deeper in interest. It contains some remarkable scoring, which shows the new originality of Sibelius brilliantly.

The composition is of great technical excellence, but this will not deeply concern the general public. On the other hand the work ought to grow in favor. It is powerfully individual, it has the grip of large thoughts expressed in a vigorously personal idiom, it has nobility of style and it paints moods in deep toned colors. The symphony was played sufficiently well to disclose to the hearer the extraordinary character of its melodic and harmonic ideas and the masterly skill with which they were placed in the beautiful orchestration.

The other numbers on the Symphony Society's programme were the ballet music of Mozart, "Petits Riens," and the same master's E flat concerto for violin tolerably played by Arthur Hartmann. The Philharmonic programme began with the overture to Mozart's opera "Cosi fan Tutte," Beethoven's "Pastoral" symphony, Rheinberger's "Vision" orchestrated by Walter Kramer, Rubinstein's "Kammenoi Ostrov" orchestrated by Victor Herbert, Liszt's A major piano concerto played by Rudolf Ganz and Mr. Schulz's overture already mentioned.

A JOINT SONATA RECITAL.

Messrs. Barrere and Consolo in Music for Flute and Piano.

There was an unusual charm in the "joint sonata recital" of flute and piano music given last evening in the Belasco Theatre by George Barrere and Ernesto Consolo. Yet it was evident that in the hands of players less skilled than these two admirable artists the results would have been very different—much more monotonous and much more tiresome. They played a sonata in A by Bach, Schubert's "Introduction et Variations Concertantes," Op. 160, and a sonata by Gabriel Pierne. Bach's sonata, with all the lightness and grace that are adapted for the flute, has yet the unmistakable richness of content and fullness of contrapuntal structure that are his. Mr. Barrere's delightful playing of the flute part, of limpid fluency and exquisite phrasing, was matched by Mr. Consolo's crisp delivery of the part originally intended for the harpsichord, which he played in a style appropriate to it, especially in the contrast of loud and soft, or "echo" effects, of which the eighteenth century was so fond.

Schubert's set of variations is among the several that he wrote for instruments based on the melody of one or another of his songs. This is based on the song "Trockne Blumen." He was an ingenious writer of variations of a sort that is now rather left behind. There are many in this set, a few of which might have been left out, for they verge on the commonplace. But as a whole they have a half-faded charm, such as Debussy rudely compared (speaking of other compositions of Schubert) to old maids' bits of lace tucked away in a bureau drawer in lavender. They were pleasant to hear, played with so much artistic skill.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony and Schulz's American Overture Played.

The programme of the Philharmonic Society yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall was popular in its nature, although it included Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony. The proceedings of the afternoon began with the overture of "Cosi Fan Tutte," which is not often heard in the concert halls. The Beethoven symphony preceded the intermission, after which several numbers were performed.

First there was Rheinberger's "Vision," an inconsequential organ piece, which has been arranged for orchestra by A. Walter Kramer; then Victor Herbert's very clever orchestral transcription of Rubinstein's tuneful twenty-second Kamennoi-Ostrow portrait; then Liszt's A major concerto for piano, played extremely well by Mr. Ganz. Sometimes it seems as if this work were heard rather often in New York.

Finally the orchestra, Leo Schulz conducting, gave a performance of Mr. Schulz's "American Festival Overture," written for and played at the St. Louis Exposition of 1904. There is a reminiscence of "Yankee Doodle" in this overture, but the tone is arranged in so solemn a fashion that it loses its original character and becomes almost unrecognizable. Otherwise there is nothing specifically American in the make-up of the piece, which is very long, and in which themes are repeated to a tiresome degree.

YSAYE AT METROPOLITAN.

De Pasquale and Jorn Also Heard—Three Other Concerts.

Several concerts were offered to the concertgoer last evening. At the Metropolitan Opera House Eugen Ysaye played. His programmed numbers were Bruch's second concerto and Lalo's "Symphonie Espagnole." Mme. Bernice de Pasquale sang the Polonaise from "Mignon," in English. She also sang the "Charming Bird" air from "The Pearl of Brazil." Mr. Jörn sang the well known tenor airs from "L'Africaine," and "Pagliacci." The orchestra was under the direction of Mr. Rothmeyer.

At Aeolian Hall the New York Plectrum Orchestra, under the direction of Valentine Abt, gave its fourth concert. The soloists were H. Braeken Dye, organist; Giovanni Lafemina, tenor; Amadeo de Filippis, mandolinist, and Miss Wilma Hultgren-Hillberg, accompanist.

At Rumford Hall Howard Brockway, pianist, and Ludwig Marum, violinist, gave the last of their ensemble concerts. The programme included Beethoven's sonata for violin and piano, op. 23, A minor; Dvorak's sonatina, op. 100, G major, and Richard Strauss's sonata for violin and piano.

Miss Dorothy Toye, a singer, who sings both tenor and soprano, gave a concert at the Eltinge Theatre. She was assisted by Leo Schulz, 'cellist, and Charles Gilbert Spross at the piano.

CITY CONCERT A SUCCESS.

Hundreds Turned Away from First of Series at Normal College.

The first of a series of sixty-three free orchestral concerts to be given in the different buildings of the Department of Education, for which the Board of Aldermen and the Board of Estimate appropriated $10,000, was heard yesterday afternoon by more than 3,000 people in the auditorium at the Normal College, Park Avenue and Sixty-eighth Street.

Hundreds of persons were turned away. Preceding the musical programme, Borough President McAneny praised the idea of thus utilizing the many empty school auditoriums and gave due credit for the movement to Prof. Henry T. Fleck of the college. President McAneny helped to obtain the appropriation.

The orchestra was made up from the Metropolitan Opera House and Damrosch organizations. There were selections by Albert Von Doenhoff, Signor Campanari, and Maurice Kauffman.

MR. YSAYE PLAYS AGAIN.

Violinist Is Soloist for Third Time at the Metropolitan.

Mr. Eugene Ysaye played last night at the concert in the Metropolitan Opera House, at which Mr. Carl Jorn and Mme. Bernice de Pasquali were the artists from the opera company. The mere fact that he has appeared twice before at these concerts did not lessen the size of the audience for it overflowed into the orchestra pit. He played Bruch's G minor concerto—an old friend to his audiences—and Lalo's Symphonic Espagnole.

Mr. Jorn sang the Oh, Paradiso, from "L'Africaine," and the dramatic aria from "I Pagliacci." The latter he had to repeat. Mme. de Pasquali, to the obbligato by Mr. Otto Stoeckert, flutist, put the audience in an enthusiastic mood by singing David's "Charmant Oiseau," a part of which she repeated in answer to the applause.

Miss Dorothy Toyes' Vocal Tricks Entertain Audience at the Eltinge Theatre.

Miss Dorothy Toye, who appeared at the Eltinge Theatre last night, is a phenomenal person. She sings both soprano and tenor, and does both remarkably well. She was to have appeared a week ago, but was indisposed. There was a good sized audience expecting to see and hear almost anything. Instead it saw quite a charming young woman, and heard a soprano voice of good quality and well trained. It also heard Miss Toye sing with a rather less perfect tenor voice.

She first sang the Siciliana from "Cavalleria Rusticana"—the curtain was down then just as it should be—and there was no tone nor word that would have given the slightest idea that a woman was singing. The biggest surprise of the evening was Miss Toye's natural voice. Her soprano was powerful and her production of tone could not be adversely commented upon. She sang Dvorak's "Als die alte Mutter" and Mimi's aria from "La Bohème" in such a manner as to win the whole hearted applause of her audience.

Just how Miss Toye is able to sing tenor is something only she knows, but it was noticeable that when singing in this voice her diction was imperfect and her technique less finished. Many in the audience expressed the opinion that it was unfortunate that she had lessened the artistic value of her soprano voice by coupling with the other, and depending on the freak combination for success.

She was assisted by Mr. Leo Schulz, 'cellist, whose artistic playing and winning personality put him on the friendliest terms with the audience.

Sunday Concerts.

Mch 3 1913

A new symphony by Sibelius was played at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon by the New York Symphony Orchestra. Sibelius is Finland's chief composer, whose excellent "Finlandia," "Kalevala," and other early works aroused great hopes of future achievements. These hopes have not been fostered by recent works, while the new symphony completely dashes them to pieces. It is Sibelius's fourth work of its class, and had its first performance in 1911 at Helsingfors. Walter Damrosch, in his preliminary remarks, led the audience to expect to hear "the last word" in symphonic composition; yet from the points of view of uncalled-for cacophony and noise it proved to be mild as a zephyr compared with the March blasts of Schönberg and Scriabine. What the official commentator referred to as "a rude attack on the brasses" at the beginning proved to be quite moderate and agreeable. There are other agreeable episodes, here and there, but, as a whole, the new symphony is simply dull and devoid of any kind of interest. The dictionary defines balderdash as "words jumbled together without sense, taste, or judgment," and this definition suits the new Sibelius score exactly. It is as inconsequential as the ravings of a drunken man. One prominent musician pronounced it a "Trottelei." One of its traits may claim originality; each of the movements ends very softly, but this is far from being in their favor; the second and third sections end as if the composer had fallen asleep over his task. The symphony did not deserve a performance. Altogether, yesterday's programme was the poorest Mr. Damrosch has ever made, the Finnish balderdash being preceded by two early works of Mozart, in which there is hardly a trace of that great man's genius—the ballet music from "Les petits riens," and the fourth violin concerto. The concerto was played by Arthur Hartmann, with lovely tone and much taste; but why waste time on such things?

At Carnegie Hall Mozart's name was also the first on the programme. The Philharmonic orchestra played his overture to "Cosi fan tutte," which has been recently heard at these concerts. The symphony, Beethoven's "Pastoral," has also appeared within the last few weeks on the Philharmonic programme, but it is always enjoyable when played so admirably as it was yesterday by Mr. Stransky and his men.

Mr. Rudolph Ganz, the well-known pianist, gave a brilliant performance of Liszt's second piano concerto. While less spontaneous, perhaps, than the first, it is brimming with melody and interesting details. In every way the pianist brought out its beauties.

The other numbers on the programme were Rheinberger's "Vision" for organ arranged for strings by A. Walter Kramer, Rubinstein's "Kamennoi-Ostrow," arranged for orchestra by Victor Herbert, and Leo Schulz's "American Festival Overture," conducted by the composer. Of both the arrangements it may be said that they were so well done that they seemed to have been originally written as they were heard yesterday. Mr. Kramer, a young composer of promise, achieved some lovely effects with the strings, especially with the solo 'cello. To make the ending more telling, he adopted a "Lohengrin" effect of the ethereal high positions for the violins, but otherwise Rheinberger's melodious composition was faithfully translated. Victor Herbert's arrangement of Rubinstein's melodious work was received enthusiastically, as it deserved to be. Leo Schulz's march is too long, but otherwise it is well written and effective; and the way Mr. Schulz conducted it showed that the Philharmonic has more than one musician to fall back on in case of indisposition on the part of the conductor-in-chief.

Leo Schulz also appeared in the evening at the Eltinge Theatre to assist the tenor-soprano Dorothy Toye. At the Metropolitan the soloists were Ysaye, De Pasquali, and Jörn. A joint sonata recital was given at the Belasco Theatre by Mr. Barrère and Mr. Consolo; the Plectrum Orchestra was heard in Aeolian Hall, while Howard Brockway and Ludwig Marum played at Rumford Hall.

Mch 4 1913

WAGNER AT THE OPERA.

Mme. Gadski Sings Sieglinde After Many Brunnhildes.

"Die Walküre" was performed at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening when the seventeenth week of the season began. Mr. Gatti-Casazza apparently likes to change his casts and display the resources of his company, and last evening's combination was quite new. Mme. Matzenauer, making her last appearance for the season was again the *Brunnhilde* and Mme. Homer was the *Fricka*, but Mme. Gadski was heard as *Sieglinde* for the first time this season. Indeed she has been heard very seldom in the role in recent years. When she first came here she sang only *Sieglinde*, and not the *Brunnhildes*.

Her impersonation had beauty and sincerity to commend it, but possibly more attention was attracted to the *Wotan* of Carl Braun, a stalwart, powerful and intelligently dramatic characterization. Mr. Braun's large and graphic methods are fairly familiar to this public and his place in its esteem is fixed. Mr. Urlus repeated his virile and interesting *Siegmund* and Mr. Ruysdael was once more a competent *Hunding*. He has improved much in this role since he first appeared here.

Mr. Hertz was in the conductor's chair and it ought to be said that the orchestra was more restrained and transparent than it had been on several occasions in the same opera. The choir of Valkyrs was capable as usual.

MME. CLARA BUTT'S FAREWELL RECITAL

English Contralto in Joint Concert with Kennerly Rumford at Carnegie Hall.

From a stage that looked like a tropical garden filled with feathery palms, Mme. Clara Butt, English contralto, and Kennerly Rumford, English baritone, bade farewell to their American friends at Carnegie Hall last evening.

Their friends were surely loathe to lose them, for applause and recalls kept the singers on the stage for some time.

Mme. Butt and Mr. Rumford divided honors in a joint recital, for which special care was paid to the arrangement of the programme. Mr. Rumford began by giving two songs "Tears, Idle Tears," and "O Swallow Flying South"—the last songs written by Sir Arthur Sullivan.

Mme. Butt, wearing a filmy yellow gown and many diamonds, sang first a group of biblical songs, including Beethove's "Creation" and Dvorak's "God Is My Shepherd," and one by Elgar.

Two duets, "Dear Love of Mine," from Goring Thomas's opera "Nadeshda," and "In Love's Domain," were well sung and enthusiastically received. Mr Rumford was also heard in old Irish airs and English ballads, and Mme. Butt sag operatic extracts and, by request, "The Lost Chord," which called for the greatest demonstration of the evening.

BRAHMS—BEETHOVEN

Mch. 5 1913

A Day of Ideal Chamber Music.

The concerts of yesterday which had significance were devoted to chamber music, and by a happy coincidence the three Bs of Hans von Bülow's idolatry held the chief places on the programmes. In the afternoon at Aeolian Hall Eugene Ysaye and Rudolph Ganz gave a concert and together played Brahms's sonata in D minor (not A major, as the programme would have had the audience believe), and Beethoven's "Kreutzer." Between these monumental works Mr. Ganz introduced Liszt's fantasia (also disguised in the announcement) on the famous theme which Bach loved so well that he used it in his cantata "Weinen, Klagen," the "Crucifixus" of his great mass in B minor and his harpsichord capriccio, which to many writers who know little history stands as the beginning of programme music. In the same room in the evening the Kneisels played the Beethoven Quartet in F major (Op. 18, No. 1), and Mr. Kneisel, Mr. Willeke and Mr. Clarence Adler, the latter a newcomer in our concert rooms, played Brahms's pianoforte trio in B major. It was therefore a day of joy for the lovers of pure music, one calculated to make them glad that Beethoven could still have such beautiful interpretation and that they could count themselves as contemporaries with one who was so noble a disciple of the master as Brahms. As for the interpretation which the music received, the names of the players ought to provide a sufficient encomium; it was as beautiful as it was reverential and if any regret was felt it was because Mr. Adler in the Brahms trio failed to recognize the fact that he was one of three and not one with two subordinate associates. Such a phenomenon is not common in the concerts of the Kneisel Quartet, which stand for the highest and best that we have in instrumental music and ought not to be sophisticated by any artist's desire to put himself forward. Had Mr. Adler listened to the playing of Messrs. Ysaye and Ganz in the afternoon he might have learned a valuable lesson and saved the Kneisel concert from its one slight defect. It is hard to imagine how Beethoven's quartet could have been made more beautiful than it was. After the trio Mr. Kneisel and his regular companions played two movements from Reger's quartet in E flat—the larghetto and finale.

H. E. K.

THE KNEISEL QUARTET.

Mch. 5 1913

Beethoven, Brahms, and Reger at Its Fifth Concert—Clarence Adler Assisting Pianist.

The programme of the fifth concert of the Kneisel Quartet, given last evening in Aeolian Hall, brought forward nothing absolutely new; but there were upon the programme two movements from Max Reger's quartet in E flat, Op. 109, only once before heard, which Mr. Kneisel played entire a few seasons ago. These represented one of the most active of the younger German musicians in as favorable a light as he has appeared here. The movements were a Larghetto and the final Allegro. They are characteristic of Reger in the general outline of their themes and in the harmonic shiftiness of their structure; but they are more euphonious and more cogent, more musical in their appeal than some of his works that have been heard here. The Larghetto is suave, multifluous music, dignified and self-contained; it does not seem to be inspired from on high, and yet is interesting, and it takes a certain hold on the imagination. The Allegro is a fugue; and does not belie the reputation of its composer as a strong man in counterpoint. The subject is stout and well conceived, such a one as the older masters devised for fugal treatment, but naturally with more varied harmonic suggestiveness. Its treatment is something more than dexterous; it leads to a truly fine musical structure, of splendid and impressive proportions. The long episode of slower tempo in the middle is one of its remarkable features. The fugue especially seemed to please and was warmly applauded.

The quartet played these movements with superb skill, richness and beauty of tone, and with a never-failing purity of intonation where purity of intonation is difficult of attainment. There was an unusual spirit, warmth, and delicacy in the performance of Beetnoven's first quartet, Op. 18, No. 1, that began the programme, and in Brahms's trio in B, Op. 8, Mr. Kneisel, Mr. Willeke, and Mr. Clarence Adler touched some of the supreme heights of this beautiful composition. Mr. Adler played the piano part, and proved himself worthy of the high company he was in a pianist who appreciates his true function in the ensemble of chamber music and gives his instrument its proper place in that ensemble. The trio was, of course, performed in the revision that Brahms made of it in the later years of his life—a revision that really saves the work for posterity and that makes of the first movement, from a rather cold and severe effort filled with contrapuntal refinements, one of the master's most nobly beautiful, warmly pulsing, and profoundly emotional utterances.

YSAYE AND GANZ IN RECITAL.

Mch. 5 1913

Artists Play Senators byVdcl. d Artists Play Sonatas by Brahms and Beethoven.

The ingenious managed made another combination of two distinguished artists under one control yesterday afternoon, when Mr. Ysaye and Rudolph Ganz were brought together in a joint recital in Carnegie Hall. The occasion offered matter of serious musical interest, as similar occasions have done before. The two artists played together Brahm's D minor sonata for piano and violin—not the one in A major that stood upon the printed programme—and Beethoven's sonata dedicted to Kreutzer. Mr. Ysaye had been heard in the last named earlier in the season with the co-operation of Mr. Godowsky. The sonata by Brahms, played with great spirit and poetic feeling, and in a manner that set forth ingratiatingly its wonderful fund of beauty and imagination, gave great pleasure, especially the slow movement and the scherzo presto that follows it. And yet the feeling would not down that something was lost and dissipated in the performance of this sonata, which, no more than the Kretuzer sonata, is in place in such an audience room as Carnegie Hall.

The programme also contained the "Poeme" by Chausson, dedicated to Mr. Ysaye, that he was the first to introduce to New York eight years ago, and had played earlier in the season—a piece that needs the orchestral accompaniment, which is more than an accompaniment—and Saint Saens's "Havanaise." Mr. Ganz was heard in Liszt's variations on the theme of the opening chorus of Bach's cantata, "Weinen, Klagen, Sorgen, Zagen," which is also the theme of the "Crucifixus" of the B minor mass. The variations are an effective composition of its kind, though it gives little hint of the wonders that Bach works with this material. Its close with the chorale, "Was Gott thut ist wohlgetan," which is also the close of the cantata, is well conceived.

Mr. Ganz played the composition with much power and fullness of tone. He was called on for more, and added Liszt's transcription of his own song called "Liebestraum."

LOUISE HOMER APPLAUDED.

Mch. 5 1913

Contralto Accompanied in Songs by Pianola and Aeolian Organ.

Louise Homer of the Metropolitan Opera House appeared as soloist at the pianola and aeolian concert at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. The American contralto sang "Mon coeur s'ouvre à ta voix," from "Samson et Dalila," which she, of course, has sung endless times before, and in which she always makes an effect. She was accompanied in this number on the Aeolian organ, manipulated by Dion W. Kennedy.

Later in the afternoon she sang four songs, accompanied by the pianola—Schumann's "Widmung" and "Frühlingsnacht," Sidney Homer's "The Stormy Evening," and Henschel's "The Morning Hymn." The contralto was warmly received by the large audience present.

The programme further included the introduction to Act III. of "Lohengrin" and the Prelude to "Cavalleria Rusticana" played on the Aeolian organ, and Balakirew's "Scherzo No. 2," Cesek's "Valse Caprice," Chopin's Etude, Opus 25, No. 9; Bartlett's Nocturne, and Liszt's Campanella etude, played on the pianola piano, which was operated by Egon Pütz and W. C. Woods.

Mch. 5 Kneisel Quartet. 1913

The luminous spot in the programme played by the Kneisel Quartet last night was the Brahms Trio, Op. 8, and this not alone by contrast, but because of its intrinsic beauties and the delightful performance. The first movement suffered somewhat because Mr. Adler, splendid ensemble player that he is, rushed the allegro into a presto, and to attain the trio called for in the title of the movement, he forced his tone and at times submerged the strings. Still keeping a little ahead of the spirit of the following movements—at times Mr. Kneisel seemed to try to hold him back—his tone improved, and the third and fourth movements were a special plea for Brahms, for they were Brahms at his very best.

The Beethoven Quartet, Op. 18, No. 1, was Beethoven in conventional evening dress, Rodin edited by an eighteenth century Italian sculptor. Two movements of the Max Reger Quartet, Op. 103, closed the programme. There are people who have heard it throughout at one sitting, and while they can be induced to speak about the experience, they will not repeat it. The larghetto can be played as its composer's name can be spelled—beginning at either end the result will be the same. The last movement is a marvel of construction; even Bach would gasp if he heard it, but nothing short of a Kneisel Quartet can do it justice, and last night it was a magnificent tour de force, which, however, did not efface the impression made by the Brahms trio.

ARTHUR WHITING'S QUARTET.

Mch. 6 1913

Delightful Performance of Brahms's Waltzes and Irish Folk Songs.

The young gentlemen of the universities where Arthur Whiting and his University Quartet provide music fare well if the recital given by these artists last evening in Aeolian Hall is an average specimen of it. The recital was devoted chiefly to a selection of Brahms's "Liebesheider" waltzes and a cycle of old Irish melodies arranged by Mr. Whiting. He began the programme with a performance of Maurice Ravel's "Valses Nobles et Sentimentales" for pianoforte.

The quartet, consisting of Mrs. Charles Rabold, Mrs. Anna Taylor Jones, and Messrs. William Wheeler and Edmund A. John is more distinguished for its admirable training, its excellent blending and its exquisitely refined and polished style—in a word, for its fine artistic qualities—than for its purely vocal beauty. But these qualities enabled it to sing the fascinating settings that Brahms gave to Daumer's "Polydora" verses with the most delightful results. The waltzes are composed for a quartet, with an accompaniment of four hands on the piano, of which Mr. Whiting played a reduction for one player. They have been sung here by a chorus, but they are not meant for the fullness of a chorus. Such a quartet as Mr. Whiting's gives them their true effect, singing them from memory, with the freedom and flexibility thus made possible in phrasing and expression, all details of which had been carefully worked out. The selections were from the two sets, Op. 52 and 65, including the final epilogue. They are among the most entrancing of Brahms's works in the lighter vein, showing the Viennese influence of Schubert, with perhaps even a touch of Johann Strauss, now mirthful, now sentimental and tender, now mischievous and capricious. Their performance gave much pleasure, and several of them were repeated.

Mr. Whiting has arranged fourteen old Irish folksongs with skill and sympathy for quartet, duet, and solos, with a piano accompaniment that is appropriate and withoupt overelaboration. The essential simplicity of the folksing is not sacrificed, but the effect belongs to the domain of art.

Ravel's waltzes with which Mr. Whiting began, belong to the latest revelations of French music. Harmony has not yet been carried much further into the wilderness than it has been in these pieces. They are unpretending in their musical substance; some would deny their "novability," others their "sentiment." Probably few could enjoy their acid dissonances, and they are generally well calculated to overturn the equanimity of those who do not like this sort of thing. For those who do, they are just the sort of thing they will like.

OLD IRISH MELODIES SUNG

Mch. 6 1913

Brahms and Ravel Also on Concert Programme.

Arthur Whiting, at the piano, with the University Quartet, consisting of Mrs. Charles Rabold, soprano; Mrs. Anna Taylor Jones, contralto; William Wheeler, tenor, and Edmund A. Jahn, bass, gave a concert of somewhat unusual interest last night in Aeolian Hall. On the programme were Brahms's nineteen waltzes and epilogue from Liebeslieder, Op. 52, and Neue Liebeslider, Op. 65, and a cycle of old Irish melodies arranged by Mr. Whiting for four voices and pianoforte accompaniment.

The Brahms waltzes were as a rule sung with spirit, though there were times when the ensemble might have been improved. Needless to say, Mr. Whiting's accompaniments were most skilfully executed. Mr. Jahn's fine bass was of good effect in the ninth waltz and in his duet with Mr. Wheeler. The Irish melodies, some of them often heard and others rarely, were a treat, especially the concerted numbers—the stirring old "Shan Van Voght," "Clare's Dragoons" and "The Lament for Owen Roe O'Neill." Mrs. Rabold's voice, one of pelasing quality, had not the dramtic force necessary for "Eileen's Farewell." Yet, all in all, despite the rather peseudo-Gaelic character of the singers, the melodies came as a pleasing refreshment, being simply, and most happily, arranged in each instance by Mr. Whiting.

The opening selection was Ravel's "Valses nobles et sentimentales," waltzes which would surely have puzzled the bard of Johann Strauss, but which Mr. Whiting played with spirit and sympathy. The audience was unusually large and its enthusiasm in proportion.

Miss Farrar Delights Again as Goose Girl

Mch 6 1913

Another Fine Performance of "Königskinder" Is Given by Familiar Cast at the Metropolitan.

Again that romantic, melodious opera "Koenigskinder," was sung at the Metropolitan last night to an audience which though not taxing the capacity of the auditorium, was very appreciative of the excellence of the performance. Applause followed each act and the principals paraded before the curtain many times.

The performance held no features of novelty, the important rôles being taken by familiar artists. Miss Farrar, as the Goose Girl, and Mr. John, as the Goose Son, were in good voice, while Mr. Jadlowker sang the music of the Fiddler, and Mr. Robeson was the Witch. Messrs. Reiss and Didur added their quaint touches of comedy as the Broom Maker and the Woodcutter. Mr. Hertz conducted the interesting performance.

And the geese, which were lacking in decorum in other presentations of the work this season, were as well behaved as possible last night—possibly because the end of the season and a return to normal gose life are now in sight.

THE PHILHARMONIC

Mch. 7 1913

Serious Programme and Maud Powell.

Philharmonic concerts are not g lighter in character as they ap- their close. For the next mid- subscription affairs we are prom- hree symphonies and an overture. to make amends for what some s thought recent shortcomings or e revenge upon them. Neither, it be hoped. The society has filled a and beautiful mission for two gen- ns, and it ought to continue in its regardless of whatever disturbance local musical waters its schemes ir performance may occasion. So it n the past; so it ought to remain at until it becomes obvious, which is kely, that a tendency to lower the rd of taste has become a pol- Last night's programme offered that was unqualifiedly pleasing, velty which caused some ques- g (as most new music is likely nowadays) and a symphony which, h it is, has been played over and again, has now won its way to wide Also Tschaikowsky's violin con- which has come to be accepted ut much question and invites special hent only when it is played either or supremely well. Miss Maud ll was the solo player last night, and performance represented neither ex- The artist is one who has always anded respect and admiration, for reason amongst others, which her e of a work brought into notice, for s she who introduced the concerto e attention of the local public. No nist has shown such willingness as to keep us abreast with the violin c of the times. To her we owe our acquaintance with the concertos of aikowsky, Dvorak and Sibilius, to nothing of less significant works. And his we are all properly grateful. But ever she returns to us after an ab- spent in missionary labors in far- y communities, the wish always rises she had rested awhile and recovered of her old artistic spirit before play- again in the metropolis. We do not an exhibition of that impetuosity h, though never so well calculated to h the popular ear elsewhere, is not kind of appeal which ought to be e to a Philharmonic audience least ll when clumsily accompanied.

he novelty was a symphonic scherzo h Fritz Stahlberg, a member of the estra, who conducted the composition whose companions gave it a good per- nance. Unhappily it differs from the r music which the Philharmonic So- has performed for him—the sym- ic poem "In Memory of Abraham Lin- " and the two sketches "Im Hoch- " in disclosing a large discrepancy n, sound and significance, or to k more musically, perhaps, between and content. Had the thoughts the olic ideas, of the scherzo been uttered he orchestra of Mozart's time and the old harmonic idioms it is easily ble that the music would have made leasant impression. As it was, the emed to be much ado about noth- n particular. The symphony was nt-Saëns's in C minor in which Vic- Harris and Michael Loesch helped at oforte and Charles Gilbert Spross the organ.

H. E. K.

THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

Mch. 7 1913

Mrs. Maud Powell Plays—Fritz Stahlberg's New Symphonic Scherzo.

programme of the Philharmonic So- s concert last evening lacked noth- n weight and dignity, and could not cused of being too "popular"; but d turn out to lack something in in- t and stimulus to the listener's imag- n. Its most significant feature was Maud Powell's performance of aikowsky's violin concerto. Mme. ll had not been heard here for some and her reappearance was welcome. played the concerto with great sweep energy; perhaps she has played with er smoothness and mellowness of on some other occasions, but scarce- ith more power. Her performance much applauded; but there was lit- deserved for the accompaniment by orchestra, which was faulty.

e programme also brought forward a composition by Fritz Stahlberg, one be first violinists of the orchestra, has appeared twice before on the con- or's stand at the Philharmonic's con- certs to conduct music of his own. This time it was a "Symphonic Scherzo." He has set a very different task before himself in this than he fulfilled in his pleasing symphonic sketches "Im Hochland," heard last year. He has not tried to be pleasing in this scherzo so much as bizarre, both in his ideas and, in parts, in his instrumentation. His themes are strongly marked rhythmically, but they have little really musical distinction. There are uncouth and awkward passages; the best of the music is contained in the more broadly written trio. There might be ground for imagining that Mr. Stahlberg had set some of Strauss's symphonic poems before himself for emulation, and some of his orchestral methods for imitation.

Dvorak's overture, "My Home Land," began the programme. It is one of his orchestral compositions least often heard, and is, in fact, not one of his strongest. The two National melodies which he has worked up in it are not particularly striking nor is his method of treating them wholly fortunate. There are some interesting traits in the development, and some characteristic passages of fine orchestration, but it is not Dvorak at his best. The symphony was Saint-Saëns in C minor, his third; a work that has a certain experimental character in its form and in its instrumentation. It has never been able to establish a strong hold on the public here, before whom it is set from time to time; for notwithstanding interesting features, highly intelligent ideas in its structure and unimpeachable workmanship, it is rather dull music in considerable stretches. Messrs. Victor Harris and Michael Loesch play the pianoforte* part, which counts so little in the instrumental effect, and Charles Gilbert Spross the organ.

N. Y. Sun

The fourteenth evening subscription concert of the Philharmonic Society took place at Carnegie Hall last evening. The programme consisted of Dvorak's overture, "My Home Land," Tschaikowsky's violin concerto, Fritz Stahlberg's "Symphonic Scherzo" and Saint-Saens's third symphony, C minor. The solo violinist was Maud Powell. The pressure of stern necessity makes itself felt in the numerous programmes of the Philharmonic Society. Search is long and earnest for material to fill them out, without resorting to numerous repetitions of works already tried by long usage.

We have had the questionable joy of listening to Mozart's overture to "Cosi fan Tutte," one of the most naive and slender of the master's composition's, and we have also sat in some wonder at performances of the overture to Gluck's "Alceste," which is certainly in a foreign land in the concert hall. Dvorak's opus 62, known best by its German title, "Mein Heim," is another unfamiliar composition and it can be said of it that it has larger claims to a place on Philharmonic programmes than some other things which have been put there.

It is built on Bohemian themes and it has its author's unfailing fluency of style and clarity of treatment. But the fact that it is seldom performed would lead to the suspicion that it was not a very important composition, and this indeed is the case. However, as already intimated, we must have something new, even if it be only an old and neglected work.

Mr. Stahlberg, whose scherzo was played for the first time, is a violinist in the orchestra. He has appeared before now at its concerts as a composer. His symphonic poem, "In Memory of Abraham Lincoln," was played on February 12 and 13, 1909, and on February 4, 1912, his two symphonic sketches, "In Hochland," were given. The composition heard last evening made certain claims for serious consideration, but its merits were uneven. The theme of the scherzo proper proved to be a labored and rather awkward one, which despite all devices of instrumentation refused to develop spontaneously. Probably its fundamental defect was its reaching with palpable effort after the style of the contemporaneous German school and endeavoring to commingle with this a faint echo of Debussy.

The trio was much more frank and less unnatural. Its melodic idea was a pleasing one and the development was in the true idiom of the orchestra. Here Mr. Stahlberg's real talent was displayed to its best advantage, though there were some weak spots in the scoring. On the whole the composition showed musicianship and fancy and Mr. Stahlberg will undoubtedly be heard from again.

A young violinist named Vera Barstow played the first movement of the Tschaikowsky concerto at a Volpe Orchestra concert in November and Mr. Ehrman chose the work for his appearance with the Symphony Society in January. Doubtless it has been played at some other time in the course of the season, for the name of concerts has been legion and the memory of man contains not all of them. But assuredly no one else has played this concerto in quite the same way as Mme. Powell played it last evening.

It is not essential to conjecture as to the causes which have operated to take the polish away temporarily from this admirable artist's playing, but it is a fact that her delivery of the first half of the first movement last evening was positively rude, and at no time did she disclose the elegance of style, the artistic repose and breadth of interpretative thought which we have been accustomed to expect from her in the past.

This is all especially to be regretted just at the present moment when Mme. Powell's return to New York brings her into a musical atmosphere cleansed and invigorated by a pure and finished violin art. By comparison with which her too bold and erratic performance of last evening suffered much. Comparisons are not critical foundations, but they persist in obtruding themselves in certain cases. Let us hope that Mme. Powell will stay here till she resumes her older and more beautiful style.

Barrere Ensemble in Unique Concert

Mch. 7 1913

Nine Instruments, All Wind, Give Little Known Works of Mozart, Lazzari, Gounod and Goury.

Special attention has been paid this season by the directors of the People's Symphony Club to the importance of the wind instruments in modern orchestras. Exemplifying that importance and at the same time giving its members the opportunity of enjoying the efforts of a distinguished company of musicians, the club presented the Barrere Ensemble at Cooper Union last evening.

Four works of varied schools made up last evening's programme.

A serenade in E flat, by Mozart, Sylvio Lazzari's Suite for eight instruments, a "Little Symphony" by Gounod and the "Suite Gauloise" by Goury were given with charming effect.

DR. MUCK TO STAY IN BOSTON

Conductor's Contract with Symphony Orchestra Has Four Years to Run.

The management of the Boston Symphony Orchestra has issued the following announcement:

"Rumor and gossip have been busy for several weeks past making plans for Dr. Karl Muck, the conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

"There have been some variations regarding just where in Europe he is going next Fall, but all the reports seem to be unanimous concerning his leaving Boston and the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the end of the present season. The gossips have even named Felix Weingartner as his successor. Mch. 7 1913

"These reports have caused much annoyance to those vitally interested in the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Dr. Muck's present contract with the orchestra has four years to run, and there is no shadow of truth in the report that he has any intention whatever of asking a release. In other words, there has been absolutely no foundation for any of these reports which have caused so much comment.

"Since Dr. Muck arrived in America last Fall he has been besieged with requests to take various important posts in Europe. As long ago as last Spring great influence was brought to bear on him to take the post left vacant in Munich by the death of Felix Mottl. Efforts of every kind have been made to secure him for the head of the Vienna opera. Nor is it violating confidence to say that Berlin would be only too happy to have him back.

"In addition to these offers, Dr. Muck has been requested to lead special performances of opera in Darmstadt and other German cities, and within the last week he received a most urgent call to conduct the performances of "Parsifal" in January, 1914, in the new Champs Elysées Opera House in Paris. All these offers he has positively declined.

"Dr. Muck will be in Boston at least until the end of the season of 1916-1917."

Maud Powell with Philharmonic.

Mch. 7 1913

One of the funniest criticisms penned on Tchaikovsky's violin concerto when it was first heard abroad was that it is "somnolent and wearisome." That was not the way it impressed the audience which last night heard it as played by Maud Powell and the Philharmonic Orchestra under Mr. Stransky. There was a great outburst of prolonged applause after the first movement, and again after the second, while at the end America's greatest violinist was recalled a number of times. "I am a Russian in the fullest sense of the word," wrote Tchaikovsky at the time he wrote this splendid work; and thoroughly Russian was the manner of its performance last night; impetuous, at times barbarian, in the allegros—full of dash and bracing vitality. In fact, for the first five minutes the playing of both soloist and orchestra was too rough, even for Russian music; but in the second half of the opening movement there was a climax of brilliancy and musical impressiveness surpassing anything of the kind heard here this season. The audience had the best of reasons for its exceptional enthusiasm. In the canzonetta Mme. Powell revealed the feminine side of her rare art most exquisitely; such tender, ingratiating playing is seldom to be enjoyed even in this violin-ridden town. It was meet that the beauties of this work should be revealed once more by Maud Powell, for it was she who first made American audiences familiar with this concerto.

A few days ago reference was made to the fact that the Philharmonic has at least two men who, in an emergency, could help out the conductor. Last night it was made evident that there is a third—there may be others besides. Fritz Stahlberg, one of the first violinists, conducted his own "Symphonic Scherzo," which is still in manuscript. It can hardly be said to have made as agreeable an impression as did his two symphonic sketches, "Im Hochland," which the Philharmonic played a year ago. Though it is well written, its thematic material is meagre, and there is too much hearkening to the strains and methods of Strauss, Debussy, and Puccini. These composers have just about enough wind to inflate their own sails; there is none to spare for others.

Mr. Stransky's contributions to the programme, which he conducted with his usual admirable command of his forces and careful attention to details of expression, were Dvorák's overture, "My Home Land," which, though well worth playing, does not reveal the great Bohemian in one of his most inspired moments, and the C minor symphony of Saint-Saëns. This work, though it has, size for size, less musical substance than the famous symphonic poems of France's most scholarly composer, has gradually won favor because of its many charming details and quaint rhythmic devices. The addition of the organ to the usual resources of coloring is effective, but the two pianists seem almost superfluous, although the rapid scales and arpeggios contributed by them in the fiery scherzo are impressive. Victor Harris and Michael Loesch were at the piano, while the organ was played by Charles Gilbert Spross.

The Saint-Saëns symphony lasts only thirty-five minutes. In this respect it should serve as a model to all composers who have symphonic ambitions. Nor is that the only respect. In the analysis of his work made by Saint-Saëns himself he calls attention to some new details of construction which should be pondered. The symphony, he says, "is divided into two movements. Nevertheless, it contains, in principle, the four traditional movements; but the first, arrested in development, serves as an introduction to the Adagio, and the Scherzo is linked by the same process to the Finale. The composer has sought to avoid thus the endless resumptions and repetitions which more and more tend to disappear from instrumental music under the influence of increasingly developed musical culture."

'LA BOHEME' SUNG IN PLACE OF 'CYRANO'

Mch. 8 1913

Indisposition of Amato Causes Change at the Metropolitan.

"La Bohème" was sung at the Metropolitan Opera House last night instead of "Cyrano" owing to the indisposition of Pasquale Amato, who sang the title role in the Damrosch-Henderson opera at its initial performance on Thursday of last week.

The cast for last night's performance had but few minor changes from the cast which sang Puccini's opera on Friday. It included Riccardo Martin as *Rodolfo*, Frances Alda as *Mimi*, Antonio Scotti as *Marcello* and Bella Alten as *Musetta*. Giorgio Polacco conducted.

"Cyrano" will have its next production on the night of March 17.

THE NEW YORK SYMPHONY.

Mch. 8 — 1913

Tschaikowsky's Fourth Symphony Played—McCormack and Langenus Soloists.

Tschaikowsky's fourth symphony, which has been rather unduly neglected in favor of his fifth and especially his sixth, was the principal number on the programme of the New York Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon. Mr. Damrosch gave an interesting performance of it, well finished, rhythmical and with some striking and well conceived modifications of tempo.

The only other orchestral piece was Dr. Leopold Damrosch's arrangement of Schubert's "Marche Militaire," originally a duet for the piano. Two movements—the fantasie and rondo—from Weber's quintet in B flat for clarinet and strings were played as if they were solo pieces for the clarinet with an accompaniment of a string orchestra. This is, of course, doing violence to Weber's intention; yet it must be said that the performance showed that at least these two movements were composed in a way to suggest such treatment, for the strings were little more than an accompaniment in them. Mr. Langenus, the first clarinetist of the orchestra, was the soloist. His playing showed delicacy, refinement and a musical quality of tone. And while the music itself seems now old-fashioned—abounding in the "Weber flourish, with little of the vitality of his greater work—it was agreeable to hear and interesting for its rarity.

Mr. John McCormack, the tenor, also had solo numbers in the programme. Don Ottavio's song, "Il mio tesoro," from "Don Giovanni," he sang beautifully, suavely, with freedom and spontaneity of utterance, with pure and limpid tone and finished phrasing. It was an admirable achievement. Later he contributed a series of four ancient Irish songs with piano accompaniment—a kind of music that he delivers with special zest, and, naturally, with an Irishman's love and understanding of his native folk song.

RUSSIAN SYMPHONY GIVEN

Mch. 8 — 1913

Tschaikowsky's Fourth Principal Work at Damrosch Concert.

Tschaikowsky's fourth symphony was the piece de resistance of yesterday afternoon's concert of the Symphony Society in Aeolian Hall. The Russian composer's "Pathetique" so overshadows in number of performances his other symphonies that the announcement of the production of one of his earlier works is always of interest, and the fourth contains many of Tschaikowsky's most beautiful pages.

Mr. Damrosch gave an unusually spirited reading of the work, especially in the last moment, in which he built up the climax with brilliant effect. Throughout the symphony the gradations of tone and nuance were admirably adjusted, and the warm applause after each movement was well merited. An enjoyable feature of the afternoon was Mr. Langenus's clarinet solo of the fantasie and rondo of Weber's Quintet for clarinet and strings.

The other solo performer was John McCormack, the Irish tenor, whose singing of "Il mio tesoro intanto," from "Don Giovanni," was done with art, but whose most delightful offering were four Irish songs, "The Verdant Braes of Skreen," "She Moved Tthro' the Fair," "The Next Market Day" and "The Valley Lay Smiling Before Us."

Mr. McCormack's voice is at best light in calibre, even inclining to whiteness but in his Irish ballads he shows himself ever an artist of sincerity and delicate perception. There is in his singing a tenderness and a grace that brings out from the songs their perfume and their wistfulness. In them we can forgive any lack of vocal sensuous beauty.

The programme closed with Schubert's "Marche Militaire," orchestrated by Dr Leopold Damrosch.

Saturday afternoon, March 8, Wagner's "Tannhäuser." Mmes. Destinn, Fremstad; Messrs. Urlus, Buers, Griswold, Reiss, Hinshaw, Ruysdael. Conductor, Mr. Hertz.

Saturday evening March 8, Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana." Mmes. Gadski, Duchêne, Mattfeld; Messrs. Maenez, Gilly. Conductor, Mr. Polacco. Followed by Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci." Miss Bori; Messrs. Jörn, Amato, Reschiglian. Conductor, Mr. Sturani.

8—Leopold Godowsky, piano recital, afternoon, Carnegie Hall.
8—Max Pauer, piano recital, afternoon, Aeolian Hall.
8—Maud Powell, violinist; Mary Pinney, pianist, and Leo Schulz, 'cellist, evening, Aeolian Hall.

SYMPHONIES AND SONGS

Mch. 10 — 1913

There was little need to the record of the concerts given by the Philharmonic Symphony Societies yesterday afternoon. The latter orchestra, under Mr. Walter Damrosch at Aeolian Hall, repeated the programme of last Friday's popular concert, and the former, at Carnegie Hall, devoted half of the afternoon to a symphony, which is being sadly overworked this season, Tschaikowsky's so-called "Pathetique." This work had not previously heard twice from the same band, once from the Minneapolis Orchestra, and Mr. Altschuler and his Russians made of it the chief love with which to accelerate the uplift of the class called invidiously "wage earners" at concerts given in the Madison Square Garden and Carnegie Hall. It has been enormously popular from the day of its first appearance on a local concert list in New York, before more than one or two musical capitals in Europe had heard it; but yesterday's audience seemed to indicate by its size that it is possible to ask too much even of its popularity. Mr. Damrosch also played a Tschaikowsky symphony, the fourth, in F minor, which had been given at a Philharmonic concert and in part at one of the concerts for young people. All of the other features of the Symphony Society's concert were mentioned in a review of the concert of last Friday. Mr. McCormack's singing of Irish folksongs will presently come up for further mention.

The music in Mr. Stransky's Philharmonic scheme which had not previously been heard here this season was Mendelssohn's overture to "Ruy Blas," a concerto for violoncello by August Lindner, played by Leo Schulz under difficulties, since he was ill, and the love scene from Richard Strauss's opera "Feuersnot," the plan and purpose of which no programme annotator has yet been bold enough to set forth without circumlocution. As a matter of fact, it accompanies and illustrates the most impertinently libidinous scene that ever an operatic audience was invited to imagine.

The most numerous audiences that have gathered in any local concert room this season were attracted to Carnegie Hall on two or three occasions by Mr. McCormack, who would seem to have three or four times the attractive power when he sings alone that he has when he associates himself with an orchestra. Yet the admired Irish tenor sang a group of the same kind of songs yesterday that he did at his recitals, besides "Il mio tesoro," from Mozart's "Don Giovanni," an air which he sings remarkably well. But Mr. McCormack's recitals make an appeal to the hearts of his countrymen in America which his participation in a symphony concert can never make, even if it is announced that he will sing a song from County Donegal and another from Ulster, besides others whose source is less local. The enthusiasm which his Irish songs have created directs attention to a coincidence in the programmes of a number of concerts already given or still in prospect. We have had folk music, real and imitated, of the American negro and the American Indian, and been privileged to hear orchestral fantasies on a Cuban dance, on themes from plantation ditties (this by Mr. Humiston), and even on secular tunes of the Russian Jews, besides some English airs. Three concerts of first class importance are yet to be given this season in which folksongs are to play a large part. At the Lenten meeting of the Musical Art Society in Carnegie Hall to-morrow evening four arrangements by Max Bruch of Welsh folksongs will be sung; at Mme. Sembrich's recital on the 25th of this month she will devote one division of her programme to a group of folksongs containing examples from Canada, Louisiana, Ireland, Sweden, modern Greece, Poland and Hungary—the most admired of the songs which she introduced here two years ago with a Creole specimen, which she has not yet sung in public. At the concert of the Schola Cantorum, which was set down for next Wednesday evening, but which has had to be postponed for a month or more, Mr. Schindler intended to produce a number of British folksongs arranged by Percy Grainger. There is now in the city a Servian singer, Alexander Savine, who is likely to be heard in folksongs and art songs from the peoples of Eastern Europe, like the Servians, Macedonians, Bulgarians and others whose music is known only to students. Under the circumstances, a few words about some of the songs which are to be heard will not be out of place.

LINA CAVALIERI AND M. MURATORE

Mch. 10 — 1913

The entertainment which filled the atmosphere of the Hippodrome last evening was denominated on the programme a concert. The word "concert" is elastic and it has borne some heavy burdens of sin without stretching to the breaking point. Therefore it is probably still serviceable to-day. But titles do not constitute aristocracy, and calling last evening's show a concert did not make of it anything but a vaudeville performance, and not a very good one at that.

The stars of this singular entertainment were Lina Cavalieri, prima donna assoluta, and Lucien Muratore, premier tenor of the Grand Opera of Paris. These two singers are touring this country in entertainments similar to that of last evening, and they will also be heard at least once in the hospitable opera house of Boston in Bizet's "Carmen."

Last evening Mr. Muratore was the first of the two to appear, and he sang an air from Massenet's "Werther." Mlle. Cavalieri followed with the principal solo of *Marguerite* in Boito's "Mefistofele." The two then sang duets, one of them Lulli's charming "Au Claire de la Lune." Their principal contribution in the second part of the programme was the St. Sulpice scene from "Manon." After that Mlle. Cavalieri sang Neapolitan songs and Mr. Muratore some Provencal ones, and they finished their performance with a Neapolitan duet.

It was disclosed in the utterance of Mr. Muratore's first phrase that the conventions of the concert stage were to be put aside for the sake of cheap theatric effects. The tenor treated his solo as an operatic number and delivered it with gesture, facial expression and movement about the stage, precisely as if he were clad in the garb and makeup of *Werther* instead of evening dress, and as if he had an orchestra in the pit before him instead of on the stage behind him.

When the prima donna appeared she was received with applause, and promptly was so overcome with emotion that only delineative pantomime could convey to the audience her gratitude for its loving remembrance of her. She followed the lines established by her partner and acted her scene from Boito's opera. Pardon might have been extended for this, or at least extenuation found; but when the two singers presently appeared together and proceeded to act a duet by Schumann then the vaudevillainy of the entire matter was fully exposed.

The performance of the scene from "Manon" by the two singers wearing costumes suitable to a dinner at a Broadway restaurant was something which will linger long in the memories of music lovers. It was naturally not intended to be funny, but it was irresistibly so, and when at the last measure the soprano tripped passionately across the stage and flung herself upon the dress coat of the tenor in a sort of fading embrace the depths were sounded.

Yet everything which the two did would have been commendable on the opera stage and with the right surroundings and accessories of costume and scenery. It is a pity that Mr. Muratore, an artist of the first rank in his own country, could not have been introduced to New York properly. What he did last evening, though made unfortunately ludicrous by its inappropriateness, showed that he had claims to serious consideration.

He has a characteristic French tenor voice, and he uses it with all the mannerisms, as well as with all the excellences, of his school. But he sang with temperament, with tone and with style. Music lovers would doubtless enjoy his art in its proper place, but the concert stage is not its home, even were it offered without action.

As for Mlle. Cavalieri it may be recorded that she continues to be more agreeable to the eye than to the ear. Her adaptation of opera airs to vaudeville methods could have surprised no one.

THE PHILHARMONIC CONCERT

Mch. 10 — 1913

Leo Schulz as Soloist Plays Lindner's 'Cello Concerto.

The concert of the Philharmonic Society yesterday afternoon—the third of the extra series of four—brought forward no new orchestral numbers. Mendelssohn's "Ruy Blas" overture, Smetana's "From Bohemia's Woods and Fields," Tschaikowsky's Sixth Symphony and the love scene from Strauss's opera of "Feuersnot," had all been played by the society this season before.

The new feature was the appearance of Leo Schulz, the first violoncellist of the orchestra, as soloist. He played Lindner's concerto for violoncello in E minor, Op. 34. Lindner was a composing 'cellist, and his concerto has all the qualities to be expected in a concerto by a composing 'cellist. That is, it is very agreeable to play and considerably less agreeable to listen to. It is "grateful" for the player in many ways; for the listener it is commonplace and pretty. Mr. Schulz played it with finished skill, with fine tone and correct intonation, except in a few of the passages where the composer was trying to "turn an ox into a nightingale." He was much applauded.

MME. CAVALIERI'S RETURN.

Mch. 10 — 1913

Heard at Hippodrome, Assisted by New French Tenor, Muratore.

Mme. Lina Cavalieri, who has sung in past years both at the Metropolitan and the Manhattan Opera Houses, returned to New York last night, after a long absence, at the New York Hippodrome as a concert singer, when she was assisted by the "Nathan Franko Orchestra," conducted by Edouard Tournon, and by Lucien Muratore, who for several seasons has been the leading tenor of the Paris Opéra, and who made his first New York appearance on this occasion.

Mr. Muratore was heard first in an air from "Werther" and later in "Chansons Provencales." He also sang several duets with Mme. Cavalieri, including the Saint-Sulpice duet from "Manon," a song of Schumann's sung in French and on the programme as "Sous ta Fenêtre," "Clair de la Lune," and a Neopolitan duet.

Mr. Muratore seems to be out of his element in concert, and it is, therefore difficult to judge of his worth as a singer, especially as the Hippodrome is not the easiest place in the world to sing in. Both of the singers "acted" not only their opera airs but their songs. The effect on a concert stage with the singers in evening clothes sometimes verged on the ridiculous. However, it was obvious that Mr. Muratore has a good dramatic voice. Like most French singers, his enunciation was a delightful feature o this singing.

Mme. Cavalieri made a very brilliant appearance when she entered last night in a gown of orange and white. She looked quite as beautiful as her must youthful pictures would have us believe. She was very nervous last night, and perhaps did not do herself justice as a singer. At any rate, it did not seem as if she had improved in this direction.

She sang first an air from "Mefistofele," and later some Neapolitan songs. Besides the afore-mentioned duets with Mr. Muratore. The audience was large and friendly, and there were frequent additions to the programme. One of these was described as follows on the printed programmes: "As an encore Mme. Cavalieri will sing 'Last Night Was the End of the World,' by Harry von Tilzer."

THE ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS.

Mch. 10 — 1913

Tschaikowsky Symphonies at Carnegie and Aeolian Halls.

The audience which attended the concert of the Symphony Society at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon had the pleasure of listening to two soloists, one vocal and the other instrumental. The singer was John McCormack, the Irish tenor, whose first number was "Il mio Tesoro," one of the airs of *Don Ottavio* in Mozart's "Don Giovanni." He was afterwards heard in a group of old Irish songs. His Mozart offering was marred by overuse of nasal quality of tone.

The other soloist was Gustave Langenus, the first clarinetist of the orchestra, who played his part in the fantasia and rondo of a quintet of Weber for clarinet and strings. The selection was suitable to the purpose of the afternoon, for the music is practically a solo for the wind instrument. Mr. Langenus gave a delightful exhibition of the resources of the clarinet in facility of utterance and in gradation of tone.

The chief orchestral number was Tschaikowsky's fourth symphony, which wears very well indeed. It does not suffer from too frequent repetition, for it would endure many hearings almost as well as the more popular fifth and sixth. Mr. Damrosch had prepared the performance with great care and the symphony was admirably played. The closing number on the programme was Schubert's "Marche Militaire," orchestrated by Dr. Leopold Damrosch.

The Philharmonic Society's programme at Carnegie Hall also contained one of Tschaikowsky's symphonies, the famous "Pathetique," of which Mr. Strauss's reading has already been heard and discussed. Other orchestral numbers were Mendelssohn's "Ruy Blas" overture, the effective love scene from Strauss's "Feuersnoth" and Smetana's tone poem "From Bohemia's Woods and Fields." The solo performer was Leo Schulz, first 'cellist of the orchestra, a virtuoso of high technical accomplishments and musical taste. He was heard in Lindner's concerto in E flat.

A LOVERS' QUARREL' PRODUCED IN ENGLISH

Feb. 10 ——— 1913

hundred musicians, singers, and lovers, including many artists well in opera and concert, enthusiilly received thep roduction for first in English of Attilio Parelli's one-pera, "A Lovers' uarrel," last night Hotel Astor. The opera was the feature of a programme that had prranged by the Bohemians to follow eption held in honor of Leopold vsky, the pianist, and Mrs. Godowsky. Lovers' Quarrel" was originally proat the Metropolitan Opera House in delphia in February, 1912, but the mance last night was the first atat Anglicizing the opera. The sh version of Enrico Comitti's book by Alma Strettell. It was sung by otte Braily, soprano; Harriet Foster, -soprano; Austin Hughes, tenor of Metropolitan Opera, and Harold Malbaritone. The performance was unhe direction of Oscar Saenger.

"DREAM OF GERONTIUS"

Feb. 10 ——— 1913

Catholic Oratorio Society, which ally a decade has been doing good in the fostering of Catholic music w York, gave its ninth annual const night in Carnegie Hall.

as eminently fitting that the work for presentation should be one of est compositions of England's foreliving composer, who is also a ic—Sir Edward Elgar—written to rds of England's foremost Catholic ian, John Cardinal Newman. The was "The Dream of Gerontius," the 's chorus being assisted by an orfrom the New York Symphony , under the direction of Dr. Nichoenheimer.

Dream of Gerontius," Newman's ful mystic poem, has found a worrment in the musical investiture Sir Edward Elgar has woven In it the English composer has forth some of his most exquisite especially in the first portion—portions allotted to Gerontius, to orus of Assistants and the Priest.

music composed in a religious with little of the sentimentality o often mars the religious works lic musicians. Sir Edward Elgar rked with the spirit of the great al informing him, and the Church ell be proud to hold him within d.

most enjoyable feature of the evenas provided by the playing of the tra, under Dr. Eisenheimer's able on, a performance marked by spirit r by good taste. The soloists were arie Campbell, John Finnegan and Stanley, all of whom worked ly. The singing of the chorus an improvement over previous s, notably in balanee of tone, there was still some raggedness ck.

why, may well be asked, was Mr. on Tynan asked to read the poem the opening of the concert proper? eading took a full three-quarters hour, and was characterized by all rst faults of dramatic declamation ctised on the Anglo-Saxon stage Newman's exquisite lines, lines te in style, so beautifully balanced, tlessly classic, Mr. Tynan read in a rcharged with sentimentalism and manner melodramatic and stagey last degree. Before all things else an stands in our literature for exsimplicity of style, for lucidity of nce. To these virtues Mr. Tynan ed an absolute and a complete er.

audience was a fine one. Cardinal , under whose patronage the conas given, occupied a box, and other ic notables, both lay and clerical, also present. At the opening of the t Monsignor Lavelle made a few s, in which he spoke of Cardinal an and of Sir Edward Elgar, and ch he thanked those who had inemselves in the work of the

Concerts and Operas.

Mch. 11 1913

At the Philharmonic concert in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon, Leo Schulz, solo 'cellist of the orchestra, played August Lindner's concerto in E minor, op. 34, winning new laurels which were duly delivered amid the plaudits of the audience in the form of a wreath whose diameter almost equalled the musician's height. If concertos are rarely great music, they are generally effective music. Lindner's at least enabled Mr. Schulz to exhibit such pyrotechnics as obviously delighted people who find delight therein, and in other passages to make his instrument sing with a breadth and purity of tone for which he is almost unrivalled. And so the soloist came first in interest, even though it was a symphony concert with Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic" as the *pièce de résistance* of the menu Mr. Stransky presented. It, the Smetana tone poem, the Mendelssohn overture, and the love scene from "Feuersnot" had all been performed in the earlier concerts of the Philharmonic's regular series.

The Symphony Society's concert in Aeolian Hall was a repetition of last Friday's, and calls, therefore, for no comment. Of Saturday's concerts, two were given in Aeolian Hall, where Max Pauer played in the evening, while another pianist, Mary Pinney, appeared there in the evening with Maud Powell and Leo Schulz. Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius" was sung last night at Carnegie Hall by the Catholic Oratorio Society, which has been conscientiously trained by Selma Kronold.

Somewhat curious was the concert last night in which Mme. Lina Cavalieri, Lucien Muratore, and the Nahan Franko orchestra participated. Muratore, who for several seasons has been the leading tenor of the Paris Opéra, was heard in an aria from "Werther," and afterwards in songs. Cavalieri sang the aria from "Mefistofele" and other songs, and the pair were heard in duets, among them the charming "Au Claire de la Lune." The audience was large and apparently well pleased, but the "acting" of the pair in both songs and duets was something of a novelty and not particularly edifying. Muratore has a good voice and uses it well, and his diction is perfect. Cavalieri looked as beautiful as ever; vocally, she was not at her best. These entertainments will doubtless be much in demand out of town. There was a large audience in the Hippodrome.

At the Metropolitan Opera House—which held two crowded audiences on Saturday for "Tannhäuser" in the afternoon and "Cavalleria" and "Pagliacci" in the evening—the soloists last night were Homer, Leginska, Van Hoose, and Carl Braun.

On Tuesday evening, March 18, there will be a special performance for the benefit of the Emergency Fund of the Metropolitan Opera House. The bill will include "Rigoletto," fourth act, with Hempel, Amato, De Segurola; "Aïda," second act, with Destinn, Martin, Rothier, Gilly "Butterfly," second act, with Farrar and Scotti; "Meistersinger," third act, second scene, with Alten, Mattfeld, Jörn, Buers, Goritz, Reiss, Witherspoon.

Mr. Benjamin Fay Mills announces two special Lenten lectures on Richard Wagner's masterpiece, "Parsifal," to be given in the Forty-eighth Street Theatre, on Sunday afternoons, March 9 and 16, at four o'clock.

PUCCINI'S TOSCA WELL PERFORMED

Mch. 11 1913

Giacomo Puccini continues to occupy a place in the forefront of the Metropolitan Opera House repertory. His list of operas, as music lovers well know, is not long, but the repetitions of his few works are frequent. Last evening the eighteenth week of the season was ushered in with a performance of "Tosca." The Metropolitan is well supplied with impersonators of Sardou's Roman singer as made into an operatic heroine, and the repetitions of the work acquire added interest through the changes in the cast. Last evening Olive Fremstad sang the title role for the first time this season.

It will have to be conceded, however, that the public was not wholly absorbed in the heroine, for Mr. Caruso was the representative of the painter *Mario Cavaradossi*. This is one of the roles in which operagoers seem most to admire him. Mr. Scotti was, as usual, the *Baron Scarpia*, and Mr. Toscanini wielded the conductor's baton. This quartet of stars formed a most excellent Monday evening combination.

Mme. Fremstad was not a very important *Tosca* when she first essayed the role, but she never rests contented with any impersonation. She is always at work on her parts, thinking, studying, working out details. This discloses the spirit of the true artist. If there is a highly sensitive musical organization that part of it which the casual observer carelessly calls temperament can be left to itself. This thing which is rather the response of feeling to the demands of the moment comes spontaneously and puts the communicative warmth into utterances which have been planned in the solitary hours of study.

It is therefore in the treatment of the musical phrase, in the management of tones and in the distribution of color that Mme. Fremstad's *Tosca* shows a beautiful growth. It is safe to say, however, that the ideals of the artist lie yet beyond her achievements and that her *Tosca* will be more finely spun in the future than it is now. The performance of the opera as a whole last evening was admirable, for both Mr. Caruso and Mr. Scotti contributed elements of high value and the orchestra played well.

TWO SONG RECITALS.

Mch. 11 1913

Edmond Clement and Herbert Witherspoon Entertain Many Hearers.

After an absence of over two seasons Herbert Witherspoon, the popular basso, returned yesterday afternoon at Aeolian Hall to the concert stage in recital. In recent winters he has devoted himself chiefly to operatic singing, appearing occasionally in oratorio. His recitals were formerly among the most interesting and thoroughly artistic features of musical seasons, and not a few were grieved when he sacrificed them for the doubtful honors of the lyric drama.

As in other times, Mr. Witherspoon showed skill in arranging his programme. Not only did he place his songs so that there was an agreeable variety of moods and styles, but he also contrived to usher into the light of public notice some delightful compositions which are seldom heard. Among those on yesterday's list were Mozart's "Per questa bella mano," Gluck's "Un Ruissclet bien clair" and Beethoven's "Prufung des Kussens," which constituted the first group. All three of these Mr. Witherspoon sang admirably, the first exhibiting most favorably his command of the old style and of floridity, while the last gave scope for his humor and finesse.

Other unhackneyed numbers were Schubert's "Liebeslauschen," Hermann's "Helle Nacht," Sinigaglia's "Stornello" and Rachmaninov's "Oh, Thou Billowy Harvest Field." Mr. Witherspoon's recital enabled him to display those more intimate features of vocal art which are lost in the voracious spaces of the Metropolitan Opera House. His singing had all its old time breadth of phrase; skill in the management of tonal tints and sincerity of expression.

At Carnegie Hall Edmond Clement, the distinguished French tenor, gave a recital with the assistance of the Barrere Ensemble. Some of the songs were delivered to the accompaniment of the aggregation of wind instruments and the results were not entirely joyous. Mr. Clement and the Barrere players sound better when heard separately.

Last Flonzaley Concert.

Mch. 11, 1913

The last of the Flonzaley concerts, so far, at least, as Manhattan is concerned, for the season, affords a fitting occasion to repeat acknowledgment of the obligation Mr. de Coppet has placed music-lovers under in bringing these talented musicians together. Nor should one be less grateful to them for remaining together, since individuality is supposed to be one of the elements of the musical temperament, and problems of taste and temperament are complicated by numbers. In the orchestra the conductor is a soloist. In the quartet the first violin is no more than a fourth voice. This conception of chamber music is borne out in such delightful passages as the menuetto of the Beethoven Quartet, played by the Flonzaleys at Aeolian Hall last night, where for a brief space each instrument in turn sang with solo freedom. But with the marked individuality of the performers, and the perfect subordination of three when the fourth has his opportunity to display it, there is the perfect ensemble which can result only from years of study, and apparently only from the domination of a single mind. The interesting question here is, and it would be indiscreet to press it too far, whose mind? That of Betti, or Pochon, of Ara or D'Archambeau? Perhaps it is the highest compliment that can be paid this organization, that ten years of concerts, public and private, leave such a question open. Besides the Beethoven number (C minor op. 18, No. 4), the Flonzaleys played Schumann's A major quartet, op. 41, No. 3, and (the viola banished, of course) G. Sammartini's Sonata á tre. To cast a doubt on the splendors subdued of the Schumann would bring the G. A. R. of the Davidsbündler about one's ears in no time. The audience, a large one despite the weather, seemed, however, to find more pleasure in the eighteenth-century novelty.

Mch. 12 1913

OLD TIME MUSIC WELL PERFORMED

The second concert of the twentieth season of the Musical Art Society at Carnegie Hall last evening was devoted in part to music suggestive of the approaching Easter time. Some of this music, too, had the mission of recalling the earliest concerts of the organization, for it was a feature of the first programmes. Such creations as the "Stabat Mater" of Palestrina and the "Tenebrae Factae Sunt" of Michael Haydn will in all probability reappear often in the concerts of the society, for their gospel of beauty is of the purest and noblest.

These were the first two numbers on last evening's programme and their effect was to attune the minds of the auditors to high conceptions. Fortunately their delivery by the choir was sufficiently meritorious to make clear their almost ineffable glory. The version of the "Stabat Mater" used was that of Richard Wagner and this served in its small way to connect the matchless eloquence of the prince of ecclesiastic music with the latter day activities of the monarch of the theatre.

The other three numbers in the first group were Nanini's "Haec Dies," Corsi's "Adoramus te" and Bach's "Sing Ye to the Lord." These three served to show clearly the line of development in a capella church music from the period of Palestrina, whose contemporary Nanini was, down to the culmination of that heart searching Protestant style in which Bach wedded an expression of the adoration of worship to that of the emotion of suffering man.

For those who exercise musical observation at such a concert there was also a deep interest in comparing the contrapuntal methods of Nanini and their achievement with those of Bach. Both of the works of these two masters present formidable difficulties in execution and these were surmounted in a manner entirely creditable to both conductor and singers. The Bach composition in particular is severe in its demands, and the choir, which by the time this work was reached was thoroughly warmed to its task, covered itself with glory.

The middle number of the programme was Brahms's "Song of Destiny," in which the aid of an orchestra, chosen from the Symphony Society forces, was required. The composition is of course not a novelty, yet doubtless there were in the audience many who had not before heard its extraordinary communication of the two sharply contrasting thoughts contained in the text, together with the touching orchestral postlude in which the composer made his own lovely commentary on the whole.

The third part comprised Cornelius's "Der Tod, das ist die Kuhle Nacht," three Welsh folksongs, arranged by Max Bruch, Leslie's "Thine Eyes So Bright" and Elgar's "Spanish Serenade." It was on the whole a programme of great beauty and variety and maintained the fine traditions of the society. The Musical Art Society continues to be one of the most potent of local agencies for the cultivation—or shall we in these perilous times say the preservation?—of good taste in music in this community.

Opportunities to hear the noble creations of the old masters of the Roman Church and the epoch making innovator who wrote the "Protestant Mass" are few indeed. Yet there was never a time when music lovers needed more to have their ears and their minds purified by this kind of elemental art, upon whose firm foundations rest all the law and the prophets. The gratitude of cultivated listeners is due the conductor, the singers, and the liberal men and women who provide the necessary support for the organization.

"Tosca" at the Metropolitan.

Mch. 12 1913

There was a large audience at the Metropolitan last night, as a matter of cour to hear Puccini's "Tosca," for it was Caruso night, and Cavaradossi is one of t best parts. He was in good voice—wh more need one say of the greatest and mo popular of tenors, who, alas! however, h no opportunity for growth. Mr. Scotti w the Scarpia, a part in which he has no one rival. Mme. Fremstad appeared Tosca. She sang this part well the fir time she was heard in it. She sings still better now; but Tosca is mu more of an acting than a singing pa and dramatically this portrayal of Soutl ern passion is as much outside the sphe of this Norwegian-American beauty as would be for her to sing Rosina in "Th Barber of Seville." It requires, above a things, a faculty of facial expression whic she lacks utterly.

Clement's Last Recital.

Carnegie Hall was the scene, yesterd afternoon, of great demonstrations of thusiasm for the famous French tenor, E mond Clément, who was giving his farew recital for this year, assisted by the Ba rère ensemble of wood-wind instrume and Mr. Carlos Salzédo, harpist of the M ropolitan Opera House. Much as these ter gentlemen are admired, there were se in the audience who would have preferred hear the great singer unaccompanied, s by the piano. Mch. 11. 1913

Mr. Clément has been heard so m times this year that his admirers mi have feared that even his great popula would not fill the huge hall. However, contrary was the case. With every hea his popularity increases. It is an encour ing sign that rare art like his, an which appeals most to connoisseurs, sh be receiving its due recognition. He wa especially fine voice yesterday, and had add many encores, several of which are indissolubly connected with his name no recital audience would go home wit hearing them any more than they wo if Sembrich had not sung "The Maid Wish," or Kreisler had not played Dvor "Humoresque." The last chance to the greatest of French tenors in neighborhood will be at the Philharm Orchestra's Brooklyn concert on Sun

THE MUSICAL ART SOCIET

Mch. 12 1913

Lenten and Easter Music a

Some Stirring Welsh Songs.

The concerts which make for artis righteousness and bring refreshment uplift to even those music lovers who to keep abreast with the best in the op house and symphony halls are the hes the chamber concerts, which are many, and the two annual concerts the Musical Art Society. The secon the latter, with which the society cluded twenty years of a lovely acti took place in Carnegie Hall last n As the first concert celebrated in it clesiastical portion the joys of the N ity, so this second, as has been the tom from the beginning, gave voice t penitential season and prefigured gladness of the Eastertide.

There was an intermediate sectio tween the churchly and secular, in the fatalism of the ancients was gl Christian expression through the m of the music with which Brahm clothed Hölleulein's "Schicksalslie "Song of Destiny," and here th climax of the concert was reached, there were outbursts of gladson thusiasm after Bach's motet, "Si to the Lord," at the close of th part, and again after Mr. Dam choir had given a most inspirin formance of the Welsh patriotic "Men of Harlech." This was one Welsh folksongs, set for mixed by Max Bruch, and set, it may marked in passing, in a manne might serve as a profitable lesson professed American musical nat who talk so much and say so m isn't so about the need of "id folksong. When they learn to the songs of the American ne Indian as Bruch has idealized Scotch and Welsh songs in these and in his "Scotch Fantasia," and orchestra, it will be a pl listen to them.

In the ecclesiastical music but one number which the societ sung before. It was Nanini's "H an Easter motet for five voices, gloriously jubilant in its conclu will be glad and rejoice' Alleluia fore this came Palestrina's "Stab a familiar number in the soc but one that it never sang last night. In fact, all of archaic as well as modern, was

unwonted freshness and beauty of with splendid enthusiasm, when a l utterance was called for, and al- with a nicety of balance and a rich- of timbre which made some of the ern effects seem twdry. Other pieces priate to the penitential season were el Haydn's "Tenebræ factæ sunt" orsi's "Adoramus te." The secular , besides the pieces mentioned, were lius's exasperatingly difficult "Der das ist die Kühl Nacht," two other h songs ("The Bells of Aberdovey" All the Day," the latter described in ournal on Monday), Henry Leslie's gal "Thine Eyes So Bright" and s "Spanish Serenade," in which lat- ece, as in the cantata by Brahms, ians from the Symphony Orchestra part. The society has never given r or a nobler concert. H. E. K.

me. Fremstad ings Giulietta on Short Notice

Mch. 13 1913

ight o'Clock She Is Asked to ke Mme. Duchene's Place, Who Had Fainted.

e came near being a change of opera e Metropolitan last night, where s of Hoffmann" was announced for Duchene, who was cast, for the f Giulietta, fainted as she was leav- er apartment, No. 121 East Eighty- street. The fact of her indisposition lephoned to Mr. Gatti-Casazza, who n telephoned to Mme. Fremstad ask- she would oblige him by singing tta at very short notice. By that t was nearly eight o'clock.

"tainly," replied Mme. Fremstad, g half of her dinner untasted, and g her diaphanous Giulietta costume. erself into a taxicab.

before the second act, in which tta appears, Mr. William J. Guard red before the curtain and in his Chesterfieldian manner announced hange. The audience received it with ise.

n there was a further change, not e programme, for the small part he Voice" in the final act also o have been sung by Mme. Du- Mme. Robeson was available ng it, proving her usefulness, for ening previous she had saved the lyn performance of "Lohengrin" nging Ortrud in Mme. Homer's the latter being indisposed.

erwise "The Tales of Hoffmann" its usual smooth course. Miss el sang charmingly as Olympia, oll; Miss Bori was excellent as ia, and Mme. Maubourg was Nick- . Mr. Jörn was Hoffmann, Mr. sang his Romance unusually well. Messrs. Rothler, Didur, Reiss e Segurola filled their usual rôles. Polacco conducted.

LIVE MEAD QUARTET.

o Consolo Assists in Playing a Quintet by Brahms.

large measure of public favor now by the Olive Mead Quartet was ed at the concert given at Rum- all last evening by the presence of the largest audiences yet seen in mpact auditorium. This favor has ell earned by an earnest devotion ideals and by an elevated level it in performance. In the first ent of the first number on last eve- programme, one of Mozart's quar- C, the players were not at their There was a perceptible roughness ensemble, but this disappeared in xt movement and the quartet was lled in a manner calling for praise. second number was Carl Ditters ittersdorf's quartet in E flat major. position containing much of the del- and elegant smoothness character- f this once popular master's mu- this number the four women dis- their best qualities, among whic ness of style and smoothness of ton uspicuous. Mch. 13. 1913

final number was the Brahms quintet in F minor, opus 34. I ork the quartet had the assistance esto Consolo, pianist. Mr. Consolo ade himself a firm place in the of local music lovers. His fine , his adequate technic and his ar- discretion are always found to be e value in his chamber music per- nces. He and the "little sisters of heisels," as they have affectionately alled, put to their credit a delight- rformance of a composition which itself one of the most satisfying ples of its type.

A Romantic Philharmonic.

The most enjoyable orchestral concerts given in this city are those of the Philharmonic Society. The orchestra itself now has no superior in the country. Indeed, in the brass department, it has no equal; and in modern music the brass choir is of superlative importance; to it we owe very many of the thrills which make concert-going worth while. Its present conductor, Josef Stransky, is young, enthusiastic, versatile, and emotional, and he knows how to make programmes that appeal to all music lovers. He has been censured for including a considerabl amount of popular music in his schemes; but that has been done not only in obedience to the wishes of Joseph Pulitzer when he left the orchestra a fortune, but evidently also to meet the desires of the audiences, which always welcome the popular numbers with special cordiality; and, after all, it is for the audiences that concerts are given.

Last night's programme did not at first seem "popular," for it included three symphonies. But symphonies are not necessarily austere, interminable, and "educational." The three works played on this occasion were all popular in the best sense of the word: tuneful, teeming with happy thoughts, free from tedious overelaboration, entertaining and short. Though they were preceded by an overture, the concert did not last any longer than usual. The overture was Weber's "Preciosa," a piece enlivened by Spanish dance rhythms. The symphonies were Schumann's "Rhenish," Schubert's "Unfinished," and Mendelssohn's "Scotch." Mch. 14 1913

Weber, Schumann, Schubert, and Mendelssohn were the four great romanticists in German music. Weber's influence was exerted chiefly in the opera house, although his "Invitation to the Dance" paved the way for the modern art-waltz. Schumann was inspired to write his Rhenish symphony by the impression made on him by a solemn ceremony in the great Cologne Cathedral, and this association of visual impressions with music is one of the main characteristics of romanticism. Schubert, to be sure, had no poetic titles for his purely instrumental pieces, but he nearly exhausted the realm of poetry in composing songs, and who knows but that he had certain poems or scenes in mind (as Haydn and Beethoven confessed they had) when he composed his symphonies? However that may be, his "Unfinished" (so called because he never added a scherzo and a finale to the first two movements) is thoroughly romantic in its appeal to the emotions, the novelty and freedom of its modulations, and the ravishing tone colors, in which he is more fascinating than any of his predecessors, including Beethoven. These tone colors Mr. Stransky and his players dwelt on lovingly, and as a result there were at the end several enthusiastic recalls of the conductor.

While Mendelssohn had a strong leaning toward classicism (he disliked, for instance, the tempo rubato, which is another characteristic of romanticism), he nevertheless did his best work when he wrote pieces that had a poetic basis, such as the "Midsummer Night's Dream," the "Hebrides" overture, and the "Scotch" symphony, so named by himself, and reminiscent of Highland pipers and other national traits, some of the music being penned on the spot. The Philharmonic gave a splendid performance of this work last year and repeated it last night.

On Thursday evening, March 27, and the following afternoon, Mr. Stransky will for the first time conduct the greatest of all symphonies, Beethoven's ninth, in which the Philharmonic will be assisted by Florence Hinkle, Reed Miller, Rosalie Wirthlin, Frederick Weld, and the MacDowell Chorus. It will make a grand climax for the season.

THE PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

Mch. 14 1913

A Programme of Music by Composers of the Romantic Period.

The programme of the Philharmonic Society's concert at Carnegie Hall last evening was one of generous content. The purpose of the entertainment was to make an exhibit of representative works of the "romantic" writers, and the composers chosen were Weber, Schumann, Schubert and Mendelssohn. No serious fault can be found with this choice, for the programme could not well include works by all the romanticists.

Yet possibly there might have been a more convincing illustration of the purely romantic ideals. Students of the history of music know that the term "classic" is employed to describe music in which there is a strict adherence to the forms defined and established by the makers of the mature sonata, while the word "romantic" is applied to music in which representation is the chief aim and in which the classic forms are usually modified, if not altogether laid aside, for the sake of greater freedom in the communication of emotional content.

Weber and Schubert were without question the fathers of the true romantic movement, but their most significant followers in the domain of orchestral music were Berlioz and Liszt, not because they wrote greater music than Mendelssohn and Schumann, but because they altered the old forms more boldly and even created entirely new ones. Liszt doubtless took from Schumann's D minor symphony the hint for that unbroken succession of movements and community of themes which are the salient novelties of the symphonic poem. Liszt's invention, and possibly one of the distinguished Hungarian's works might well have had a place in last evening's concert.

But as already said all the romantic composers could not be represented, and with an overture and three symphonies the programme was generous enough. The overture was Weber's to "Preciosa," a charming overture, but not of epoch making importance in the romantic movement. The same master's opera "Der Freischutz" and Schubert's "Der Erl-Konig" were the avant couriers of the procession. But "Der Freischutz" overture has been overworked and the "Preciosa" is seldom heard.

The second number was Schumann's E flat symphony, known as the "Rhenish." A beautiful and varied work, both pictorial and emotional, not played too often, it was heard with a pleasure, which would surely have been greater had the performance been one of greater clarity and finish. Schubert contributed his unfinished symphony and Mendelssohn his bright, happy and elegantly polished "Scotch" symphony. Mendelssohn's symphonies sound somewhat naive in these troublous musical times, but they have one trait which should always give satisfaction to the thoughtful listener to music, and that is their exquisitely clear and buoyant orchestration.

The Philharmonic Society will give no concerts in this city next week, but on March 27 and 28 will offer a programme, of which the important feature will be Beethoven's ninth symphony.

Mrs. Heckscher's Concert.

Mch. 15 1913

It is a pretty severe test for a composer to have an entire evening devoted to his compositions. It is only the great masters who can survive such an ordeal. It cannot be said unreservedly that Mrs. Heckscher stood the test. Nevertheless, the programme devoted to her compositions at Aeolian Hall last night was an enjoyable one, even with the added element of monotony in the character of the purely orchestral compositions—all dances, Spanish and Oriental at that, and with *ad nauseam* use of the percussion instruments. In the "Dances of the Pyrenees," three numbers of which opened the concert, and two other movements which closed it, the melodies were of a vigorous rhythmic kind, with no searching for "modern" effects, no profound problems to solve, but with plenty of orchestral color and brilliance. The solo performers were all of the first rank. Miss Florence Hinkle sang three songs with piano and two with orchestra. Such was the beauty and flawless tone of a note at the close of the "Norse Maiden's Lament" that a few impetuous individuals began to applaud before she finished, and the song had to be repeated. Hans Kronold played a Romance for 'cello and orchestra in his usual musicianly style; and Efrem Zimbalist played the violin part in a suite for violin and piano, called "To the Forest." This also compelled many recalls for both Zimbalist and the composer.

Alexander Saslavsky conducted the New York Symphony orchestra, and brought out all the telling effects of the scores. The "Asiatic Dance" from an opera, "The Flight of Time," had to be repeated. Among the "Dances of the Pyrenees" was a so-called "Valse Lento (Pastorale)," with an effective solo on the viola d'amore played by Hans Weissman. It was more like a "meditation"—there was none of the waltz swing about it whatever.

If a comparison must be made, the name of Chaminade occurs to one involuntarily; and it must be said that there was more variety in Mrs. Heckscher's programme than there could be in one made up entirely of the salon music of the famous French woman.

MUCH ORCHESTRAL MUSIC

Mch. 15 1913

Classical, Romantic and Otherwise, in Programmes.

Yesterday was filled with orchestral music. The Philharmonic Society, which is graciously bringing its seventy-first season to a close, gave its last Friday afternoon subscription concert at Carnegie Hall, and played only music by romantic composers. It was scarcely a programme to meet the tastes of those who are laboring under the impression that the musical taste which ought to be cultivated is that which has a tendency toward the gutter, for it consisted of Weber's overture to "Preciosa" and three symphonies—Schumann's in E flat (the so-called "Rhenish," not because of any supposed resemblance between the scherzo and the "Rheinweinlied," as the official annotator seemed to think, but simply because of the superadded slow movement which Schumann said had been suggested by a ceremonial witnessed by him in the Cathedral at Cologne), the fragment in B minor by Schubert (which is a fragment, most obviously a fragment, even if nobody has been able to complete it satisfactorily; no one able to do so would have been undevout and foolish enough to have attempted it) and Mendelssohn's "Scotch." It was beautiful music, all of it, and perhaps its most notable feature was the circumstance that Mr. Stransky respected Mendelssohn's wishes and gave the "Scotch" symphony without interruption between the movements. The simple device takes some of the wind out of the sails of the neo-romanticists, who, like Liszt, professed to find it necessary to make one movement out of four to preserve poetical unity and to save time; but after symphonic poems grew to be longer than symphonies, without the pauses, and the unity of idea was no more obvious than before, the device lost some of its virtue, although that of community of phrases, as illustrated in Beethoven's Fifth and Ninth, Dvorak's American and Tschalkowsky's Fourth, did not.

At the concert of the Symphony Society in the afternoon Mr. Walter Damrosch presented an interesting programme —Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, Wagner songs, with Mottl's orchestral accompaniments, and a group of Hugo Wolf songs (accompanied by the scarcely less gifted Wolff Erich) and the Carnaval overture by Dvorak—which will be offered again next Sunday afternoon at the last regular subscription concert of the society. To a large and extremely sympathetic element in the audience it is likely that the chief number of the afternoon has been overlooked. It was the introduction to the second act of Mr. Walter Damrosch's opera "Cyrano," which is devoted to an elaboration of a sentimental melody associated with the first letter which Cyrano de Bergerac writes to Roxane, the proclamation of which in the presentation of the opera has been wisely curtailed, though there is still a-plenty of it in the opera. As played yesterday, it made an extremely favorable impression and was enthusiastically applauded.

The evening concert was of a kind which is not of common occurrence in New York. Mrs. Celeste D. Heckscher, with the help of the Symphony Orchestra; Florence Hinkle, soprano, Efrem Zimbalist, violinist, and Hans Kronold, violoncellist, gave a concert of music, all of which had been composed by herself. Mr. Saslavsky conducted the orchestra. Perhaps the kindest thing which can be said of the music was that each number came to so early and timely a close. Obviously the lady's very commendable melodic inventiveness did not extend itself widely into the field of constructive development, and this was helpful to the enjoyment of the audience. H. E. K.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 15TH
AT 2 O'CLOCK

VERDI'S OPERA

LA TRAVIATA
(In Italian)

Mmes. Hempel, Maubourg, Mattfeld.
MM. Macnez, Amato, Bada, Bégué
Ananian, Reschiglian.
Conductor .....Mr. Sturani

SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 15TH
AT 8 O'CLOCK

AT POPULAR PRICES

GOUNOD'S OPERA

FAUST
(In French)

Mmes. Farrar, Fornia, Maubourg.
MM. Jörn, Gilly, Rothier, Bégué.
Incidental Dances by the Corps de Ballet
Conductor .....Mr. Sturani

Encores a-Plenty When Mr. Elman Plays Violin

Mch. 18 1913

Concert Audience at the Metropolitan Gets Seven Extra Pieces—Miss Case and Mr. Macnez Sing.

Mr. Mischa Elman played the violin at the Metropolitan Opera House last night, and one of the largest audiences that has attended these concerts during the season was present, ready to applaud on the slightest provocation, and did so. Before the artist had finished he had played seven extra pieces, an dat that Mr. Rothmeyer had to start the Ballet of the Hours from "La Gioconda," in the face of a scattering, though determined applause.

Mr. Elman was not the only artist whose music found a welcome from the audience, for Miss Anna Case and Mr. Umberto Macnez sang. Miss Case's first number was the famous soprano aria from "La Traviata," and she sang it in such a manner as to make the audience wish it could hear the whole opera. In her second group of songs Coplin's "Lithauishches Lied" gave her the opportunity to loose those remarkably clear high notes, and as an encore Miss Case sang "Will o' the Wisp."

Mr. Elman first played the Mendelssohn concerto in E minor, and he put all his dashing spirit into the interpretation. Two encores sufficed then, but later, after the Schubert-Wilhelmj "Ave Maria" and Sarasate's "Zigeunerweisen"—the selections enumerated on the programme—the audience would not consider letting him go until he had played five more, including Dvorak's "Humoresque" and the meditation from "Thais."

His appearance last evening is the first in New York since Mr. Elman's extended tour of the United States. Mr. Macnez sang arias from "La Gioconda" and "Rigoletto" and the orchestra contributed the "Ruy Blass" overture and the prelude to "Lohengrin" besides the "Ballet of the Hours."

MARCH 16, 1913.

DANCE MUSIC FOR YOUNG.

Symphony Orchestra Gives "Illustrated History of the Dance."

The sixth of the Symphony Concerts for Young People, given yesterday afternoon in Carneigie Hall, was devited to dance music and dancing. The New York Symphony Orchestra, Walter Damrosch conducting, played the music, and in the second half of the programme many dances were exhibited. In the first half there were performances by the orchestra of the celebrated ballet airs from "Orfeo," "The Dance of the Furies," and "The Dance of the Blessed Spirits," a dance from "Carmen," Chabrier's "Rhapsody Espagnole," written originally as absolute music, but which has been danced as a ballet at the Paris Opéra: three of the "character" dances, and the "Valse des Fleurs" from Tschaikowsky's ballet, "Casse-Noisette"; "The Dance of the Sylphs" from Berloiz's "La Damnation de Faust"; a waltz from one of Tschaikowsky's sultes for string orchestra; Johann Strauss's "Roses from the South," the March from Raff's "Lenore" symphony, and the march from Verdi's "Aida."

In the second part of the programme Oscar Duryea, the dancing master, with several assistants, gave what was entitled "An Illustrated History of the Dance,' a somewhat comprehensive title, considering what was offered. Several well-known examples of the dance were omitted, but there were minuets, gavottes, waltzes, galops, polkas, redowas, an dtwo-steps, among others. At the close Florence Fleming Noyes gave some examples of "Rhythmic Pantomime," which were variously entitled "Flora and Zephyr," "The Spirit of the Mist," "Diana," "The Hamadryad," and "Mocking Pan."

Italian Philharmonic Society Is Formed

Mch. 16 1913

Caruso Among the Incorporators—To Present the Classics of Italy's Ancient and Modern Composers.

Under patronage of Mr. Gatti-Gasazza, Enrico Caruso, the Italian Ambassador at Washington, the local consul and a number of prominent Italians in this city, there has been organized "The Italian Philharmonic Society of New York, Inc." Its first concert will be held in Carnegie Hall on April 13. The object of this society is to present various symphonic and classical works of both the old and modern Italian school heretofore unknown in America.

An orchestra of one hundred pieces, under the leadership of Cesare Sodero, has been recruited from the Philharmonic, New York Symphony and Boston Symphony organizations.

On the initial programme the following composers are represented: Cherubini, Martucci, Franchetti, Kandonai, Bulzoni and Sinicaglia.

DANCES FOR THE YOUNG

Mch. 17 1913

An Educational Concert and Exhibition.

DURYEA AIDS DAMROSCH

Last of Young People's Meetings of New York Symphony Orchestra.

It is a reflection which comes more often to the professional reviewer of the musical doings of a great city like New York, perhaps, than to anybody else, that so many things are done so well that it is a pity they were not done just a little better. Nothing is commoner to one who listens to scores of "men singers and women singers" and players upon "musical instruments and that of all sorts" every season than the knowledge that their gifts were such that their performances ought to have been better. Frequently it is only a mistake in plan or purpose, or misconception of the vehicle chosen. Something of this kind mixed itself up with the pleasure which was provided by the last of the Concerts for Young People at Carnegie Hall last Saturday afternoon. A few words on the programme provided the alloy. They were, "Spring Festival of Music and Dance." Mr. Walter Damrosch and his Symphony Orchestra provided what was artistic under the head of music, Mr. Oscar Duryea and three graceful women, that which was somewhat incongruously grouped under the second. Here there was a division again, for while Mr. Duryea and two of his assistants gave what was called an "illustrated history of the dance," Miss Florence Fleming Noyes made an essay in the old field of pantomime in which a very old and very beautiful conception of the word dance was contained. The good wine which Mr. Damrosch poured out needed no bush, and his verbal interpretation of the poetical significance of the "Dance of the Furies," from Gluck's opera of "Orfeo ed Eurydice," was rather a hindrance than a help to the enjoyment of the music, though his characterization of the ancient Erinyes as a primitive conception of what the moderns call conscience, was apt enough and well calculated to enlighten his youthful listeners.

But the picture can scarcely be said to have been carried out in Gluck's music, which in the opera does not accompany the scourging of a wrongdoer, but is a piece of characteristic music which would better be played without action than with the silly pantomime which usually accompanies it and in which the ancient avenging deities are multiplied many score times. If it were played during a transformation scene or behind the cloud curtain we fancy the effect of the music would be a hundredfold greater than it is accompanied by the senseless rushing about of a hundred witchlike creatures carrying snakes in their hands, especially as it would thereby be brought into sharper contrast with the dance of the blest shades in the Elysian fields, as was the case on Saturday. Here Mr. Damrosch's words and the music were in happy harmony. The rest of the concert proper needed no verbal exposition, and Mr. Damrosch stopped only long enough to call attention to the gossamer strains of the dainty dance of the sylphs, from Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust," and after the enthusiasm of the audience had culminated in the Strauss waltz, "Roses from the South" (made up of themes from the operetta "The Queen's Lace Handkerchief") to express his gratification at its reception and the hope that his youthful listeners would help to put an end to "the despicable one-step" and pave the way for the return of the "gorgeous waltz." The music which he played between the classic opera selections and the waltz consisted of the gypsy dance from "Carmen," the rhapsody on Spanish dance tunes by Chabrier, four excerpts from Tschaikowsky's "Casse Noisette,' waltzes by Berlioz, Tschaikowsky and Strauss, the march from Raff's "Lenore" symphony, and a concert arrangement (without the Egyptian trumpets) of the triumphal march from "Aïda"—all pleasing music, but little instructive.

The critisism on the vulgar taste which has now such extended illustration in our private and public ballrooms, implied in Mr. Damrosch's allusion to the "despicable one-step," was carried a bit further by the dances executed by Mr. Duryea and his associates, for they stopped short at the two-step and made no effort to illustrate that species of poetical motion which finds its inspiration in the zoological garden and the barnyard. In rapid succession Mr. Duryea presented examples of the minuet, gavotte, schottische, waltz caprice, galop; polka, varsovienne, Yorke, redowa and two-step. Here is where we might have wished, the opportunity being a fine one, that the exhibition had been given a higher educational purpose. It is, perhaps, too much to hope that the present generation, or even the next, will bring back the social dance to the beautiful purpose which it had at a time when, if sexual morality was no greater than it is at the present time, there was a finer appreciation of the graceful and gracious social amenities which find expression in the dance. How much more valuable and beautiful it would have been if, instead of a series of illustrations of the two kinds of steps which Mr. Duryea explained were at the basis of the social dancing which he illustrated, he and his graceful helpers had given their impressionable, open-minded young spectators some glimpses into the courtly dances of the past! The fleeting view of the minuet was all too fleeting, and the impression made by the gavotte not at all distinct. It would have been a new and liberal education for the Young People patrons had they been privileged to see how their ancestors went through the movements of the pavan, coranto, canary, saraband, etc., and if diversion were wanted it might have been found in the livelier galliard and the volta. But do not all these things belong to the lost arts? They are surely lost to our drawing rooms, and we fear also to our stage.

We wonder how much of the history of the dance is taught at the Metropolitan Opera House, which boasts of a school for the ballet? There has not yet been a performance of "Le Donne Curiose," which ends with a minuet, followed by a furlana, in which it has not seemed to this reviewer that the only one of the performers who had ever learned a classic dance step (by which we do not mean the pirouetting of the old-fashioned ballerine, but the courtly dances which came down into the eighteenth century) was Miss Maubourg, and we suspect her of being a pupil of the Paris Conservatory, where such traditions are preserved. Some years ago a lecturer, desiring to illustrate a disquisition on the songs and dances of the Elizabethan era, could not find a dancing teacher in town who knew how to dance the pavan, galliard, coranto, volta, saraband, canary or any of the other dances mentioned in Shakespeare's plays. He was finally obliged to bring out Arbeau's "Orchésographie" (a book on the dances of his time published by a priest named Jehan Tabouror, in 1588—Thoinot Arbeau is the author's name anagrammatized) and help a dancing master reconstruct the dances wanted from the old music, pictures and descriptions. The folksong movement in England is bringing with it a revival of some of the old dances, and it is not too much to hope that with appreciation of the old songs and music there will come back also some love for the "state and ancientry" which filled the old dance in its best estate.

Appreciation of what is beautiful in the dance need not wait upon the departure of the present vulgar mania. This mania is nothing new, though it is symptomatic of the neurasthenia which has seized upon so much else in our intellectual and artistic life—which has given us symbolism (happily nearly dead) in literature, and impressionism and cubism in painting and music. The decay in morals characteristic of the post-Elizabethan period was accompanied by a similar degeneration of the dance. Read old Selden's Table Talk:

The court of England is much alter'd. At a solemn dancing, *first* you had the *grave measures*, *then* the *Corantoes* and the *Galliards*, and *this* kept up *with ceremony*; and *at length* to Trenchmore, and the Cushion dance: *Then* all the company dances, lord and groom, lady and kitchen-maid, *no distinction*. So in our court in queen *Elizabeth's* time, *gravity* and *state* were kept up. In king *James's* time things were *pretty well*. But in king *Charles's time* there has been nothing but Trenchmore and the Cushion-dance, *omnium gatherum*, *tolly polly*, *hoite cum toite*.

As for the pantomimic school of dancing, illustrated by Miss Noyes's performance on Saturday, though it has little if any place off the stage, it may lead to an appreciation of the dance in its ideal state, when, as Charles Kingsley said, in which every motion was a word, and rose as eloquent as motion; in which every attitude was a fresh motive for a sculptor, of the purest school, and the highest physical activity was manifested, not, as in coarse pantomime, in fantastic bounds and unnatural distortions, but in perpetual, delicate modulations of a stately and self-sustained grace." H. E. K.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Elena Gerhardt Sings Songs of Wagner With Eloquence.

The programme of the Symphony Society's concert at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon began with Beethoven's seventh symphony. It may possibly seem ungracious to revert to the buried past, but it was impossible to avoid a feeling of gratitude at being able to listen to a performance of this beautiful symphony by this orchestra without having at the same time to witness the cavortings of a person pretending to recreate a classic art. The symphony was well played and the applause of the audience showed that there is still a public for such music unaccompanied by a Greek trot.

After the symphony Elena Gerhardt sang Wagner's "Stehe Still," "Im Treibhaus," "Schmerzen" and "Traume" with orchestral accompaniment. Such an exhibition of interpretative vocal art could not fail to bring unadulterated joy to the heart of every music lover. All four of the songs were delivered with exquisite beauty of voice, with subtle coloring of tone, with depth of insight, with fastidious adjustment of means to end. If any one of the four rose above the general level it was the first, in which the eloquence of the singer touched the very springs of tears. Later in the concert Miss Gerhardt was heard in a series of songs with piano accompaniment. Mch. 18 1913

Between the two sets of songs Mr. Damrosch conducted his orchestra in a performance of the prelude to the second act of his new opera "Cyrano." The number was given in its unabridged form, which is not heard in the operatic representation. The audience manifestly enjoyed the music and showed its friendly feeling for Mr. Damrosch by an outburst of hearty and prolonged applause. The final number on the programme was Dvorak's "Carnival" overture.

Mch. 17. 1913

Ferdinand Sinzig's Recital.

Ferdinand Sinzig gave a piano recital in Rumford Hall yesterday afternoon. The programme was of a nature to appeal to popular taste and included two etudes of Chopin, Op. 25, Nos. 1 and 12; Liszt's arrangement of Mendelssohn's song "On the Wings of Song"; Bach's Fantasie in C minor, Prelude in C, and Sarabande in A minor; Brahms's arrangement of a gavotte by Gluck; Brahms's Intermezzo, Op. 117, No. 3, and Rhapsody, Op. 79; Saint-Saëns's "Song Without Words," and Mazurka No. 3; a theme and variations by F. Sinzig; a Prelude in D minor by C. Palmer, and Debussy's "Clair de Lune," "Valse Romantique," and three numbers from "The Children's Corner." In these Debussy numbers Mr. Sinzig showed himself to be particularly facile and he pleased his audience throughout the programme.

WILLIAM HINSHAW IN RECITAL

His Songs Taken from the Works of Four Composers.

William Hinshaw, baritone, gave a song recital yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. At the Metropolitan Opera House Hinshaw has proved a serviceable member of the company. His voice has power and an agreeable quality, and he sings with a good deal of artistry. As a concert singer, however, he does not seem to be so much at home. There was little variety in his singing yesterday, although the qualities referred to above were in evidence. Mch. 16 1913

The programme was an unusual one and contained the names of but four composers: Schumann, represented by "Im Walde," "Die Hütte," "Im Walde und Erde," "Die Hütte," "Im Walde," "Ins Freie"; Schubert, "Der Atlas," "Der Doppelgänger," "Fahrt zum Hades," and "Fostillus Kronos"; Hugo Bruckler by "Im Gebet," "An Wildem Klippenstrand," "Lind duftig hält die Maiennacht," "Frühlingssegen," "Verrath" and "Es Schmetternd ruft die Lerche," and Adolf Jensen by "Aussfahrt," "Altassyrisch," "Die Maulbroneur Fuge," and "Heinkehr."

MR. HINSHAW'S RECITAL.

Songs of Hugo Brueckler a Feature of the Programme.

William Hinshaw, a barytone, who is a member of the Metropolitan Opera House company, gave a song recital yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. Just why he was compelled to sing in such a large and chilling auditorium it is hard to conjecture, and fortunately no one was obliged to do so. But it is not unpermissible to make a guess that a smaller hall would have been more favorable to his art. Mch. 19 1913

Hinshaw's programme was one of merit. It comprised four groups e composers represented were nn, Schubert, Brueckler and Jen-h having a group to himself. stress was laid on the Brueckler their position in the third place. mposer was born in Dresden in d died of consumption at the age Only a few of his works have blished, and most of his songs ten to texts taken from Scheffel's ter of Sackingen." Max Hein-d to sing these songs and Mr. deserves credit for reviving r they are worth while.

arytone demonstrated in his re-yesterday that he had substan-on for offering himself for con-n on the concert platform. He th intelligence, with taste and ellence of enunciation. The chief in the way of greater success ant of warmth in the color of his This want made the publication of tender feeling not altogether con-

Hinshaw's Recital.

rge and enthusiastic audience filled ie Hall yesterday afternoon to hear n Wade Hinshaw, the American bari-ing songs. Mr. Hinshaw has been many times in opera at the Metro-, but never before in recital. His nme was an unusual one, showing a ndable tendency to choose songs that lodious rather than of the ultra-declamatory style. His warm, big howed to advantage in this type of , which is so different from most of eratic work in which he has been

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ongs of Brückler greatly pleased the . While not especially original, they wing and pleasing and well fitted ically to the words of the poems. st, "Gebet," was, musically, the most ting.

n's name is one which appears far dom on concert programmes. He presented yesterday by four songs while not among the best he wrote, welcome change from the rut into ost concert programmes lapse. All were in comic vein, and "Die Maul-" Fuge" reminded one in places of 's "Meistersinger" by its mixture of , fun, and fine harmonies. It would en interesting to hear Mr. Hinshaw nsen's settings of "My Heart's in the nds," "Take Hence the Bowl," and of the same period, noble and manly for a big, virile voice like his. nshaw's diction is excellent in Ger-nd would doubtless have been equally n his own tongue.

SHAW AS LIEDER SINGER

politan Barytone Pleases rnegie Hall Audience.

n Hinshaw, whose appearances in parts at the Metropolitan Opera ave been watched with pleasure, the lists of the lieder singers yes-afternoon in Carnegie Hall.

Hinshaw's voice is a good one, little dry in quality, and es-in Wagnerian roles his good g and diction have been apparent. singing of songs by Schubert umann require other qualities always necessary in the music

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y of expression and sentiment. ty to spin out a phrase to ten-s, poetic insight, all these are for the proper exposition of the orks of German song. Some of tues Mr. Hinshaw showed yester-of charm, of interpretation, of ow there appeared little evidence. bly with greater experience Mr. , who is above all earnest and nt, will gain much that he did w yesterday, but the works of and Schumann are to be ap-l only with prayer and after fasting.

elty of the programme was a songs by Hugo Brückler, a young composer, who died thirty-five go, at the age of twenty-four. ongs, which are little known, ng here several years ago by nrich, and show a melodic inven-t might have given great promise s.

ally charming was "Lied Duftig Maienacht," which was also ith great sympathy, by Mr. Hin-The audience was a good one, and st enthusiastic. Richard Hage-ompanied the singer with feeling retion.

"Lohengrin" at the Metropolitan.

Walter Damrosch and W. J. Henderson had to wait more than a decade before their opera, "Cyrano," reached its first performance. Just about this time they must feel as if another decade might elapse before it will reach the second. Last week's postponement was due to Mr. Amato's illness; last night's to Riccardo Martin's. This excellent artist—the greatest tenor America has ever produced—has had a remarkable record, having missed only half a dozen performances in his whole career in Italy, England, and the United States; but the "Cyrano" hoodoo was too much even for him.

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There may have been some in last night's audience at the Metropolitan who would have preferred to hear a ten-year-old American opera to a German opera that was first produced more than half a century ago. But, inasmuch as this German opera was Richard Wagner's "Lohengrin," which for decades had "Faust" and "Carmen" for its only rivals in popularity, there was no real cause for complaint, all the more as Mr. Gatti-Casazza provided a cast of singers superior, on the whole, to that which was to have appeared in 'Cyrano."

In this cast there were two Germans who had not heretofore been heard in "Lohengrin," Carl Urlus and Willy Buers. Mr. Urlus did not, in the first act, sing so well as he has sung heretofore in "Tristan" and "Siegfried," but, beginning with the second act, he found himself, and his vocal art was as commendable as his acting, which was natural and knightly. It cannot be said that Mr. Buers rose to the same level. There were striking moments in his impersonation of Telramund, especially in the accusations of witchcraft in the second act, but his singing left much to be desired as regards tone and pitch. The management has better actors and singers for this part; Mr. Goritz, for instance. Putnam Griswold as the King and William Hinshaw as the Herald deserve praise, and so does Mme. Homer, whose Ortrud is one of her best parts. But the chief honors went to Mme. Gadski, whose Elsa was remarkably winsome. There is a good deal of the goose about Elsa, as ordinarily portrayed, but Mme. Gadski almost obliterates that aspect of her character, and makes the hearer sympathize with the bride's trials and girlish suspicions. Her conflicting emotions as she mounts the steps to be wedded to the knight were admirably portrayed in mien and attitude. Vocally, she was at her best. Poor Wagner never had the pleasure of hearing the balcony song and the other soprano airs in this opera sung as they were sung last night. In his day, the singers had not yet learned how to apply the true Italian *bel canto*, with its purity of tone production and refinements of shading, to the part of Elsa as Mme. Gadski applies them. Very soft singing is the most difficult detail of *bel canto*, and excepting Mme. Nordica's, it is difficult to recall so exquisite a pianissimo as was Mme. Gadski's last night in the "Euch Lüften, die mein Klagen."

'LOHENGRIN' SUNG FOR SUBSTITUTE

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A great many years ago, more than a thousand perhaps (as Irving's guide Mateo would have said), there was a Moorish monarch named Boabdil and he was surnamed El Chico because he never seemed to have any luck. Perhaps Walter Damrosch's hero, *Cyrano*, will acquire some such title because he is also one of the unfortunates. A week ago the new opera, "Cyrano," failed to get its second performance at the Metropolitan because the hero had a cold and therefore could not sing the pretty conceits which he gave to the unimaginative lover, *Christian*.

Last night the opera was again not given. This time it was because Riccardo Martin, the representative of the lover, had a sore throat and could not repeat the pretty speeches conceived for him by *Cyrano*. Perhaps the greatest sufferer by the sudden postponement was Mme. Alda, who had been singing in concert as far away as Dallas, Tex., and who travelled all the way back to sing *Roxane*, arriving yesterday at 2 P. M. only to learn that it was off again.

In the circumstances Mr. Gatti-Casazza made an exchange of operas. He postponed "Cyrano" till next Monday evening and brought forward to last night the opera scheduled for next Monday, namely, "Lohengrin." It was the first performance of the popular Wagner drama at the Metropolitan this season, though it has been given once in Brooklyn.

There were two new members of the cast, Mr. Urlus as *Lohengrin* and Mr. Buers as *Telramund*. The other principals had no new revelations to make, for Mme. Gadski's *Elsa*, Mme. Homer's *Ortrud*, Mr. Griswold's *King Henry* and Mr. Hinshaw's *Herald* are familiar and tried friends.

The performance of last evening was one of general excellence. In *Lohengrin* Mr. Urlus finds a role excellently suited to the qualities of his voice and the characteristics of his style. Mr. Buers was heard to advantage as *Telramund*, although here there may be some reserve in commendation, since all the sinister power of the character was not displayed.

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE.—LOHENGRIN, opera, by Richard Wagner.

Heinrich der Vogler	Putnam Griswold
Lohengrin	Jacques Urlus
Elsa von Brabant	Johanna Gadski
Friedrich von Telramund	Willy Buers
Ortrud	Louise Homer
Der Heerrufer des Königs	William Hinshaw
Vier Brabantische Edle	Julius Bayer Ludwig Burgstaller Adolf Fuhrmann Marcel Reiner
Vier Edelknaben	Louise Cox Rosina Van Dyck Stella de Mette Alice Sherman

Mr. McCormack Sings Songs of His Native Land

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Carnegie Hall Packed When Tenor and Mr. Melville Clarke, Harpist, Give Recital.

One of the best solutions of that problem that annually presents itself to every good Irishman celebrating St. Patrick's Day seemed to have been discovered by the crowd that packed Carnegie Hall last night to listen to Mr. John McCormack and Mr. Melville Clark, the latter apparently a direct descendant of Tom Moore from his ability to play the Irish harp. It was a loyal audience, too, for in all the broad expanse of the hall only one hat struck a discordant note in the harmony of green.

"Operatic Irish," "Modern Irish," "Ancient Irish" and "Popular Irish" were the titles for each group of Mr. McCormack's songs, though the reason for picking out the last three numbers as "popular" was obscure in the face of the tremendous applause accorded every song.

Mr. McCormack's programme was made up of some eleven songs, but he sang sixteen, and these did not appear to be half enough. There was "Mother Macree," "Molly Brannigan" and more of the same sort, as well as "I Hear You Calling Me," though it looked for a while as though the tenor were going to omit that favorite.

Mr. Clark made a short speech in which he briefly traced the history of the Irish harp. He told of its important part in Irish song and poetry and then sat down and showed his audience what a really musical instrument it was. And when he finished "The Wearing of the Green"—well, it did not look as if the concert would go any further so great was the outburst of applause.

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SING PARTS OF FOUR OPERAS.

Large Audience at Benefit for Emergency Fund of Metropolitan.

There was another special performance—the second this season—for the benefit of the emergency fund of the Metropolitan Opera House last evening, when parts of four operas were presented to the large audience assembled. Usually Mr. Caruso may be depended upon to sing on these occasions, but last evening he was singing in Boston. The fourth act of "Rigoletto" was sung by Miss Hempel, Mme. Duchene, and Messrs. Macnez, Amato, and de Segurola.

This was followed by the second act of "Aida," with Miss Destinn, Mme. Claessens, and Messrs. Jörn, Rothier, Gilly, and Rossi. Then Miss Farrar, Mme. Fornia, and Messrs. Scotti, Bada, and Audisio sang the second act of "Madama Butterfly." Finally the second scene of the third act of "Die Meistersinger" was performed, with Mmes. Alton and Mattfeld and Messrs. Jörn, Buers, Goritz, Witherspoon, Hinshaw, Murphy, and Reiss. Mr. Sturani, Mr. Polacco, Mr. Toscanini, and Mr. Hertz appeared in turn at the conductor's desk.

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'LOHENGRIN' GIVEN IN MASTERLY STYLE

mch. 18. 1913

Substituted for Damrosch's "Cyrano," Again Postponed Because of Mr. Martin's Illness.

CARL URLUS IN TITLE ROLE

Romantic Fervor and Tenderness in His Performance—Buers a Powerful and Characteristic Telramund.

Heinrich der Vogler	Putnam Griswold
Lohengrin	Carl Urlus
Elsa von Brabant	Johanna Gadski
Friedrich von Telramund	Willy Buers
Ortrud	Louise Homer
Der Heerrufer des Königs	William Hinshaw
Conductor	Alfred Hertz

It is not often that "Lohengrin" makes its first appearance in the season at the Metropolitan Opera House so late as the nineteenth week, as it has this season. Its first performance there took place last evening; and even then it came earlier than had been proposed. It was suddenly substituted for Mr. Damrosch's "Cyrano," that has been announced for its second performance—a performance which itself was a postponement, for it had been intended to present "Cyrano" last week Monday. It was then given up because of the illness of Mr. Amato. Last evening it was given up, as was stated on a placard that confronted the audience as it entered the portals, because of the illness of Mr. Martin. The pity of it seemed all the greater because it was the first time that Mr. Martin has thus disappointed at the Metropolitan Opera House—a remarkable record spoiled. The ill-luck of "Cyrano" thus caused an advance of one week in the appearance on the stage of the Opera House of "Lohengrin," which had been announced originally for next Monday evening. That date is now reserved for "Cyrano," in the hope that misfortune will stay its hand.

The performance of "Lohengrin" was an excellent one that absorbed the attention and won the deserved applause of the Monday night audience. Mr. Hertz conducted it with a good deal of energy and propulsive dramatic vigor, and also, in certain passages, with finesse; in not a few with an unusually rapid tempo. The representation was on the lines of the Metropolitan, of fine singing, well-organized and well-drilled ensemble, and sumptuous mounting in general effect and care of detail.

Two of the new German singers appeared in the cast to the obvious benefit of the general effect—Mr. Urlus was the Lohengrin and Mr. Buers the Telramund. There are questions that might be raised as to some technical points in Mr. Urlus's singing, points that somewhat affect the finish and beauty of his art; but his fine and sonorous voice, his vigorous style, and generally intelligent declamation were features that gave value to his performance. His appearance suggests the lofty mission, the other-wordliness of the Grail Knight, and he added romantic fervor and something of tenderness and poetic vision. Mr. Buers was a powerful and characteristic Telramund, apt in his expression of the springs of his action and excellent in his singing and declamation.

Mme. Gadski's Elsa, Mme. Homer's Ortrud, Mr. Griswold's King Heinrich, and Mr. Hinshaw's Herald were all more or less familiar, and have in past seasons won the admiration they deserved. Perhaps Mr. Hinshaw's delivery of the Herald's announcements in the first act would have been more effective if they had been more measured. A detail that deserves commendation was the climax of the fight between Lohengrin and Telramund, when Lohengrin really beat Telramund to the ground with a stroke of his sword, instead of holding it up, for his opponent to shrivel up and fall down under, and thus giving color to Ortrud's subsequent accusation of "wicked magic."

"BORIS GODOUNOW" AT THE METROPOLITAN

[illegible] 20

[illegible] "Boris Godounow," [illegible] performance at the Metropolitan Opera House last night is an [illegible] York.' It is probable that [illegible] viewed it and listened to it with the keen intellectual sophistication following the life of its composer, Moussorgsky, derived the greatest pleasure from it. Enough to them also some of its [illegible] must have been [illegible] against the deficiencies, however, it presented itself, first of all, as a historical play shot through and through with a large tragic theme, which, since it belongs to tragedy, is universal and unhampered by time or place or people. To them it had something of the sweep, dignity and solemnity and also something of the dramatic incongruity and lack of coherence of a Shakespearian drama as contradistinguished from the coherence of [illegible] and manner of a modern drama. To them also it had much strangeness of style, a style which was not easily reconciled to anything with which the modern stage has made them familiar. They saw and heard the chorus enter into the action, not for the purpose of spectacular pageantry nor as hymners of the achievements of the principal actors in the story, but as participants. They heard unwonted accents from these actors and saw them behave in conduct which from moment to moment appeared strangely contradictory. There were mutterings of discontent, which, under threats, gave way to jubilant acclamation in the first great scenes in the beginning of the opera. There were alternate mockeries and adulations in the next scene in which the people figured; and running through other scenes from invisible singers came ecclesiastical chants, against which were projected, not operatic song (for in the old conception there was little of that to be heard), but long passages of heightened speech, half declamatory, half musical. A multitude cringed before upraised knouts and fell on its knees before the approach of a man whose agents swung the knotted cords; then acclaimed the man who sought to usurp a throne and overwhelmed with ridicule a village imbecile, who was yet supposed because of his mental weakness to be possessed of miraculous prescience, and therefore had a prevision of what was to follow the usurpation. They saw the incidents of the drama moving past the eyes within a framework of barbaric splendor typical of a wonderful political past an amazing political present and possibly prophetic of a still more amazing political future. And therefore they rejoiced.

These happy ingenious spectators saw a historical personage racked by conscience, nerve torn by spectres, obsessed by superstitions, strong in position and [illegible], yet pathetically sweet and moving in his exhibition of paternal love and going to destruction through remorse for crime committed. They were troubled by no curious questionings as to the accuracy of the historical representation. To Boris Godounow before them was a conscience stricken regicide, whose good works, if he did any, had to be summed up for their imagination in the fact that he loved his son. In all this, and also in the character of its music, the new opera was of the [illegible] operatic. But to the unhappily ingenuous (or perhaps it would be better to say, to the instructed) there was much more in the new opera; and it was this more which so often gave judgment pause, even while it stimulated interest and irritated curiosity. It was a pity that an extraordinary recent outcourst of enthusiasm about a composer and an opera should have had the effect of distorting their vision and disturbing their judgment. There was a reason to be suspicious touching this enthusiasm, because of its origin. It came from France and not from the home-land of the author of the play or the composer of the music. Moreover, it was largely based upon an element which has as little genuineness in France as a basis of judgment (and which must rather to be set down largely as an affectation) as there. Loud hallelujahs have been raised on the rise of Moussorgsky because disregarding conventional law, he vitalized the music of the lyric poem and also the dramatic [illegible] making it the emotional flowering of the spoken word. When it became necessary for the precious inner brotherhood of Frenchmen who hold burning incense sticks under each others' noses to acclaim "Pelléas et Mélisande" as a new and beautiful thing in dramatic music, it was announced that Moussorgsky was like Debussy in that he had demonstrated in his songs and his operas that vocal melody should and could be written in accordance with the rhythm and accents of the words. May heaven forgive our ignorance, but we had supposed that we had learned that lesson not only from Gluck and Wagner, but from every true musical dramatist that ever lived! And when the Frenchmen (and their feeble echoers in England and America) began to cry out that the world make obeisance to Moussorgsky on that score, there was no wonder that those whose eagerness to enjoy led them to absorb too much information should ask how this marvellous psychical assonance between word and tone was to be conveyed to their unfortunate sense and feeling after the original Russian word had been transmogrified into French or English. Last night the opera which we know to be saturated in some respects with Muscovitism, or Slavicism, and which we have every reason to believe is also so saturated in its musico-verbal essence, was sung in Italian. With the change some of the character that ought to make it dear to the Russian heart must have evaporated. It is even likely that vigorous English would have been a better vehicle than the "soft, bastard Latin" for the forceful utterances of the operatic people.

It is a pity that a suspicion of disingenuousness and affectation should force itself upon one's thoughts in connection with the French enthusiasm over Moussorgsky, but it cannot be avoided. So far as Moussorgsky reflects anything in his art it is realism or naturalism, and the latter element is not dominant in French music now, and is not likely to be so long as the present tendency toward sublimated subjectivism prevails. Debussy acclaimed Moussorgsky enthusiastically a dozen years ago, but for all that Moussorgsky and Debussy are antipodes in art—they represent extremes.

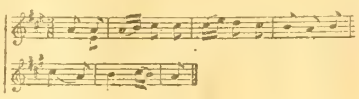
It is much more likely that outside of its purely literary aspect (a large aspect in every respect in France) the Moussorgsky cult of the last few years was a mere outgrowth of the political situation between France and Russia; as music it was looked upon in the same light as the [illegible] appreciation of Berlioz which was a product of the Chauvinism which followed the Franco-Prussian War. If [illegible] even for young people [illegible] Wagner opera at the Académie Nationale [illegible] and when the cancan at the Moulin Rouge and such places could not be [illegible] until the band had played the Russian national hymn.

Were it not for considerations of this sort it would be surprising to contemplate the fact that Moussorgsky has been more written and talked about in France than he has in his native Russia, and that even his friend Rimsky-Korsakow, to whose revision of the score "Boris Godounow" owes its continued existence, has been subjected to much rude criticism because of his work, though we can only think of it as taken up in a spirit of affection and admiration, since he was an intimate friend of the author. He and the Russians, with scarcely an exception, say that his labors were in the line of purification and rectification, but the modern extremists will have it that by remedying its crudities of harmonization and instrumentation he weakened it—that what he thought its artistic blemishes were its virtues. Of that we are in no position to speak, nor ought any one be rash enough to make the proclamation until the original score is published, and then only a Russian or a musician familiar with the Russian tongue and its genius. The production of the opera outside of Russia and in a foreign language ought to furnish an occasion to demand a stay of the artistic cant which is all too common just now in every country.

We are told that "Boris Godounow" is the first real Russian opera that America has ever heard. In a sense that may be true. The present generation has heard little operatic music by Russian composers. Rubinstein's "Nero" was not Russian music in any respect. "Pique Dame," by Tschaikowsky, also performed at the Metropolitan Opera House, had little in it that could be recognized as characteristically Russian. "Eugene Onegin" we know only from concert performances, and its Muscovitism was a negligible quantity. The excerpts from other Russian operas have been few, and they demonstrated nothing, though in an intermezzo from Tschaikowsky's "Mazeppa," descriptive of the battle of Poltava, which has been heard here, we met with the strong choral tune which gives great animation to the most stirring scene in "Boris" the acclamation of the Czar by the populace in the first act. Of this something more presently. There were American representations, however, of a Russian opera which in its day was more popular than "Boris" has ever been, but that was so long ago that all memories of it have died, and even the records are difficult to reach. Some fifty years ago a Russian company came to these shores and performed Verstowsky's "Askold's Tomb," an opera which was published as late as 1897 and which within the first twenty-five years of its existence had 400 performances in Moscow and 200 in St. Petersburg. Some venturesome critics have hailed Verstowsky as even more distinctively a predecessor of Moussorgsky than Glinka; but the clamor of those who are preaching loudly that art must not exist for art's sake, and that the ugly is justified by the beautiful ugliness, has silenced the voices of the critical historians.

This may thus far have seemed a long and discursive disquisition on the significance of the new opera; but the question to which the production of "Boris Godounow" give rise are many and grave, especially in the present state of our operatic activities. They have a strong bearing on the problem of nationalism in opera, of which the administration of the opera appears to take a careless view.

Aside from all æsthetic questions, "Boris Godounow" bears heavily on that problem. It is a work crude and fragmentary in structure, but it is tremendously potent in its preachment of nationalism, and it is strong there not so much because of its story or of the splendid barbarism of its external integument as because of its nationalism, which is proclaimed in the use of Russian folksong. All previous experiments in this line become insignificant in comparison with it, and it is questionable if any other body of folksong offers such an opportunity to the operatic composer as does the Russian. The hero of the opera is in dramatic stature (or at least in emotional content) a Macbeth or a Richard III; his utterances are frequently poignant and heart gripping in the extreme; his dramatic portrayal by Mr. Didur last night was so thrilling as to call up memories of some of the great English tragedians of the past. But we cannot speak of the psychology of the musical setting of his words because we have been warned that it roots deeply in the accents and inflections of a language with which we are unfamiliar and which was not used in the performance. But the music of the choral masses, the songs sung in the intimacy of the Czar Boris's household, the chants of the monks needed not to be strange to any student of folksong, nor could their puissance be lost upon the musically unlettered. In the old Kolzáda song "Sláva," with which Boris is greeted by the populace—lovers of chamber music know it from its use in the Allegretto in Beethoven's E minor Quartet dedicated to Count Rasoumowski, where it appears thus:



—as well as in the wild shoutings of the Polish vagrom men and women in the scene before the last, it is impossible not to hear an outpouring of that spirit of which Tolstoi wrote: "In it is yearning without end, without hope; also power invincible, the fateful stamp of destiny, iron preordination, one of the fundamental principles of our nationality with which it is possible to explain much that in Russian life seems incomprehensible."

No other people have such a treasure of folksong to draw on as that thus characterized, and it is not likely that any other people will develop a national school of opera on the lines which lie open to the Russian composer, and which the Russian composer has been encouraged to exploit by his government for the last twenty years or more. It is possible that some critics, actuated by political rather than artistic consideration, will find reasons for the present condition of Moussorgsky's score in the attitude of the Russian government. It is said that court intrigues had much to do with the many changes which the score had to undergo before it became entirely acceptable to the powers that be in the Czar's empire. Possibly. But every one which has come under the notice of this reviewer has been to its betterment and made for its practical presentation. It is said that the popular scenes were curtailed because they represented the voice of the democracy. But there is still so much choral work in the opera that the judgment of the operatic audiences of today is likely to pronounce against it measurably on that account. For, splendid as the choral element in the work is, a chorus is not looked upon with admiration as a dramatic element by the ordinary opera lover. There was a lack of the feminine element in the opera, and to remedy this Moussorgsky had to introduce the Polish bride of the False Dimitri and give the pair a love scene, and incidentally a polonaise; but the love scene is uninteresting until its concluding measures, and these are too Meyerbeerian to call for comment beyond the fact that Meyerbeer, the much contemned, would have done better. As for the polonaise, Tschaikowsky has written a more brilliant one and put it indoors, where it belongs, not out of doors, where it is an absurdity.

The various scores of the opera which have been printed show that Moussorgsky, with all his genius, was at sea even when it came to applying the principles of the Young Russian School, of which he is set down as a strong prop, to dramatic composition. With all his additions, emendations and rearrangements, his opera still falls much short of being a dramatic unit. It is a more loosely connected series of scenes, from the drama of Boris Godounow and the False Dimitri, than Boito's "Mefistofele" is of Goethe's "Faust." Had he had his own way the opera would have ended with the scene in which Dimitri proceeds to Moscow amid the huzzas of a horde of Polish vagabonds, and we should have had neither a Boris nor a Dimitri opera, despite the splendid opportunities offered by both characters. It was made a Boris opera by bringing it to an end with the death of Boris and leaving everything except the scenes in which the Czar declines the imperial crown, then accepts it, and finally dies of a tortured conscience, to serve simply as intermezzi, in which for the moment the tide of tragedy is turned aside. This and the glimpse into the paternal heart of the Czar is the only and beautiful purpose of the domestic scene, in which the lighter and more cheerful element of Russian folksong is introduced—an element made peculiarly ingratiating last night by the appearance and song of Miss Case as the young Tsarowitch. Why the full effect of this scene, as well as that of the tormenting of the village simpleton (on which the composer, no doubt, laid great weight), was not more vividly and truthfully presented must be left for the management of the opera house to answer. As usual, stress was laid upon those massive effects which obsess the mind of the operatic stage manager and try the patience of the lover of the drama.

There was considerable barbaric glitter in the investiture of the opera (the progress of whose story we are assuming as known to our readers—as it ought to be), and Signor Toscanini seemed to throw his whole impetuous and devoted soul into its music, bringing out both the broad and the refined effects of the score so that all who would might hear what the composer had to say in his musical idiom. Mr. Didur was naturally the central figure of the opera, and if there has ever been a stronger dramatic representation than his Boris on the stage of the Metropolitan, it will not easily be recalled. It has already been praised superlatively by association with the great actors of the Shakespearian stage. Mr. Althouse, who effected his entrance on the Metropolitan stage, though a trifle under the weather, made a line debut, making many of his hearers wish, no doubt, that his opportunities had come earlier and been more frequent. Signor Segurola put a fine piece of characterizing to his credit, and Mme. Homer made what she could out of the colorless Polish princess. With a word of approval for the singing of Leonora Sparkes, Mme. Duchene, and especially of Mr. Rothier, the particularization must cease. Altogether the production of the opera was an achievement which will long be remembered to Mr. Gatti's credit. The distribution of parts was as follows:

Boris	Adamo Didur
Theodore	Anna C[illegible]
Xenia	Leonora Sparkes
The Nurse	Maria Duchene
Marina	Louise Homer
Schouisky	Angelo Bada
Tchelkaloff	Vincenzo Reschiglian
Pimenn	Leon Rothier
Dimitri	Paul Althouse (his first appearance)
Varlaam	Andrea de Segurola
Missail	Pietro Audisio
The Innkeeper	Jeanne Maubourg
The Simpleton	Albert Reiss
A Police Officer	Giulio Rossi
A Court Officer	Leopoldo Mancinelli
Lovitzky, Tcernlakowsky	Two Jesuits	V. Reschiglian, Louis Kreidler

Conductor, Arthur Toscanini.

H. E. K.

"Boris Godounov" at the Metropolitan Opera House.

Boris Godounov	Adamo Didur
Gregory	Paul Althouse
Pimenn	Leon Rothier
Varlaam	Andrea de Segurola
Shouisky	Angelo Bada
Simpleton	Albert Reiss
Officer	Giulio Rossi
Marina	Louise Homer
Csarewitch	Anna Case
Xenia	Leonore Sparkes
Nurse	Lila Robeson
Innkeeper	Jeanne Maubourg

"Boris Godounov," opera in three acts and eight tableaux, the book taken from Poushkin's historical drama of the same title, the music by Modest Petrovitch Moussorgsky, was performed at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening for the first time in this country. This work was first given on any stage at the Marien Theatre in St. Petersburg

January 24, 1874, and it has been d also outside of Russia, notably Paris, where it aroused much critical tement. In Russia it has been perd to drop out of the repertories state theatres, but it is not infrefly given by private enterprises.

hat the production of last evening ressed itself upon the audience as emarkable disclosure of novelty in ect, method and style was unquesable. What the future attitude of public to the work will be is someg which fortunately does not ded consideration there. There need o uncertainty in making predictions o the future place of the work in public estimation, but none will be e here.

here was much applause for the e striking episodes of the opera, and glittering spectacular features of presentation caused a buzz of comt. Something too was the tribute to the unexpectedly picturesque communicative delineation of the ic hero by Adamo Didur. The imng choral effects in the score also their share of recognition, and all the guiding genius of Mr. Tosni was felt to hold its masterful

Tragic, Spectacular Work.

he opera, as has already been set in this newspaper, follows Poushs play closely and in some scenes retains the original words. It is story taken from the dark and my history of Russia in the early nteenth century, and it adheres nfully to the truth, as far as that is wn. The incidents added to the are not such as to alter its ve-y, but rather to bring out the char-r of Russian life and the peculiarof the people.

Boris has reached the throne through d. He has compassed the assassion of *Dimitri*, son of Ivan the Terb. *Boris* shuts himself in a convent the first scene shows us the people ly beseeching him to return to the ne. In the second scene, in a mon-y, we behold the young monk *Gregory* maddened by the conventual rent, in the throes of a daring conon. He will escape into Poland and as the supposedly dead *Dimitri*. third scene shows us the *Czar* be-his people. He reigns and goes to ch piously. But remorse pursues

the second act we are at an inn he borders of Lithuania. *Gregory* two disreputable companions, rene-priests like himself, are fleeing. *ory* learns from the babbling hostof the inn the secret path over the er. The police come and examine men and *Gregory* tries to have one s companions taken for himself, but ing in that scheme he leaps from window and starts for Lithuania.

e second scene is in the palace of Kremlin. *Prince Shouisky* tells the that the people are excited by the rt that *Dimitri* is alive. *Boris* gives rs to have all precautions taken to ent him from entering the empire. h alone in his chamber the despot the specter of the murdered boy terminates a scene of agony with a airing prayer.

Only One Love Scene.

he first scene of the third act shows *Gregory*, now calling himself *Dimitri*, he Castle of Michek in Poland. He its his love, *Marina*, who enters in midst of a gay party dancing the naise. She returns to meet him e and the one love scene of the a follows. *Marina* spurs *Dimitri* on wear that he will mount the throne d take her with him.

he second scene, which takes place forest, is meant to set forth the rbed state of the people. Representes of the Czar's Government are ted and ill treated. The two renepriests who fled with *Dimitri*, now ng an eye to their own future, urge people to throw off the yoke of s. *Dimitri* enters on horseback and addressing the people moves on in his progress toward Moscow wed by the cheering crowd.

e final scene, short and impressive, s place in a chamber of the old e of the Kremlin. The Boyars are erating as to what vengeance shall on the usurper. *Prince Shouisky* how he has spied upon the Czar seen his agonies of remorse. At very moment *Boris* staggers into room bidding the spectre to be. He recovers himself and listens he tale of the old monk who was *Gregory* in the monastery from h he fled. The monk intimates a miracle has taken place and that *atri* has actually risen from the dead. *Boris* sinks into despair, sends for his son, bids him farewell, proclaims him Czar and dies in a frenzy of remorse and supplication.

It will be seen from this inefficient summary of the story that the opera contains only one dramatically developed character, namely, that of *Boris*. There is no sustained dramatic sentiment, no love tale, no operation of the tenderer feelings of humanity. Through a procession of troubled events stalks the figure of the dream haunted monarch pursued by the ghost created out of his own remorse.

Boris Is a Russian Macbeth.

When the spectre apparently assumes reality in the person of the false *Dimitri* it is no reality to *Boris*. To him it is the actual return of the dead, with its bleeding throat gaping at him. He is the northern *Macbeth* and this is his *Banquo*. Shakespeare's thane conquered horror, but *Boris*, a wreck of conscience, cannot live to meet his spectre face to face.

Despite its fragmentary character the story is one of genuine tragic power. *Boris* is a terrible figure and the relentless approach of the audacious monk who has assumed the personality of the dead is shown with a subtle and mysterious force. It is in the musical treatment of these two ideas that Moussorgsky has attained his greatest level of art. He has found for the utterances of the tortured Czar accents of heartrending misery, profound gloom, awful despair. The character stands forth clear and convincing, one of the sharply and fully sketched portraits in the operatic gallery.

It was a stroke of genius and an act of daring to give this role to a bass voice, but to what other could such a role have been given with any hope of absolute dramatic justification? The perfect foil is found by making the false *Dimitri* a tenor of the opera, and thus enabling the spirit of stupendous audacity to proclaim itself in the clarion tones of the high voice. In all opera there is no more unerring choice of voices than that of these two.

The score as a whole offers an embarrassment of material for comment, but it is not essential that more than two or three chief features be discussed at this time.

Music Perfectly Fits the Theme.

In the first place the musical subject matter is thoroughly Russian. The principal themes are either actual Russian melodies or melodies fashioned by the composer in the national idiom. All of them are aptly chosen or made. They embody the moods and pictures of the drama with eloquence. They are woven together in a score of marvellous richness and power. The voices utter for the most part arioso which is original and characteristic. One would like to hear it with the Russian text, to which it must be united with splendid skill. Its lack of consanguinity to the Italian tongue, used in the performance, obtrudes itself continually. But its fitness for the drama is perfect, and the higher flights of the arioso reach melodic beauty of unusual nobility.

The chorus plays a leading role in this musical drama. The pictures of the people are lifelike. The melancholy, the despair, the rude resolution and revolt of soul and the beaten helplessness are all a part of the action of the play, and the great choral scenes in which the composer has developed the moods of his masses are as potent as his publication of the agonies of *Boris*.

The orchestra has a place in the denotement of the emotions of the work quite equal to that of the voices. While this is not a score of representative themes, it is far from being without splendidly representative music. All the barbarism of the aroused Russians clamors through some of the raucous pages of orchestration, pages in which grandly conceived combinations of instruments add color to rugged and almost brutal successions of elemental dissonances.

It is known that Rimsky-Korsakov edited this score and that we owe him equivocal thanks for smoothing down some of the "rough" places. If any of the places edited out of the score possessed the grand barbarous splendor of those remaining it is a great pity that the well meaning schoolmaster was permitted to be abroad in the land.

Beautiful if Barbaric Melody.

One follows the progress of the opera with unceasing admiration for the use of musical resource. In the first scene the combination of national folk thoughts with the style of the Russian church produces a massive and original choral effect not to be forgotten. The scene in the monastery is dull and heavy, but contains some bits of the characteristic declamation before described. The tremendous alternation of orchestral chords imitative of the Kremlin bells in the opening of the third scene is one of the mighty instrumental devices of the work. It is in this scene too that the composer builds up a magnificent finale upon a Russian theme which appears also in a quartet of Beethoven.

The inn scene begins with a Russian song, sung by the hostess, and the barbaric drinking song of the renegade monk is a little masterpiece in its expression of the bestiality of the creature. In the palace scene which comes next the duet of the *Czarewitch* and the *Nurse* is couched in the accents of Russian folk song, while immediately afterward the ear is enchained by the wonderful treatment of the harmonies and instrumentation accompanying the speech of the *Czar*.

In the garden of the Polish palace we are captivated by a beautiful and piquant polonaise, and again by the use of a mazurka rhythm in the song of *Marina*. The duet between her and the false *Dimitri* will without doubt be for the general public the big scene of the opera.

Again in the forest scene the composer wields his choral forces with immense ease and certainty and gets a musical mood picture of sure power. The death scene is written with a directness, an assured ease in the use of materials, and a keen sense of dramatic fitness which would be sufficient (if there were no other reasons) to entitle Moussorgsky to immediate recognition as a master.

In fine there need be no hesitation in pronouncing "Boris Godounov" the product of a genial mind, freely creating for a people out of their own materials a lyric drama of grand proportions. It is a pity that our general public does not know Russia better. Half an hour in the grim chambers of the old Kremlin palace, especially that in whose dark corner Ivan the Terrible and later Napoleon watched their minions, would do more to illumine the pages of "Boris Godounov" than a volume of descriptive comment.

Didur and Althous Shine.

The opera has been splendidly mounted at the Metropolitan. The scenes have character and correct local color. The chamber in the last act is especially faithful in its reproduction of the architecture and decorations of the Kremlin palace. The costumes are excellent and the mise en scene has been elaborated with that knowledge and care which mark all the work of Julius Speck. The splendid singing of the chorus reflects much credit on the chorus master, Giulio Setti. The orchestra played well indeed and the whole interpretation of the work was made vital and beautiful by the sympathetic guidance and fine intelligence of Arturo Toscanini, who directed it.

Adamo Didur's impersonation of *Boris* will raise him to a new position in the public esteem. It showed thought, study temperament and much real dramatic power. But of this there will be opportunity to speak again. At present it remains only to make note of the fact, an important one, that in Paul Althouse, a young American tenor in his first season on the stage, the Metroploitan has made a valuable acquisition. His impersonation of the false *Dimitri* showed much beauty of voice, good theatrical instincts and natural vigor. He will surely be heard from in the future if he pursues his career with good judgment.

: NEW YORK, THUR

MUSIC AND DRAMA

A Russian Opera.

The best Russian opera ever produced at the Metropolitan Opera House was Rubinstein's "Nero," first sung by Mrs. Thurber's American Opera Company, under the direction of Theodore Thomas, on March 14, 1887. Another interesting Russian work, Tchaikovsky's "Pique Dame," was staged there on March 11, 1910, with Gustave Mahler as conductor. Last night Moussorgsky's "Boris Godounoff" had its first hearing in this country, under the direction of Arturo Toscanini. Was it wise to stage it?

Whatever one may think of its merits as a work of art, the story of its career is of interest. Its first performance was in St. Petersburg in February, 1874. In spite of its crudities it had twenty performances during that season, yet evidently it was not a real success, for Moscow did not hear it till fifteen years later. In 1896, interest in the opera was revived by the publication of a new edition, with the orchestration, and to some extent, the harmonies, and the form, revised by Rimsky-Korsakoff. The composer—the greatest, after Tchaikovsky and Rubinstein, that Russia has produced—was a personal friend of Moussorgsky and it was generally agreed that it was thanks to his editorial labors that "Boris Godounoff" had been restored to the repertory. He himself is by no means a Russian Mendelssohn, and it may be taken for granted that the changes he made consisted largely of the elimination of needless crudities and musico-grammatical errors, for Moussorgsky was admittedly not an educated musician. Tchaikovsky, in one of his letters to Mme. von Meck, speaks of "abominations *à la* Moussorgsky," and in another he declares that this composer's "gifts are perhaps the most remarkable of all, but his nature is narrow and he has no aspirations towards self-perfection. He has been too easily led away by the absurd theories of his set and the belief in his own genius. Besides which his nature is not of the finest quality, and he likes what is coarse, unpolished, and ugly. . . . Moussorgsky plays with his lack of polish—and even seems proud of his want of skill, writing just as it comes to him, believing blindly in the infallibility of his genius. As a matter of fact, his very original talent flashes forth now and again."

Notwithstanding the labors of Rimsky-Korsakoff in "purifying" the technique of "Boris Godounoff," it did not hold its own. As Rosa Newmarch relates, it has been allowed to drop out of the repertory of the state theatres, although it has been, now and then, "revived with success by private companies and on benefit nights." Outside of Russia no interest was manifested in it until Theodore Chaliapine astonished the world with his powerful impersonation of Boris. It was owing to his art and his popularity that "Boris Godounoff" was produced in Paris in May, 1908. It had five performances at that time, under the most favorable conditions, everything being Russian, conductor, orchestra, and singers, and the opera was, of course, sung in the original Russian. After this company left, the directors of the Grand Opera bought the scenery and the costumes, with a view to incorporating "Boris" in their repertory; but on further considering the matter, they concluded not to do so, because, in the words of Mr. Gatti-Casazza, general manager of the Metropolitan Opera House, "it was feared that representations without Chaliapine, after he had been seen in the work in Paris, would not meet with favor. Consequently, when we decided some three years ago to produce the work here, I had no difficulty in persuading M. Broussan to sell me the scenery and costumes, which are perfectly fresh, as they have only been used four or five times."

It was certainly a courageous deed to try to transplant this opera to New York with conditions (apart from the scenery and costumes) so different from those which obtained in Paris: no Russian language, no Russian conductor, no Russian chorus and orchestra, no Russian cast, and, above all, no Theodore Chaliapine. Here it was given last night in the Italian language, with a German orchestra, a mixed Italian and German chorus, an Italian conductor, and a cosmopolitan cast headed by Adamo Didur.

Before the result can be discussed intelligibly it is necessary to tell the story of the opera briefly. It is based on a play by Pushkin, which depicts scenes—chiefly tragic and grewsome—from the life of Boris Godounoff, the councillor of the half-witted Czar Feodor. As Feodor has no offspring, there is only his younger brother, Dimitri, to stand in the way of the realization by Boris of his ambitious plan to have himself proclaimed Czar, the consequence being that Dimitri is assassinated.

In the first scene, which is laid in front of a convent near Moscow, to which Boris has retired, the populace gathers in the courtyard and clamors for his proclamation as Czar; but he sends word that he declines the throne. The scene changes to a cell in the Convent of Miracles. An old monk, Pimenn, is writing by lamplight the chronicles of the time, ending with the horrible murder committed by Boris. Then he turns over the task of historian of the future to a young monk, Gregory, who hears incidentally that he is of the same age as the murdered Dimitri; and thereby hangs the tale. The first act, after the scene has changed to a square between two cathedrals

closes with a grand procession. Boris appears, is acclaimed as Czar, and enters the Cathedral of the Assumption.

The first curtain of the second act opens on an inn on the frontier of Lithuania. It is the hiding place of two vagabonds. With them is the young monk Gregory, who has escaped from the cloister and spread the report that he is Dimitri, having escaped the assassin's hands. He is trying to get across the border to Poland. The officers and soldiers who are pursuing him enter the inn and he is recognized, but eludes them by jumping out of the window. When the curtain rises again we behold Boris in the Kremlin in Moscow enacting a nursery scene with his children. For five years he has now been Czar. He has lost all capacity for joy. Heaven has sent dire ills to punish him for his crime, which is ever before him, and with "O God, have pity on me!" he ends his monologue. There is a commotion outside; he is informed by Prince Shouisky that there is an uprising in favor of "Dimitri." Left alone, he is tormented by his guilty conscience; the spectre of the murdered boy appears to him, and he breaks down in an agony of remorse and terror.

The last act is divided into three scenes. The first is a moonlit garden. The false Dimitri has escaped to Poland and won the love of Marina, daughter of a nobleman who is prepared to help him in his attempt to become acclaimed as Czar. In the second the Polish army arrives in the forest of Kromy just in time to save Dimitri's former tramp companions from being hanged by a mob. The final scene takes us back to the Kremlin Palace. The Duma is in session discussing the punishment to be inflicted on Dimitri when captured. Prince Shouisky comes and tells them how, after he had told Boris of the uprising, he had watched him through the keyhole and seen him a victim of terrible hallucinations. While he speaks Boris enters, denies he is an assassin, in a state bordering on madness. His confusion and agony are increased by the narrative of a dream by Pimenn relating to the tomb of Dimitri. Boris calls for his son, addresses him as his heir, bids him crush his enemies. His own life is ebbing away. His last words are: "I am still Czar. . . . Oh, I die. . . . God forgive me!" and then, to the Boyars, "He is your Czar! Oh, mercy, mercy."

A perusal of the libretto is likely to leave the reader more or less in the dark. Not that there is an unfathomable plot as in "Il Trovatore"; rather, there is little plot worth mentioning. "Boris Godounoff" is an operatic mosaic, and it is no exaggeration to say that all the scenes except the last might be shaken up like dice and thrown on the stage in different order without detriment to the whole. Glazounoff was a Nihilist; he abhorred all conventions; and logical sequence in an opera is, of course, conventional. In Paris the tavern scene was omitted as irrelevant. At the Metropolitan it has been retained, and properly so, for it is not any more unimportant than most of the other scenes. The composer's desire was to present in a perfectly unshackled manner scenes from the life of the Russian populace; he found these in Pushkin's play and wrote music to go with them.

It must be conceded that his music faithfully mirrors these scenes in orchestral and choral tones. There is grandeur in the opening choruses of appeal to Boris; the drinking song in the tavern is bibulous; there is tenderness in the Czar's interview with his children in the nursery, the hallucination music is realistic, and there is a note of tragedy in the death scene. That all this should be so seems self-evident; but forty years ago the Italian operatic ideals prevalent in Russia did not necessarily call for such fidelity of the music to the text.

On crossing the Polish boundary, Moussorgsky adopts the musical rhythms of that country, just as in the Russian scenes he pays tribute to the spirit of Russian folk music. The love scene did not inspire him to the creation of a passionate melody, and it is needless to say that when love fails to make a composer's declamation or arioso rise to true song, everything else is sure to fail. There is little melody of real originality in this score; most of the vocal utterances are commonplace. The choruses are doubtless dramatically effective, but their actual musical value also is very small. In assigning to the chorus so much importance, the composer forgot—as Rubinstein was apt to forget—that opera is not oratorio. Theatrically, Moussorgsky rises to the level of Spontini, or even Meyerbeer; but his choruses do not move, or thrill, like those of Wagner, Gounod, Bizet, or some of Rubinstein's, because no elemental individual melody shapes them.

The dialogue is for the most part deadly dull; indeed, as a whole, "Boris" is decidedly boresome. Whether it is good enough to keep the stage remains to be seen. Nothing has been left undone to make it a success, so far as the training of chorus and orchestra are concerned. The chorus master, Giulio Setti, and the stage manager, Jules Speck, deserve much credit for their share of the result. Arturo Toscanini conducted with amazing spirit, and got a big share of the applause. He would have been glad to use the original score, as it was before Rimsky-Korsakoff polished it, but no copy of it could be obtained. There is a vague rumor that Debussy has one, and that he got from it some of his novel harmonic combinations! In its present form the score is as smooth as polished rice, and possibly the use of the Italian language and a general Italian conception approximated it to the Milanese risotto style; yet there is some caviare even in its present presentment. The hallucination scene in the second act is a case in point, and finer still are the barbaric martial strains that are heard in the first scene of the last act when the soldiers march on the stage. That is by far the best thing in the opera; in fact, it is the only indication in the whole score of real creative genius. To come across it was like suddenly seeing a cool spring after a thirsty march across a desert.

With a few exceptions, last night's cast was made up of singers such as might be found in the average European town. Mme. Homer was a handsome and altogether satisfactory Marina, beloved of the false Dimitri. Her lover, sung by a new tenor, Paul Althouse, who last night made his début, was not up to her level. He sings in tune and acts fairly well; his voice is of the male soprano type, so much admired in Italy. Tenors with voices like Caruso and our own Martin are, unfortunately, rare; Reiss and Segurola were, as always, excellent. Reiss had a very small part of a simpleton, but he made the most of it. The best acting of the evening was that of Segurola as the bibulous Varlaam, who went to sleep with his arms around a demijohn and woke to find himself arrested and about to be hanged. It was an excellent genre picture that he gave, and his disguise was so complete that he was unrecognizable save for his voice and his art. Miss Case and Miss Sparkes, as the pretty children of Boris, made an agreeable contrast to the general darkness of the opera.

Only connoisseurs see the enormous step which separates the dramatic from the melodramatic. To the average opera-goer Mr. Didur's grimaces and contortions will prove as satisfactory as would great acting; yet as Boris he is as completely miscast as he was as Mephistopheles in "Faust," a part in which he no longer appears here. The fact that he is an estimable gentleman does not make him a great artist, and at the Metropolitan "greatness" has indeed been thrust upon him. He acquitted himself better of the task than had been expected, but his singing was never that of a great artist, and for the impersonation of this rôle, in which Chaliapine has set so high a standard, he lacks also the faculty of convincing facial expression. He was best in the hallucination scene of the second act, after which the audience gave him not only cordial applause but a real ovation. The much more difficult death scene did not fill expectations, and there was much less applause at the end. It will probably be found that the Parisians were wise in deciding that without Chaliapine it would be unwise to produce "Boris Godounoff."

The scenery is novel and quite worth seeing. The first scene is one of brilliant costumes, religious and worldly, set against an almost white background of cathedrals; the second is the moonlit garden and castle of Michek, where the lovers meet, after Marina and her suite have passed to the measures of a polonaise; the third is the Hall of the Duma in the Kremlin, an excellent copy of mediæval arches and decorations. The costumes are gorgeous, and even those of the peasants are brilliant and effective. Once more the Hippodrome must look to its laurels in the line of color effects.

THE BOSTON ORCHESTRA.

Charles Martin Loeffler's "Pagan Poem" Played—Anton Witek Soloist.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, now in New York on the last of its five visits, gave its evening concert last evening in Carnegie Hall. The programme was made up of modern music altogether, yet of widely contrasting style. It is not so long a way from Goldmark's overture "Im Fruhlin," and Duorak's "Carnival," with which the concert began and ended respectively, to Brahms's violin concerto, as it is to Mr. Charles Martin Loeffler's "Pagan Poem," which occupied the place of a symphony upo nthe programme; for that takes the listne rinto what is still, to many a new and unfamiliar realm of music.

This "Pagan Poem" was laft played here by the Boston Orchestra under Dr. Muck six years ago. It is suggested by a portion of Virgil's eighth Eclogue, a love song and a love incantation of a Thessalonian maiden endeavoring to bring back her truant lover. In its present shape, which it has reached only after several reworkings by the composer, it is scored for orchestra with pianoforte, English horn, and three trumpets obbligati, the trumpets being heard at different distances off the stage and only at the close with the rest of the orchestra.

This statement of the material means employed suggests that the composer has made elaborate experiments in instrumental timbres in the piece, and such is the case—experiments that are novel and singularly successful. The pianoforte part, admirably played by Heinrich Gebhard, is difficult and elaborate, yet is treated as essentially a part of the ensemble, and not as an added solo; and it is one of the few instances in which a composer has been measureably successful in obtaining a truly characteristic effect with it.

Most noteworthy is the use of the three distant trumpets playing in strange and dissonant harmonies faintly heard. With these has gone a marvellously skillful use of the orchestra, of all its colors and combinations; and there are effects here that have strange and novel power and a sensuous, yet subtle appeal.

The substance of Mr. Loeffler's music is freighted with a high and fertile imagination. He has not attempted to make an exact translation into tones of Virgil's poem. The music has no servile dependence upon the literary programme, nor does it follow the poem page by page. It is, however, potent in its suggestiveness of the mysteries of Virgil's narrative, its weird imagery, and the crying amorousness of the pagan maiden. There is the note of sensonsness in it. There are gloom and despair, and there is frantic, almost savage rejoicing.

Obviously pleasing in its material and substance the music is not. The composer's themes are not all immediately to be grasped, though the refrain, as Mr. Hale calls it in his note, given to the trumpets is of haunting power. There are passages that may well puzzle and baffle even the sympathetic listener.

The composer is not to be absolved from falling at times into the fantastic and the over-strained, and there are passagees whose clouded harmonies and uncertain melodic form verge upon the grotesque. The harmonic structure that Mr. Loeffler has built up takes him into strange and not always comfortable regions of dissonance to which all ears are not inured.

The certainty of touch with which contrapuntal structure is fabricated can hardly be overlooked by the attentive listener, even though they may not be at once fully appreciated. That the composition is the work of a musician of remarkable quality and remarkable gifts is evident now, as it was when the work was first heard here; and the pages that are of its best are of a keen and poignant beauty.

It received an exatraordinarily fine performance; and its difficulties are great. Dr. Muck and the orchestra expended their powers upon it with a complete devotion. Mr. Loeffler occupied a box, and was called upon to bow his acknowledgments repeatedly to warmly enthusiastic applause.

Mr. Witek, concertmaster of the orchestra, played Brahms's violin concerto in a fashion that commanded high respect. If not a supremely eloquent nor a remarkably brilliant performance, it showed a true appreciation of the work and sympathy with it, and an ample command of its exacting technical demands.

Mr. Witek's playing had breadth and authority. And if his tone did not wholly satisfy an exacting ear, there was sufficient reason for it in the atmospheric conditions of heat and moisture, highly unfavorable to stringed instruments, and, indeed, most other musical instruments.

Goldmark's overture, like Dvorak's, is an idiom that to-day sounds almost naive; yet there are charm and grace and brilliancy in it, though it is a little discursive. And there is an unusually rich, fine, and transparent texture in its orchestration.

LOEFFLER MUSIC

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave its fifth evening concert at Carnegie Hall last evening. The programme consisted of Goldmark's overture, "Im Fruchling"; Charles Martin Loeffler's "Pagan Poem" for orchestra, piano, English horn and three trumpets; the Brahms viol'n concerto and Dvorak's "Carnival" overture. The pianist was Heinrich Gebhard of Boston, who has officiated in other performances of Mr Loeffler's composition.

The "Pagan Poem" was last heard here on January 30, 1910, when it was played by the New York Symphony Orchestra under Walter Damrosch at the New Theatre (now the Century). Those were strenuous days in the realm of music, for on the following evening Richard Strauss's "Elektra" was produced at the Manhattan Theatre under the management of Oscar Hammerstein. It need hardly be said that in propinquity to this remarkable struggle for music for existence Mr. Loeffler's paganism was like the breath of violets.

One of Virgil's eclogues suggested the composition to Mr. Loeffler, who lives not far from Harvard University and roams easily in classic shades. The story is of a young woman whose recreant lover lingers too long in the white light district of a distant city. So she makes libations to the gods, burns incense and, best of all, sings and bids her songs draw Daphnis back to her. The three trumpets sound off the stage and they draw nearer and nearer as the foolish Daphnis is lured by the songs, and at the end they unite with the swelling peal of his triumphant welcome to her longing arms.

It was worth while to hear the composition again. Mr. Loeffler, as music lovers know, is a disciple of the contemporaneous French school, and he leans strongly toward the style of Debussy. Although he sacrifices much for the sake of this, he nevertheless has a rich vein of originality. His "Pagan Poem" is a full blooded piece of writing and it publishes moods which are communicative.

The hopes of the maiden of Thessaly run high, they sink to doubt, they rise again, and are finally blessed with brilliant realiation. The instrumental picture of the composition is striking and when the piano almost rises to the postion of a solo instrument, it never steps quite out of the picture. Its value in providing a rich texture of exotic scale passages is unquestionable.

The brief prominence of the English horn is admirably introduced and the three trumpets speak with vigor. It is not unlikely, however, that most music lovers would find more conviction in the work were it more compact. It was warmly applauded last evening and the composer, who sat in a box, was obliged to bow his acknowledgments several times.

The Brahms violin concerto was placed on the programme to enable Anton Witek, the concert master of the orchestra, to appear as a soloist. As formerly. Mr. Witek has been heard in the same capacity before, but he did not then gain as much sound approval as he did last evening. His playing of the Brahms music was pralseworthy. It had clarity and beauty of tone, accuracy of intonation, skill in technic and musical judgment to commend it.

The playing of the orchestra, as usual, was something to remember with delight. A flexible and temperamental instrument is this aggregation of Boston and he who plays upon it with a little baton is a past master of the art. Such an exhibition of orchestral virtuosity and of fine intelligence and commanding enthusiasm in conducting as that presented in the "Pagan Poem" was inspiring.

BOSTON SYMPHONY HER

Orchestra Gives Brilliant Co cert at Carnegie Hall.

Major Higginson's band from Bo came to us again last night for their Thursday night concert of the season. Carnegie Hall was filled with the u Boston Symphony audience, and audi that both for intelligence and size kn no peers in New York's musical life. solo performer of the evening was A Witek, the concert master of the orc tra, who played Brahms's concerto i major for violin and orchestra.

Mr. Witek has appeared before in city, but he never has revealed himse the splendid artist he proved himself night. The cadenzas in the concerto diffificult in the extreme, yet he them off with a dexterity and prec that appeared the negation of effort, his tone was uniformly warm and Let us hope that we shall hear Mr. often in the future and always in the he showed last night. Mch. 21 '13

In the main orchestral number Muck chose Charles Martin Loe "Pagan Poem," a composition whic been heard before in New York which is one of the most inspired that the Alsatian-Bostonian compose written. It is, to be sure, altogeth long, but there are in it passages of beauty and brilliancy. The three pets which, behind the scene, give musical expression of Vergilian as written in the poem upon whic composition is founded, make an tion of which the effectiveness is re able.

Though the "Poem" is founded

erses in the eighth eclogue of
s not strictly programme music
undantly able to stand by its
y musical appeal. The splendid
inspired by Dr. Muck's in-
spirit, gave it a performance
one of the finest things of which
great band is capable. The
orchestral numbers were Gold-
verture, "Im Frühling," and
"Carnival" overture.

USIC AND DRAMA

21. 1913

oston Symphony Orchestra.

well known that Richard Wagne
approve of Hector Berlioz, hut th
for his aversion are not generall
While admitting his unusual tal
was convinced that his influenc
musical art was on the whole per-
for the reason that his clevernes
sing new tricks of orchestration ha
t possible for minor composers to
effects and secure applause even
hey had absolutely nothing to say.
himself was even more ingenious
erlioz in conceiving new orchestral
tions and creating new color mix-
ut his feats of instrumentation are
nduiged in for their own sake, but
eans of enhancing the charm of his
musical ideas.
uccess of Richard Strauss is a con-
s illustration of what can be done
owing the Berlioz method. He sei-
s anything to say that, for its own
s worth listening to; but he garbs
e says in such brilliant hues that
tic is hoaxed into the belief that it
ning to a new art message. As a
er, Strauss is great, hut his fine
are tailored mostly to he put on
s.
er follower of Berlioz is Charles
Loeffler, whose "A Pagan Poem"
yed in Carnegie Hall last night hy
ton Symphony Orchestra. It is not
ty, having heen played here once he-
the same musicians and a second
the New York Symphony Orches-
both occasions, as again last night,
ience was so enchanted by the heau-
loring of the piece and hy certain
ffects of orchestration that it over-
the fact that the composer had noth-
say so far as melody is concerned.
vel tints were secured hy the use of
forte on the stage and three trum-
hind the scenes. In his harmonies,
effler is a faithful follower of the
of the French school of the hour.
his piece was played by the New
mphony Orchestra, an expert mu-
ho had not seen the programme ex-
after a few minutes: "I did not
ebussy was on the programme."
hat occasion the trumpet strains
ore effective than they were last
when they were too loud and not
tly detached from the players on
In other respects, it is needless to
Muck and his players gave a more
tory rendering of the "Pagan
which, by the way, would he great-
oved by heroic cuts. The piano
as ably played by Heinrich Geh-

soloist of the evening was Anton
who played the Brahms concerto
e technical skill to he expected of
cert-master of the Boston Orches-
splendid performance of Gold-
"Spring" overture opened the con-
d a brilliant close was provided by
s "Carnival" overture.

Cut Repetition of "Le Donne
use" Follows Barbaric Splen-
dor of Russian Opera.

Tel. 21-1913

the almost barbaric splendor of
ssian opera "Boris Codunoff" pro-
t the Metropolitan on Wednesday
last evening's repetition of "La
Curiose" seemed like a cameo set
c. It was a beautiful performance
delightful opera, sung by the usual

Farrar looked and sang her best
quaint rôle of Rosaura, while Mr.
was pleasing as Florindo. Mr.
as Lello was admirable, and Mr.
who had the evening before imper-
the repentant Tsar Boris, por-
the happy father of a family who
his club with an easy conscience.
Maubourg, Alten and Fornia filled
ual rôles excellently, as did Messrs.
uroia and Pini-Corsi. Mr. Tos-
conducted with finesse and the or-
played superbly.

"PARSIFAL" WELL SUNG

Big Audience Gives It Close Attention at Metropolitan.

The popularity of the Wagnerian music-dramas has never been more abundantly attested than by the size of the audiences that have attended them during the present season. Yesterday afternoon's performance of "Parsifal" brought out a house that rivalled in size those of the Conried days, being one of the largest audiences of the season. Also it was one of unusual composition as to intelligence and musical knowledge, and listened to the work in a spirit little short of reverence.

There was only one new artist in the cast. Mr. Buers, whose Amfortas was adequate, even if it might have been a little more resonant voiced. Mme. Fremstad was her own incomparable Kundry; Mr. Jörn an earnest, if undistinguished, Parsifal; Mr. Witherspoon a Gurnemanz who has steadily gained in interest, and Mr. Goritz the Klingsor of old. The chorus sang with spirit, and Mr. Hertz wielded his baton with his usual animation.

In the evening Offenbach's "The Tales of Hoffmann" was sung with the usual cast, except that Mr. Rothier sang Coppelius as well as Miracle, and sang it well. Miss Hempel was the Doll; Mr. Macnez, Hoffmann; Miss Bori, Antonio; Mme. Duchene, Giulietta; Mr. Gilly, Dappertutto; Mr. Segurola, Spalanzani, and Mr. Reiss, Cochenille and Franz. Mr. Polacco conducted. Tel. 22-1913

The audience was a good one, especially for Good Friday night.

"Parsifal" and "Tales of Hoffmann."

If Wagner's heirs could have had their way, "Parsifal" would have never been heard outside of Bayreuth. Of Americans, none would have ever been able to hear it except those who can afford a trip to Europe. Since Mr. Conried courageously defied the Bayreuth monopoly, Wagner's swan song has been heard, it is safe to say, by a hundred thousand Americans who will never go abroad. And the majority of these have enjoyed the excellent performances of this music drama given here as they have enjoyed few things. "Parsifal," with its Good Friday music, is always looked for on Good Friday. Yesterday it attracted an enormous audience—a regular Caruso audience, though Caruso was not in the cast. This cast was the same as usual, with the exception of Mr. Buers, who made a mediocre Amfortas.

While the "Parsifal" performances as a rule are among the things the Metropolitan has reason to be proud of, the same cannot be said of "The Tales of Hoffmann," which was again sung last night, with the usual cast. In this case the Metropolitan tradition of securing the greatest living impersonators was disregarded, the result being that the performance is far inferior to those that used to be given of Offenbach's masterwork at the Manhattan by Oscar Hammerstein's artists.

YESTERDAY AT THE OPERA.

"Parsifal" in the Afternoon and Offenbach in the Evening.

The Good Friday spell proved to be a potent charm at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday afternoon. "Parsifal" was given at a special matinee beginning at 1 o'clock, and the sacred festival play was heard by the largest audience which has attended a performance of it since the early days of its representations in this city. As usual, the performance was followed with close attention and with reverent attitude. The acceptance of Wagner's last work as something outside the domain of ordinary opera continues to be worthy of note and is a demonstration of the readiness of the musical public to approach apart work in a serious spirit.

There were no novelties in the performance, except in the impersonation of *Amfortas* by Willy Buers. This was an assumption of respectable and commendable quality, if not of high distinction. Mr. Jorn was the *Parsifal* and for him it can only be said that he was sincere. Mme. Fremstad repeated her intelligent and poetic impersonation of *Kundry*. Mr. Hertz conducted and the orchestra played well.

In the evening an opera of very different type occupied the stage. This was Offenbach's "Tales of Hoffmann," which has become a popular feature of the Metropolitan repertoire. Mr. Didur did not appear as *Coppelius;* this role as well as that of *Dr. Miracle* was in the hands of Mr. Rothier. The other members of the cast were the same as heretofore, the honors going to Mme. Hempel as *Olympia*, Miss Bori as *Antonia* and Mr. Gilly as *Dappertutto*. Mr Polacco conducted.

"The Girl of the Golden West," March 22 (Matinee).

Ears inspired by Gounod, Gluck, Mozart and Wagner at the Metropolitan Opera House are apt to be troubled when sitting under the strains of such a work as "The Girl of the Golden West." Many men, many tastes, and thus we find a large number of persons who still flock to hear this opera, or musical melodrama, as it should be entitled. Of course, the splendid singers are the magnet, and so long as these singers appear in their roles, the Puccini production will attract. Despite the semi-religious character of Easter Eve, a great audience assembled to hear Caruso as Dick Johnson and Amato as Jack Rance, the sheriff-gambler, while Maestro Toscanini, with his wizard-like sway, succeeded in making some of the passages interesting. Emmy Destinn appeared again as Minnie, and the Bohemian soprano, like her celebrated associates in the cast, was in good voice. The performance went without a hitch, and the entr'actes were shorter than they usually are at the fashionable matinees.

"Meistersinger," March 22 (Evening).

Wagner's popular "Meistersinger," at popular prices, was the attractive bill for last Saturday evening's special performance. A large and appreciatice audience was on hand, the standees exceeding the usual number of such patrons on the occasion of so called popular priced Saturday night entertainments at the Metropolitan.

Special interest attached to this "Meistersinger" seance, inasmuch as Jacques Urlus effected his first appearance as Walther, and his success was quite as brilliant as those already placed to the credit of this artist as Siegfried, Siegmund, Tristan and Lohengrin at the Metropolitan this season. Mr. Urlus was in fine voice, which, added to a handsome appearance and splendid histrionic ability, resulted in making him a satisfying stage hero and a sweet singer of the noble "Prize Song" and his other music.

Bella Alten was a winsome and lovely voiced Eva, the illusion of this gentle Wagnerian heroine being completely woven by this reliable artist. William Hinshaw sang magnificently the part of Kothner; Willy Buers, the Hans Sachs, repeated his interpretation of this role; Carl Braun gave a polished vocal exposition as Pogner; Otto Goritz was an excellent Beckmesser; Albert Reiss was a capital David; Lambert Murphy sang sympathetically in the tenor role of Vogelgesang; Marie Mattfeld was an attractive Magdalene, and the balance of the cast, which was a strong one, was in capable hands. Alfred Hertz did not always bring out the full poetry of the score, his conducting being stodgy and labored on the whole.

A Musical Burlesque.

The Boston Symphony programme on Saturday contained a suggestion of the "Sunday Comic Supplement" in the "Symphonic Burlesque" on the pranks of Max and Moritz, by Joseph Gustav Mraczek, a young composer who lives at Brünn. But the "Franks of Max and Moritz" are classics in their way; they are by Wilhelm Busch, who has long been a contributor to the *Fliegende Blätter*, which is probably the oldest and best illustrated humorous paper in the world. More often than otherwise the series of pictures illustrating a funny incident are wordless, and one does not have to read German to get enjoyment from the *Fliegende Blätter*. Tel. 22-1913

This "Burleske" consists of a prologue, seven pranks, and an epilogue. The programme of "Prank V" is as follows: "Uncle Fritz is visiting the boys' parents. Max and Moritz go into the woods and collect beetles. Returning, they put them in uncle's bed. In the night watches the beetles begin to be busy. Uncle kills as many of them as he can and goes back to bed." At first sight this seems a trivial subject for a "symphonic poem," even as a burlesque. But the composer has filled the work so full of melody and genuine humor that it is pleasant to listen to, and that is enough. Incidentally, it may be mentioned that it is a *reductio ad absurdum* of Strauss's bleating sheep—but this is not to be taken seriously, while that was. As a piece of "descriptive music" it is like all music of the kind—one needs to be told what it is about to know its meaning. We can stand this in music, but not in "cubist" painting.

Sinding's Symphony in D minor opened the programme. It has lucid moments, but on the whole is dull and uninteresting. Liszt's "Mephisto Waltz" was a welcome number, and by far the best music on the programme. The final number was Dukas's Scherzo, "L'Apprenti Sorcier." All the music was played in the Boston Symphony's best style.

It is a pity that the boys who distribute programmes on the other side of Fifty-seventh Street cannot be given enough copies to go around. They had given out some time before the concert began.

While the churches of this city surpassed all records in their Easter offerings, the programmes of which took up fourteen columns of the *Evening Post* on Saturday, there were, in addition, five concerts for those who were willing to pay to hear music. In Carnegie Hall, in the afternoon, Franz X. Arens conducted one of the concerts of the People's Symphony Orchestra, popular in the best sense of the word, with Maximilian Pilzer and Carl Morris as soloists. In the evening, Victor Herbert presided over the Gælic Society's annual concert. At Aeolian Hall, in the afternoon Mr. Godowsky played the Liszt sonata, and other pieces to an admiring audience, and in the evening Walter Damrosch and his symphony orchestra were heard in a special concert for the benefit of its pension fund. The soloists were Germaine Schnitzer and M. Clément. At the Metropolitan's operatic concert the principal soloist was Olive Fremstad.

Mr. Godowsky's Recital.

Mr. Leopold Godowsky gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall, that was filled with an Easter audience. His programme was one of contrasts. It is a far cry from the "Kinderscenen" of Schumann to Liszt's B minor sonata; but he spanned the interval with only the intervention of Grieg's "Ballade." Mr. Max Pauer played the "Kinderscenen" but a few weeks ago; they are pieces whose charm will be the greater the greater the art that is expended upon them, and they gave great pleasure as Mr. Godowsky played them. His programme also included a selection of six from his "Walzermasken," a series of twenty-four "tone pictures in 3-4 time," and Chopin's G minor Ballade, G major Nocturne, and Andante Spianato and Polonaise, Op. 22.

Symphony Society's Pension Concert.

The New York Symphony Society gave its annual pension fund concert at Aeolian Hall last evening. The programme included Tschaikowsky's sixth symphony and Goldmark's Scherzo, Op. 45. Edmond Clement sang an air from "Roméo et Juliette" and songs by Debussy, Hué, and Massenet, and Germaine Schnitzer played Schumann's piano concerto in A minor.

PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY.

Carl Morris Substituted for John Barnes Wells as the Soloist.

The People's Symphony Orchestra gave the third concert of its thirteenth season yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall under the direction of Franz X. Arens before the usual large audience. Novelties as a rule do not play an essential part in the programmes of this organization, but yesterday there was to have been one included. Dunn's setting of "Annabel Lee," but the tenor who was to have sung this song, John Barnes Wells, was unable to appear. A baritone was obtainable, but that made a change in programme as well as a change in artist necessary. Carl Morris, as a consequence, sang "Eri Tu," from Verdi's "Un Ballo in Maschera."

The programme also included Bruch's violin concerto in G minor, which has been performed so many times in New York this season that every concertgoer must have heard it at least once. Yesterday it was played by Maximilian Pilzer. The orchestral numbers were Beethoven's Seventh Symphony and Tschaikowsky's "March Slav."

OLIVE FREMSTAD HEARD.

Carl Braun and Louise Cox Also on Metropolitan Programme.

Olive Fremstad appeared at the concert at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. She first sang the air "Suicidio," from "La Gioconda," and when she was recalled she added "Les Filles de Cadiz" of Delibes, and a song by Grieg. Later in the evening she sang Schubert's "Fischermädchen," and Franz's "Aus meinen grossen Schmerzen," "Stille Sicherheit," and "In Herbst." To these she added "Long, Long Ago" and a Norwegian song.

Henriette Bach played three violin numbers, an andante of Lalo's, Kreisler's arrangement of Tartini's variations on a theme by Corelli, and an old Viennese waltz by Kreisler. Carl Braun sang an air from "The Magic Flute," Schubert's "Der Doppelgänger," and Jensen's "Alt Heidelberg." Louise Cox, a young American singer, made practically her first appearance at the Opera House, although she had been heard in very small parts. She sang "Deh vieni non tardar" from "Le Nozze di Figaro," and afterward a song of Victor Holländer. She received many floral tributes. The orchestra, under the direction of Adolph Rothmeyer, played "Siegfried's Rhine Journey," the overture to "William Tell," and the "L'Arlesienne Suite."

GAELIC SOCIETY CONCERT.

Heard with Victor Herbert's Orchestra at Carnegie Hall.

The Feis Ceoil Agus Seanachas of the Gaelic Society gave a concert at Carnegie Hall last night at which Victor Herbert and his orchestra, with Idelle Patterson, soprano, as soloist, participated. There was also an address by Joseph Dunn, Professor of Gaelic at the Catholic University, Washington, D. C.

The programme included the overture to Wallace's "Maritana," Victor Herbert's "Sunset," "Air de Ballet," and Irish Rhapsody; two movements for Villiers-Stanford's Irish Symphony, two numbers from an Irish Suite by Swan Hennessy, and the following songs, "The Last Rose of Summer," "The Kerry Dancers," "Caro Nome" from "Rigoletto," "I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls," and Victor Herbert's "Love's Hour."

Mch 25 1913

"Cyrano" Finally Gets Its Second Performance After Being Twice Postponed.

Walter Damrosch's opera "Cyrano," postponed twice on account of illness among the members of the cast, had its second performance at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. The first took place on February 27. The disappointments did not prevent the work from attracting an audience of good size last evening, and the singers received much applause.

If the opera is not received into the permanent favor of this public it will not be for lack of adequate presentation. Liberality in the provision of scenery and costume has been marked. The reproduction of the scenes of the original drama is as faithful as the exigencies of the operatic version will permit. The costumes are all historically correct and designed with taste. Abundant attention has been bestowed on such details as the mimic theatre of the first scene, on the bustle of the gathering audience, the playful pranks of the dames in the balcony boxes, the strutting of the dandies entitled to seats on the stage and the strumming of the music by the orchestra on the stage.

Naturally Pasquale Amato attracts the major share of public attention by his impersonation of *Cyrano*. Here is something quite novel in the wide range of this barytone's art. He has sung in Italian, French, German and even in Russian opera, all the way from Odessa to Buenos Ayres, and now he steps into the arena of opera in English with an undertaking of formidable difficulty.

The role of *Cyrano* is not as complex in the opera as it is in the play, for the philosophical reflections of the poet, his erudition, his pertinent observations on men and things could not be made to furnish food for music. His passionate idealism and his overwhelming love for *Roxane*, both buried under a mountain of tragedy by his unfortunate exterior, these alone could be utilized as operatic material. But the exterior gallantry and gayety of the man, affected to hide his real misery, were also made prominent by Mr. Amato as a part of the pictorial action of the character.

With these materials the singer has composed a splendid characterization, one certainly far better and more individual than any opera librettist could have hoped for, and beautifully poetic enough to satisfy the most jealous of composers. There are elements of fine nobility in the impersonation and its pathos is touching. Much of the music lies low, but Mr. Amato sings it with skill, and his delivery of the English text is at least tolerable, though here a plea for the one not native and to the manner born must be entered.

Mme. Alda has achieved in *Roxane* one of the clearest successes of her record in this city. The role suits her dramatically and musically and she has without question bestowed upon it much real study. She delineates well the archness, the artificial manner, the tenderness, the passion, which are by turns prominent in the part and she sings the music fluently. Her enunciation of the text is admirable. She makes a strong practical argument for the availability of English as a lyric tongue.

Putnam Griswold, whose music in the role of *De Guiche* is most in recitative or arioso, makes every word of his text clear, but the conditions aid him. His impersonation is picturesque and consistent. Mr. Martin's *Christian* is as good as the role, the man was not a grand personage. Mr. Reiss as *Ragueneau*, the pastry cook; Mr. Hinshaw as *Cyrano's* friend *De Bret*, and Miss Mattfeld as the *Duenna* contribute excellent sketches to the ensemble.

Mr. Hertz conducts the work with much enthusiasm and understanding. It seems only just to the singers to say that the orchestration is rich and at times too prominent, and the general effect of the performance would be improved by a frequent repression of the volume of instrumental tone.

The long delayed second performance of "Cyrano" was given last night on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House. Since its production of February 27 Mr. Damrosch has surely tasted of the bread of adversity and sipped of the waters of affliction, the opera having twice been postponed because of the illness of the artists—first, because of Mr. Amato, and last week because of Mr. Martin. Mch. 25, 1913

But last night the clouds parted, and the operatic sun shone clear from the heavens and the opera went on as per schedule. The audience, too, was a large one, and one that seemed abundantly interested in the proceedings.

Of the opera itself, of its music, its construction, its libretto, an abundance was written after the first production—but time, unfortunately, did not permit of any extended analysis of the performance.

Leaving aside for a moment the individual artists, first words of praise must go to Mr. Gatti-Casazzo for the admirable manner in which he staged the work and for his admirable taste in all details of costume and scenery. To Mr. Hertz, for his unflagging energy, his admirable musicianship, his sympathetic reading, must be given credit for a large portion of the spirit animating the performance. Good words, too, are due to Mr. Setti for his training of the chorus, which has rarely sung more effectively, and to Mr. Speck for his management of the ensembles.

Of the artists themselves first mention must naturally be made of the Cyrano of Mr. Amato. It was no easy task to which Mr. Amato set himself when he agreed to impersonate the figure of Cyrano de Bergerac. Memories of the great Coquelin clustered thick about it, and our own Richard Mansfield made of it in many ways one of his most memorable triumphs. Memories are hard to down—in this case particularly hard, as both the Frenchman and in some respects the American had brought to their compositions the fire of an imaginative genius not unworthy that of the poetic creator. Yet Mr. Amato proved worthy of his task.

There were difficulties in the slow tempo of much of the music, which precluded the simulation of heroic insouance such as was possible in the dramatic version; but Mr. Amato none the less succeeded beyond expectation in propelling across the footlights much of the poetry, the pathos and the lyric beauty of the poet-duellist. The figure of Cyrano as expressed in Mr. Damrosch's music is rather that of the soldier and the lover than the philosopher, and here Mr. Amato gave forth a romance of expression such as he has rarely shown. His swaggering entrance was finely executed, and his impatience in awaiting Roxane at Rogue nean's was admirably expressed.

But finest of all, finest beyond compare of anything in acting that the Italian barytone has given us, was his death scene at the end. Here he rose to heights of tragic poignancy not unworthy of the great creator of the character. From the moment when with a great sweep he drew his sword against his old enemies, fraud and compromise, until he dropped lifeless against the tree he held the audience spellbound. It was acting uplifted by the spark of genius.

Mme. Alda's Roxane was charming in face and graceful in movement, while the music she sang with delicacy and expression. Her diction, too, was unusually distinct, a virtue not always the possession of Mr. Amato, handicapped as he was by an unfamiliar tongue. Mr. Martin's Christian was a stiff portrayal of an ungraceful figure. Mr. Martin, like Mme. Alda, was singing in his native tongue, but, unlike his fair companion, no one would have suspected it.

Mr. Griswold gave a dignified portrayal of the French noble, De Guiche, and with Mr. Hinshaw, Mr. Murphy and Mr. Reiss, proved that English, even when sung, can be made intelligible. Good words must always be said for Mr. Reiss, one of the truest artists the Metropolitan possesses, and last night he was in much better voice than at the première.

The other artists, including the chorus, worked hard and faithfully.

Mr. Damrosch was called before the curtain after the second act and bowed his acknowledgments. He seemed most happy, and the interest of the audience appeared to justify it.

Caro Roma Heard as Author and Composer

Mch. 25 1913

With Nine Assistants, Singer Gives Impressive Recital of Her Various Musical Works.

Mme. Caro Roma, who has been known to New York's music public chiefly as a soprano of ability, appeared at Aeolian Hall last evening as a prima donna, author and composer.

The affair was one of exceptional magnitude, for Mme. Roma had no fewer than nine assisting vocalists, a 'cellist, an organist, an actress and a stage manager.

With few exceptions the music and words of the fourteen numbers on the programme were by Mme. Roma. There were soprano songs charmingly sung by Miss Elizabeth Spencer and Miss Marie Kennedy; alto airs by Miss Gertrude MacKinstry; tenor numbers by Paul Dufault; concerted ballads by the Gregorian Quartette; a wordless play with music accompaniment presenting Mme. Pilar-Morin, the famous pantomimist, and Mme. Roma's arrangement of "Nearer My God to Thee," for soprano, quartette, organ and 'cello. Music, lyrics and interpreters deserve much praise.

HEAR MISS CHEATHAM.

"Big and Little" Children Attend Delightful Easter Matinee.

About all the grown up children the Lyceum Theatre could hold were present yesterday afternoon for Miss Kitty Cheatham's Easter matinee. Her programme included children's songs and stories as well as delightful reminiscences of a certain negro "mammy" and echoes of the camp meetings that instilled religion with such vigor many years ago.

Yes, there were some children—real little ones—there, but the laughter and enjoyment was not theirs alone, for Miss Cheatham seems to have the faculty of making serious minded persons forget the high price of living and other troubles. The first part of her programme was composed of children's songs and nursery rhymes, old in story, but new in their musical settings. Mch. 25 1913

With the assistance of Mr. Henry T. Burleigh Miss Cheatham illustrated the development of the old melodies of the South. Mr. Burleigh has made a study of the older songs of religious motives. This part of the programme elicited much applause. It was followed by a series of songs from Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verses," an excerpt from Moussorgsky in a lighter vein than "Boris" and two of Kipling's delicious "Just So Stories" and their accompanying verses set to music by Mr. Edward German.

Mch 26 1913

NEW SONGS BY SEMBRICH

Mme. Marcella Sembrich gave the last of three recitals for this season in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. She was greeted by a splendid audience on her entrance as she has seldom been greeted before, except after an absence of years, and her performances were acclaimed with a crescendo of enthusiasm which threatened to double the length of an already generous programme. One of the reasons of the original length and the extraordinary extension would seem to have been a subconscious feeling, perhaps equally shared in by the singer as well as her hearers, was that there was something in the nature of a leave taking in the affair, though there had been nothing of the kind announced. However, a suspicious number of the songs in which Mme. Sembrich has been most admired for years were among those added to the programme, and the mere suggestion of their contents by M. La Forge at the pianoforte uniformly brought forth the hearty kind of applause which conveys the conviction that they were wanted and hoped for, even if not exactly expected. Such songs yesterday were Schumann's "Nussbaum," after the group of German songs which composed the second part of the programme; Massenet's "Ouvre tes yeux bleue," after the group of French and Slavonic songs; "Comin' Thro' the Rye," and the Norwegian Echo Song, which she has had to sing to the delight of her auditors ever since she introduced it at her first concert of folksongs. Some of these folksongs formed the concluding section of her programme yesterday, and though it cannot be said that they were sung better than many of the songs which preceded them, especially after she had reached the full command of her powers and her voice its full beauty, in the second group with Brahms's "Wie Melodien," it was yet obvious that she had entered peculiarly into the hearts of the people and they into her own sunny self after she had begun with amazing individuality and sympathetic understanding to interpret the songs which the people of the world have made for themselves, independently of the artists, to express their varied thoughts and feelings under their varied environments. But before continuing in a strain awakened by this reflection let the record be made that Monro's "My Lovely Celia" was added with characteristic good taste to the first group, made up of old English, Italian and German airs; that Schumann's "Lotosblume," Brahms's "Wie Melodien zieht es" and a cradle song from modern Greece were repeated in obedience to unmistakable demands, that half a dozen other songs were almost as strenuously redemanded and that the supplementary concert with an audience crowding in front of the stage might have continued another hour after the addition of "Comin Thro' the Rye," a song by Mr. La Forge on a translated German folksong text and the Norwegian Echo Song, "Kom Kjyre," if Mme. Sembrich had not yielded to the inevitable and sat down to the pianoforte to play her own inimitable accompaniment to her own inimitable singing of Chopin's "Maiden's Wish." How often has such a record been made, we wonder? No one will wish to know until it is made plain to the public that Mme. Sembrich will not come back to them to make it again. Parting with her is indeed such sweet sorrow that all will wish they might keep on saying farewell 'till it were morrow.

But to return to an interrupted topic—and an interesting one—Mme. Sembrich does not seem to have been willing to say farewell even for the season only in songs with which the public have closely identified her. She sang their favorites, but also introduced new ones among them a peculiarly plaintive and beautiful song of the Elizabethan period—the "Song of Willow," which Desdemona tells us in "Othello" she heard from her mother's maid Barbara, and which would not go from her mind the eve before her death, wherefore she had to sing it. Opera composers like Rossini and Verdi have made their "Salce" airs out of it since, but the old English melody as it was heard yesterday was sweeter and more plaintive than any of the artistic settings. It came too early in the afternoon to make its full effect but Mme. Sembrich sang it with most tender pathos and brought its beauty home to many who will hereafter rea

meaning, or at least a deeper
; into Desdemona's words:

ther had a maid called Barbara.
s in love; and he she loved proved
ad,
d forsake her. She had a song of
Willow,"
thing 'twas, but it expressed her
rtune,
e died singing it. That song to-
ght
ot go from my mind. I have much
do
hang my head all at one side,
ng it like poor Barbara.

her song which deserves some
nt came second in the concluding
of folk songs. It was entitled
Candjo" and attributed to Louisi-
erefore an American folk song,
y speaking. It is doubtful if more
ne or two persons in the audience
er heard the song; certainly no
n the arrangement used yesterday.
e from this writer's collection,
en he never saw it in print or
t except at home. Its history is
sting. Mme. Sembrich had it in
rangement used yesterday from
riter; he had it some twenty-eight
ago from Mr. George W. Cable
efore the articles on "The Danee
Place Congo" appeared in "The
y Magazine" for February and
1886.

melody and words of the song,
were not used in the articles. Mr.
had from a Mr. Macrum, who not
ranscribed it but translated it as
Mme. Sembrich's book of words
ned only one stanza of the song, but
d the public evidently liked it so
hat the stanza was repeated. The
rings thus a distinct contribution to
can folksong; its words with an
atory note are reproduced here.
ought to be also a glossary to make
some of the words of the patois
but the readers who know French
e able to note for themselves how
groes who were the slaves of the
h settlers of Louisiana (and also of
West Indies) smoothed out the
nesses of the French language and
ucted a more mellifluous one which
along the lines of least resistance.
o the meaning of the title of the
wo quotations may suffice. Describ

e dancing of the negro slaves in
Congo in New Orleans as it existed
me two generations ago, Mr. Cable
in his article in "The Century
zine":

der glistening black Hercules, who
one foot forward, lifts his head
are, shining chest, and rolls out the
from a mouth and throat like a
n, is a *candio*, a chief, or was before
was overthrown in battle and
ed away, his village burning behind
from the mountains of High Soudan.
is an African amulet that hangs
his neck—a *greegree*. He is of the
paras, as you may know by his sol-
visage and the long tattoo streaks
ng down from the temples to the
broadest in the middle, like knite-
s. See his play of restrained en-
asm catch from one bystander to
er. They swing and bow to right
ft in slow time to the piercing treble
Congo women. Some are respon-
others competitive. Hear that bare
slap the ground: one stroke only, as
were the foot of a stag. The mu-
is warm up at the sound.

gigantic African outlaw who makes
werful an interlude in Mr. Cable's
ndissimes" and who has got himself
an opera in English composed by
Delius, was no doubt a "candio."
than twenty-eight years ago, when
resent writer was corresponding with
ate Lafcadio Hearn on the subject
lklore elements in the songs and
s of the negro slaves, Mr. Hearn
:

quadroon neighbor Mamselle Eglan-
tells me that the word *koundjo* (in
West Indies *candio* or *canjo*) refers
old African dance which used to be
ed with drums. The Creole Candjo is
fore a sort of nigger Creole dandy
charms and cajoles women by his
ing—what the French would call *un
valseur*.

th these explanations the song which
. Sembrich introduced yesterday may
w in Mr. Macrum's version and trans-
n:

n zou in zone Criole Candjo
Belle passé blanc dans dans layo,
Pui li tout temps apé dire,
Vini zamis pou nous rire.
Non, Michie, m pas oule rire moin.
Non, Michie, m'pas oule rire.

Mo couri y'ou bois voisin
Mais Criole la prend meme c'inim,
Et tout temps li tapes dire
Vini zamis pou nous rire,
Non, Michie, etc.

Mais li té tout c'incane moin,
Pou li té quitter moin vou fois,
Mo té blize pas lin dire
Oui, Michie, mo'oule rire.
Oui, Michie, etc

Z'ot tous qu'ape rire moin la Das
Si z'ot té connué Candjo là,
Qui façon pou li rire,
Die plus moin; Z'ot semy dire,
Oui Michie, etc.

day a dandy darky Lean,
e elegant than white ones though,
dn't wait till the day's work was done,
a Come friends, let's have some fun.
o, go way, I don't want your fun,
have none of your funning.

Right in my way to yonder wood,
This charming Creole Negro stood.
And wouldn't cease to say:
Come, my friends, let's be gay,
No, I don't like to play with you,
This is no time for playing.

But he so teased me with his say
That to get rid of him I gave way,
And was compelled to say:
Well, listen, let's be gay,
Yes, Mr., let's have some fun with you,
Yes, Mr., let's be jolly.

You grinning niggers I can tell
If you had known that handsome swell,
You would have said with me,
Yes, Mr., I agree;
I'll go and have a lark with you,
Yes, Mr., let's be merry!

H. E. K.

Sembrich's Third Recital.

Judging by the size of the audience which greeted Marcella Sembrich in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon, she might as well have given six recitals in New York this season as three. She bad reason, too, to be pleased with her audience—almost as much as the audience had to be pleased witb her singing; and she was at her best. It was an audience that evidently understood the refinements of her art and applauded in proportion as they were revealed at their best. Three of her numbers simply had to be repeated. They were Schumann's "Die Lotosblume," Brahms's "Wie Melodien," and a lovely Greek folk-song, "Ainte Koimesou," and it took considerable firmness on the singer's part to resist the demand for a repetition of half a dozen otbers of the songs on her programme. After each group, too, she had to add at least one more number. "My Lovely Celia" tbus came as an extra after the first group; "Der Nussbaum" after tbe second; "Ouvre tes yeux bleucs" after the third, and at the end tbree were added for good measure—"Comin' Thro' tbe Rye," the Norwegian "Kom Kjyre," and, of course, "The Maiden's Wish," by Chopin, witb Mme. Sembrich playing her own accompaniment. In the other songs Frank La Forge was at the piano playing all the selections by heart and in a way that was worthy of the great singer's superlative art. Mch. 26, 1913

Those who were disappointed because Mme. Sembrich's second programme did not include specimens of the old school of bel canto were not forgotten this time. Tbe first group included Purcell's "Nymphs and Shepherds"; the "Oh! Willow, Willow," sung in "Othello" by Desdemona; "Quel Rusellelto," by Paradies; the "Willst du dein Herz mir schenken," usually, though probably incorrectly, attributed to Bach; and Haydn's "The Mermaid's Song." In these airs there was much occasion for the singer to disolay her art, but the second group, consisting of Sebubert's "Frühlingsglaube," Schumann's "Lotoshlume" and "Volksliedchen," Brahms's "Wie Melodien," Strauss's "Liebeshymnus," and Loewe's "Niemand hat's gesehen," was still more enjoyable because it gave Mme. Sembrich opportunity, especially in the first four numbers, to show that she knows how to enhance beautiful singing by coloring it with sentiment, and thus addressing not only the ears but the heart, too. The Strauss song in tbis group is remarkably full-toned, and in it the artist rose to a splendid climax of vocal utterance. The Loewe song recalled the rare art of humorous suggestion so often manifested by Mme. Sembrich in concert hall as well as opera house, to the delight of the audience; and this, also, rose to a glorious outburst of jubilant tone. Those who labored under the impression that this singer's voice, though beautiful, is small, must have been agreeably surprised to find that it can be very big, indeed, where volume is called for.

It is needless to go into details regarding the other fourteen numbers on the programme. It was a special treat to hear Mme. Sembrich sing the lovely "Es blinkt der Thau," and "Die blauen Frühlingsaugen," which she studied with their composer, Rubinstein, himself. Delightfully Oriental was the Greek song referred to, in which Mr. La Forge took occasion to show how closely the whole-tone scale affected by Debussy is related to Orientalism. There was a Polish mazurka, which was sung with the same rare art that Paderewski displays when he plays a Chopin mazurka; and the final "Csillag Elég Ragyog" recalled that pianist's playing of the rhapsody in which that Magyar melody is used.

It was little short of a miracle that Mme. Sembrich, after devoting two hours and a quarter to all this music on a discouragingly sultry day, was able to sing the jubilant Norwegian mountain-echo song, "Kom Kjyre" a folk-song worthy of Grieg at his best—with a voice as fresh, as clear and pure, and as jubilant as if she had just begun. That comes of knowing how to sing!

Mme. Marcella Sembrich gave her last song recital at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. She was welcomed back to New York after her long tour through the South and West by an audience of her fervent admirers. Among her hearers were as usual many singers of public importance as well as beginners in the field of vocal art and students.

There is a significance not unmingled with pathos in the character of such an audience. It points to a general recognition among the well informed of the solitary state in which Mme. Sembrich stands as an exponent of certain essentials of perfect singing and to the silent knowledge that with every flight of a year into the irrevocable past it becomes more and more certain that the world will enjoy but few more opportunities to listen to her limpid voice and to enjoy her extraordinary skill in interpretation.

Brilliant as her career was on the operatic stage, it is certain that as a lieder singer she has attained heights of idealism not reached in her loftiest achievements in the theatre. Her repeated appearances on the concert platform have enabled devotees of the best in vocal art to study her delivery in the most favorable conditions, in which it stood forth free and independent, not embarrassed by the necessities of predetermined templ or the consensus of thought required for an ensemble performance, not hampered by the demands of action and responsiveness to fellow performers, not obscured or even partly dimmed by the often unsympathetic assistance of an orchestra.

Dissociated too from the artificialities of the operatic style and turned to the service of the greatest musical exponents of poetic psychology, the masters of the song, Mme. Sembrich's art has assumed in these ripe years something of the sacred authority of the priestess, for it has published the wisdom of artistic ages garnered with the knowledge of half a lifetime of thoughtful experience.

Music lovers of New York should count themselves singularly fortunate in that Mme. Sembrich has ever held them in profound respect and has always made it her special effort to be ready to give them her best. She came to this city several days ago and at once went into retirement and repose in order that her voice might be in condition for yesterday's recital. That it was so her best schooled hearers knew as soon as she began her first number, "Nymphs and Shepherds," for her tones, which are usually somewhat cloudy at the beginning of a recital, were clear and bell-like.

From that time to the end of her admirably arranged programme she sang with assurance, with certainty of poise, with freedom and with abandon. She poured into her songs that wealth of tenderness and imagination which have made her recitals moving forces in the world of vocal art, and continually she challenged the admiration of the connoisseur of vocal technic by her consummate skill in the management of tone, the treatment of the phrase, the placing of accent and color.

Her first group comprised old songs, of which the "Willow, Willow," from Shakespeare's tragedy "Othello," was in effect a novelty, as most of her hearers had never heard her sing it before. The second group was of standard German lieder and here she was compelled to repeat Schumann's "Die Lotosblume" and Brahms's "Wie Melodien," the latter, as music lovers know, one of her specialties. After Loewe's Niemand hat's gesehen," sung irresistibly, she added "Nussbaum" as an extra number.

The third group was of songs by French and Slav writers. In this group she sang Tschaikowsky's "On tak Mienia Lubil" in Russian and Moniuszko's "In the spinning room" in Polish. The fourth and last group was of folk songs, comprising one French Canadian, one Creole, one Irish, one Swedish, one Greek ("Ainte komisou," which she had to repeat), one Polish and two Hungarian. At the end of her programme she had sung in ten languages and two dialects. The audience called for more and she sang three encores, including the Norwegian "cow call," before she finally gave the inevitable "Maiden's Wish."

Frank La Forge's accompaniments were again worthy to be associated with Mme. Sembrich's singing.

THE VOLPE ORCHESTRA.

Wed. 26 1913

Final Concert Honors Centennial Year of Richard Wagner.

The fourth and last subscription concert of the Volpe Symphony Society took place last evening in Carnegie Hall. Mr. Volpe properly elected to give recognition to the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Richard Wagner, who came into the world in 1813. With equal propriety he called upon Beethoven to contribute a part of the programme. Beethoven was the composer before whom Wagner bowed in the profoundest reverence and of whom he wrote with a great master's understanding and sympathy.

The Beethoven numbers were the "Egmont" overture and the violin concerto. To insure artistic dignity to this portion of the programme Mr. Volpe secured the services of Efrem Zimbalist, the gifted young Russian violinist, as solo performer. The Wagner contributions were the prelude to "Die Meistersinger," the "Good Friday Spell" from "Parsifal," the Rhine journey of *Siegfried* from "Goetterdaemmerung" and the overture to "Tannhaeuser."

MR. SCHELLING'S RECITAL.

Mch. 2 1913

Spanish Pieces by a Spanish Composer, Granados, Heard for First Time

Mr. Ernest Schelling at his third pianoforte recital yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall brought forward some interesting Spanish compositions that were not only quite new to this public, but represented a style that was also new. They were three pieces called "Goyescas," by E. Granados. Mr. Granados is a Spanish composer and pianist now living in Barcelona, and he has undertaken to embody in artistic form melodies, rhythms, and color of the music of his native country. Composers of other nationalities, Frenchmen, Germans, Italians, Norwegians, Hungarians, Poles, and Russians, have long found pleasure in utilizing these materials, either in transcriptions or in original compositions based on what they have been able to assimilate of them. Sarasate did for Spanish music something of what so many other modern composers have done in working with the folk tunes and dances of their own countries. But it would not be easy to think of many other Spanish composers who have done it, or of many other modern Spanish composers at all. Isaac Albeniz is one, and a piece of his came later on Mr. Schelling's programme.

It is true, however, that Mr. Albeniz saw Spain through the veil of the modern Frenchmen. Mr. Granados is sumbitted to no such foreign influence. The Spain that is embodied in his music is authentic. And yet, possessing as it does an intensely national color, what he has written is a personal, individual expression. Nor does he fall into the easy commonplaces to which the Spanish tunes and rhythms are often a temptation. There is something deeper, more profoundly felt. The music is far from superficial. Mr. Granados's title, "Goyescas," may be taken to mean something evoked by pictures of Goya, the Spanish painter, or in the style of his pictures. The sub-titles suggest some such significance: "Los Requiebros," "Coloquios en la reja," "El Fandango de Candil." They all are of elaborate structure and development; of specially moving power is the richness of Granados's harmony and the elaboration of his harmonic scheme.

Mr. Schelling played these pieces with splendid enthusiasm and devotion, and made them extremely telling. Their difficulties from a technical point are great. He also played Liszt's transcription of Bach's A minor organ prelude and fugue; Beethoven's sonata Op. 31, No. 3, not much affected by pianists in public; a group of Chopin pieces, a nocturne by Paderewski, the "Triana" from Albeniz's "Iberia," a barcarolle by Rubinstein, and Liszt's tenth Hungarian Rhapsody.

'LOHENGRIN' SUNG WITH FREMSTAD AND JOERN

Mch. 27 1913

Braun, the King, and Goritz, Telramund, in Wagner Opera at Metropolitan Last Night.

It was a somewhat altered cast that sang "Lohengrin" at the Metropolitan Opera House last night, after the opera's first performance of the season a week ago last Monday evening. This time Madame Fremstad was the Elsa in place of Gadski, whose illness necessitated the substitution of "Lohengrin" for "Die Walkuere." A role unusually tranquil for the impassioned art of the prima donna, she expounded with beauty and power.

Carl Braun, who was to have sung Wotan in the ordinary course of things, found himself the King of the more romantic opera last night, and Carl Joern wore the silver armor of the Knight of the Swan instead of the flowing locks and beard of the Walsung Siegmund.

The only one who retained his place in the shifting of roles was Hinshaw, last night, as earlier, the herald. Otto Goritz appeared as Telramund. The performance throughout was excellent. Mr. Hertz conducted.

Schelling's Fourth Recital.

Busoni and some other pianists of th day fondly imagine that they have im proved even on Liszt in their transcrip tions for piano of Bach's organ works. I cannot be done. Paderewski is entirely satisfied with the Liszt versions, and so is his pupil and friend, Ernest Schelling, whc opened his Carnegie Hall recital yesterday afternoon with one of the preludes and fugues (A minor). He played it wonderfully well, making it sound idiomatically pianistic, and yet invested with the grandeur of the organ tone, which was Liszt's object—an object which he attained fully. The next number on the programme, Beethoven's sonata, opus 31, No. 3, was played by Mr. Schelling in the classical way, yet without a trace of academic stiffness.

When this pianist, at his third recital, reached the Chopin numbers, he seemed tired, both in body and mind, and a listener who had not heard him before might have wondered why he was chosen by Paderewski to play at the great Chopin centenary festival in Poland as his *alter ego*, when he himself could not appear (except as a speaker) because of a lame arm. Yesterday, quite the contrary, Mr. Schelling played Chopin like one in Poland born—four numbers that were on the programme and two extras to appease the appetite of the audience for more. His playing of the C sharp minor scherzo, in particular, was superbly emotional. Better Chopin playing than that has not been heard since Paderewski last was here. That pianist-composer was also represented on the programme by the nocturne which he has repeatedly played in this city. Rubinstein was represented by an enchanting barcarolle, Liszt by his tenth rhapsody, and when the programme had come to an end, the audience remained for more and more. One of the extras was Mr. Schelling's own "Wiligrad," which is likely to become a favorite. Mch. 27 1913

By request, the pianist played the "Triana" from the "Iberia" of Albeniz, which he has already made popular. Another Spanish composer for whom Mr. Schelling is doing missionary work is Granados, whose "Goyescas" he played in the second group, this being their first public performance in America. It is a group of three pieces, entitled "Gallant Attentions," "Love-Making at the Gate," and "Fandango," suggested by portraits of Goya. Musically, the second is perhaps the most individual, but being less adapted to a large hall, it got less applause than the first, and particularly the "Fandango," which has the irresistible rhythm and tune of Spain. Granados, who lives at Barcelona, is not yet fully appreciated at home, but he is bound to make his way, for he is both melodious and in his harmonies modern, without suggesting the French or German extremists.

JUSTICE NOT DONE TO NINTH SYMPHONY

Mch. 28 1913

The regular Thursday evening subscription series of the seventy-first season of the Philharmonic Society was brought to a close by the concert given last evening in Carnegie Hall. The programme will be repeated this afternoon at the last of the matinée entertainments except that of Sunday. The compositions offered were Haydn's "Surprise" symphony and Beethoven's ninth. The soloists assembled for the latter work were Florence Hinkle, soprano; Rosalie Wirthlin, contralto; Reed Miller, tenor, and Frederick Weld, bass. The choral parts were in the hands of the MacDowell Chorus of the Schola Cantorum.

It is a natural ambition for any conductor to wish to interpret Beethoven's ninth symphony and no composition can better bring to a close a season of serious music carried on in an earnest and painstaking manner. Such a coda to a series of concerts is in keeping with the high traditions of the Philharmonic Society.

The performance of the choral symphony is attended with numerous difficulties, and the years do not make them any easier to surmount. Solo singers capable of delivering effectively the extremely difficult music of the last movement are scarcer now than they have been at any time in the last two five years. It may be less ... some to find chorusses for the composition than to secure soloists, but it must be confessed that even here the ideal is seldom approached closely.

An orchestra which can play the music is no rarity. Indeed in these days Beethoven's scores read fluently and clearly. The writing is not only idiomatic, but lies for the most part in the familiar language of the instruments, which have now become accustomed to exotic forms and figures foreign to their characters. If then the orchestral part of a performance is ineffective regret must be particularly poignant

It is no pleasure to record that the Philharmonic Orchestra played the symphony last evening in a manner which left no warmth in the heart of the affectionate listener. A lack of clearness and balance was noticeable in many pages, while the color was without mellowness or communicative quality.

The solo singers were not an added joy. Mrs. Hinkle has the necessary voice for the music and doubtless in favorable conditions would make a better impression than she did last evening. But as for the other three, the mantle of charity must be stretched wide to cover their sins. The chorus discharged its duties tolerably, but there was no great brilliancy in its tone nor was its singing filled with that assurance and enthusiasm which ought to help this music to proclaim its invigorating message.

The general result of the performance was thus disappointing. The ninth symphony ought to stir the hearer, not leave him cold. When the choral movement is given with boldness, splendor of tone and vigor of rhythm this end is certain to be attained. That it was not last evening must have been clear to the least experienced listener.

Last Evening Philharmonic.

The Philharmonic Society closes its season here on Suuday afternoon with an all-Wagner concert. The last evening concert was given yesterday, and it is hardly necessary to say that the audience was the largest of the season, for the programme included the greatest of all symphonic works, Beethoven's ninth symphony. This is not only the best of all symphonies, but also the most difficult, which is the reason why it is not more frequently given. A perfect performance of it is very rare anywhere, because it not only calls for a first-class conductor and orchestra, a first-class quartet of soloists, and a chorus of the same rank, but it must be done with enthusiasm, else, as Waguer pointed out, its difficulties are almost insurmountable. This is true especially of the vocal parts, in which Beethoven showed more thau his usual lack of skill in writing for the human voice. It is necessary to bear this in mind in passing judgment on a performance of the last (choral) movement of this sublime work. There were flaws last night, as there always are. Of the sololsts, Florence Hinkle alone was entirely satisfactory, and in the choral sections there were uncertain moments, although on the whole the last movement was well done. Mch 28 1913

There was much applause and enthusiasm after each of the four movements. The scherzo has seldom been played here in a more electrifying manner, and in the divinely melodious and soulful adagio Mr. Stransky and his musicians achieved one of the finest emotional climaxes of the season. In the interpretation of the work, on which the opinions of noted European conductors and critics differ so widely, Mr. Stransky steered a safe middle course, avoiding both academic monotony and ultra-modern freedom, and the attitude of the audience showed that he chose the right way. Many of the finest effects he achieved had been evidently thought out carefully and rehearsed in a painstaking manner. The ninth symphony deserves all the attention that can be bestowed upon it, for, unlike the great master's sonatas and quartets of the last period, it is a work brimful of origiual thought. From the point of view of form, it is at once the climax of the symphony and its collapse, for in the final movement Beethoven smashed all traditions and followed the inspiration of the moment, opening up an entirely new perspective—so new that Wagner claimed Beethoven as his predecessor in establishing the art work of the future.

The "Ninth," as it is known for short among musicians, was preceded by Haydn's "Surprise" symphony, the andante of which, though of kindergarten simplicity, is always enjoyed hugely. Mr. Stransky and his men were particularly successful in reproducing the jovial, genial character of his music; the exquisite playing of the woodwind parts in the andante, in particular, was a thing long to be remembered.

THE CHORAL SYMPHONY

Mch. 28 1913

Last of the Philharmonic Evening Subscriptions.

The last evening subscription concert of the Philharmonic Society for this season took place in Carnegie Hall last night. Its programme, consisting of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, with Haydn's "Surprise" symphony as an overture, attracted the finest audience in point of numbers that the concerts have seen this year. Whether or not the performance justified the interest manifested and the generous, if somewhat indiscriminate, enthusiasm expressed is a question which can better be discussed when there is more time and space at the disposal of the reviewer than happens to be the case just now. The concrete facts, however, must go on the record. They were that the ingenuous second movement of the Haydn symphony (that which contains the one chord—not the many, as the annotation of the programme would have had the public believe) was received with something like the feeling of amazed delight which it caused in London nearly a century and a quarter ago; that the solos in the Beethoven symphony were sung, and on the whole very creditably, by Miss Florence Hinkle, Miss Rosalie Wirthlin, Reed Miller and Frederick Weld; that the choral music was supplied by the MacDowell Chorus; that a new translation of Schiller's "Ode to Joy" was used, and that after a reeling off of the music with metronomic monotony as to tempo and expression, including an exaggeration of the speed of the scherzo, which was ruinous to its musical effect, Mr. Stransky introduced one new nuance—a dramatic one. He had Mr. Weld address the opening words of the recitative to the orchestra. Why he concluded with an appeal to the audience must be left unexplained. The concert will be repeated this afternoon.

H. E. K.

MISS HEMPEL'S DEBUT HERE IN PART OF GILDA

Mch. 28 1913

Verdi's "Rigoletto" and Puccini's "Tosca" Offered at the Metropolitan—Caruso Ill.

Verdi's "Rigoletto" is not given as often of recent years as in the days when Melba and Sembrich were members of our opera company. The role of Gilda requires a coloratura soprano of fine powers and such artists have of recent years been little short of undiscoverable. Then the Metropolitan announced the engagement of Miss Frieda Hempel, the great favorite of the Berlin Royal Opera, and with her arrival it was inconceivable that the old world should remain long in oblivion.

Miss Hempel sang the part of Gilda for the first time in New York at yesterday afternoon's special performance at the Metropolitan. Let it be said that she sang it distinctly well, though, as usual, her very upper noter might have been at times more successful. The Caro Nomi she gave with fine execution, with the exception of the final trill, and histrionically her enactment possessed charmed patlos. Hers was not a great Gilda, but it was a good one.

Mr. Macnez essayed the Duke, as to figure and bearing successfully, but as to voice far less so. A certain style, it is true, he had, but his voice is not of the luscious quality or the lyric beauty necessary for the character. Mr. Gilly made Rigoleeto a figure a trifle too youthful and vibrant, but he sang the music with a style, a purity of tone, and a sympathy of feeling that was worthy of high praise.

In his acting his most successful scenes were those with his daughter. Of the curse scene in the first act he made less than might have been expected. Mme Duchene was the Madellena, and Mr. Rothier, the Sparafucile. Mr. Stironi conducted.

A good word should be said in addition for the new scenery, especially for the garden of the second act.

The epidemic of colds prevalent in operatic circles has at last reached the king tenor of them all and Mr. Caruso was as a consequence unable to sing Cavarodossi at last night's "Tosca." Mr. Martin took his place, and seemed in good voice. Miss Farrar was the Tosca, Mr. Scotti the Scarpia, and Mr. Toscanini conducted.

Il Duca	Umberto Macnez
Rigoletto	Dinh Gilly
Gilda	Frieda Hempel
Sparafucile	Leon Rothier
Maddalena	Maria Duchene
Giovanna	Marie Mattfeld
Monterone	Paolo Ananian

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Conductor, Giuseppe Sturani.

Verdi's opera of "Rigoletto" was given for the first time this season at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday afternoon. The occasion was an "extra matinée" at popular prices; and the atrocious weather no doubt prevented the exercise of the full attraction of this reduction, that would under more favorable circumstances have brought a larger audience into the house.

It was the first opportunity afforded this public to hear Miss Frieda Hempel in the part of Gilda, which she sang brilliantly and enacted with dramatic force. Her "Caro nome" in the second act was delivered with appropriate delicacy and accuracy. Mr. Macnez attained a fairly good effect as the Duke, and Mr. Gilly showed ample competence in singing and acting, and a large intelligence in both, as the jester. There were moments, and more than moments, when several of the singers wandered widely from the pitch, especially in the first scene of the second act.

A notable feature of the performance was the disclosure of an entire set of new scenery of excellent design and execution. Mr. Sturani conducted.

"Rigoletto" with New Scenery.

A fine set of new scenery has been provided for "Rigoletto." Just why this was done is not apparent, for if the opera is to be sung and acted as it was sung and acted yesterday afternoon at the Metropolitan, it will not enjoy many repetitions. Even at reduced rates, it seems hardly fair to patrons to entrust important rôles to third and fourth-rate impersonators. Frieda Hempel alone recalled the past, and she was not at her best in the part of Gilda though she sang very well. Last season "Rigoletto" was sung several times to large audiences, at full rates. There was no new scenery then, but the artists engaged were the best in the world, and that makes all the difference. Mch. 28 1913

In the evening an excellent performance was given of "Tosca," with Geraldine Farrar, most fascinating of all Toscas, and Riccardo Martin in the place of Caruso who was indisposed. As Mr. Martin comes nearer Caruso than any tenor of the time there was little cause for regrets.

"RIGOLETTO" HEARD AGAIN

Verdi's Popular Old Opera Gets a New Set of Scenery.

It is a long lane that has no turning and a long opera season which can come to a finish without once introducing Verdi's "Rigoletto." The Metropolitan Opera House season is nearing its end, it has only three more weeks after the present, and yet it was not till yesterday afternoon and at an extra matinee that the once famous opera was performed. But lovers of the old work may be happy in the assurance that there is no intention of shelving it. This was pleasantly demonstrated yesterday when it was found that without any newspaper celebration an entire new scenic setting had been provided. Mch. 28. 1913

It is a very good one, too, and perhaps its most satisfactory novelty is the lowering of the height of the door through which *Gilda* has to climb when she is singing the final notes of "Caro nome." There was any good reason why the young woman should go up two flights of stairs on the outside of the house in order to reach her bedroom.

The performance of yesterday seemed to give Dinh Gilly an opportunity to personate *Rigoletto* for the first time. Doubtless he will be better next time. Yesterday his action consisted chiefly of spasmodic wavings of the arms and stampings of the feet, while his singing alternated between wide departures from the pitch and vigorous assaults on the tones, each and every one of which was received with acclamations by the audience.

Frieda Hempel's *Gilda* did not make deep lines upon the heart. It was not distinguished either in acting or singing though it had moments of grace. Macnez was the *Duke*, a sad scapegrace indeed. At any rate one could be grateful to Mr. Rothier for a very praiseworthy presentation of *Sparafucile*.

RUSSIAN PIANIST HEARD

Mch. 28 1913

Mr. Leo Ornstein Gives Opening Recital at Wanamaker's.

In the auditorium at Wanamaker's yesterday afternoon Mr. Leo Ornstein gave the first of three piano recitals. The young Russian artist, whose playing attracted considerable comment this season, was in excellent form. His programme was a severe one, formidable to a player of much more experience, but he carried it through in a manner to arouse enthusiasm.

Beginning with Beethoven's sonata No. 26, he played the Beethoven-Ornstein "March à la Turque," eight pieces by Chopin and a group which comprised two pieces by Grieg, Rachmaninoff's prelude in C sharp minor, a composition of his own and Liszt's "Mephisto" wa

EO ORNSTEIN'S CONCERT.

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oven, Chopin and Rachmaninoff on Pianist's Programme.

Ornstein, a young Russian pianist, his third recital at the Wanamaker rium yesterday afternoon. He a sonata, opus 26, by Beethoven, Beethoven-Rubinstein Marche a la e, eight etudes by Chopin, Grieg's Spring and March of the Gnomes, ade in C sharp minor by Rachmaninoff, he Mephisto waltzes of Liszt and a etto by himself.

rstein began his musical career in rn Russia and when only 7 years old ed the notice of Josef Hofmann. de his New York debut in March, nd was immediately engaged to play ubinstein concerto with the Philnic Orchestra

DIANS SING IN PHONOGRAPH

Mar 28 1913

ackfeet Warriors Astonished When hey Hear Their Voices Reproduced by Instrument.

effrey O'Hara, who was recently apted by the Department of the Interior llect phonographic records of the of the American Indians, began his in this city yesterday when three of lackfeet Indians who were brought by Louis W. Hill, chairman of the of Directors of the Great Northern ay, sang into his recording instru-

singing took place in the loft building o. 61 West Thirty-seventh street. At the Indians were inclined to be wary e phonograph, but finally were in to sing. A few minutes later they the reproduction of their own voices for the rest of the afternoon were to sing into the recording instru-

O'Hara, who is a well known tenor r, and several musical critics who present were particularly interested e melody and rhythm of one of the feet songs, known among the Indians Song of Home.

f Big Top, who acted as interpreter e Indian singers, said in speaking of ong of Home:—"It is the song my e have sung for ages when leaving either for long trips on the hunting r on the war path. They sing it be- the words and music express the feeling they have when they are from the mountains and it makes think of home."

records of the songs will be sent to ington and filed in the government ves.

"BORIS" SCORES AGAIN

Mar 28 1913

e large audience that gathered last t at the Metropolitan Opera House have brought cheer to the heart of i-Casazza, it being the second perance in America of Moussorgsky's is Godunoff." The production of a t once so unknown and unusual as Russian opera was hazardous as far he chance of popular success could etermined, the history of Russian n New York not presupposing anymore than a *succes d'estime*.

t Gatti and Toscanini have repeatedged that Moussorgsky's "Boris" was a far removed in spirit from the works ubinstein or even of Tschaikowsky, hat it was the first opera purely Russ in spirit that America had heard. ever, it is certain that the folk music ussia forms the basis of all that is interesting in the work, notably in nobly sonorous choruses, and this in particular appealed with evident cy to last night's audience. The size enthusiasm of last night's audience be of good omen as to the future ar appeal of the work, upon which nanagement has lavished so abuny of its substance and its spirit.

looseness and disconnectedness of bretto and the frequent irrelevance incidents are not virtues in a work ded for theatric presentation, where low of dramatic action should be nuous and uninterrupted. Yet the beauties of the score, the resoundhoruses, the scenes of paternal tenss, varied with those of the pangs tured conscience, the brilliant scenic lture, the exotic appeal of the story, well counterbalance the lack of a knit dramatic structure. Such ap- l to be the case with last night's nce. Let it be hoped that it may to be the case with many that succ future years.

production itself, leaving aside that may arise as to some of the y, is one of the most successful achiements that Gatti-Casazza has his credit. The chorus, which of ars has become one of the glories of the Metropolitan, has in "Boris" the part of the chief protagonist. And splendidly does it fulfil that part. For this, praise must go to Mr. Setti.

The management of the crowds reflects much credit upon Mr. Speck, while the strange yet brilliant costumes are in themselves of great interest. To the orchestra Toscanini gives a splendid elastic power, such as seems imparted only by his genius. "Boris" is to him a labor of love, and wonderfully has he accomplished it. When all is said and done for its success, first honors must go to him.

Of Didur's portrayal of the Czar high praise has already been given. It stands head and shoulders above anything the Polish bass has hitherto accomplished. Didur, himself a Slav, has evidently felt and loved the character as he has never felt nor loved any of the creations of French or Italian genius. In his impersonation there is great dignity and repose, mingled with a tender pathos—a pathos that becomes only the deeper when the man's conscience stings his brain into a tortured fury. The applause that Didur received last night was deserved.

Of the other characters words of praise should go to Miss Case, who made of the young Theodore an appealing figure; to Miss Sparkes as Xenia, and to Mme. Duchene as the nurse; also to Segurola for his drunken Varloom, and to Leon Rothier as the old monk. Mrs. Homer sang Marina's part most effectively, but she seemed far from at home in the costume of Poland.

Althouse, the young American tenor, who made a favorable impression at his debut as Dmitri, appeared afflicted with a cold, and as a consequence forced his voice at times painfully. His bearing was easy and natural. It is evident that with study and proper restraint this young man may become one of the most valuable tenors that our opera house possesses.

Modest Moussorgsky's opera, "Boris Godounov," had its second performance at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. It was heard by a large and apparently interested audience, though this fact may have less significance than appears on the surface. The opera is new and it has caused no small amount of discussion. Naturally there will be a considerable degree of public curiosity, which may find itself satisfied after operagoers have heard the work once.

It is to be hoped, however, that this will not prove to be the end of so much honorable and artistic effort. That formidable difficulties stand in the way of popularizing a work so foreign to the habit of the local public is undeniable; but on the other hand it may be that the genuine tragic power, the barbaric vigor of the composer's method may in the end win for "Boris Godounov" the victory which thoughtful observers of the lyric drama feel it should have.

No operagoer can complain of a lack of easily appreciable melody in this score. Indeed the work teems with tune and its choral pages, written with brilliant mastery, are all based on melodic ideas of the people. Furthermore there are passages of music of the people among those allotted to the solo voices, and all these passages have piquant rhythm, sharply defined tune and local color to command them to the operagoer.

On the other hand the fact that the interest of the story centres around a gloomy tragic figure, impersonated by a bass, and that there is no sustained sentimental interest in the play, but only a brief passing love episode, militate against the favor of the drama with the typical New York operagoer.

Comment on the excellence of the presentation was made in this place on the morning after the first performance, and all that need be said now is that it is worthy of the best traditions of the Metropolitan Opera House. Mr. Didur as *Boris* has introduced a new and striking portraiture to the lyric stage in this city and in young Paul Althouse, who appears as the pretender to the throne, there is a new tenor of promise. Mme. Homer lends the value of her voice and experience to the one short scene in which she appears. But the ensemble, rather than the excellent sketches furnished by the singers confined to the comparatively minor roles, makes the real impression. A potent element in it is the inspiring direction of Arturo Toscanini, who displays a fine sympathy for Moussorgsky's music.

THE ORATORIO CONCERT.

First Performance Here of Otto Taubmann's "German Mass."

The third concert of the fortieth season of the Oratorio Society took place last evening at Carnegie Hall. The occasion was made especially interesting by the first performance in this country of Otto Taubmann's "Eine Deutsche Messe," given with an English text and the title "A Choral Service." Following this Hans Sachs's solo and the chorale from the third act of "Die Meistersinger," were sung.

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Taubmann was born in Hamburg in 1859 and has written some other works besides doing musical criticism for the *Boersen Courier* of Berlin. His "German Mass" is not a setting of the Roman ritual, but a treatment of the communion service in musical form in somewhat the same manner as Brahmus treated the "Requium." The "Deutsche Messe" was written between 1893 and 1895 and produced at Dortmund in 1899. It has had numerous performances in Germany, where it is regarded as the most important work in its genre since the Brahms "Requiem."

The work is worthy of far more extended consideration than it can receive this morning. The sections of the composition are called "Kyrie," "Gloria," "Credo" et cetera as in the Roman mass, but the words are not a translation of the Roman text. They are chosen from the Scriptures and are adapted to the Protestant faith. The forces employed are solo quartet, chorus, choir of boys, orchestra and organ.

The solo voices are woven into the general web of the structure, entering at appropriate places in the large numbers, and frequently being used to build up ensemble effects. The general treatment is contrapuntal and thoroughly modern in harmony. The work is very exacting and possibly a second performance might show it to better advantage. But it must be sufficient to say at this time that it is a composition of immense breadth of style, of great musicianship and containing pages of splendid eloquence. Further consideration of it must be deferred.

The soloists were Inez Barbour, soprano; Mildred Potter, contralto; John Young, tenor, and Putnam Griswold, bass. The last was also heard in the Wagner music. These soloists acquitted themselves with credit.

The Oratorio Society.

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Having proven himself the man for the place by his conducting of "Elijah" and "The Messiah," Mr. Koemmenich chose a work new to America to close the season of the Oratorio Society, Otto Taubmann's "A Choral Service." It must be said that in choosing it he showed great confidence in the singers under him, for after hearing it Bach's "Passion Music" seems simple and Brahms's "Requiem" a diversion. However, last night's performance verified Mr. Koemmenich, so far as confidence is concerned, though the question was asked many times, Why did he select this?

Taubmann is not of the new school; he is ultra Gothic, and in the time of the history of music when ingenuity and technique were of higher esteem than inspiration he would have held a prominent place. He knows his book, and in "A Choral Service" he has made a work that appeals far more to the intellect than the heart; but an hour and a half of strict counterpoint is apt to be wearing, and few would care to hear a repetition of more than one of the great fugues he has builded. Two in the work are stupendous, but so full of difficulties that discretion would seem to be the better part of valor to most conductors. They are so involved that the listener gets little more than inarticulate sonority, and because of the shifting rhythms there is sure to be feeling of uncertainty in the attacks; but the fault is the composer's, not that of the singers. The query naturally arises, Was it worth the energy expended? And, if for no other reason than the training given the choir, the answer is, Yes. And, again, Yes, since it has shown what Louis Koemmenich can do.

The "Service" opens with a short orchestral prelude, scored, as all of the work is, with no instrumental coloring, and quite uneventful, save the pleasantly familiar air for the oboe. Naturally, there was some trepidation in the first chorus, in which the altos have the lead, and this trepidation affected the quality of each section, but the conductor had his forces well in hand, and, the start once made, confidence returned. The second chorus being simpler, the confidence grew, but the trebles were a little clouded and the basses heavy, but by the time the fifth chorus was reached these defects had been eliminated, and the choir sang gloriously, the trebles being especially brilliant, taking their top notes with ease and certainty, ending with a magnificent high B, well sustained and pure. The composer evidently meant to efface the long high A in the Choral Symphony, the stumbling block of most choruses. Throughout this number he made the most exacting demands upon the singers, the altos and bassos being compelled to hold high E.

After the intermission the good work went on, and even those who had found little pleasure in the music were delighted with the way the conductor and singers acquitted themselves. So the "Choral Service" justified itself in showing the metle of the Oratorio Society and its conductor, which promises great things for next season.

The Boys' Choir, when not drowned by the brasses in the orchestra, sang well having been so carefully trained that many of the boys were able to sing without looking on their music. The Symphony Orchestra did its work well, save in the above-mentioned instance, and when the double basses had passages so rapid and involved it was impossible to get a good tone. Mr. Sealy, at the organ, was a useful ally.

Mr. Koemmenich was not as successful with his soloists. Mr. Griswold was in splendid voice and far outshone his associates. Miss Potter, a real contralto, sang "Come to me" beautifully, and succeeded in making it sound human. With a little more experience she will be one of the best oratorio contraltos we have. Miss Barbour sang well, but her voice is too light, especially in the medium register, where it sounded almost childish, but Mr. Young was out of place. His voice is not agreeable in quality, and far too small for so big a work and so big a hall. He and the others knew their work and preserved a good ensemble.

What a delight the "Meistersinger" excerpt was. Mr. Griswold's noble voice has never been heard to better advantage, and judging from his singing of this number and the monologues from the same opera at other concerts, it would be a treat to hear him sing the entire rôle of Hans Sachs. Is this one of the possibilities of the coming season?

What happy inspiration made Mr. Koemmenich close his programme with this glorious chorus? After Tauhmann, Wagner sounded so fresh, so inspired, it was like coming into a beautiful, peaceful harbor after a stormy voyage, and the way the choir sang it proved that the time, thought, and vitality spent upon the service had not been wasted. The voices were joyous and vibrant, and the effect on the audience was electrifying. The lovers of choral music can expectantly say "Auf Wiedersehen" to the Oratorio Society and Mr. Koemmenich.

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For the principal offering at the last concert of its season the Oratorio Society gave Mr. Otto Traubmann's "A Choral Service" in Carnegie Hall last night, and teh infinite labor expended by Mr. Louis Koemmenich, the conductor, was not wasted, for it brought great praise from the audience. While the work has been performed abroad several times this was its introduction to New York, and it could have been given in more favorable circumstances, there being some lack of coordination on the part of two of the soloists and times when the horus lagged in spirit.

While the work is built mainly along traditional lines it has a wealth of color and compares to some of its composers' models as does the architecture of a cathedral to the more modest yet more rugged exterior of an ancient monastery. The opening part is full of sonority and made a marked impression, but this feeling of the audience did not last through the remainder of the work as it was more or less wearily sung.

There was a rejuvenation of both orchestra and chorus durin gthe closing portions of the "Osana," which is the most finely written in the oratorio, when Mr. Koemmenich brought his forces up into an inspiring finale. Mr. Putnam Griswold was a rock of strength in the solo choir and his powerful voice was ever predominant. Miss Mildred Potter, contralto, was also able to impart considerable beauty of tone to her part, but Miss Inez Barbour, soprano, and Mr. John Young, tenor, were not up to the demands of their music. Miss Barbour never strayed from the key, but her voice, like Mr. Young's, was too small to balance the quartet.

The programme concluded with the apotheosis and finale of the third act of "Die Meistersinger," with Mr. Griswold singing the part of Hans Sachs. This tribute to Wagner was the society's part in the commemoration of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of the German composer.

RECITAL BY MME. RANKE.

mch. 29 1913

Splendid Programme, but Mr. Meyn Is Too Ill to Appear.

Mr. Heinrich Meyn, baritone, was too ill to appear at the benefit concert given at Delmonico's yesterday afternoon for Mme. Ranke, and in his place Miss Eleanore Payez played the piano. The benefit also brought forward Mme. Jane Arctowski, contralto, and Mme. Ranke, interpreter of poetry and stories.

Miss Payez played two Chopin preludes, three Brahms waltzes and a romance by MacDowell. Her tone was extremely pleasing to the audience and her technique well up to the demands of her selections. Mme. Arctowska sang several leiders and Mr. Homer's "Ferry Me Across the River." She was accompanied by Mr. William Janashek.

Mme. Ranke devoted the first part of her programme to poetry, another to melodrama and a third to stories, and after each group was encored.

Saturday afternoon, March 29, Damrosch's "Cyrano." Mme. Alda; Messrs. Amato, Martin, Griswold, Reiss. Conductor, Mr. Hertz.

Saturday evening, March 29, Humperdinck's "Königskinder." Miss Farrar; Messrs. Jörn, Goritz, Reiss, Didur. Conductor, Mr. Hertz.

END OF CONCERT SEASON

mch. 31, 1913

Last of Sunday Afternoon Concerts of Philharmonic Society.

With the last of the Sunday afternoon concerts by the Philharmonic Society yesterday the concert season of 1912-'13 may be said to have come to an end. Of course there will be musical entertainments of all kinds for weeks to come, but they will scarcely be thought to signify, in the minds of music lovers who take a broad view of our artistic activities. Most of them will have for their purpose the exploitation of teachers and pupils—teachers who are something more than complaisant and pupils who, as a rule, have more money and ambition than gifts, and are willing to pay heavily for the pleasure of appearing before a metropolitan audience. It may be, also, that there will be a concert or two more arranged (like that of yesterday) especially for the glory of Richard Wagner, who, as Providence would have it, was born a little less than a hundred years ago. It would be too long to wait till May, and, therefore, the anniversary performances have all been advanced on the calendar. Nothing so very strange about that. The "celebration" of Mozart's death in his natal city was held in a summer month in order to entice the American tourist; and why not take advantage of a Wagner date since he is so popular? Wagner's music cannot not to be performed in the concert room so often in a city like New York, where his dramas are presented on the stage as yesterday' audiences crowd to hear. The people will have it, and, therefore, the sentimental appeal seems to be irresistible even against the artistic. If there were any lesson to be learned from it, it might be some comment on the fact that yesterday's concert was probably the last affair of its kind that will take place in New York this season. Not to these Philharmonic concerts, the rentals of some thirty or more artists, a dozen visiting conductors, and the great orchestras of the earth), the choral and other concerts and the two-score of recitals given by the singers who think they have a lyric message to convey, and who may be forgiven if at the New York public has been called upon to support, in addition to twenty or more operas since the season began last fall, Violinists, pianists and singers are coming back to Europe with empty pockets unless they were wise enough to obtain a guaranty, but the agent [illegible] Further comment is unnecessary.

H. E. K.

Zimbalist Heard at Metropolitan.

There were two substitutions in the bill at the Metropolitan Opera House concert last evening. William Hinshaw appeared in place of Dr. Fery Lulek, the baritone, who was announced, and Lambert Murphy took the place of Paul Althouse. Mrs. Homer sang airs from "Samson et Dalilah" and "Orfeo," and Efrem Zimbalist, the young Russian violinist, played Mendelssohn's piano concerto and some shorter pieces. Mr. Hagemann conducted the orchestra.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

Last Philharmonic Concert.

At the last Philharmonic concert of the season, given yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall, Mr. Stransky gave a Wagner programme. There was a tremendous audience, and applause was most enthusiastic. Indeed, the delight of the audience was so great that after the spirited performance of the prelude to the third act of "Lohengrin" Mr. Stransky had to repeat it. The audience would have liked to hear the Ride of the Valkyries over again, but Mr. Stransky did not yield again. The orchestra had to rise twice to bow its acknowledgments. In the "Rhein Journey" Mr. Reiter played the horn solo of the departing Siegfried as if it were a call to arms rather than the call of the distant hero, but otherwise this number was done superbly. The "Meistersinger" prelude had real Wagnerian ozone in it, and the programme closed with the majestic Kaiser march, that pæan of German patriotism.

With the help of soloist and chorus a Wagner programme can be given that would supplement present operatic representations. For example, the Norn scene in Götterdämmerung" (always necessarily cut at the opera house), which Mr. Stransky promises for next season, and the thrilling choruses in the second act of "Lohengrin," which are also unavoidably curtailed in operatic performance. Mr. Stransky has other pleasant surprises in store for next season, which is likely to be still more noteworthy than the one just closed has proved to be.

BRILLIANT CONCERT BY PHILHARMONIC

mch. 31 1913

Orchestra Winds Up Season with a Splendid Programme of Wagner's Music.

With a tribute to Richard Wagner the Philharmonic orchestra closed its season yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall with as brilliant a concert as it has given and to an audience of large proportions that lost no opportunity to show its enthusiasm. Almost every number on the rather long programme was applauded vigorously, and on two occasions the signs of appreciation continued until the orchestra rose and bowed its acknowledgement.

Beginning with the overture to "Rienzi," the programme selected by Mr. Stransky was one in which the development of the powers of the master of dramtaic music was clearly discernible. The interpretations of the exerpts from Wagner's operas seemed to represent a sort of final effort, a desire on the part of the orchestra to close its season in a burst of glory.

Into his conducting Mr. Stransky put a dash and fire that has been rather missed for a month, and the orchestra, from double bass to violin and from tuba to trumpet, caught the spirit. That it was infectious was core than apparent from the praise the audience lavished on Mr. Stransky.

The programme contained, besides the "Rienzi" overture, the overture to the "Flying Dutchman," Tannhauser's pilgrimage, the prelude to the third act of "Lohengrin," the "Liebestod" from "Tristan und Isolde," the prelude to "Die Meistersinger," the Good Friday spell from "Parsifal," and parts from "Die Walkure," "Siegfried" and "The Dusk of the Gods," as well as the Kaiser March.

After a tour of one week the orchestra will disband for the summer and Mr. Stransky will leave New York for Germany in about a month.

MR. KEFER AND MISS BEEBE.

April 1 1913

Sonatas for Piano and 'Cello by Beethoven, Brahms, and Boellmann.

Chamber music for violoncello not having had quite so much attention given it in this very musical season as some other forms of the art, Miss Carolyn Beebe and Mr. Paul Kefer undertook to bring the average up by their recital yesterday in the Lyceum Theatre. They played three sonatas that are not often heard in public—Beethoven's in G minor, Op. 5, No. 2; Brahms's in F major, Op. 99, and Boëllmann's in A minor, Op. 40.

Mr. Kefer and Miss Beebe showed feeling and appreciation of the music they played, and a very good mutual understanding in the matter of ensemble. They did not either of them reach the cloud-wrapped heights where the gods dwell; perhaps Mr. Kefer came a mite nearer them on his 'cello than Miss Beebe on the piano, but they gave a truly musical and enjoyable afternoon of music.

April 1 "Manon." 1913

Under the magic wand of Arturo Toscanini, and with a cast headed by Geraldine Farrar and Caruso, Massenet's "Manon" has been rejuvenated (as "Faust" and "Carmen" would be, with similar advantages), and is now one of the most popular operas in the Metropolitan repertory. Last night, once more, it drew a crowded audience, which hugely enjoyed the melodious and passionate music and the art of Miss Farrar, who is at her best in the part of Manon. An apology was printed for Mr. Caruso, who was just recovering from an indisposition, but it was hardly needed, as his singing was wonderful, as usual.

To-night, Gadski, Hempel, Alten, Jörn, Braun, Goritz, Reiss, and Griswold will be heard in Mozart's "Magic Flute," an opera of which Richard Wagner wrote: "What celestial magic prevails in this work from the most popular melody to the most sublime hymn! What variety, what many-sidedness! The quintessence of all the noblest art blossoms appears here united and blended into one flower. What spontaneous and at the same time noble popularity in every melody, from the simplest to the most imposing! In truth, genius has here made almost too great a giant-step; for in creating German opera, Mozart at the same time gave us the most perfect masterwork of its kind, which cannot possibly be surpassed; nay, whose *genre* cannot even be enlarged and developed."

ITALIAN PIANIST HEARD.

April 1 1913

Mr. Pasquale Tallarico Makes Fine Impression in Recital.

Mr. Pasquale Tallarico gave his first piano recital in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon, and the young Italian artist made an excellent impression. There have been only a few artists of his nationality to use the piano as a medium for their musical expression. The reason puzzled the audience, for there was no side of his training in which Mr. Tallarico was deficient.

He has a clear and insistent touch, with a certain and confident technique. He first played Mendelssohn's Rondo Capriccioso, the Bach-Liszt Prelude and Fugue in A minor and Mozart's Fantasia in C minor. He made a good impression, playing with a cold and mechanical spirit that lost itself as he went into the Chopin B minor sonata. The largo movement was exceptionally well played.

In the final number, which included three of Liszt's compositions, he gave his best to his audience, and it rewarded him with enthusiastic applause.

Mr. Tallarico's Recital

Pasquale Tallarico, an Italian pianist made his first appearance before a New York audience yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall, and showed himself to be a young artist who has already accomplished a good deal, and gives promise of better things to come. April 1 1913

His programme was very interesting, including, among other numbers, a minor fugue of Bach arranged by Liszt, Chopin's B minor Sonata, a group by Schumann, Rachmaninoff's fine prelude in G minor, and three numbers by Liszt. With these last, especially the beautiful rhapsody number 10 and the Mephisto Waltz, the pianist was especially successful, partly because he had warmed to his work and lost his nervousness, partly because these suit his style, and again because he has had the benefit of a Hungarian's guidance, that of the famous pianist Rafael Joseffy. Mr. Tallarico's rhythm is excellent, and this was shown in Rachmaninoff's prelude. The Chopin Sonata calls for more artistic maturity than Mr. Tallarico yet possesses, but that is a fault which time will no doubt cure, as he has the musical feeling to gro He has good tone, excellent fingers, and clear, beautiful legato.

Tallarico's Piano Recital.

Pasquale Tallarico, a young pianist, who is unknown to most concert goers in New York, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall in which he disclosed much talent. His playing had clarity, force, and good tone to reccomend it. Sometimes exaggeration played its part in his performance but that is usually the fault of inexperience and one easily dons away with. The programme includ Mendelssohn's "Rondo Capriccioso," the Bach-Liszt Prelude and Fugue in A minor, Mozart's Fantasia in C minor, Chopin's sonata in B minor, Schumann's "In der Nacht," "Traumes Wirren," and "Fantasiestuck," Rachmaninoff's Liszt Chant Polonais, No. 5 and Liszt's "Mephisto Waltz."

MR. CLEMENT'S FAREWELL

French Tenor Sings at Miss Lau Merrill's Concert.

Deserving talent was benefited at Waldorf-Astoria Hotel yesterday afternoon by a concert given for Miss Lau Merrill, a young violinist, who appeared show her ability. With her was Mr. mond Clement, singing not only his fa well for this season but also a sort valedictory to the concert stage fo season at least. April 1 1913

Mr. Clement will leave for France to-d and he will return next season, but o for operatic engagements. His songs y terday were similar to those heard a other appearances here, dainty, char and always French. The audience s ov its appreciation with much applause.

Miss Merrill played Handel's sonata major and several shorter pieces showed a great deal of promise.

Tuesday evening, April 1, Mozart's "Magic Flute" (special performance). Mmes. Hempel, Gadski, Alten; Messrs. Jörn, Goritz, Braun, Reiss, Griswold. Conductor, Mr. Hertz.

Yesterday's Music.

It was Mr. Polacco's turn to condu Verdi's "Aida" at the Metropolitan la night, and he did it admirably. With a ca Including Destinn, Homer, Caruso, a Amato, it was a foregone conclusion th the house would be crowded. April 3, 19

The production of an opera by Moussou sky, the musical Nihilist, at the Metropo tan suggested to Miss Constance Purdy th the public might like to hear some of songs. She accordingly sang some of th yesterday at Rumford Hall, with the R sian words and in the Russian way, wh she learned while living in that count Miss Dorothy Swainson contributed pi pieces by the same composer.

At Aeolian Hall, in the afternoon, a c cert was given before an appreciative a ence by Ludwig Hess aud his "Ensemble Soloists." Miss Cécile Behrens and M Sara Gurowitch played works by Bectho and Rubinstein for piano and violonce Mr. Hess sang, among other things, so by Eugen Haile, for whose benefit th concert was given, as he is ill and una to support himself. He has written so of real merit, which should be more wi known.

In the evening Dr. Fery Lulek, the A trian baritone, sang at Aeolian Hall. was to have made his début last Sun night at the Metropolitan Opera House, was detained in the West by the floods. was evidently not in good voice last ni but he had his audience with him in best songs, and his enunciation was a m of distinctness. He is a singer of Heinemann type, and Heinemann is pop in Germany.

Large Audience Hears "Aida."

"Aida" was sung at the Metropo tan Opera House last evening before very large audience. Pasquale Ami sang the rôle of Amonasro for the fi time this season, and Mr. Polacco c ducted, although Mr. Toscanini usu conducts this opera. The cast inclu Miss Destinn, Mrs. Homer, M Sparkes, and Messrs. Caruso, Di and Rossi.

GIVE BENEFIT FOR HA

April 3 '91

Artists Join in Concert for man Composer.

Miss Cécile Behrens, pianist, and wig Hess, tenor, assisted by Miss Gurovitch, 'cellist; Miss Grace And accompanist, and the Hess Soloist semble, gave a concert Wednesd Aeolian Hall for the benefit of Haile, the young German com who is now seriously ill in this Mr. Hess sang a number of Mr. H songs, and the large audience show appreciation by warm applause. A sum was realized by the benefit.

The production of "Boris Godouno the Metropolitan Opera House was to bring about the establishment Moussorgsky cult, and one of the was the lecture-recital given yest afternoon in Rumford Hall by the Esther and Dorothy Swainson and Constance Purdy. Miss Esther Sw opened the programme with a "Cau devoted to the Russian composer a works, which was ably composed interest to those who have not re columns with which the writers of ters musical have recently filled the papers and magazines regarding sorgsky and his art. Of course, Swainson brought in his influence music of Debussy

Miss Purdy then sang a number songs in Russian, which was the lat which should have been used at th ropolitan, and Miss Dorothy Sw played sympathetically a number compositions for piano.

RT OF RUSSIAN MUSIC.

April 3-1913

stance Purdy and the Misses on Interpret Moussorgsky.

e sudden popularity of "Boris at the Metropolitan Opera come an awakened interest in er works of Moussorgsky, and first to seize upon the opportunity further interpretation are Miss Purdy and the Misses Swainson appeared in joint recital in Rumyesterday afternoon.

gramme was solely of Moussorgks. It contained several of his these Miss Purdy sang in Russ Esther Swainson interpreted the spirit of the various num narrated bits of interesting his erning their composition and the Moussorgsky. Miss Dorothy accompanied Miss Purdy and veral piano pieces, one of which, ezzo, was particularly fine.

the most interesting features of l was the appearance of Mr. W. , a blind singer. He sang a Moussorgsky's folk songs with npaniment, but with true Rus it.

LULEK IN RECITAL.

April 3-1913

Baritone Heard in a Num er of German Songs.

y Lulek, an Austrian baritone, t known to local concert-goers, appearance in song recital last n Aeolian Hall before a small which nevertheless, received r's efforts with some enthusi. Lulek's voice is not of very ge, or power, or sonority, but es to get some good effects is songs. Above all there is n his performance, and his are not monotonous.

ogramme included Schubert's anderer" and "Der Doppel Schumann's "Frühlings and "Die Beiden Grenadiere," s "Auf dem Kirchhofe," and lamander," Strauss's "Heim nd "Zueignung," Rubinstein's sra," Keinzl's "Der Stein R. Trunk's "An Mein Weib" n," H. Hermann's "Salomo," uller's "Wohin," and two Charles Gilbert Spross, who he accompaniments.

BENEFIT FOR EUGEN HAILE.

April 3-1913

t of Chamber Music Given by wig Hess in Aeolian Hall.

n Haile, whose name appeared on gramme of the concert in Aeolian esterday afternoon as the com f a group of songs sung by Mr. Hess, was the beneficiary of cert. He is a young German song who has for some years been t in New York, and is now sly ill. His songs have been n New York by himself and his nd by other singers; and they noted an individual and far from place talent for such music. The f six that Mrs. Hess sang showed ent in a favorable light.

Hess was responsible for the con his desire to assist the suffering er. It did credit not only to his but to his musical instincts and es. Miss Sara Gurowitsch, 'cello, ss Cécile Behrens played sonatas no and 'cello by Beethoven and tein; Mr. Hess sang Beethoven's cle "An die Ferne Geliebte," and Schubert, besides the group of aile's songs; and the Hess Soloists ble, who were heard in a concert own not long ago, sang two part by Brahms and a hymn "To of which the music is by Bee. There was an audience of very rable numbers.

JOINT RECITAL PLEASES.

Ludwig G. Hess, Mrs. Cecile Behrens and Miss Sara Gorovitch Give Concert.

Ludwig Hess, Mrs. Cecile Behrens Miss Sara Gurovitch' cellist, with the Soloist Ensemble, appeared in joint in Aeolian Hall yesterday after

April 3 1913

Behrens and Miss Gurovitch first Beethoven's sonata for piano and in A major. Miss Gurovitch was in nt form and throughout the three ents she maintained a fine tone that bly supported by her technique. At ano Mrs. Behrens gave an exceed sympathetic interpretation of her in the sonata. The two won ap later by their rendition of Rubin sonata in D major.

Hess sang two groups of songs in teristic manner. The latter group by Eugen Haile, were particularly esting and Mr. Hess imparted to some m a rare strain of humor. His so ensemble concluded the programme Brahms' "An die Heimat" and two ethoven's songs. The joint recital volumes for Mrs. Behrens' idea of y, for the audience never seemed to nd constantly demanded encores.

YESTERDAY AT THE OPERA.

"Butterfly" in the Afternoon and "Tannhaeuser" at Night.

An extra matinee was given at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday afternoon. The opera was Puccini's always popular "Madama Butterfly" and it served to attract a large audience. The bright particular star of the occasion was Geraldine Farrar, whose name has become almost identified with that of *Cio-cio-San.* April 4-1913

The American soprano was in good voice yesterday and she has seldom sung Puccini's music better. There is a variety of graphics in her action, and her draperies in the first act disclose enough to recall that touching poem of *Reginald Bunthorne's* beginning "What time the writhing maid, lithe limbed"—and so further, as the Germans say.

Mr. Martin appeared once more as the remarkable young American naval lieutenant, who married a Japanese girl, sailed away and subsequently returned with an American wife on a warship. The rules of morality and the naval regulations were alike negligible to this young man. Mr. Martin sang in a somewhat apathetic style yesterday, but his uniform was handsome. Mr. Scotti was excellent as *Sharpless.*

In the evening, Wagner succeeded Puccini and the stage was occupied by "Tannhaeuser." The standard old work received a performance of much merit, though in only three cases did the cast offer impersonations of especial distinction. Mme. Destinn was the *Elizabeth* and Mr. Braun the *Landgrav.* The prima donna's interpretation was marked by sincerity and tenderness, while Mr. Braun brought to his comparatively small role his unfailing dignity of style and fine stage intelligence. Mr. Urlus was a rather prosaic *Tannhaeuser,* but Mme. Fremstad's vital and passionate *Venus* was up to its usual standard of excellence.

MR. BACHENHEIMER'S CONCERT

A Young Barytone Whose Technic Was Not Equal to Its Task.

Wilhelm Bachenheimer, a barytone, gave a song recital last evening at Æolian Hall. His programme was arranged on conventional lines for the most part, although in the last group were two songs by Fritz Fleck. Like his predecessor of the previous evening he began with Schubert's "Der Wanderer" and then wandered forward through other songs by Schubert and numbers by Schumann and Brahms.

Mr. Bachenheimer is a young man and probably has a future. But he will also probably have to learn to labor and to wait. His voice is a good natural organ, but his singing lacks freedom of emission. His head tones are clear and well placed, but the rest is cramped and harsh, and the labored breathing seems to be the chief fault. April 4-1913

If Mr. Bachenheimer had shown strong musical instincts the defects of his technic might have been pardoned; but perhaps it was the defective technic which obscured the musical gift.

"Butterfly" and "Tannhaeuser."

The two most popular opera composers of the day were heard at the Metropolitan yesterday. In the afternoon, Geraldine Farrar repeated her wonderfully finished and pathetic impersonation of the heroine of Puccini's "Madama Butterfly," Riccardo Martin sang the part of Pinkerton with the true bel canto so rare on the stage, making an unsympathetic part interesting by his impersonation, while Antonio Scotti was, as always, an ideal Sharpless. Arturo Toscanini made the orchestral score eloquent. April 4-1913

In the evening Alfred Hertz conducted a genuinely Wagnerian performance of the oft-heard "Tannhäuser." Olive Fremstad delighted the audience as Venus, which is her best part; Mme. Destinn sang Elizabeth beautifully; Jacques Urlus was a knightly Tannhäuser, and Carl Braun a royal Landgraf. Vast audiences attended both of yesterday's performances.

"Cyrano" Sung Fourth Time

April 5 1913

For the fourth time this season, Mr Walter Damrosch's English opera, "Cyrano," was sung at the Metropolitan last night with the identical cast of principals as at the première. There was a slight change among the singers of lesser importance, Mr. Pini-Corsi's small rôle of the Monk being sung by Mr. Louis Kreidler, as Mr. Pini-Corsi had been rehearsing for "Don Pasquale," which will have its first performance this season at to-day's matinee.

Mme. Alda sang Roxane very well and looked her best. Mr. Amato in the title rôle sang and acted with unflagging spirit, and Mr. Martin was acceptable in the sentimental part of Christian. Messrs. Griswold and Reiss filled remaining rôles of importance, and Mr. Hertz conducted painstakingly. There was a moderate amount of enthusiasm after each act.

OLD 'DON PASQUALE'

Donizetti's charming opera buffa "Don Pasquale" was revived at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday afternoon. It had been announced for the matinee of December 21, when it was scheduled in conjunction with "The Secret of Suzanne," but the performance was postponed, and curiously enough the work remained out of the repertoire till yesterday. It had its last previous performance in this city at the New Theatre on December 23, 1909, when it was sung by Mme. di Pasquali, Mr. Bonci, Mr. Scotti and Mr. Pini-Corsi. Its last previous performance at the Metropolitan Opera House was on March 24 of the same year, when Mr. Scotti bravely struggled against fate in the persons of Mme. de Pasquali, Mr. Grassi and Mr. Paterna.

Yesterday the work was more fortunate and the audience, one of large size had abundant reason for its frequent and hearty expressions of approval. The opera itself is so opulent in fluent and joyous melody, so rich in farcical fun of a tried old variety and so generous in its opportunities for the display of real vocal art that it ought always to be welcome. Those who can and do enjoy such happy conceptions as "The Secret of Suzanne" and "Le Donne Curiose" must always fine pleasure in this piece, a worthy companion for them.

That there is an intention to restore it to a permanent place in the Metropolitan repertoire was shown by the manner in which it was revived. In the first place some excellent new scenery had been painted, so that the pictorial dress of the work had freshness and interest for the eye. In the second place the direction was in the hands of Mr. Toscanini, and opera lovers well know that this means artistic sincerity in the treatment of the music.

The casual observer may dismiss this fact with the remark that it is no great feat to conduct "Don Pasquale," but such a conclusion would be founded upon error. The older Italian opera buffa has a distinct style of its own and to give it vitality in the theatre of to-day the conventions must be thoroughly understood and observed, the delicacy of treatment respected, the simple gayety and rhythmic point of the music adequately published.

When the opera was last given at the Metropolitan Mr. Scotti was the only singer who knew the style. Yesterday there was unity of purpose and method, and the playing of the orchestra had the lightness of touch and finesse absolutely essential. Without doubt the accomplishment of these results was largely due to the sympathy and authority of Mr. Toscanini.

Miss Bori was the *Norina*, and in this role she achieved the largest measure of success which has fallen to her lot since she became a member of the company. She sang the music with brilliancy of style, with understanding and with communicative temperament. She acted *Norina* with infectious glee, with a nice sense of humor and with artistic judgment.

Her voice sounded well in most of her music and her colorature had fluency. There are radical defects in her emission of tone, and these often militate against the beauty of certain phrases, but such faults are so common among opera singers that most ears are deaf to them from long custom.

Mr. Macnez sang *Ernesto* respectably and kept his place well in the general picture. Mr. Scotti, as *Dr. Malatesta,* was once more at home in the older manner, and Mr. Pini-Corsi made of *Don Pasquale* the amusing old victim he ought to be. On the whole, the revival was most commendable, and the only regret is that it comes so late in the season as to preclude many repetitions of a charming work.

MRS. ZEISLER'S RECITAL.

Her Playing as Brilliant and as Erratic as Usual.

Mrs. Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler gave a pianoforte recital yesterday afternoon at Æolian Hall. This recital may be called Mrs. Zeisler's annual appearance, as she has not played here more than once in recital during the musical season for some years past, nor had she been heard here before during the one just closing. This fact is one to be regretted, as she is an artist of brilliant gifts and one who brings a musical message of value to all interested in her special field of interpretative art, as well as to music lovers in general.

The list of compositions she chose to offer yesterday was neither long, nor was it very arduous in its broader demands of performance, if compared with the problems that are set forth by so-called "classic" music.

The chief and first number was Schumann's "Etudes Symphoniques." Then came a Chopin group that included the composer's second ballad, opus 38; a mazurka, opus 7, No. 1; two etudes, opus 25, No 7, and opus 10, No. 5, and a waltz, opus 42. Other numbers were two preludes, one in D minor, No. 24, and one in C sharp minor, No. 10, and a fugue in C sharp minor, No. 10, by Th. Otterstroem; a romance, No. 9, from opus 24, of Sebelius, No. 6, from "Piano Pieces," opus 25, by Sinding; a gavotte, opus 141 (apres opus 126, No. 3), by Chaminade, and Liszt's "Mephisto Waltz."

In a general survey of Mrs. Zeisler's playing it can be said that it had never before here reached the heights of inspiration or even the splendor of a truly elevated performance that it did yesterday. It was not by any means without flaws; there were erratic moments in which the symmetry of phrasing was broken and there was an insufficient repose of manner, frequently of marring effect. But notwithstanding these disturbances, due rather to mood than to any technical deficiency, it was very fine piano playing and really some of the best heard here during the present season.

In the Schumann "Etudes Symphoniques," Mrs. Zeisler showed that she had her own ideas, and rather unconventional ones, of their tempi. In the first one she gave the impression of lagging and again of unduly accelerating the phrases, but this was almost forgotten in view of the supreme understanding she showed both of their diverse characteristics and of their eloquent spirit as a whole. Nothing could have been more delightful than the clear, aristocratic coloring she gave to the Chopin mazurka, and it greatly pleased the audience. She was forced to repeat the second etude but as it happened she had played it less well than the first one.

After the valse there was much appreciation shown and Mrs. Zeisler left the stage fairly weighed down with flowers. Following this demonstration, she added another Chopin number as an encore. Mr. Otterstroem, who had three compositions in the list, is a Scandinavian, who lives in Chicago. His music as played yesterday was thoroughly musicianly in interest as well as wholly dignified in spirit, and it was quite worthy of the honor of a place in the programme of Mrs. Zeisler. His second prelude was especially liked.

Saturday's Operas.

Donizetti's melodious miniature opera, "Don Pasquale," had its first performance this season at Saturday's matinée, with the cast consisting of Miss Bori, Pini-Corsi, Scotti, and Macnez, Mr. Toscanini being the conductor. Except for the tenor, the opera had an excellent performance. Mr. Macnez sang with pinched tone, uncertainty of pitch, and a tremolo. He does not fit into the Metropolitan frame.

Mr. Pini-Corsi is the typical Italian "buffo" singer, with good routine, a comical personality, and a voice which grows beautifully less as seasons come and go. Once in a while he surprises one by really singing a phrase, but usually he transforms everything into a sort of recitative. His woes, especially when he wept copiously into a very large handkerchief, amused the audience. April 7-1913

Mr. Scotti makes a merry, handsome, and amusing picture of Dr. Malatesta, and he sings the difficult music with much art, even when his voice lacks in sonority. The scene between him and Miss Bori, when he explains his plans to play the huge practical joke on Don Pasquale, was excellent comedy for both.

Miss Bori is altogether delightful as the pretty Norina, and she sings the part exceedingly well. She acts it with much grace, vivacity, and humor, and her many admirers were evidently delighted with an opportunity to see her in a new rôle which suits her so well. Her répertoire has been far too limited this winter, but the deadly monotony of always seeing and hearing the same people in the same parts extends to all the other artists at the opera house, so she is not the only sufferer.

No doubt many listeners were surprised by new beauties which they had before failed to discover in Donizetti's score, but Mr. Toscanini's presence explains the matter. He made every facet shine, gave value to the beautiful moments, and discreetly covered the less interesting ones. A few almost dramatic touches crept in, to the advantage of the music, and the lighter numbers were handled with an elegance and suppleness of tempo which made one long to hear him conduct one of Johann Strauss's masterworks. After the overture there was a real outburst of applause. Mr. Toscanini's admirers often regret that the general public does not seem to appreciate him and applaud him as it should.

Owing to the indisposition of Mr. Hinshaw, the part of the Herald, at the "Lohengrin" performance on Saturday night, was taken by Mr. Buers, while Mr. Goritz, best of all Telramunds, was telephoned for to take the part that Mr. Buers was to have sung. Mme. Fremstad is not equal to the

rôle of Elsa, which is too high for her, and on this occasion she seemed, moreover, wearied by the season's hard work; but apart from this the performance of Wagner's opera was admirable, the choruses and the orchestra, under Mr. Hertz, being particularly good.

April 7-1913

Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler.

In reviewing the important events of a busy season the musical editor of this journal cannot recall any performance more inspired, thrilling, magnificent than Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler's playing of Liszt's "Mephisto Waltz" at Aeolian Hall on Saturday afternoon. Amy Fay, who was a pupil of Liszt and wrote a book, largely about him, thinks this waltz the most difficult of all the many difficult pieces Liszt wrote; yet all these difficulties vanished under Mrs. Zeisler's nimble fingers like snow in the April sun. No one even thought of them; the attention of the audience was riveted on the wonderful expression with which she infused this diabolical dance piece; you might have heard a pin drop—everybody was breathless with delight. Paderewski could not have given a more poignant pungency to the rhythms, evoked a more beautiful tone from the instrument, or brought out more entrancingly the melody of this waltz, of which James Huneker has well said that it contains one of the most voluptuous episodes outside of the "Tristan" score. The Chicago pianist's performance of it reminded one of Liszt's own as described by Hans Christian Andersen (it is cited in Huneker's Life of Liszt, pp. 230-232). When Arthur Friedheim played the great Liszt sonata here it was suggested in this journal that he ought to devote all his life to going about the country enchanting audiences with that work. The same advice might be given to Mrs. Zeisler with regard to the "Mephisto Waltz."

While this was the climax of her recital the rest of the programme was anything but dull. To be sure, the first half of Schumann's Etudes Symphoniques was not particularly interesting, but that was largely the composer's fault. Of the Chopin pieces on the programme, not all were equally well played. The pianist did not do justice to the étude opus 25, No. 7, but she enchanted every one with others of the Chopin études, and her playing of the mazurka opus 7, No. 1, had the real Polish freedom of movement. The Chicago composer Otterstroem contributed three pieces, one of which, a prelude in C sharp minor, No. 10, had a quaint, exotic charm of rhythm and intervals, while his Fugue in C sharp minor proved to be as effective as it is difficult—a sort of *fuga del diavolo*. There were also pieces by Sibelius, Sinding, and Chaminade, and then a series of encores, including a Mendelssohn song without words, the dainty Poldoni valse which Mrs. Zeisler has made popular, and Rubinstein's glorious Staccato Etude, in which the pianist rose to the same heights as in the "Mephisto Waltz."

STEPHENS MAKES DEBUT

April 9-1913

Young Composer's Little Theatre Recital a Success.

A song recital of somewhat unusual character occurred yesterday afternoon in the Little Theatre, when Ward Stephens, a young and practically unknown composer, gave an afternoon devoted entirely to his own compositions.

Such attempts are too often productive of anything but joy among the critical fraternity who are summoned to attend. An unknown composer, with a little money or a few influential friends, can always hire a hall and from the highways and byways invite the unsuspecting to his banquet. Let us hasten to add that Mr. Stephens's recital was not one of these.

The programme yesterday was devoted to songs in three languages—German, French and English—showing Mr. Stephens's eclectic taste, a taste which he made a talent by writing his music in varying styles. In the German songs there were memories of Schubert and Schumann, in the French of Massenet, with a hint or two of the more modern musicians, and in the English of Purcell.

Yet it would be unfair to charge the young composer with plagiarism. He simply wrote in the accepted idioms of his subjects, in a simple, straightforward, perfectly natural manner and with not a little melodic fancy and invention. He did not strive to be original at all costs, but said what he had to say in the way that was most natural to say it, and as a result, if there were no great imaginative flights, there was throughout an admirable naturalness that proved most invigorating in these days, when composers of far less ability attempt Parnassus with their butterfly wings.

Of the songs sung yesterday there was unusual feeling and pathos in "Ueberall Nur Du," to the poem of Schulte, and in "The Crossroads," to the poem by Marguerite Merington, a dainty humor that a spirit might have come from the English meadows about Stratford-on-Avon in "I'll Ye in Leve with April Tide," and fine power in "To Horse! To Horse!"

The songs were sympathetically sung by Arthur Phillips and Miss Elizabeth de Cant, with the composer assisting at the piano, H. E. Parkhurst at the organ and Udo Gossweiler 'cellist. The audience was of good size and of discrimination of taste, and it lost no opportunity of showing Mr. Stephens that it appreciated him. Mr. Stephens is a welcome addition to the list of band of American writers of songs.

WARD STEPHENS'S CONCERT.

April 7-1913

Gives a Hearing of His Own Songs at the Little Theatre.

In the Little Theatre yesterday afternoon a small audience of well disposed persons listened with attention and sympathy to a concert of songs composed by Ward Stephens. The composer gave this entertainment for the express purpose of securing hearers for these songs. According to his own account he has fought for a hearing and has found the fighting very hard. Those who listened to his songs yesterday afternoon must have wondered why the composer had to battle against opposition in order to obtain this hearing and to meet with so little success that he was driven to the doubtful expedient of giving a concert of his own works.

This composer's songs should have a market value quite equal to that of the typical product of the American songsmith. They have some of the salient characteristics of the native lyric and some which the majority of our home made songs have not. Among these latter may be mentioned a frank use of melodic idioms common to the language of the vocal music and almost invariably shunned by the weakminded American composer who has nothing to put into their places.

By the use of these common properties and the addition of a few fluent and graceful phrases of his own Mr. Stephens constructs songs which have first of all tunefulness to commend them to the attention of singers, and let us add that the tunefulness is distinctly vocal. These songs are singable and with almost all of those heard by THE SUN'S hearer yesterday any good singer could have a success.

In the second place Mr. Stephens has a nice sense of propriety and fitness. He composes text with understanding and with sentiment. There is no straining after strange effects, no violation of the poetry for the sake of sensation, no failure to consult the feeling of the verse before covering a staff with notes, no attempt to hunt details to destruction.

Such songs as "An die Natur," "Schmerz der Trennung," "Mein Hertz ist am Rheine," "Dans les Dunes," the "Chanson de Fortunio" and "L'Heure des Reves" are excellently written. They are melodious, expressive and sensible songs. The one quarrel that any one can fairly have with Mr. Stephens is that he is altogether too adaptable.

He seems to have set out with the object of demonstrating that he could write German songs as well as the Germans and in their own style, French songs as well as the Frenchmen and just like them. It would have been much wiser to determine to compose songs just like Ward Stephens and utterly unlike any one else.

The singers who interpreted the lyrics were Arthur Philips, barytone, and Elizabeth de Cant, soprano. Mr. Stephens presided at the piano and in certain numbers the aid of H. E. Parkhurst, organist, and Udo Gossweiler, 'cellist, was required.

WARD-STEPHENS'S SONGS.

Recital by an American Composer of His Own Works.

There hardly seems to be a good reason why Mr. Ward-Stephens, an American composer, should have to "fight for a chance to be heard," as he says is the case. He is a composer of songs, and gave a recital of his own compositions yesterday afternoon in the Little Theatre. Mr. Arthur Philips, baritone, and Miss Elizabeth de Cant, soprano, sang the songs, and Mr. Ward-Stephens played the accompaniments on the piano, with the assistance of H. E. Parkhurst and Udo Gossweiler in certain obbligatos on the organ and violoncello, respectively.

Mr. Ward-Stephens is certainly as good a song composer as some whose songs are sung without any great struggle, so far as is known, on the part of their composers, and is better than a good many others. He is not a genius, and he has not the absolute originality that only genius possesses; but no need of expecting that. He is a genuine musician who has ideas of his own and something to say; and he has in an unusual degree the skill and training to write musically, artistically, effectively. He is a genuine musician in the sense, furthermore, that he writes frankly and unaffectedly. His songs are a natural expression; he has not sought to imitate the manner or the mannerisms that are in vogue in various musical circles, and is not afraid to be direct and straightforward.

The twenty songs that made up the programme yesterday are settings of German, French, and English words. Some of Mr. Ward-Stephens's German songs are influenced by the style of German composers, as Schumann; and there is not lacking the voice of certain Frenchmen—not of the latest school—in some of his French songs. There is, nevertheless, true personal utterance in most of them, and an abundant knowledge of the adaptation of means to the ends sought, a true expression of the spirit of the verse, whether in those in which there is suggestion of the folk song spirit, or the more elaborate "thorough-composed" songs. An admirable example of the German spirit is "My Heart's on the Rhine" to the poem by Wolfgang Müller; there are many worse French songs than the setting of Alfred de Musset's "Song of Fortunio," and the mood of Paul Verlaine's "Hour of Dreams" is truly presented in Mr. Ward-Stephens's music, even though he has not resorted to recondite subleties that are supposed to be specially representative in music of Verlaine's poetic traits.

Several of these songs present numerous difficulties which were not always entirely overcome by the singers; yet they clearly entered with devotion and enthusiasm upon their task, and their performances were in many ways excellent. Mr. Ward-Stephens played the accompaniments very well, indeed.

Wagner Concert at Metropolitan.

Alfred Hertz conducted the annual concert devoted to Wagner music at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. Johanna Gadski and Jacques Urlus were the soloists and the audience was very large. The programme included the prelude to "Lohengrin," the prelude to "Die Meistersinger," the introduction to Act III. of "Die Meistersinger," the duet and Rhine Journey from the prologue of "Götterdämerung," the duet from Act I. of Die Walküre, and the prelude and Liebestod from "Tristan und Isolde."

April 7-1913

Misses Walsh and Gugler Heard.

Ethel Walsh, an Irish ballad singer, and Gertrude Gugler, contralto, gave a joint concert in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. The sudden indisposition of Miss Walsh made a substitution seem imminent for a while, and Master Robert Spokany, a juvenile violinist, was announced. However, Miss Walsh was able to appear and Master Spokany appeared also. Miss Walsh and Miss Gugler sang several duets and each sang groups of songs. Many of Miss Walsh's selections were in English, but most of Miss Gugler's were in German. Louise Lieberman played the accompaniments.

Two Gifted Singers Heard in Recital

April 7-1913

Miss Ethel Walsh and Miss Gertrude Gugler at Aeolian Hall.

Two gifted young women—Ethel Walsh, soprano, and Gertrude Gugler, contralto—gave a musical afternoon at Aeolian Hall yesterday. Their friends turned out in numbers and were most appreciative of the efforts of the musicians.

The duet, "Quis est Homo," from Rossini's "Stabat Mater," began the recital, and in marked contrast the "Flower" duet from Puccini's "Madama Butterfly," was the closing number. Miss Walsh, who is a pleasing and promising soprano, sang songs by Cadman, Gundlach and Salter, as well as operatic arias by Verdi and Mascagni.

Miss Gugler, who possesses a contralto voice of power, depth and beauty, was heard in lieder by Grieg, Ries and Schubert, and in other numbers by Haendel and Liszt.

THE RUSSIAN OPERA

April 8-1913

Third Performance of "Boris Godounow."

It would be comforting and encouraging to sincere lovers of dramatic music after this fitful operatic season is over if they could believe that Moussorgsky's "Boris Godounow" had made so profound an impression upon the public that the management would feel bound to give it a permanent place in the repertory of the Metropolitan Opera House. With all its patchiness of construction, with all its want of coherent development as a drama, with all its musical extravagances, rudeness and strangeness, it is a historical document of extraordinary value and a singularly gripping piece of musico-dramatic workmanship.

It is possible to imagine a more powerful representation than it is receiving here in some particulars, but in great likelihood some of the power would have to be secured by the use of the original tongue, which would be less understood by the people than any of the three foreign languages which have been heard from the stage of the vast institution. Excellent as the polyglot system of the Metropolitan is, however, it cannot be made universal in its application, for some day it may be found that there are admirable operas which are neither Italian nor German nor French nor even Russian. We have heard one which came from Bohemia, and it is not impossible that Poland and at least one of the allied Balkan states, Servia, for instance, may become contributors. Then, perhaps, it will be well, as it might have been in this case, to use good strong English instead of mellifluous Italian for musical accents which exemplify the principle to which Wagner was devoted—strength before beauty, truth before convention.

The opera had its third representation last night, and has been set down for a final performance on the last night of the season—that is, Saturday night of next week. A fine audience heard it and followed it with obvious interest and manifested genuine enthusiasm, especially after the scene of the acclamation, which ends the first act. It is very likely that the power of the music was more felt than understood, but this is what was to be expected of so strange a piece of writing, the essence of which is folksong. There are many minutes at a time in which the music sounds as if made up wholly of phrases of folk melody and when original melody enters it is treated always in the manner of Slavic folksong, if not in the voices then in the orchestra. The fundamental principle of that treatment is reiteration, persistent, obstinate reiteration, which, singularly enough, does not become monotonous, but finally acquires a fascination which is all but irresistible. "Boris Godounow" is a monument to the tremendous genius for dramatic expression possessed by its composer.

H. E. K.

Sun April 8 1913

Modest Moussorgsky's opera "Boris Godounov" was performed at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening for the third time. It served to open the twenty-second week of the season and also to acquaint a Monday evening audience with the character of the opera. The audience was one of the characteristic Monday kind, and its approval of the work was shown in no uncertain manner. This is a matter for felicitation, for it betokens a willingness on the part of the public to forego some of the simpler delights of the opera house and give serious consideration to a work quite out of the familiar style.

There may be room for speculation as to the permanent hold of the opera on public favor, but speculation must be futile. The Russianism of the story, the personages, the incidents, the pictures and the music is strongly marked, and it brings to the stage of the Metropolitan an atmosphere of strangeness. The difference between "Boris Godounov" and all the other operas in the Metropolitan repertoire may account for some of the present interest in it. Those who are properly opposed to the absorption of all glory by singers will hope that this difference will create a lasting interest in the work.

The performances of the opera have brought much credit to the Metropolitan Opera House and to the management of Mr. Gatti-Casazza. It is a curious fact too that for once a chorus master has been brought conspicuously to notice. The chorus is a star of the cast, and Giulio Setti, who trained the choristers, has won much well deserved praise. Mr. Toscanini has come in for his share, but praises of the distinguished conductor are familiar. Mme. Didur, who has the title role, is the other star of the performance and the bass star is a novelty.

to Hear "Aida"

April 9-1913

For days the box office had been besieged for tickets for last night's special performance of "Aïda" at the Metropolitan, with the result that when the curtain rose there was a "capacity audience," despite the fact that the performance was outside the regular subscription. It was an enthusiastic performance and an enthusiastic audience, the big arias were applauded, and the principals called before the curtain many times.

Mr. Caruso, as Radames, was in full voice and no end of volumn of tone. In addition he was in the highest spirits, taking his curtain calls with the air of a happy schoolboy on a holiday. Madame Gadski filled the title role for the first time this season, and she sang brilliantly, especially the Nile Scene aria. Madame Homer was a dramatic Amneris, and Mr. Amato, as Amonasro, was impressive both vocally and histrionically. Messrs. Segurola and Rossi filled other roles of importance and Mr. Polacco conducted a spirited performance.

KNEISEL QUARTET

by Beethoven, Dvorak and Schubert.

neisel Quartet ended its twenty-son in New York with a concert n Hall last night. For the tem- eavetaking Mr. Kneisel had ar- a programme which was a mas- of construction, and showed how y he knows how to reconcile the nd likings of his audience with est claims of art. He began with en's quartet in A minor, Op. 132, his hearers into the holy of holies Convalescent's Hymn of Thanks- n the Lydian mode, which was poser's grateful offering to the fter his recovery from an illness ad interrupted his work on the ion undertaken for Prince Galit- e final movement of the quartet articularly timely interest in view act that its theme was originally for the finale of the Ninth ny, which is just now occupying share of the attention of serious vers. April 9 1913

lovely duty performed, with his ons, Letz and Svecenski, he pro- period of ingenuous refreshment orak's exquisite terzetto in C. lling in the aid of Leo Schulz, he the evening's delights to a con- with Schubert's quintet, also in C, taking his listeners now on an n deep into the fairyland of ro- nd letting them pause for a space he hunting horns ceased echoing the charmed wood, in the chapel hey listened to the pious orgies of Then off again with the daintiest etto finales. And so to the end. In easure of the music, from the mo- beginning till the regretted con- there was uplift and refreshment senses and the spirit. A wonder- ert, and the music all so wonder- yed that the doubts and perplexi- ed up by a long list of confused in opera house and concert room solved into perfect concords and contentment. The enjoyment of ence seemed to be so keen that it arcely brook noisy demonstration.

H. E. K.

Last Kneisel Quartet Concert.

hen is the Kneisel Quartet not a Quar- was asked last night at Aeolian Hall swer, of course, was: "When it plays r) or a quintet." Franz Kneisel, how- is a great mathematician as well as a violinist. He had evidently figured out lly that if he began the season's fina t with Beethoven's quartet in A minor ed it with Dvořák's Terzetto, opus 74 losed with Schubert's quintet, opus 163 sult, so far as the number of instru- is concerned, would be the same as had selected three quartets, *q. e. d.* as not the first time this season that sisting artist was engaged, but none ed so cordial a welcome as did Leo , who last night took the extra 'cello n the quintet. In the Beethoven num- Messrs. Kneisel, Letz, Svecenski, and ke distinguished themselves by giving arkably smooth and euphonious per- nce of a mystic and over-garrulous sition, which, however, has moments of color charm. April 9/1913

It s, indeed, surprising how much va- of color a great master of chamber s can get with only a few instruments. rk was one of these masters. His zo is astonishingly rich in tints, and te same time refreshingly melodious hythmically animated. The greatest st of them all, however, is Schubert. Dussy, in his "Pelléas," seems to have to show how dull and monotonous an stra can be made to sound. Schubert em to have set out to show in his quintet at ne can have an endless variety of hue en without wood-wind, brass, and percus- on instruments. An English writer has attention to a striking difference be- Beethoven, in whose chamber music e of nearly five octaves it sometimes d over, "with little care for the in- le poverty of tone produced"; where- hubert makes all the players work hardest "to hide that thinness of which is the drawback of the et."

Kaleidoscopic variety of color charm is, wer, only one of the many merits of chubert quintet, which the Kneisels Mr. Schulz played so ravishingly last It contains many of those unex- modulations which opened new vistas sical delight, and the way one lovely entirely original melody chases an- is astonishing. Schubert is, indeed, as Liszt said, the most poetic composer that ever lived—*le musicien le plus poète que jamais.* And to think that he wrote down such things with the ease and rapidity with which others write letters to friends!

In the final allegretto Mr. Kneisel, a horn Viennese, and his companions took their audience bodily into the Austrian capital with its love of gayety and freedom from all restraint. Altogether, this final concert was a big success—an *au revoir* which will make all those who heard it look forward to November 11, when the twenty-second New York season of the Kneisel Quartet will open.

"Aida" Again.

Verdi's masterwork had its fifth performance last night at the Metropolitan, and although there was no subscription to help out, the house was crowded. Caruso was the Rhadames, which is perhaps his best and noblest part, and Mme. Gadski sang the part of "Aïda" with a voice which combined beauty and passion—a voice the pianissimo of which is one of the most enchanting things now to be heard on the operatic stage.

Mr. Kreidler Sings in Opera at Short Notice

Without Rehearsal He Appears in "Die Meistersinger"—Society in the Audience.

April 10. 1913

Richard Wagner's classic comic opera "Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg" was repeated last night in the Metropolitan Opera House before a large audience that gave unmistakable evidence of its pleasure by the many curtain calls for the stars after each of the three acts.

Less than two hours before the performance began the Metropolitan's general manager, Mr. Gatti-Casazza, received word from Mr. William Hinshaw, who was to have sung the rôle of Kothner, that he was suffering from a cold and would be unable to appear. Mr. Louis Kreidler was assigned to the part without rehearsal and acquitted himself with distinction.

The other principals have appeared here before this season in their various rôles. Mme. Gadski sang Eva, Mr. Jacques Urlus was an ardent Walther, Mr. Willy Buers a good Han Sachs and Mr. Otto Goritz satisfactory as the Beckmesser.

"Die Meistersinger" Again.

April 11 1913

It is fortunate that, whatever other changes the cast of Wagner's comic opera may undergo at the Metropolitan, Mr. Goritz is always the Beckmesser and Mr. Reiss the David; for their impersonations of these rôles are incomparably good. There were other great features at last night's performance. Mme. Gadski, who had sung the trying part of Aïda on the preceding night, gave striking proof of her versatility and her remarkable endurance by singing Eva with a voice that remained fresh and beautiful to the end. Mr. Buers was a great improvement on the Hans Sachs of his predecessor, and there was a new Kothner, also good, in the person of Mr. Kreidler. The Walter of Mr. Urlus has been highly praised heretofore, and so has the chorus which plays so glorious a part in this opera and the orchestra under Alfred Hertz.

April 11, 1913

ALICE NIELSEN A REALISTIC NEDDA

"Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I Pagliacci" attracted a large audience at yesterday afternoon's special performance at the Metropolitan Opera House.

A feature was the first appearance this season in New York of Alice Nielsen. For several Winters she has sustained the principal soprano roles in various operas at the Metropolitan, one of her most noteworthy successes having been achieved as Mimi in "La Boheme."

Until recently Miss Nielsen's duties as one of the leading sopranos of the Boston Grand Opera Company have prevented her leaving New England, but she managed, with much conniving, to find time for yesterday's matinee in New York.

The part of Nedda in the Leoncavallo opera offers considerable opportunities to the impersonator. Miss Nielsen gave a realistic and convincing performance, from a dramatic viewpoint, and sang the brilliant, colorful music with charm and power.

HER "BIRD SONG" ATTRACTIVE.

Especially attractive was her work in the somewhat florid "Bird Song" in the first act, and her share in the love duet was feelingly and delightfully presented. One particular point caused audible remarks, and that was the careful and appropriate manner in which Nedda was dressed. "There!" one observing woman was heard to say; "there! no silk stockings and Louis Quinze heels on that country Columbine." And it was true. Miss Nielsen's costumes were evidently planned to suggest a humble member of a humble company of travelling players. It was a comfort to see the entities so artistically observed and carried out.

The efforts of this talented and capable American prima donna were amply appreciated. She received a number of beautiful floral tributes, among which were huge bunches of American Beauty roses and several baskets.

Associated with Miss Nielsen in "I Pagliacci" were Riccardo Martin, as Canio, the vengeful husband; Pasquale Amato, as Tonio; Angelo Bada, as Beppe, and Vincenzo Reschiglian, as Silvio. Sturani conducted.

"Cavalleria Rusticana," which preceded "I Pagliacci," was sung by an able and familiar cast. Emmy Destinn gave a superb performance of Santuzza; Maria Duchene sang Lola; Macnez appeared as Turiddu; Gilly gave a spirited performance of Alfio, and Mme. Maubourg sang the small part of Lucia. Polacco conducted.

"KOENIGSKINDER" REPEATED.

Humperdinck's "Koenigskinder" was presented in the evening, with Geraldine Farrar in the role of the Goose Girl. She was winsome and charming, and sang with exceptional sweetness and power. Lila Robeson appeared as the Witch; Jorn made an acceptable King's Son, and the other roles were commendably managed by Goritz, Reiss, Didur, Miss Fornia and Miss Mattfeld. Hertz conducted.

DOUBLE BILL AT OPERA

April 11 1913

'Cavalleria Rusticana' and 'Pagliacci' Sung at Special Matinee.

A special Thursday matinee, even at popular prices, without Enrico Caruso, is little likely to fill the Metropolitan Opera House at the tag end of the season. Such was the case yesterday at the presentation of the double bill of "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci." Miss Destinn has few roles that suit her as perfectly as that of Santuzza, while Mr. Macnez is at his best as Turiddu and Mr. Gilly as Alfio, and when Miss Destinn and Mr. Gilly are at their best it is a very good best, indeed. Mr. Polacco, too, gave a reading of the score that was vibrant with feeling.

The Leoncavallo opera was probably less successfully given, with the exception of the Tonio of Mr. Amato, a Tonio which vocally knows no superior. Miss Alice Nielsen made her first appearance of the season in New York, singing Nedda with a tremolo, and acting it with the fire and abandon of a sixteen-year-old New England schoolgirl. Mr. Martin was the Canio, and if he lacked in plastic grace and in humor, his singing of "Ridi Pagliaccio" brought down the house. Mr Sturani conducted.

April 10

Miss Tracey's Recital.

Miss Minnie Tracey, who has recently returned from Europe with the rosette of the Legion of Honor, which she received in Paris, gave a recital last Thursday at the studio of Edgar Mills. She was accompanied by Harold Smith at the piano, and Miss Winifred Bauer, violinist, assisted at the affair, which was called "Une heure de musique."

April 11 1913

Yesterday's Operas.

Extra performances are now frequent on Thursday afternoon at the Metropolitan. Yesterday the house was well filled for the popular combination of "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci." In the first, Mme. Destinn carried off the honors, while in the second they were more equally divided between Miss Alice Nielsen, Mr. Amato, and Mr. Martin. Mr. Amato brought down the house with an excellent performance of the favorite prologue, while at the other end of the same act, America's first great tenor, Riccardo Martin, distinguished himself by singing beautifully the "Ridi, pagliacci." It was as fine, in his way, as Mr. Caruso's performance was of the same number. Miss Nielsen was a charming Nedda to the eye, and she sang with rich full tones the rôle of the little strolling player. Her voice showed a little inclination to shake, probably as a result of the fatigue of a long season of work, but otherwise she was a very agreeable Nedda. April 11 1913

In the evening the finest opera composed since Wagner, Humperdinck's "Königskinder," had its fifth performance this season before an audience which occupied all the parquet seats and all but one of the boxes. There is so much in this opera that a single hearing does not reveal all the subtle beauties, and it is good policy to prepare one's self for the rare treat of hearing it by reading over the excellent guide to the opera prepared by Lewis M Isaacs and Kurt J. Rahlson (Dodd, Mead & Co.), and playing over the leading motives a few times to fix them in the memory By so doing, one can better appreciate Humperdinck's astounding skill in handling his melodic and harmonic material.

Judging by the rapt attention and other marks of appreciation, most of those who heard "Die Königskinder" last night had heard it before. One would have to be a singularly obtuse person not to be fascinated, delighted, and deeply moved by Geraldine Farrar's incomparable impersonation of the unhappy Goose Girl. Otto Goritz also is deeply moving and otherwise interesting as the Spielmann. He has a big heart, and, unlike some other Germans, he knows the difference between sentiment and sentimentality. There are other fine impersonations in this cast, but why tell the whole tale once more, or why dwell again on the loving devotion with which Mr Hertz interprets the glowing score?

MISS BARRELL APPLAUDED

Song Recital Discloses Mezzo-Soprano of Natural Beauty.

Miss Margaret Adsit Barrell, with a mezzo-soprano voice of natural beauty, gave a song recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. April 12 1913

Miss Barell's talents will probably increase with her experience, but at present her interpretative powers are scarcely equal to the songs of Schubert, Schumann and Brahms, which she attempted. Yet her voice was a good, and though not as yet sufficiently well placed. She was liberally applauded.

A DAY'S CONCERTS.

Jacques Kasner, New Violinist, Appears in Aeolian Hall.

Jacques Kasner, a young violinist, gave his first New York recital in Aeolian Hall last evening, when he played Nardini's sonata in D major, the Bach chaconne for violin alone, a suite of Sinding's, and compositions by Moor, Kreisler, and Wieniawski. April 12 1913

In the afternoon in the same hall Margaret Barrell, mezzo-soprano, gave a song recital. She sang an air from Rameau's "Dardanus," and songs by Schubert, Schumann, Brahms, Strauss, S. C. Bowns, Willeby, Wassall, and Macfadyen. She was accompanied by Coenraad von Bos.

Oscar Sonneck, the Musical Librarian of the Congressional Library, Washington, gave a historical survey of music in America at the Hotel Plaza yesterday morning under the auspices of the Schola Cantorum. This was the last of a series of six lectures.

Young Violinist Wins Approval at Debut

April 12 1913

Jacques Kasner Gives Acceptable Interpretation of Difficult Program.

Jacques Kasner, a young violinist with considerable talent and ambition, made his bow to the New York music public at Aeolian Hall last evening. His programme was calculated to test the powers of a mature musician, yet he gave an acceptable interpretation of the various selections.

Mr. Kasner has power, good tone color, taste in expression and feeling. He occasionally played roughly and his emphasis was at times too precipitate.

His programme was composed of Sonata in D by Nardini, Bruck's Concerto in G minor, Suite in A major by Sinding, two pieces arranged by Kreisler, and a Polonaise by Wieniawski.

Saturday afternoon, April 12, Meyerbeer's "The Huguenots." Mmes. Destinn, Hempel, Alten; Messrs. Caruso, Gilly, Rothier, Braun. Conductor, Mr. Polacco.

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Apr 11 1913

Jacques Kasner, a young American, who has been studying the art of violin playing for some six years in Europe, made his first appearance last evening in a recital at Aeolian Hall. He played Nardini's D major sonata, Bruch's G minor concerto, Sinding's A major suite, an andantino by Padre Martini, transcribed by Kreisler, a "Tambourin Chinois" by Kreisler, and Wienlawski's polonaise in D minor.

Mr. Kasner is young, and it would be difficult to make even a reasonable conjecture as to his future. He may develop into an artist of importance, but at present it can only be said that he has a good technical foundation. His tone is not large, but it is of good quality, and his intonation last evening, an unfavorable evening for strings, was generally good. His playing showed the results of good schooling and had certain evidences of good taste to commend it.

Apr 14 1913

Toscanini's Triumph in Music by Wagner. Strauss and Beethoven.

There was a remarkable popular demonstration at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening, and also a remarkable artistic one. A symphonic concert of unusual magnitude and dignity was given, under the direction of Signor Toscanini. Beethoven's Symphony in D minor, with final chorus on Schiller's "Hymn to Joy"—the "Ninth Symphony," in popular phrase—was the principal business of the evening, but to fill out the scheme it was preceded by two purely instrumental works, namely, "A Faust Overture," by Wagner, and "Till Owlglass, Merry Pranks," by Richard Strauss. The name of Till Owlglass is a strange one to our programmes, but if part of the title, "Till Eulenspiegel Lustige Streiche," is to be given in English, why not all of it? All of this music was conducted by Arturo Toscanini, and is his work without the help of the scores—a circumstance much more noteworthy in his case than it would be in the case of conductors who devote themselves entirely to symphonic music. But the manner in which he interpreted the compositions was much more remarkable than the fact that he had the scores in his head instead of his head in the scores as Dr. von Bülow once remarked. Another remarkable thing was the manner in which the operatic forces, vocal and instrumental, performed the music which is very different from the kind with which they are familiar. But most remarkable of all, perhaps, was the popular interest in the concert and the enthusiasm which it aroused. A week ago, on the first day of the ticket sale, every seat and all the standing room allowed by law were sold, and at least a thousand men and women must have been turned away from the doors. Fortunately, the concert is to be repeated next Friday, and since it will be a weekday and an afternoon concert, many who were disappointed last night may find comfort. It is likely, it may be said here, that they will hear a better performance than that of last night, excellent as it was, for there was more than a suspicion in the minds of some whose interest in the affair led them to attend some of the last rehearsals—that of yesterday forenoon, for instance—that Signor Toscanini put a little too much strain not only upon his performers, but also upon himself. His tempi, in the symphony, at least, seemed to indicate that he was laboring under a somewhat abnormal nervous strain. But this is anticipating the critical portion of this notice, which ought to wait upon a complete reital of the facts.

As to the forces: they were the orchestra of the Metropolitan Opera, with a few substitutes brought in to replace men who were ill—the concertmaster, for instance. The solo singers in the finale of the symphony were Fraulein Hempel, Mme. Homer, Mr. Jorn and Mr. Griswold; the choir, which numbered two hundred or more, was made up of the opera chorus, recruited by some of the junior artists and a squad of amateurs from the Oratorio Society.

Concerts of a more ambitious and dignified character than the regular Sunday evening affairs have frequently been given at the Metropolitan Opera House. In the long ago, back as far as the consulship of Mapleson at the Academy of Music, Rossini's "Stabat Mater" used to be trotted out to make the special holiday. Then Verdi's "Requiem" had its turn. Within recent years pages in the record were made luminous by the production of Wolf-Ferrari's "Vita Nuova" and Monteverde's "Orfeo." When Mr. Conried took the helm he tempted Herr Mottl away from his German home with the promise that he should be privileged to give symphony concerts on Sunday nights. It was thus that Herr Mottl began his American career; but after the first concert, at which he produced Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, he was summoned to Mr. Conried's room and told that the first symphonic was also to be the last. Mr. Toscanini has held aloof from the Sunday night entertainments, but of late he seems to have nourished a large ambition. At La Scala, in Milan, his orchestral concerts were all of large scope, and he decided to try the experiment here. So he chose the Ninth Symphony as his battle horse and went to work to show what an Italian conductor could do with it and the works which he associated with it. He did wonderful things indeed, more wonderful in the Strauss stupednously difficult piece of musical humor than in any part of the symphony except the finale. Then he inspired his singers to a feat which was without parallel, we make bold to say, in the history of the work in America. From beginning to end that all but impossible composition was sung. It was sung with a precision, a volume, an attention to nuance, a distinctness of utterance (the original German text was used), an unfaltering justness of intonation, which held veteran concertgoers spellbound. Everybody was letter perfect.

The solo singers were thrice admirable. Miss Hemple disclosed vocal resonances of which nothing that she had done in opera had led her hearers to expect. Mme. Homer's voice had unusual breadth vivaciousness, and Mmes. Jörn and Griswold were worthy companions. At the rehearsals Signor Toscanini's tempi seemed admirably chosen, and of his arbitrary manners only one seem ill advised. So it seemed again last night. The broadening of the tempo on the words "Alle Menschen" in the *Allegro ma non tanto* weakend the beautiful effect of the *poco adagio* which the words quoted usher in. The Scherzo last night was taken at a quicker speed than Beethoven prescribed, and the effectiveness of the trio, in particular, was marred and some passages were blurred. Nor was the flight to the empyrean in the variations quite so transfiguring as it might have been. But the music held the listeners in an irresistible grip, nevertheless. As for "Till Eulenspiegel," it is doubtful if it was ever so brilliantly read in New York, though the Boston Orchestra has poured more euphony into it. H. E. K.

Mr. Toscanini's Baton Magical in Symphonic Music

"Since when does Caruso sing on Sunday night?" asked a man who arrived early at the Metropolitan Opera House last night, for the line of ticket buyers completely encircled the building. Mr. Caruso was not to sing, but Mr. Arturo Toscanini, Italian conductor of opera at the Metropolitan, was to appear for the first time in America as a symphonic conductor. Every seat had been sold days ago, and when the limit of tickets of admittance had been disposed of last night, there were still hundreds of persons in the line.

"The ticket rack was emptied in two hours last Tuesday," said Mr. Earle R. Lewis, treasurer, "and since then we must have disappointed fully five thousand persons."

It was a distinctly musical gathering, including conductors, composers, pianists and almost every one prominently concerned or interested in music. Many were eager to criticise the Italian for his conducting of Beethoven and others were there to be thrilled by this wizard of the baton, Mr. Toscanini.

The answer of critics and all was that they applauded each number, and after the final movement of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, which ended the concert, they remained to cheer and cheer. The auditorium emptied so slowly that finally the lights were turned down, as the conductor would not appear again.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Toscanini was suffering so severely from neuritis that he sought his dressing room as soon as it was possible for him to do so. On the evening previous he had directed a performance of "Madama Butterfly," using his left hand as his right arm giving him such pain. Nor was that all the "hard luck." No less than three of the first players of the orchestra were ill, their places being filled by substitutes. This list included the concertmaster, Mr. Eugene Boegner; the first trumpet, Mr. Pietro Capo di Ferro, and a tuba plyaer.

Despite it all, however, Mr. Toscanini's conducting, the playing of the orchestra and the singing of the chorus in the symphony simply electrified the audience.

The concert began with Wagner's "Faust Overture," which was dramatically played. Then came Mr. Richard Strauss' "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," and in this the rougish spirit of Till, so deftly delineated by Dr. Strauss, was remarkably conducted and played. Every detail was clearly set fort, every solo instrument received its opportunities, and the fun ceased only with the death nell of the rogue, dramatically and tragically sounded. After this number the applause was such that the conductor asked the orchestra to receive the ovation with him.

Then came Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, a Herculean task for any conductor and orchestra. Mr. Toscanini's reading was not that of an Italian, but of a master of all schools, upholding his foreign reputation as a remarkable symphonic conductor. The first movement was charged with nuances, with dynamic shading and with compelling spirit. The scherzo was tremendous in its rythmic precision and its swirl of movement. The adagio was taken a bit faster than usually it is, but with no sacrifice of beauty. Last came the wonderful concluding movement, which enlisted the services of four soloists, Miss Hempel, Mme. Homer, Messrs. Jörn and Griswold, of the Metropolitan ensemble, and the opera chorus of two hundred voices.

The soloists were satisfying. The chorus was faultless. Its attack was absolute, its ability to sustain high notes was unusual, and when, at the end, the audience cheered, Mr. Toscanini brought out Mr. Giulio Setti, who had conscientiously trained the chorus. It was in this final movement that one thrill succeeded another, and many listeners declared they had never before heard the choral part of Bethoven's immortal Ninth thus sung.

Twice in the evening was the music interrupted by impetuous applause coming from the upper gallery, too. Each time the enthusiasts believed that the piece was ended. The first time Mr. Toscanini threw a furious glance upward, the second time it was a piteous appeal for silence. These and the other incidents did their share toward unnerving the conductor, and the playing of the orchestra was not alway marked by that suavity which characterizes the playing of a symphony orchestra. But the fine spirit was there and the rhythmic precision, and Mr. Toscanini proved himself a stupendous conductor of symphonic music, leading it all from memory. In the minds of many, last night's affair was the most interesting concert of a long musical season.

NINTH SYMPHONY BY MR. TOSCANINI

The weekly concert at the Metropolitan Opera House is called an "opera concert," but the title was removed from that of last evening. The repute of Arturo Toscanini as a conductor of symphonic music is high in his own country, but in this land it has been little more than an industriously cultivated rumor. That he should wish to widen the sphere of his local activities and afford a demonstration of his versatility with the baton was natural, and last evening's concert was the fulfilment of his desire. Childish thing, such as arias and encores, were put aside, and a serious artistic entertainment was offered.

The programme which Mr. Toscanini directed comprised Wagner's "Eine Faust" overture, Strauss's "Til Eulenspiegel," and Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. Obviously the important feature of this programme was the last. For its performance Mr. Toscanini had the opera house orchestra reenforced by sixteen additional musicians, the opera house chorus, increased by the addition of some singers from the Oratorio Society and by the employment of most of the company's singers of small roles and a solo quartet consisting of Frieda Hempel, soprano; Louise Homer, contralto; Carl Jorn, tenor, and Putnam Griswold, bass. The orchestra numbered over 100 and the chorus 220, of which thirty-five were gathered from outside the theatre.

That public interest had been aroused by the entertainment was shown by the fact that the house was sold out a little more than two hours after the sale of tickets began. There is much food for thought in this, too much to be digested here, so that only the necessary morning record will be attempted. It was a memorable concert, perhaps not for just the reasons that some will attach to it. Altogether too much stress is laid on Mr. Toscanini's conducting without score. Mr. Volpe always does the same thing. Too much is said about Mr. Toscanini's "genius" and not enough about his scholarship, his profound comprehension of orchestral tone values and skill in adjusting them, his experience in the art of getting at results with combinations of vocal and instrumental masses, his indefatigable industry and his unflagging enthusiasm. Much of Mr. Toscanini's "genius" is of the old type, "an infinite capacity for taking pains."

The qualities just enumerated stood out in brilliant prominence last night and brought about one of the most admirable performances of the Ninth Symphony within the memory of the oldest music lovers. In the first place let it be recorded that Mr. Toscanini's tempi in the symphony were not always wise. This was so in the scherzo and still more so in the slow movement which lost much of its nobility and repose.

But in spite of the quick movement of these tempi the conductor found places for nuances of delicacy and significance. There was above all thing no caprice in the use of dimlnuendi and crescendi, of quickening and retarding the speed. Continence in nuance was the characteristic of the reading; and every modification had a reason and a message.

The performance was noteworthy for its exquisite clarity. The tonal balance the crispness of rhythm and the exposition of every necessary passage of counterpoint were achievements of the highest art. Above and beyond all was the reverence which the great conductor showed for the spirit of the work. It was on the whole a dignified and temperamental reading, one which instantly claimed and to which will be accorded at least a comparison with those of the great conductors of previous performances. It was the interpretation of a sound musician of catholic taste, gifted with imagination and real temperament. Its departures from the letter of the law were characteristic of the man. He felt the music that way.

A powerful factor in bringing about the results, desired by Mr. Toscanini was the chorus. Those trained veterans of the opera house sang with inspiring boldness of attack, with splendid ability to sustain the exhausting passages written by Beethoven with brilliant tone, with smoothtly executed nuances, and—wonderful to tell—with clear enunciation. More than half of them are Italians, but they said "Freude schoner Gotterfunken Tochter aus Elysium" as if they had known it for years. Their delivery of the stupendous number beginning "Seid umschlungen Millionen" was something to be cherished as one of the best memories of musical experience.

The solo quartet must also be heartily praised. Its singing was far above the unhappy level which has too often been attained in local performances of Beethoven's compositions. Mr. Griswold was particularly happy in his declamation of the opening recitative and Mr. Jorn deserves a good word for his manner in the tenor solo. Miss Hempel easily arose to the difficult upper flights of her part and Mrs. Homer's voice came out well in contrast.

The performance of the other two numbers was excellent, but it was the Strauss number that the real triumph of the evening was reached. Music lovers would hardly expect from the opera house orchestra the gorgeous opulence of tone and far reaching virtuosity demanded by "Til Eulenspiegel" and it would be idle to assert that either need was perfectly met.

But nevertheless it was a superb performance by reason of the vigorous and masterly grasp of the work by the conductor. Humor, gayety, sentiment and tragedy—in so far as the last lent itself to satire—were in the reading. No other performance of this composition within the memory of THE SUN observer surpassed it in brilliancy of style, in symmetry of plan. It was a production of a great conductor working in a field wholly sympathetic.

AMERICAN SONATA AT YSAYE FAREWELL

Eugene Ysaye, at what was announced as his farewell concert yesterday afternoon at Carnegie Hall, performed a work by an American composer. It is unusual for this Belgian violinist to play novelties at all, and it is probably the first time that he has played an American work. The piece in question was Henry Holden Huss' piano and violin sonata in G minor. The programme referred to the composer simply as "Huss," which was doubtless bewildering to many. One young girl was heard to remark that "he was the composer who was burned at the stake."

The sonata in question is about seven years old, and has been played in New York by Franz Kneisel and Theodore Spiering. Some violinist has played it here this season. It is said that Mr. Huss took the work to Mr. Ysaye several weeks ago and that the violinist after reading it over, said that he would play it at some concert when it was "convenient." This might have been

romise. At any rate, Mr. Huss more about the matter until when the morning papers im that Mr. Ysaye was going s sonata.

thoroughly musicianly work, hat reminiscent in spirit and ggesting César Franck in the nd Grieg in the latter. Evigro folk-music also had someay to the composer at the time the work. The second move- a beautiful andante, and won pplause, and the finale has and effectiveness. Mr. Ysaye Decreus, his accompanist, gave rformance of it.

his work had been played Mr. xercised his prerogative of his programme. This time, he added to it. An announcemade to the effect that he ay the Vitali chaconne, in has often been heard here. Sealy assisted nim at the orhis number, after which Mr. ayed the Bach chaconne for alone. It was in these two that the violinist reached the eight of which his art is cais performance was inspiring of the grand manner.

played the Saint-Saëns con- B minor, another exceedingly g performance. The last group of Wilhelmj's rather inconse of "Parsifal" themes v's G major Romance, Kreis- aprice Viennois," and Mr wn arrangement of a Valse f Saint-Saëns. The violinis t his best during these num haps he was fatigued by the y long programme—it was no until nearly 6 o'clock, and e breaking of a string in the the Romance, necessitating tution of another violin, an- n. At any rate, he did not vell as he had in the begin- the close of the familiar Car- ll scene was enacted. Many ditors—and the audience was —crowded to the platform and more, and there were some bers added. The applause, it added, in several instances, e point of being an ovation.

USICAL NOTES

xibition of Indian Songs ances—A Correction.

tainment which promises to be as wel las interesting will be he Forty-eighth Street Theatre noon. An Indian maiden, who he benefit of a white woman's will tell Indian tales, sing ngs and dance Indian dances ell what she knows about them n, which Mr. Hale, of Boston, as "delightfully pure." Mr. ned, seems to have been more sed with the entertainment Arm E Squeet, which, we are ifies "Floating Cloud," when t recently in Boston. The little also called Miss Bee Mayes. e of words is fortunate," adds "she talks with refreshing he fluency of one who has mas- subject. Her bearing is grace- d of self-consciousness, free ssurance that sometimes comes -familiarity with the lecture or tine and irritates even thr well Miss Mayes is a Chippewa, educated at the Haskell Insti- institution maintained by the tes government, and musically ston. April 14 1913

ouncement made in the news- cluding The Tribune, yesterday thority of the publicity agent of ed Singers, that Wagner's hl der Apostel" was to be per- r the first time in America at g Wagner festival, is incorrect. aassen brought it forward at a Steinway Hall on January 31, h it is supposed to have had its rican production. It was also by the Milwaukee Musikverein gerfest in New Orleans in 1890, ubt before then by the same so- ome. Unquestionably there have ormances in other cities—more elihood than the uninteresting rtonous work deserved.

mittee of women, of which Mrs. z is treasurer, has been formed ge a benefit performance for rgine von Januschowsky-Neuen- merly an opera singer and ac- o is ill and in want. The per- will take place at the Casino ext Sunday evening, and among o have volunteered to take part Bella Alten, Otto Goritz and n, of the Metropolitan Opera The committee is composed of o Brachvogel, Mrs. Rudolph s, Mrs. Nahan Franko, Mrs. Otto Mrs. Randolph Guggenheimer, tor Herbert, Mrs. F. Pfeiffer, rman Ridder, Miss Marianne Mrs. C. B. Wolfran and Mrs. W. dorf.

A Toscanini Concert.

Arturo Toscanini is undoubtedly st operatic conductor of our full dramatic contents of Puras were not revealed to local ers until he took command of hear him in "Aida" is an event fe. His interpretation of "Trisoide" is second only to Anton Seidl's, yet, at the opposite pole, he astonishes by showing that the orchestral score of "Don Pasquale" is not as empty as it had seemed. Two French operas, the "Ariane" of Dukas, and Massenet's "Manon," have been interpreted by him in the true Parisian spirit, and there is probably no Russian conductor who could have excelled his conception of "Boris Godounoff." A great operatic conductor is he, yet over and over again we have felt it a duty to chide the New York public for not giving him the enthusiastic applause he deserves. April 14 · 13

Last night he got applause in abundance —more applause, in truth, than he deserved. In Italian cities he has often been acclaimed as a concert conductor. Yesterday he gave his first concert in New York, and it was a grievous disappointment. The programme included Wagner's "Faust" overture, Richard Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," and Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, and it may be said at once that all of these have often been done much better in this city, the performance of the Beethoven symphony being, with the exception of the last movement, one of the least satisfactory the writer of this notice can recall.

Atmospheric conditions were unfavorable last night, the humid air preventing the strings from having their normal brilliancy. The position of the orchestra, on a stage extended toward the auditorium, diminished the resonance; and apart from these things there was, during a great part of the evening, a lack of rhythmic precision surprising in an orchestra which usually plays so well under the bâton of the great Italian maestro.

Those things might have been overlooked had the maestro's interpretations been more interesting. His reading of the "Faust" overture was disappointing till near the close, when a fine climax was made. Hans von Bülow was inspired by this splendid score to write a twenty-page analysis of it, and it deserved this attention. But no one, on hearing this piece last night, could have guessed there was material in it for such an analysis. The Strauss tone poem, which followed the "Faust," was played not only without the necessary lightness and humor, but even without the virtuosity to which our Philharmonic and the Boston Symphony Orchestras have accustomed us. There were interesting details, but the prominent musicians who made up a considerable part of the audience did not get the revelation some of them may have looked forward to.

Nor did they get it in the reading of the Ninth Symphony. For once, the fiery Italian became a mere time-beater, reeling off this sublime music in the most mechanical way. Beethoven himself was, as his contemporaries attested, much given to tempo rubato effects and violent contrasts; he would not have liked the academic performance heard last night. But the most grievous disappointment was in the matter of tempi, especially in the slow movement, which was fully forty per cent. too fast. The opening bars were anything but *adagio molto*, and the *andante moderato* also was robbed of its heavenly charm and all its soulful expressiveness by the pace taken.

Fortunately, Mr. Toscanini did not on this occasion manifest his usual aversion to edited scores. Everybody knows that Beethoven orchestrated this, his greatest work, in a way that obliterated the melodic continuity here and there. He was deaf when he composed it, and some of the instruments in his day did not have the same compass as ours or all the tones to enable them to pass from key to key. Wagner suggested improvements along these lines, which all great conductors now follow. Mr. Toscanini also adopted these emendations, including one which was rejected by Weingartner, who also wrote a long chapter on desirable changes in the orchestration of the Ninth. Like some other conductors, Mr. Toscanini overlooked one of Beethoven's marks to which Weingartner calls attention—the directions that the kettledrum in the long chord on the word "Gott" should die away to *pianissimo* while the other forces continue *fortissimo*.

The last movement of the symphony made amends for all the shortcomings preceding it. Here the great Italian conductor rose to his full operatic stature. He had at his command four of the Metropolitan stars—Frieda Hempel, Mrs. Homer, Carl Jörn, and Putnam Griswold—who surmounted the almost unequalled difficulties of this nonvocal quartet as well as they ever can be surmounted—and a well-rehearsed chorus of two hundred voices. The orchestra in this movement also underwent a sea-change, and Mr. Toscanini gave a reading which was in every way admirable. The result was thrilling, and the enthusiastic applause at the close was fully deserved.

Ysaye's Last Recital.

One of the largest audiences that has heard Ysaye at any of his New York concerts this season was on hand when he gave his last recital at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. It was enthusiastic, too, and called the violinist back to the stage innumerable times after every number. Much of the time his playing was of the kind that justified this enthusiasm, even though now and then it left things to be desired in the matter of tone and exactness of intonation. Yet the recital had one feature that certainly called for reproof, namely, the length of the programme Mr. Ysaye offered. Possibly his gratitude ever his fortunate escape in the recent flood prompted him to such inordinate generosity as he displayed yesterday. In this instance, however, a little less would have been a good deal more. His programme, as originally arranged, contained a sonata in three movements, an equally lengthy concerto, the Bach "Chaconne" (which is heavenly in length as well as its other attributes), and a set of shorter numbers. But before the concert had proceeded far, announcement was made that Mr. Ysaye would also play the Vitali Chaconne, which is quite as long as Bach's, if not longer. Inasmuch as the violinist has played this work a number of times at his New York concerts this year, its repetition on a programme already so overladen seemed scarcely judicious, to say the least. The total lack of all sense of proportion that many eminent artists display when it comes to programme building is both amazing and painful to contemplate. April 14 · 13

Before the two Chaconnes and Saint-Saëns's B Minor Concerto, the violinist played a sonata in G minor, by Henry Holden Huss. Mr. Huss ranks among the foremost American composers, and his music is worthy of more extensive hearing than it receives. He has written a piano concerto which would quickly become a favorite if pianists were a trifle more enterprising than most of them are. The present sonata—which is over six years old already—is also a work of admirable qualities, modern in spirit, full of significant, individual, and beautiful ideas, and "grateful" to both pianist and violinist. Especially fine is the tender and exquisitely melodious and poetic slow movement which, to some extent, suggests MacDowell, without being in any sense a copy of his manner. Mr. Ysaye played the sonata as though he loved it, and the audience enjoyed it greatly.

INDIAN SONG AND DANCE

Also Notes on Other Musical Doings. April 15 1913

MISS CULP IN RECITAL

"Boheme" at the Metropolitan —Popular Opera in the Bowery.

A winsome little lady who takes an exceedingly poetical view of the life of the people to whom she belongs is Miss Pe Ahm-e-Squeet, who gave an extremely interesting entertainment in the Forty-eighth Street Theatre yesterday afternoon. The name, she told her listeners signifies Floating Cloud, and specifically a cloud of the white and fleecy order. Miss Floating Cloud, then, is a Chippewa who studied English and music in the Haskell Indian Institute, where she also learned to play the harp. If appearances are not misleading, she is not a full blood Ojibway, but has an admixture of white man's blood in her veins. How well she speaks her mother's tongue cannot be told. She spoke a little of it yesterday and also sang a little, but generally when she reproduced the music of her Indian ancestors she did it on the harp, very effectively indeed, at times, as in her first selection, in which, by beating upon the strings with her left hand and playing the melody without harmonic alloy with her right she produced an effect which might be described as Indian music ethereralized. Other songs she played in full harmony and these, though the harmonizations were not of the kind with which a few would-be artistic savants have obfuscated aboriginal times, were less like the real thing. Some she played in unison or with a root bass, and these, again, had in them a modicum of verity.

This music was interspersed in a thoroughly charming talk on the social life and the legends of the Ojibways, using a sweetly modulated voice, an insinuating literary style, pretty imagery and no small amount of roguish humor. The second part of the entertainment which came after a pianist, Guy S. Maier, had played two compositions by Debussy very creditably indeed, consisted of eight Indian dances. These disclosed that Miss Floating Cloud was also a graceful and efficient pantomimist, but the dances lost much of their educational value because of the large element of sophistication which they contained. But they were lovely to look at.

Mme. Julia Culp gave her farewell recital in Carnegie Hall last night. The affair was under the auspices of the Holland Society and was brilliant in every way. The great room was filled, every box and nearly every chair; the singer was at her best; her programme began with Beethoven's romance, "Adelaide," and the humorous arietta "Der Kuss," and ended with two Dutch songs by Catherina van Rennes; between beginning and end Mme. Culp sang a generous and varied list—three songs by Schubert, three by Cornelius, three by Franz, Welsh, Scotch and French folksongs, a song by Chopin and one by Reichardt, one of the earliest of German song writers. It was a season of unalloyed pleasure, and the singer was made to feel that she had won the fullest measure of appreciation. Mr. Bos was her efficient accompanist.

The last week of opera began at the Metropolitan last night. It was the night which fashion has marked for its own. Caruso sang with unusual effectiveness even for him, and the opera was "La Bohème." So much announcement ought to suffice to enable the reader to imagine all the rest of the happenings. The series of farewells was inaugurated by the performance, the departing artist being Signor Polacco, the conductor, who has borne a large portion of the season's burden and acquitted himself well.

These days, when the banners of popular opera are flying from half a dozen impresaristic turrets against the operatic sky, it is not strange that even the Bowery should give birth to a St. George confident that he, too, can slay the dragon of popular indifference. This particular St. George was Louis Zuro, who two years ago attempted with some success a similar season, and who last night chose "Aida" for his opening battle song. The scene was set at the Thalia Theatre, a stage rich in operatic memories, and young Josiah Zuro, formerly the chorus master of the Manhattan Opera Company, was in the conductor's stand.

Whether or not Mr. Zuro's experiment will be more successful than the scores of previous ones have been remains to be told. Last night's audience was of an enthusiasm such as Broadway knows little of—but it was not large. Yet the performance was an excellent one, as dollar opera goes, fully as good a one as those heard in the theatres of the small Italian towns—a consummation, we are told, devoutly to be wished. Mr. Zuro's baton infused admirable spirit into his orchestra, the scenery was characteristic, the costumes were in good taste, and there was a ballet.

As for the singers—there was our old friend Mme. Niessen-Stone, very imperfectly disguised under the name of Mme. La Pierta, but with her voice in good condition, who made an Amneris that was as good to look upon as any that the stage possesses. Also there was a resonant voiced Amonasro in Angelo Antolo, an Aïda, whose natural voice was a fine one, in Enrica Clay Dillon, two good basses in Pietro De Biasi and Natale Cervi, and a Radames, whose high notes brought forth thunders of applause, in Giuseppe Manro.

'Boheme' Opens Final Week of 15 Opera Season

"La Boheme" ushered in the final week of the opera season at the Metropolitan last night and received an admirable performance, with all of the principals in good voice and high spirits. The latter applies especially to Mr. Caruso, who sang Rodolfo beautifully and, while taking curtain calls, amused the huge audience by his god natured antics. He playfully slapped Mme. Alda on the wrist when she attempted to run off the stage and leave him

alone, and he also acted as her flowe page, dragging off two big baskets o flowers. She gave a bunch of violets t him for his trouble, and he accepted wit a deep bow.

Mme Alda sang "Mimi" with mucl beauty of voice, and acted it well. Mme Alten was acceptable as Musetta. Mr Gilly was excellent as Marcello, while Messrs. De Segurola and Didur played the rôles of the other two Bohemians with spirit. Mr Polacco conducted well. It was his farewell for the season.

Mme. Culp's Last Recital.

How favorably Mme. Julia Culp has impressed the New York public with her singing of songs was again shown last evening at her last song recital, given in Carnegie Hall. The audience was a large one, interested and enthusiastic. Mme. Culp gave an ingeniously varied programme that exhibited a wide variety of feeling and sentiment. The sheer beauty of her voice was not quite so much in evidence as it was in her first recitals, for which, no doubt, the arduous traveling and severe demands otherwise of an extended tour are more or less responsible. But the artistic qualities of Mme. Culp's singing, the aptness of her expression, and the deeply musical intelligence that directs it make it an unceasing delight. She is seconded with rare art by the accompaniments of Mr. Coenraad V. Bos. 15 April 8-1913

Bowery Opera Season Opens; 'Aida' Presented

While chep opera on the upper east and west sides of the city is still a future consideration, the good old Bowery has its popular priced opera for a certainty, the Zuro Opera and Amusement company having opened its annual spring season at the Thalia Theatre last night with "Aida." Mr. Joslah Zuro, who was a member of the Manhattan Opera company, is the musical director. April 8-1913

Another feature of the company was Mme. La Pierta, as she was billed, singing Amneris. The singer was said to be Mme. Niessen-Stone, who for a time was a member of the Metropolitan, filling small rôles. She was the best of last night's cast.

The best that can be said for the performance is that it was spirited. Everybody sang and played as loudly as possible—far too loud for the size of the auditorium. Mr. Giuseppe Mauro, as Radames, had a high tenor voice, strongly marked by vibrato; Mme. Enrica Clay Dillon sang the title role vallantly, while Messrs. Pietro de Blasi and Natale Cervi displayed sonorous bass voices in the rôles of the High Priest and the King.

A large audience listened attentively and applauded. It also applauded loudly hen the entr'acts were long. The opera, in consequence of the delaps, dragged. When matters are running more smoothly the performance probably will be better and more interesting.

April 15 1913 Zuro Opera Company.

The Zuro Opera Company opened its season last night at the Thalia Theatre, on the Bowery, with Verdi's "Aida." It is a sincere effort to give good operatic performances at a low price, and if the company does not reach high-water mark, it is not the fault of the enterprising impresario, Mr. Louis Zuro. The company is uneven—the Aida, Mme. Clay Dillon, was capable, and so were the Amneris, Mme. La Pietra (rumor has it that she is a well-known singer under an assumed name), and the Amonasro, Angelo Antolo. But the Radames, Giuseppe Mauro, was not good. He belongs to that class of tenors who think good singing consists in getting as near the footlights as possible and yelling high notes at the top of his lungs. His gestures are equally primitive.

The chorus is composed of really good material and sings well. There is a ballet, too; but the principle feature of the company, and one well worth the trip to the Bowery, is the conductor, Joslah Zuro, son of the impresario. He builds up his climaxes like a master, and the finale to the second act was sung in thrilling fashion. Zuro has his orchestra, some of whom are Philharmonic men, well in hand, and in spite of its smallness it sounded well. It does seem as though two each of violas, 'cellos, and basses were hardly enough for six first violins. There was also a brass band on the stage which at times—as happens at the Metropolitan—swamped the chorus. Young Zuro is not a "time-beater"—he is the heart and soul of the performance, and all of the thrills, and there were several, originated in his baton, and nowhere else. To-night, "Rigoletto," with Bimboni conducting.

AN AEOLIAN CONCERT.

April 16-1913

An Interesting Programme Performed on the Organ and Piano.

An interested audience was assembled in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon at a matinée given to demonstrate some of the artistic possibilities of the Aeolian concert organ and the pianola piano. The purpose of the concert was to show how music of the best types could be played in a thoroughly musicianly manner on the instruments and also how both could be utilized to accompany vocal solos. The singer was Andrea de Segurola of the Metropolitan Opera House and the players, if they may properly be so called, were Dion W. Kennedy at the organ, Egon Putz, pianola piano soloist, and W. C. Woods, pianola piano accompanist.

The demonstration of the powers of the fine concert organ which is built at the rear of the stage in the hall was especially interesting by reason of the precision of the execution, the instantaneous operation of the electric stops, the noble tonal effects and the elasticity of the nuancing. Naturally much of this depends on the player, but the responsiveness of the instrument was admirable.

Again the fluency and delicacy of the concert organ mechanism was shown in the accompaniment to Mr. de Segurola's singing of *Leporello's* air, "Madamina" from "Don Giovanni." Later in the programme Mr. de Segurola was heard in another air from the same opera, this time accompanied by the pianola piano, which has often been called upon successfully to show its adaptability to combination with voice or with other instruments.

These concerts have satisfied those who have attended them with observant minds that the Aeolian mechanism for operating the organ is capable of astonishing and beautiful results. The pianola has been much improved in many ways and the defects which most seriously antagonized artistic minds in the beginning have been so far overcome that music lovers fully recognize the excellence of the instrument.

One thing is certain and that is that the proper enjoyment of music played on these mechanisms is in a measure dependent on the skill of the player. To acquire this skill requires study and practice. The difficulties in the way of its acquirement, however, are not formidable, and that of course is the principal reason why the mechanisms offer attractions to persons of musical inclinations who have not a musical technic.

But the belief that the instruments cannot produce artistic results is easily removed by a visit to one of the concerts at which they are operated by the Aeolian experts. They must be accepted as musicians. These gentlemen show genuine appreciation of the works which they perform and they present what may properly be termed interpretations. The logical conclusion is that interpretation is within the reach of others possessed of musical intelligence.

ELENA GERHARDT'S ADIEU.

April 16-1913

Her Last Song Recital in Carnegie Hall Attracts Crowd.

Elena Gerhardt, the German lieder singer, gave her last recital at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. She is to sing to-night in Akron, Ohio, a postponed concert, and that will conclude her season. On Saturday she will sail for Europe. That her popularity with this public continues large was proved amply by the size of the audience which braved the drenching downpour of yesterday afternoon to hear her entertainment.

She sang some of the songs which have most interested her hearers in the course of the season and some also which she has not given frequently. For her second group she chose Brahmn's six gypsy songs, which she sang through without break in order to create a unity of impression. After these she sang some songs with English text and concluded with two numbers by Liszt and two by Richard Strauss. Miss Gerhardt's art has been one of the chief delights of a very busy musical season.

Another tuneful farewell was said yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall when Miss Elena Gerhardt gave her final song recital of the season. The German Lieder singer has been heard this season both in recital and with orchestra and has won a large following, as was proven yesterday, not alone by the size of the audience, but also by the applause that followed each song. There were many demands for encores and the artist was compelled to repeat several songs.

Miss Gerhardt's programme began with a group comprising Beethoven, Spohr and Schubert, after which she sang six gypsy songs by Brahms, in which she displayed almost every gamut of emotion. Then, in complete contrast, she sang Handel's "O Sleep" with a purity of style and an evenness of tone that aroused exclamations of wonderment. Carey's "Pastoral" and George Munro's "My Lovely Celia" were similarly treated with exquisite delicacy and yet made effective in the large auditorium. Her English in these songs was almost free from accent.

Mr. Arthur Rosenstein played the piano accompaniments ably. There were flowers for Miss Gerhardt and enough applause to convince her that she is much appreciated here.

ELGAR'S "MUSIC MAKERS."

A Concert by the University Festival Chorus Under Walter Henry Hall.

The University Festival Chorus, an organization of which the motive power emanates from the extension teaching of Columbia University, gave a concert last evening in Carnegie Hall that had unusual elements of interest. It was announced as the fourth concert of the organization, which is conducted by Walter Henry Hall, who holds the chair of choral music in the university. Sir Edward Elgar's setting of Arthur O'Shaughnessy's ode "The Music Makers" was given for the first time in America, followed by Sir Arthur Sullivan's music to Longfellow's "Golden Legend." April 17-1913

Elgar's composition is one of his latest compositions, written for the Birmingham festival of last Autumn. It is one of the things expected of English composers to write choral works for the great English festivals. Sometimes they are real music and sometimes they are not; but the Birmingham festival, with a long history behind it, has some immortal works to its credit, using the word "immortal" in the approximate sense it must have in musical art. "The Music Makers" will probably not reach so near to immortality as, for instance, Mendelssohn's "Elijah," but it is real music and is not unworthy of the man who may reasonably claim to be the foremost English composer of the day. Skill in writing for the chorus and especially in enhancing his effects by a rich and varied treatment of the orchestra marks the work throughout. It is of a length that makes it somewhat difficult to fit into an evening's programme, being too short to occupy the whole and too long to be joined with many others, but its difficulty is by no means so great as the difficulty which may well embarrass many choral societies in considering the oratorios that have most contributed to Elgar's fame—"The Dream of Gerontius," "The Apostles," and "The Kingdom."

There are two contralto solos in it, both of which are effective. These were sung by Miss Mildred Potter with admirable skill and taste. The others of the solo quartet singing in "The Golden Legend" were Miss Grace Kerns, soprano; Dan Beddore, tenor, and Herbert Witherspoon of the Metropolitan Opera Company, bass.

THE COLUMBIA CHORUS.

A Good Concert Brought About by University Extension Teaching.

The fourth concert of the University Festival Chorus took place last evening at Carnegie Hall. This organization is a product of the extension teaching system of Columbia University and it comprises small bodies scattered through different parts of the city. The conductor is Walter Henry Hall, whose post in the university is professor of choral music, a new chair in the collegiate senate. The concert of last evening was planned on serious lines and attracted the attention of a considerable assemblage of music lovers.

The works performed were "The Music Makers" by Sir Edward Elgar and Sir Arthur Sullivan's cantata, "The Golden Legend." The former was written for the Birmingham Festival of last year and last evening had its first performance in this country. It is composed for solo contralto, chorus and orchestra and the text is an imaginative poem by Arthur O'Shaughnessy apostrophizing makers of music from the great days of Babylon to the present. Sir Edward Elgar's music is conceived in a spirit of high dignity. It is broad, noble and expressive, though it hardly reaches the eloquence of the poem.

But it displays the composer's unfailing skill in the treatment of choral masses. The polyphony is always admirably planned and the leading of the voices shows mastership and a fine conception of effect. The harmony is always modern, but rarely mannered. There is one descending progression of purely Debussian origin, but the rest is in Elgar's characteristic vein. The work will bear repetition and will doubtless be taken up by choral societies throughout the country, especially as its difficulties are not deterrent. April 17-1913

The composition was very well presented. Mr. Hall's chorus sang generally very well indeed. The sopranos were a little shrill in the upper range of their scale, but otherwise good, and the contraltos were excellent. Mildred Potter sang the two contralto solos, of which the first is the more important, with good voice and with taste. She was also heard in the Sullivan work, in which the other soloists were Grace Kerns, soprano; Dan Beddoe, tenor, and Herbert Witherspoon, bass.

FINE CHORAL SINGING

Two English Works Sung by the University Festival Chorus.

The dying embers of the musical drama flickered up brilliantly at Carnegie Hall last night when the University Festival Chorus, under the direction of Walter Henry Hall, gave a concert, at which Sir Edward Elgar's "Music Makers" and Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Golden Legend" were performed April 17-1913

Sir Edward's composition is a choral cantata, written for one of the English festivals last fall, and had its first performance on this side of the Atlantic on the occasion under review. Its text is a poem by Arthur O'Shaughnessy, designed to celebrate the influence upon the world's life of the creation of song. The music for chorus, mezzo soprano solo and orchestra is a highly emotionalized composition, especially in its choral part, containing many striking and beautiful effects, especially in the way of tone painting, telling in its sonorities, at times gripping and poignant in its harmonic treatment—a really fine and imposing piece of music quite worthy of the author of the "Dream of Gerontius" and the "Enigma" variations. It was splendidy sung by a choir of between 250 and 300 voices. It was a remarkably well balanced choir, its tone was fresh and beautiful, and in precision and expression it did great credit to itself and the training which it received at the hands of Mr. Hall. Miss Mildred Pothe sang the solo part which occurs in the least interesting portion of the work. The orchestra was a fine body of instrumentalists.

In the "Golden Legend" the solo singers were Miss Grace Kerns, the possessor of a bright, pure, flexible soprano voice, Miss Porto, large voiced, who was more acceptable because less intense in Sir Arthur's music than in Sir Edward's; Dan Beddoe, whose firm, ringing tenor voice and excellent style, were a delight of the too long absence from our concert rooms, and Herbert Witherspoon, always an intelligent, tasteful and satisfying singer in concert music. M. F. Lamond was the efficient organist. H. E. K.

'Cyrano's' Adieu

Mr. Amato, Who Sings Title Role for Last Time, Gets a Silver Medallion.

April 17 1913

"Cyrano" was sung for the fifth and last time this season at the Metropolitan Opera House last night. Mme. Alda and Mr. Amato sang their farewells for the season.

After the second act a silver medallion was presented to Mr. Amato, who filled the title rôle. It represents the Gascogne warrior and poet, Cyrano de Bergerac. He appeared deeply touched by the tribute.

Mr. Amato was again admirable vocally and in his acting. Mme. Alda, who received many flowers, was charming as Roxane, while Messrs. Martin, Reiss, Hinshaw and Griswold filled familiar rôles satisfyingly. Mr. Hertz conducted.

The composer, Mr. Walter Damrosch, was not present to hear the final of his work, as he started for Europe a few days ago.

MATHILDE COTTRELLY

April 17-1913

Her Only Reappearance in "The Beggar Student."

To change overnight from the gentle, lovable, wise mother of all the Rothschilds, with their untold millions, into the haughty, cold, scheming mother of the Palmaticas, proud but poor, and oh, so hungry, their laundry bill unpaid, and with only one handkerchief between them all, is no small feat, but Mme. Cottrelly achieved it at yesterday's matinee of "The Beggar Student," at the Casino. For that one performance only she took the part of the Countess, which she created in the same theatre nearly thirty years ago, when Millöcker's operetta had its first production in this city.

It was a return to the beginnings of one of the most varied, successful, honorable and honored careers on the contemporary American stage, and a well filled house remembered this and gave the celebrant a hearty welcome.

At the end of the second act, as the flowers began to be passed up to the stage amid much applause, De Wolf Hopper acted as master of ceremonies, humorously, but with a touch of genuine feeling below the fun. Then Mme. Cottrelly came forward and made a simple, graceful, affectionate little speech—she and the public understand each other so well, and are such excellent friends! Referring to the fact that she had gone back thirty years in her career for that one afternoon, she assured the audience that she would be thirty years older that very evening on another stage, and added that none need wait thirty years to witness the transformation. The performance went with a swing in short, the right spirit for the occasion pervaded both stage and house.

University Festival Chorus.

University Festival Chorus, conducted alter Henry Hall, gave its fourth con- last night in Carnegie Hall, presenting s major work Elgar's "Music Makers." r. Hall had better balance of parts tbe us would be a notable institution, for tone quality in each section is beau- , and the conductor has thoroughly ed bis singers. The sopranos attacked high notes with delightful certainty and , and they held the pitch when singing issimo and kept good quality when ing fortissimo. The altos also sang ttlfully, and always with the voices of lewomen, not lady baritones. The ten- and basses were at times overpowered the sopranos and altos, but they never ed, and were as well trained as the r parts. Had they been proportioned as great Henry Leslie advocated, the Uni- ity Festival Chorus would leave little e desired. April 17 1913

Music Makers" is an effective and in- sting work, showing Elgar at his ngest and weakest. He makes musician- use of ordinary material. Artbur haughnessy's poem should have inspired rt-reaching melodies, but even in the s the melodic material is not above t is found in the average English ballad. he borrowed better tunes his musician- would have produced a great work. Chorus, the soloist, Miss Mildred Pot- Mr. Hall, and the orchestra did more the poem than the composer. Miss ter's beautiful rich contralto voice, well trolled and colored, made a great deal of the unconvincing melodies. She can hailed as the leading oratorio contralto next season.

Sullivan's "Golden Legend" however ar- ic, is so tuneful, and the voice leading so affected, that the Chorus seemed to have own in numbers during the evening. Late it was when the Choral Epilogue was ached, Mr. Hall built up a climax that rilled the audience. Why doesn't he do re with English part songs? No other tion has produced better small works than e English, and Mr. Hall could startle w York if he gave it a programme of drigals and glees.

Miss Potter gave better interpretations of r numbers than the other soloists, al- ough Mr. Witherspoon made as could out of a score too high for him. lss Grace Kerns has a beautiful voice, ll, clear, and well produced, but she cks elocution, her words mean nothing. r. Beddoe was denied the gifts usually iven the Welsh, and his forced tone adds his limitations. He sang in tune, more less in time, and without thorough mental rasp of what he was doing. The Festival horus and Mr. Hall have made a place or themselves, and next season should see em well supported.

MACDOWELL CHORUS IN SECOND CONCERT

April 18 '13

The second concert of the MacDowell horus of the Schola Cantorum took lace last evening at Carnegie Hall. he programme prepared by the con- uctor, Kurt Schindler, was extremely beral in its content and in the pro- ortion of novelty contained in it. Prob- bly the entertainment would have sat- fied most musical appetites if it had een a quarter of an hour shorter or ad fewer numbers. But it seems to e the aim of most conductors in New ork just now not to give audiences s much as they can comfortably re- eive, but as much as their bowed houlders will sustain.

Last evening's programme contained hree new works. No one of them, to e sure, was long, but two of them ere pretentious and at least one for- nidably difficult. The first of these as Richard Strauss's "Der Abend," pus 34, a sixteen part a capella horus. It proved to be an uneven iece of writing, strained and unnatural n parts and in other places spontane- ous, well constructed and beautiful. This as the really difficult novelty, and here need be no hesitation in saying hat it would perhaps have been better o postpone its production until the horus had benefited by two or three dditional months of study of its pages. It was sorrowfully sung.

The other novelty which appeared to be of some substance was Granville Bantock's setting of the splendid chorus "Before the Beginning of Years," from Swinburne's "Atalanta in Calydon." The composer names his arrangement a "choral symphony" and calls for twenty voice parts, distributed among three choirs in six, eight and six voices, respectively. This work was written in 1911 and first performed in Birmingham in January of last year. It has been given since that time twice in Liverpool and Birmingham.

Mr. Bantock is regarded with reverent eyes in his own land and in this he has received honor among musicians who are to be treated with respect. He is possessed of ample technic and he has a fine feeling for choral effects. But it requires some special insight to discern anything new in his utterance. Possibly his setting of the Swinburne ode would be more impressive if it were sung better than it was last evening.

The most pleasing work of the chorus was heard in Percy Grainger's arrangement of the old song "I'm seventeen come Sunday," a clean cut tune of the people which made the hearer happy. The choir sang well also Rutland Boughton's arrangement of "King Arthur had three sons." The singers were heard at their worst in Verdi's beautiful "Ave Maria" in which the "scala enigmatica" proved to be a Chinese puzzle to the singers.

Two Russian church anthems translated into dignified Scriptural English by the Rev. Charles W. Douglas, Verdi's "Lauda alla Vergine" and Debussy's settings of three chansons of Charles d'Oleans were also on the programme In the second of the chansons, "Quant j'ai ouy le tambourin" the contralto solo was well sung by Mary Jordan. These chansons, as well as some other numbers of the list, were sung by the Madrigal Singers, a choir of fifty picked voices of the chorus.

Mr. Schindler's organization contains excellent material and although there were shortcomings last evening there was nothing to cause permanent discouragement. The aims of the organization are high, its purpose is laudable and much of the music it presents is rarely heard and is well worthy of attention. It is probable that the Schola Cantorum will retain a permanent place among the artistic forces of the city.

THE SCHOLA CANTORUM.

A Concert of New and Difficult Choral Works in Carnegie Hall.

Last evening's concertof the Schola Cantorum in Carnegie Hall, originally intended to be given in March, but postponed on account of the illness of the conductor, Kurt Schindler, brought forward a whole array of choral works of a sort not ordinarily attempted by choral societies, many of them new. The programme, indeed, showed much enterprise and great daring; but it brought a reminder of a homely proverb that is concerned with biting off and chiwing. The most successful attempts were two Russian church anthems, one by Rachmaninoff, "Glory to the Trinity," evidently modeled to a certain extent on the older ecclesiastical style, and another by Gretchaninoff, "The Cherubic Hymn," more frankly in the manner of modern part song. These were finely sung.

In commemoration of the hundredth anniversary of Verdi's birth, the choir sang his "Ave Maria," on a "harmonized enigmatic scale," and his "Laudi Alla Vergine Maria." The first is a wonderful product of the composer's ripened style, full of the subtlest and most difficult harmonies, and the choir made rather sad work of it. The "enigmatic scale" in itself is difficult of correct intonation, and it was not correctly intoned.

Still greater difficulty was offered by Richard Strauss's unaccompanied sixteen part chorus, "Der Abend." Its difficulty is perhaps beyond the powers of most amateur choruses. Three settings of old British folk songs, by Rutland Boughton and Percy Aldridge Grainger were sung with spirit and buoyancy; "In Seventeen come Sunday," with its beauty and vigorous refrain so much pleased the audience that it was repeated. The third of these was an Irish tune, for a chorus of six parts, without words; an interesting experiment that was successfully realized.

The three French chantons, by Charles d'Orleans of the fifteenth century, set by Debussy had been done here by the Musical and Art Society. The composer has continued to retain the mediaval spirit, especially in the second, "Quant jai ouy le Tibourin," with its persistent "burden" accompanying the melody. This was effectively sung and repeated. Miss Mary Jordan sang the contralto solo. Another daring undertaking was the performance of Granville Bantock's choral ode from Swinburne's "Atalanta in Calydon," set as a "choral symphony," in twenty parts, unaccompanied, for three choirs. Although the composer's intentions were so far disregarded that a vigorous pianoforte accompaniment was provided for the support and assistance of the singers, the unusual difficulties of the music were not so far surmounted as to give a clear and unclouded representation of it. It would not, perhaps, be fair to judge how far their attempt at a new form of choral writing has been successful from this programme.

The valiant efforts of the singers and the conductor are undoubtedly deserving of praise; but perhaps a somewhat modified manifestation of valor, a concentration of effort on fewer novel and unfamiliar difficulties at a time, would be beneficial. The MacDowell singers are full of youthful enthusiasm; and when they succeed the results are inspiring. This time they were too ambitious.

Two Audiences Applaud Opera at Metropolitan

Mozart's "The Magic Flute" in the afternoon and "Don Pasquale" at night made a busy, melodius day yesterday in the Metropolitan Opera House. It was the last time this season for each opera, and there was an element of novelty in the former performance, as Mr. Jacques Urlus sang Tamino for the first time in his life.

Mr. Urlus had had no stage rehearsal and was not always at his ease, but he sang well and with fine feeling for the delicate beauties of Mozart's music. The mainder of the cast was familiar, including Miss Hempel, Mme. Gadski, Mme. Alten, Messrs. Goritz, Griswold and Reiss. Mr. Hertz conducted an unusually delightful performance, and the big audience was enthusiastic in its applause.

"Don Pasquale" at night was heard for only the second time this season, it having been introduced into the repertoire too late to make the full round of subscription performances. It was Mme. Bori's farewell for the season, and she received armfuls of deep red roses. She sang and acted the part of Norina gracefully. Mr. Macnez was better in the rôle of Ernesto than he had been in the earlier presentation. Mr. Scotti was impressive as Malatesta, and Mr. Pini-Corsi emphasized the comedy element of the title rôle admirable. The singing of the chorus was a feature of the evening. Mr. Toscanini conducted superbly, seemingly having recovered from his attack of neuritis. The audience thoroughly enjoyed the pretty music and charming comedy.

Y, APRIL 18, 1913.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

MacDowell Chorus.

Two Russian church anthems by Rachmaninoff and Gretchaninoff headed the programme of the concert given by Kurt Schindler with the MacDowell chorus of the Schola Cantorum, at Carnegie Hall last night. They were well sung. This cannot be said of Verdi's "Ave Maria" on a "harmonized enigmatic scale"; a most difficult number, which none but a "permanent" professional choir singing daily should attempt. The same may be said of Richard Strauss's "Der Abend," for sixteen-part chorus, unaccompanied. There were some interesting details in this piece, but, on the whole, it did not repay the enormous trouble it must have caused to make it go even tolerably well. Such scores are interesting to read over, as specimens of ingenuity. Of musical value they have no more than the crab canons and twenty or thirty-part choruses of the old Netherlanders.

Not satisfied with one of these attempts to treat a choir orchestrally, Mr. Schindler placed at the end of his programme Granville Bantock's choral ode from Swinburne's "Atalanta in Calydon." Extremely clever this piece for unaccompanied voices in twenty parts undoubtedly is, but its musical value seemed slight. Nor did much musical interest attach to Debussy's three chansons, to fifteenth-century poems by Charles d'Orleans. These were very well sung, and one of them, "Quant j'ai ouy," had to be repeated.

The climax of the concert was the singing of two old British folk-songs as arranged by Percy Aldridge Grainger, the young Australian composer whom Grieg admired so much, and who is now doing for British folk music what Grieg did for the Norwegian. One really feels tempted to say that these two numbers are the best things that have ever come to us from England, both in the matter of content and musical setting. They were "As I Rose Up One May Morning" and an Irish tune from County Derry, for unaccompanied mixed choir in six parts. Both hugely pleased the large audience, and the May song was imperatively re-demanded. It is a folk tune from Lincolnshire and Somerset, thoroughly and delightfully English, full of life, vigor, fun, and realism. And how gloriously Mr. Schindler's choir sang it! The best English festival choir could hardly have excelled this performance in anything that makes great choral singing. The atmosphere of the whole thing was as delightful as Mme. Sembrich's singing of the Norwegian mountain song, "Kom Kjyre."

Zuro Opera Company.

The Zuro Opera and Amusement Company, Inc., playing at the Thalia Theatre, No. 46 Bowery, having successfully given nine performances in which five operas were given the first week of a ten weeks' engagement, will offer for the second week six operas, with eleven performances, there being special matinées Tuesday and Wednesday. The bill for the week will open on Monday night, with "La Bohême," by Puccini, under the musical direction of Josiah Zuro. "Bohême" will be repeated on Thursday evening. "Tosca," by Puccini, which was the feature of the first week's performances, will be repeated on Friday evening and Sunday afternoon. Tuesday afternoon the opera will be "Rigoletto"; Tuesday night, "Aida"; Wednesday afternoon, double bill, "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci"; Wednesday night, "Trovatore"; Saturday night, "Aida"; Sunday night, double bill, "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci."

HARRIET WARE'S CONCERT.

April 19 1913

A Programme of Her Own Compositions at Carnegie Hall.

A concert of compositions by Harriet Ware, a composer resident in this city, took place last evening at Carnegie Hall. Miss Ware has been writing music for several years and it is said that her songs are popular. For the purposes of last evening's concert, which included a cantata, a chorus of more than 400 voices was brought together. The singers were from the Lyric Club of Newark, the Orange Musical Art Society, the Women's Choral Society of Jersey City, the Englewood Musical Art Society and the Summit Choral Society. The conductor was Arthur D. Woodruff, formerly conductor of the Schubert Club of Jersey City and also assistant conductor of the Mendelssohn Glee Club of this city.

The programme consisted largely of songs and duets in which Mme. Berenice de Pasquali, soprano; Christine Miller, contralto, and John Barnes Wells, tenor, were heard. The central number was a cantata entitled "Sir Oluf," written for soprano and barytone solos and chorus of women's voices. In this the solos were sung by Mme. de Pasquali and Charles Norman Granville. The accompaniment was played on two pianos and the hall organ.

Miss Ware gathered her texts from many authors. Some of them were Edwin Markham, J. I. C. Clark, Swinburne, Sarojini Naidu, Bayard Taylor and Montrose Moses. One of Mr. Markham's poems, "The Cross," was arranged for a two part chorus. The concert appeared to give a great deal of pleasure to a friendly audience, but there was nothing to suggest the need of critical discussion, except that Mr. Woodruff's singers showed the results of his capable training.

MISS WARE'S CONCERT

Programme All Her Own Compositions.

A beautiful tribute was paid to Miss Harriet Ware at Carnegie Hall when about four hundred women and a group of solo singers and performers gave a concert consisting wholly of Miss Ware's music. The choir was composed of the members of the Lyric Club, of Newark; the Orange Musical Art Society, of East Orange; the Women's Choral Society, of Jersey City; the Englewood Musical Art Society and the Summit Choral Society, all under the direction of Mr. Arthur Woodruff. The singing of this large body was of great beauty, the volume large, the balance perfect, the precision surprisingly good, the expression admirable and the euphony delightful. The choir was heard in a cantata, entitled "Sir Oluf," based upon a Danish legend which deals with a variant of the Erlking's story, and a setting of a poem by Edwin Markham, entitled "The Cross." A large number of Miss Ware's songs were also sung.

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The other participants in the graceful affair were Mme. Bernice de Pasquali, soprano; Miss Christine Miller, contralto; John Barnes Wells, tenor; Charles Norman Granville, barytone; Miss Ware herself at the pianoforte; Charles Gilbert Spross and Mrs. Edna Wandling, pianists, and Thomas W. Musgrave, organist. The words of the cantata were written by Cecil Fanning, and the poems which Miss Ware had clothed with music were the products of Edwin Markham, Sarojini, Algernon Charles Swinburne, Carter S. Cole, Montrose Moses, Janet Spencer Porter, Frederick Martens, Helen Holcombe, Bayard Taylor, Harry Forsythe and Joseph I. C. Clarke.

TOSCANINI CONDUCTS AGAIN

April 19-1913

Repeats Sunday's Symphonic Concert in Opera House.

Arturo Toscanini repeated his symphonic concert yesterday afternoon, and the Metropolitan Opera House contained another audience of maximum proportions.

The programme was exactly the same as at the first concert—Wagner's "Faust" overture, Richard Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel" and Beethoven's Ninth Symphony—and once again the audience was privileged to listen to the orchestra led by this most extraordinary of conductors. The only change made by Mr. Toscanini was in his playing yesterday of the third and fourth movements without pause between them. This method he adopted at the final rehearsal, but abandoned on Sunday. His return to his first idea was an altogether happy one.

The choral climax was as thrillingly sung as ever; while Miss Hempel, Mrs. Homer, Mr. Jörn and Mr. Griswold obtained wonders from their almost unsingable music. At the conclusion of the concert there was another riot of enthusiasm, and Toscanini and Setti, the chorusmaster, were forced to bow again and again.

If the Metropolitan Opera House had been twice as large as it is it would have been sold out last night for the final performance of "Tosca" and the farewells of the season of Miss Farrar, Mr. Caruso and Mr. Scotti. The line of persons wishing to buy tickets more than encircled the building—it even doubled on itself—and when the ticket racks were empty the line still extended down Broadway, turned the corner of Thirty-ninth street and went to Seventh avenue without a break.

And, more than the performance itself, both Miss Farrar and Mr. Caruso delivered speeches. They could not help it, for the throng remained and shouted "Speech" at both artists. April 19-1913

"Which one?" asked Miss Farrar.

"Both," shouted the audience. Then Miss Farrar led Mr. Caruso to the footlights and he said in very English:—

"I thank you all very much for your courtesy."

"Now, Miss Farrar," some one called.

"I can say nothing more than I thank you, I thank you a I thank you. And come again next season," said Miss Farrar.

Each artist received enough flowers to make the stage look like a florist's window at Easter time, Miss Farrar getting about fifteen large baskets and bouquets after the first act and Mr. Caruso just as many and several wreaths after the first act.

It was an excellent performance, Miss Farrar, Messrs. Caruso and Scotti singing and acting admirably, and Mr. Sturani conducting well.

FAREWELLS AT THE OPERA.

Miss Farrar, Mr. Caruso and Mr. Scotti in "Tosca."

The symphonic concert programme performed at the Metropolitan Opera House last Sunday evening was repeated there yesterday afternoon. Wagner's "Eine Faust" overture, Richard Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel" and Beethoven's ninth symphony were again interpreted with masterly skill by Arturo Toscanini. The symphony was played with more repose and lucidity than before. The chorus and soloists again acquitted themselves with great credit and the audience was very nearly as large as that of Sunday evening. April 19-1913

The last regular subscription night of the opera season was devoted to a performance of Puccini's "Tosca" and the adieus of Miss Farrar, Mr. Caruso and Mr. Scotti. The characteristics of the representation were the same as they have been heretofore. The audience was of course a large one.

April 20 1913

OPERA SEASON CLOSES.

"Boris Godounoff" and "Aida" Sung on Last Day at Metropolitan.

The two last performances of the season were given at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday afternoon and evening, and to-day the company, numbering about 300 people, requiring two special trains, leaves New York from the Pennsylvania Station via the Southern Railway for Atlanta, Ga., where the company begins a week's engagement to-morrow night.

Yesterday afternoon "Boris Godounoff" was performed for the last time before a very large audience, which gave every evidence of enjoyment. In fact, it seems evident that this Russian opera is going to enjoy public favor to a larger degree than many of the novelties which have been recently performed.

Mr. Didur received an ovation after his scene in the second act of the drama, and Mr. Toscanini was warmly greeted when he took his seat in the conductor's chair. It may be said that Paul Althouse sang better than he has at any public performance of the work so far. He seems to be gaining in freedom and poise. The cast included Miss Case, Mrs. Homer, Mesdames Sparkes, Maubourg, and Duchene, and Messrs. de Segurola, Bada, Audisio, Reiss, Rossi, and Rothier.

In the evening the bill, at popular prices, was "Aida." In the cast were Miss Destinn, Lila Robeson, who sang Amneris; Rita Fornia, and Messrs. Martin, Rossi, Gilly, and de Segurola. Mr. Sturani conducted. Miss Fornaroli appeared in the ballet in the second act.

April 19, 1913

MUSIC AND DRAMA

Harriet Ware's Concert.

Never, surely, since it was built, was Carnegie Hall such a chatter-box as it was last night. More than four hundred women in white crowded the stage, and all of them were talking at once. On entering the hall one heard a *parlando fortissimo e prestissimo* that suggested a new kind of performance by musical cubists or something of that sort. The members of the Oratorio Society and the MacDowell and the Rubinstein and Cecilia and Mozart clubs are usually as quiet as orchestral musicians. What did the innovation mean?

It meant that the 430 women on the stage came from out of town—from Newark, East Orange, Jersey City, Englewood, and Summit. They were having the time of their life, an outing, a picnic; why shouldn't they talk? Fortunately, they displayed quite as much zeal when it came to singing. Their chief number was "Sir Olaf," poem by Cecil Fanning, music by Harriet Ware; and this was sung remarkably well under the direction of Arthur D. Woodruff, who was voluminously applauded, as was the composer. The soloists and accompanists of the evening also were thoroughly appreciated. The list includes Berenice de Pasquali, Christine Miller, John Barnes Wells, Charles N. Granville, Charles Gilbert Spross, Edna Wandling, and Thomas W. Musgrove.

Besides this cantata, the audience heard "The Cross" for two-part chorus and nearly a score of songs, all by Harriet Ware. To criticise these things would be mean. Why shouldn't the women compose and enjoy themselves if they want to? Why not have musical as well as social small talk? The average summer novel is not deep, or original, yet it is read by thousands of women, and by men, too. Rubinstein, to be sure, wrote that as composers of music, women "lack depth, concentration, the power of thought, breadth of feeling, freedom of stroke, and so on. It is a mystery to me that particularly music—the noblest, most beautiful, most refined, soulful, loving art that the mind of man has created, is so unattainable to woman, who is a combination of all these qualities! In poetry, literature, painting, and all the other arts, even in the sciences, she accomplished much."

This is what Anton Rubinstein said, in his "Conversation on Music." But, as everybody knows, he was a bear. He had no manners.

Concerning Albert Reiss.

Albert Reiss, the incomparable Mime and David of the Metropolitan Opera House, whose assumption of any small rôle immediately makes it of prime importance, is one of the most amusing comedians of the stage, and he has often received offers that would have brought him many times what he gets from his operatic work. To that, however, he is so devoted that he has declined all these offers, and, being one of the great men whom the present management happens to like, he has just been reëngaged for several years. The Opera, however, lasts only five months, and Mr. Reiss has concluded that two months of rest is enough for him; so he has accepted a very tempting offer from Martin Beck for a twenty weeks' engagement in high-class vaudeville during the summer. He will sing French chansons and German songs in masterly translations; and those who have heard and admired him at the Metropolitan know how he will do this. He is in his prime, his voice is young and fresh, and he enunciates in a way that makes his singing doubly enjoyable.

April 2. 3

PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY IN FINAL CONCERT

The last orchestral concert of the thirteenth season of the People's Symphony Society took place yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. The programme comprised music by Wagner. The numbers were the march and chorus from the second act of "Tannhaeuser" and the overture to the same opera; the prize song and two choruses from "Die Meistersinger," the "Siegfried Idyl," the sailors' chorus from "Der Fliegende Hollaender," the prelude and love death from "Tristan und Isolde," "Elsa's Dream" from "Lohengrin," and the "Ride of the Valkyrs." The solo singers were Charlotte Lund, soprano, and Gustave Bergmann, tenor, and the chorus was supplied by the German Liederkranz. Arthur Claasen conducting.

The first concert of the People's Symphony series took place in the hall of Cooper Union on December 14, 1900. The Rev. Dr. Eliphalet Potter made a prefatory address setting forth the purposes of the concerts and expressing the hope that they would eventually be endowed. The orchestral numbers were Bach's suite in D major and Haydn's symphony in the same key. There was also singing and 'cello playing. Franz X. Arens was the conductor, as he is now. It was he who subsequently introduced the practice of giving explanatory talks, as a rule excellent, about the music of each concert before its performance, a practice which speedily resulted in an increase of interest and appreciation among the listeners.

The concerts of this series have filled their place in the scheme of musical things in this town. They have naturally not always been ideal in attainment, but they have enabled persons of small means to find a more beneficial form of entertainment than might otherwise have been open to them. The concerts have now good financial support and will continue their usefulness.

They have never been paraded as means of spiritual grace or lauded as a lever for the uplift of the masses. They were designed and have been carried on to give rational enjoyment, to bring the so-called masses to acquaintance with masterpieces of art which are assessible only through the utterance of an orchestra. So long as they occupy this place in the community, they will be approved by thinking people.

If, however, their projectors should ever permit themselves to be drawn into alliance with any of the propagandists who profess to believe that musical entertainments purify the soul and bring human beings closer to righteousness, clean living, and humility of heart, they will probably hear disagreeable things from those who have no sympathy with buncombe of any sort, even about the noble art of music which they love.

Last Friday evening, after Mario Cavaradossi had fallen dead, pierced by the bullets of his enemy, and Floria Tosca had hurled herself to death from the platform of the Castle of St. Angelo, the audience at the Metropolitan Opera House showed its appreciation and gratitude for the art of the representatives of those tragic characters by calling them repeatedly before the curtain. Then the lady placed her back against that of the gentleman, hooked her arms through his and pushed him upon the stage. She asked whom the audience wanted to hear make a speech, and, receiving the response that she had invited, she and her companion spoke half a dozen words each and continued their horseplay. And we are told that opera is a noble and edifying art-form, appreciation of which is evidence of culture. How respect for the lyric drama has grown since 1886! Try to imagine Mme. Lehmann and Albert Niemann pulling and hauling each other around, giggling and simpering and talking to the audience after a performance of "Tannhäuser" or "Tristan und Isolde"!

H. E. K.

OPERA IN THE BOWERY.

"La Boheme" Creditably Given by Louis Zuro's Opera Company.

Those who do not make a journey to the Bowery to listen to a performance of opera by the Zuro company at the Thalia Theatre will probably spend much money and time in travelling in Italy in the summer and searching for something of the same kind. In many little cities of Italy there are opera houses with facades and interiors much more pleasing to the eye than those of the Bowery Theatre, but opera is performed in them in just the same way it is in the old playhouse just below Canal street.

The opera last evening was Puccini's "La Boheme." People uptown go to hear famous singers in it, but it is by no means certain that they get any more genuine satisfaction out of the performances than the audience at the Thalia had last evening. In the first place it was not a rough and burly assault at all, as these lower Italian interpretations usually are, but had distinct and interesting musical merits.

The principals generally sang in tune; most of them had pleasing voices, they were in earnest, and some of them even had style. The orchestra was composed of good musicians who played well, and it was creditably conducted by Josiah Zuro. The original instrumentation, of course, was used, because no unauthorized performances of Puccini's works can take place in this city. April 22-13

Perhaps not the least pleasure of the evening was that derived from the intimacy of the proceedings. The theatre is not too large and singers and audience are brought into responsive touch. Emilia Vergeri was a rather plump *Mimi*, but her treatment of the music was at least respectable. Pilade Sinagra sang *Rodolfo* really well, but was not interesting in his acting. On the whole the presentation of Puccini's melodious work was far better than it usually is in the season of Italian opera at low prices. If there is really that excited demand for inexpensive opera of which we hear so much then the Thalia Theatre ought to be crowded at every performance.

MME. NORDICA IN RECITAL

Singer Gives a Programme Somewhat Out of the Ordinary.

Mme. Lillian Nordica appeared again as a concert singer in New York yesterday afternoon when she gave a song recital at Carnegie Hall, a song recital which contained much that was novel to those who ordinarily attend these entertainments in New York.

The stage was decorated to represent a garden with trees and palms and daisies. The footlights were obscured by pots of roses in pots. Down the centre of the stage garden a white carpet led, and after the audience had mostly assembled the singer made her appearance. The applause which greeted her was long and hearty and was mingled with a sort of amazement at the singer's figure, for the newspaper stories to the effect that Mme. Nordica had become stout proved to be correct. She wore a flowing white gown, over which black lace had been draped and with their a picturesque head dress of black algrettes. Around her throat were chains of diamonds. April 24-13

The programme began with Schubert's "An die Musik." In the second group four songs were sung in English, Wakefield-Cadman's "When Children Bloomed" and "At the Feast of the Dead," Arensky's "Lately in Dreams" and Stange's "Damon." When Mme. Nordica next appeared it was to sing with a horn obligato, played by Mr. Heinrich, an air from Handel's "Samson." The first half of the programme ended with Faure's "Nell," Leoncavallo's "Le Nil," with the violin obligato played by Franklin Holding, and Donizetti's "Ariette." Then the ushers came to the front with floral contributions. There was much applause, and Mme. Nordica added Mrs. Beach's "Year's at the Spring."

The second part of the programme began with an air from "Madame Butterfly" and included Erich Wolf's "Fäden," Bleichmann's "Komm uns spielen," Jensen's "Am Mazaleen" and Schubert's "Erl König." The programme was concluded by Bemberg's strange setting of Henri Murger's "Ballade du Désespéré," in which the words of the poet are spoken and the music of the voice are sung. In this the singer was accompanied by Mr. Holding, violinist; William Durieux, 'cellist, and Mayne Simmons, pianist, who played all of the accompaniments. The words of M. Rousseau, spoke the words of the poet. Before the concert began Mr. Sealy played the organ.

NORDICA RECITAL THRILLS

Cheers and Flowers Greet Singer at Carnegie Hall.

Mme. Lillian Nordica, whose honorable operatic career has been pointed to with pride by those who in the American singer, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. Mme. Nordica's friends are legion, they seemed to be all present.

Warm is a weak word to describe their applause, and the floral

ere probably more numerous than those
issed over the stage to any singer of the
esent season. The memory of the sing-
's many triumphs was with her friends
esterday.

At the piano, of course, was Romayne
mmons, whose accompaniments are ever
utures of Mme. Nordica's appearances.
s taste was never more evident than
was yesterday.

April 24/13

n Mme. Nordica's programme were
gs in four languages, among them
ubert's "An die Musik," the air "Let
Bright Seraphim," from Handel's
mson," and Bemberg's "La Ballade du
Desespéré."

t is true that Mme. Nordica's voice
wed signs of wear, that her sense of
th was not always true and that her
ath support at times seemed inade-
te, yet there was much that she sang
skill, especial Arensky's charming
tely in Dance." In fact, whatever she
or left undone gave manifest and un-
ed pleasure to most of those who
d her.

Y, APRIL 24, 1913.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

Lillian Nordica at Her Best.

Concert singers, not excepting the won-
rful Mme. Sembrich, usually need a few
nutes before they "find themselves."
me. Nordica began her recital in Car-
gie Hall yesterday afternoon with Schu-
rt's "An die Musik," and she sang it with
sheer beauty of tone that was thrilling
n in the first bars. Yet she has just fin-
ed a long and fatiguing tour of the coun-
, and the reception she got might have
ily unsteadied her nerves and her voice.
ere was a big audience, and when she
me on the stage she was greeted with
turous applause which lasted fully a
nute.

great favorite is Lillian Nordica, and
servedly so, for she is one of the few
al artists who are of the first rank both
the concert hall and the opera house;
of the few, also, who combine the arts
emotional expression and distinct enun-
ion with beautiful singing. Yesterday
sangs songs in English, German,
nch, and Italian, all of them not only
matically, but with absolute mastery
he varied schools and styles. Her most
arkable feat in this line was her de-
ry of the grand air, "Let the Bright
aphim" from "Samson." Splendidly
orous was her voice in this—a grand
pouring of luscious tone that would have
ghted old Handel himself.

Let the bright seraphim in burning row,
Their loud uplifted trumpets blow.

all know since that Borglum icono-
tic performance that angels are men.
this occasion the trumpet was sounded
Carl Heinrich, and superlatively well
he play it; yet it had not the beauty or
thrill of Mme. Nordica's clarion voice—
t human trumpet call," to cite the
ds Julian Hawthorne wrote yesterday
r hearing Caruso in the Atlanta pris-
Lovely were the echo effects between
e and trumpet; but most remarkable
the complete mastery shown by the
er of Handel's florid measures—a col-
ure different from Rossini's yet quite
difficult. Mme. Nordica sang it flaw-
ly—an amusing comment on those who
l to argue that the singing of Wagner's
ic ruins the voice. Mme. Nordica has
singing this ever since the days of
ll, who initiated her into it and wrote
ving letters to Cosima Wagner about
American Isolde. "Nordica rather star-
the natives by her artistic singing,"
te James Huneker when she sang Isolde
Munich. That was years ago, but yes-
ay the same singer startled a New
k audience by her glorious and sponta-
us outburst of tone when she sang the
y of the Valkyr," and had to repeat it,
ought it was given as an encore! It was
r two hours of almost uninterrupted
ing, too. That comes, as we said in the
of Mme. Sembrich a few weeks ago,
nowing how to sing.

is needless to pass in review her whole
ramme. She rightly gave a place of
r to two songs by Mr. Wakefield-Cad-
, whom she has made famous and pros-
ua. Her singing of "One Fine Day"
"Madama Butterfly" was one of the
of the concert, a perfect blend of
beauty with emotional expression,
y facet having its proper flash. After
's "Ariette" there was another great
nstration, with flowers galore. And so
nt on through the other French aongs,
the German group. The audience want-
ed repetitions and extras, till the list on the programme had been swelled by the addition of Mrs. Beach's "The Year's at the Spring," Leoncavallo's "Matinata," Debussy's "Mandolin," the "Cry of the Valkyr," and finally, Rogers's "Parting," which left many in tears.

One of the things which were repeated was Bemberg's effective "Ballade du Désespéré," in which the Poet's part was recitated by a man, while Mme. Nordica sang that of The Voice, to the accompaniment of violin, violoncello, and piano, the pianist being, of course, the faithful Romayne Simmons, who has the gift of heightening the effect of Mme. Nordica's singing with almost orchestral variety of color and rare virtuosity.

Notes
April 26 1913

THE ZURO OPERA COMPANY.

Puccini's "Tosca" With an American Soprano at the Thalia.

Food for reflection was again provided by the performance of the Zuro Opera Company at the Thalia Theatre last evening. The opera was Puccini's "Tosca" and the audience was considerably larger than that which listened to the same composer's "La Boheme" on Monday evening. This was a reversal of familiar conditions. The most popular of the distinguished Italian master's works in this city, setting aside all special attractions of cast, is "La Boheme." The other work, when all things are equal, is third. "Madama Butterfly" disputes first place with the musical version of Murger's story.

It might, therefore, be supposed that last evening's cast had a measurable influence on the public. But that would presuppose a general acquaintance with Mr. Zuro's singers. The indications seem to point to a special knowledge of the fact that the title role of the opera was to be in the hands last evening of Enrica Clay Dillon, who not long ago was much praised for her interpretation of this part while a member of Mr. Dippel's company.

But how did all those people who were at Thalia Theatre last evening find it out? Fortunately this question does not have to be answered. Suffice it to say that the doings in performance came nearer to the manner familiar to minor Italian theatres than did those of the "Boheme" performance on Monday. Miss Dillon is an American and patriotic pride would naturally dictate a paean of acclamation for her. At any rate her beautiful voice can be praised without hesitation.

Furthermore she sang fairly well, and at times more than that, for there is a natural quality of warmth in the voice which flashes into full and pleasing flame occasionally. Miss Dillon has some stage experience and has much more to acquire, and she does not yet know how to fill her delivery with expressive details. But she is an interesting young singer and ought to find a field.

Salvatore Giordano, who sang *Cavaradossi*, displayed a good voice, somewhat clouded in the lower tones, but excellent at the top. He was deficient in variety of style and showed no skill at all in acting. Cesare Alessandroni was a sleek and oily *Baron Scarpia*, somewhat fat and insinuating, and his heavy voice betrayed his villainy at the first utterance. But his singing was not below the level expected in opera companies of this type.

It was a rather rough and ready representation of "Tosca," with the orchastra doing the lion's share of the work, to wit the roaring. The mounting of the drama was of course modest, and the chorus was not of striking importance. Doubtless the style of this dramatic presentation stirred the life in the aged bones of the one time Bowery Theatre and made it wonder if the good old times were come again once more.

APRIL 28, 1913.

THE WAGNER CELEBRATION

One Thousand German Singers Pay Tribute.

The centennial anniversary of Richard Wagner's birth was celebrated by the United Singers of New York at the Hippodrome last night by a monster concert. There were 700 men in the chorus and 300 women. There was also an orchestra of eighty or ninety instrumentalists from the Philharmonic Society. The audience crowded the immense auditorium and indulged in plaudits like the roar of a tempest after the numbers on the programme which made the largest appeal, which numbers were, naturally enough, the solos sung by Mme. Schumann-Heink, whose magnificent voice rolled sonorously through the cavernous spaces. The programme was (or the greater part composed of numbers from "Rienzi" (the overture, chorus of the Messengers of Peace, for female voices, and the battle hymn in male voices), "The Flying Dutchman" (Spring Song for female voices and sailors' chorus for men's), the Pilgrims' Chorus for men and the march and chorus from "Tannhäuser" (orchestra and mixed chorus), the preludes to the first and third acts of "Lohengrin," orchestra Siegfried's Rhine journey from "Götterdämmerung." Mme. Schumann-Heink's solos were Erda's warning from "Das Rheingold," the song "Träume" and Adriano's aria from "Rienzi." These numbers were conducted by Frederick Albeke, and their most striking feature was the thrilling volume of tone emitted by the great choral body. For the critically-minded there was something to marvel at in the tempi chosen by Mr. Albeke and something to deplore in the frequent ragged attacks. The concluding number was the cantata, "Das Liebesmahl der Apostel," a tiresome youthful work of Wagner's which was sung by 300 men and the orchestra under the direction of Carl Hein. There was also an address by Henning Minte, president of the United Singers, and a prologue in the form of an oration, partly in English, partly in German, by Dr. Emanuel Baruch, who spoke in a poetical vein of the poet-composer's principal dramas. The profits of the entertainment are to go to the German Teachers' Seminary of Milwaukee. Mayor Gaynor was to have delivered an address, but was prevented by hoarseness.

GAELIC SOCIETY HEARS NIGHT OF IRISH SONG

Thomas Egan and Lilian Breton Pleasing in Familiar Melodies.

It was Ireland's day yesterday at Aeolian Hall, when Thomas Egan, an Irish tenor, gave a song recital under the auspices of the Gaelic Society. Ireland was out in force and enthusiasm. Both Mr. Egan and his associate, Miss Lilian Breton, were worthy of it.

Mr. Egan's voice is an admirable one which, if not of any great power, possesses ample carrying properties and is of a rich timbre. In addition, he sang with much feeling and expression the old Irish songs, in which he showed not a little power of humorous interpretation. His excursions into Italian opera were not always as happy, though his duet with Miss Breton from "Il Trovatore" was sung with good effect.

In this number Miss Breton's powerful voice, a voice albeit at times afflicted with a slight acidity, showed to excellent advantage. In short, a little man, with a high hat, who had tucked himself away in one corner of the hall, was probably taking mental notes of the fitness of the two singers for a contemplated season of opera in English. The little man was Oscar Hammerstein.

At the same moment Efrem Zimbalist was giving his farewell recital in Carnegie Hall, under the auspices of the Van Hugo Society, of Brooklyn. The great auditorium was packed, and several hundred persons were seated in tiers upon the stage. Mr. Zimbalist's opening numbers—Handel's Sonata in E major, an aria of Goldmark, York Bowen's Humoresque, R. Cottenet's "Chanson Meditation" and two numbers by Kreisler—were played in the young violinist's most finished style.

ZIMBALIST PLAYS FOR BIG AUDIENCE

Considering the fact that the music season is supposed to be over, there was an unusually large number of concerts yesterday, and the atendance at all was good. Carnegie Hall, for instance, held one of the largest audiences in its history at the concert given under the auspices of the Van Hugo Society of Brooklyn by Efrem Zimbalist, the Russian violinist. There were more than 500 people on the stage grouped back of the violinist, and in the middle of the evening a photograph was taken of the assemblage.

It was Mr. Zimbalist's last appearance in New York this year, and the programme was evidently chosen to make a popular appeal. After the Handel sonata for violin and piano in E major, which he played in association with Sam Chotzinoff at the beginning of the evening, the violinist devoted himself to more or less trivial selections. The second group included an air of Goldmark's A. Reiser's "Quasi Ballata" and York Bowen's "Humoresque." In the third group were Rawlins cottenet's "Chanson Meditation," and two pieces by Kreisler, the "Caprice Viennois," which has been played here already this season by Kreisler, Ysaye, and Elman, and the "Liebesfreud," Viennese waltz.

The last group included Tschaikowsky's "Serenade Melancholique," Tor-Aulin's "Humoresque," Zimbalist's Hebrew Melody and Dance" and "Neapolitan" arrangements of Chopin's F flat nocturne and "minute waltz," a Hungarian dance of Brahms, and Paganini's "Witches' Dance." The nobility of Mr. Zimbalist's tone and style were finely displayed in the Handel sonata, and, of course, he played the other numbers exceedingly well.

At the Hippodrome another very large audience expected to hear Mayor Gaynor speak, and was disappointed. The occasion was a concert for the centennial of Wagner's birth by the United German Singers of New York, for the benefit of the German Teachers' Seminary of Milwaukee.

The programme was entirely devoted to compositions by Wagner and included "The Holy Supper of the Apostles," which, if not a novelty here, might almost be considered as such. Wagner became leader of the Liedertafel in Dresden a choir of male voices, established in 1839, and was chosen conductor for the "Mannergesangfest," which took place in July, 1843. It was for this that he wrote "Das Liebesmahl der Apostel-eine biblisches Scene." This work requires three separate choirs of male voices, which begin a cappella and are ultimately supported by the full orchestra. Last night a special chorus of 300 voices was chosen to sing the work, which closed the programme.

The programme also included the Overture to "Rienzi," the Pilgrim's Chorus from "Tannhäuser," the Vorspiel and introduction to the third act of "Lohengrin," the chorus of the Messengers of Peace from "Rienzi," the Spinning Song from "The Flying Dutchman," the Battle Hymn from "Rienzi," Siegfried's Rhine Journey from "Götterdämmerung," and "Hail, Bright Abode," from "Tannhäuser." Mme. Schumann-Heink was the soloist. She sang the Erda scene from "Das Rheingold," "Träume," and the air, "Gerechter Gott," from "Rienzi." It was while she was singing this latter number that the danger of the orchestra completely breaking down seemed imminent, but the experience of the singer and the indomitable perseverance of the concertmeister saved the day. The contralto was in good voice and she sang with fine style. She added several numbers with piano accompaniment.

The chorus included more than 1,000 voices, being a combination of the various German singing societies in New York. The orchestra was composed of "members of the Philharmonic Society." The conductors were Frederick Albeke and Carl Hein.

The programme announced that Mayor Gaynor would make a speech. He sat in a box throughout the evening, but it was announced that he was too hoarse to speak.

At Aeolian Hall, under the auspices of the Gaelis Society, Thomas Egan, announced as an Irish Grand Opera tenor, gave a concert and made a good impression. He was assisted by Mme. Lilian Breton, soprano; Miss Mildred Dilling, harpist; John Riley Rebarer, pianist, and Bernard O'Donnell, organist.

At the Hotel Astor in the afternoon, Gregory Besrody, violinist, gave a concert, assisted by Paul Jelenek, pianist.

Another Wagner Concert.

The celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Richard Wagner was celebrated at a concert by the United Singers of New York last night at the Hippodrome, assisted by Mme. Schumann-Heink, and members of the Philharmonic Society. The programme was much too long, but there were several numbers that were more or less unfamillar even to operagoers. After the overture to "Rienzi" had been played, Mr. Henning Minte made a short speech of introduction; he was followed by Dr. Emanuel Baruch, who, after a few introductory remarks in English, delivered a "Prolog" eulogistic of the hero of the occasion. It was well thought out and a worthy tribute to the master. In the course of it he turned to the United Singers and quoted Hans Sachs's famous advice, "Ehrt eure Deutschen Meister Dann bannt ihr gute Geister," and aroused the enthusiasm of the audience.

After the Pilgrim Chorus from "Tannhäuser" had been sung, Mme. Schumann-Heink, appeared, greeted by a wave of applause from the audience, which filled the house. She sang the Erda Scene from "Das Rheingold," with as much dramatic effect as if Wotan's response, "Wer bist du, mahnendes Weib," had not been played on 'cellos instead of being sung by the human voice. "Träume" followed, sung as few besides Mme. Schumann-Heink can sing it. After the two preludes from "Lohengrin," the Ladies' chorus sang the Chorus of Messengers of Peace and the Spinning Song from the "Flying Dutchman." Then came the male choir in the sailors' song from the "Flying Dutchman"; and the Battle Hymn from "Rienzi," which, with its tonic and dominant see-saw harmonies, sounded more like Meyerbeer than Wagner. Mme. Schumann-Heink then sang Adrian's Aria from "Rienzi," and was obliged to respond with an encore in spite of the lengthy programme. Unfortunately, she marred the unity of the programme by singing from another composer. For a second encore she sang a comic German Folk song, "Spinn', spinn', liebe Tochter." Then, after the chorus had sung the march from "Tannhäuser," and the orchestra had played the "Siegfried Rhine Journey" from "Götterdämmerung," came the work which

is practically a novelty though composed seventy years ago, the "Holy Supper of the Apostles," for male voices and orchestra, composed before "Tannhäuser" was finished. It is not a work which shows many Wagnerian characteristics, but is very interesting nevertheless.

MR. ZIMBALIST'S CONCERT.

The Young Russian Violinist Plays His Farewell Numbers.

Efrem Zimbalist, the young Russian violinist, gave a farewell concert last evening at Carnegie Hall. His programme was long and varied. Its most important numbers were Handel's E major sonata and Paganini's "Witches' Dance." The audience was one of remarkable size and it seemed to contain many of Mr. Zimbalist's countrymen, who were filled with enthusiasm. Their applause was continual and insistent. At any rate they succeeded in saying good-by to the violinist for a long time. He will not return till 1915.

Mr. Zimbalist has not entirely fulfilled the expectations which he aroused when he first appeared here. His technical equipment is so solid and his musicianship so sound, his poise so sure and his intelligence so clear that music lovers generally had looked for a progress steady and large. Instead of this the unpleasant truth is that in his latest concerts Mr. Zimbalist has appeared to be bereft of some of the finer and more satisfying qualities of his art, to have lost the high level of his dignity and to have dulled the finish of his artistic delivery. Let us hope that when he returns to us he will have benefited by a saturation in that desirable musical atmosphere of Europe of which we hear so much.

Thomas Egan's Concert.

Thomas Egan, an Irish tenor, gave a concert at Aeolian Hall last evening. He was assisted by Lillian Breton, soprano; Mildred Dilling, harpist; John Riley Rebarer, pianist, and Bernard O'Connell, organist. Mr. Egan's principal numbers were the serenade from "Cavalleria Rusticana," duets from "Il Trovatore" and "Cavalleria" with Miss Breton, and some Irish songs. He displayed a voice of pleasing quality and a tolerable style. His tones seemed somewhat constricted last evening. Perhaps he was suffering from a slight cold.

April 29 1913

CONCERT BY BOHEMIANS

Providing Relief for Needy Musicians.

The work which the club of musicians calling itself the Bohemians began a year ago in behalf of their fellow professionals in America who fall upon evil days was continued at a concert given in Aeolian Hall last night. The plan of the philanthropic artists has now been systematized by the incorporation of their relief fund, and the members of the club and their friends disclosed so much interest in the philanthropic undertaking that the net proceeds of the concert will be in the neighborhood of $3,200, which, added to the sum realized last year, will make up a handsome fund to begin with. The plans of Messrs. Kneisel, Herzog, Goldmark and their associates is neither narrow nor local, but will be extended to other cities, so that in time unfortunate and indigent musicians will no doubt be as well looked after as are unfortunate and indigent actors.

The concert was one of a high artistic character, those who participated in it being the Musical Art Society, which sang a group of ecclesiastical compositions at the beginning, under the direction of Dr. Frank Damrosch, and a group of secular part songs at the end—Miss Frieda Hempel, Mischa Elman, Willem Willeke and Ernesto Consolo. Miss Hempel sang Mozart's "Veilchen," Humperdinck's "Wiegenlied" and the slow movement of the scena from "Ernani," accompanied on the pianoforte by Max Liebling. Mr. Elman played a group of small pieces, mostly transcriptions, accompanied by Percy Kahn, and joined Messrs. Consolo and Willeke in a performance of Tschaikowsky's Trio in A minor, Op. 50. As frequently happens in cases of this kind, the confirmed solo performer, overzealous in his desire to produce an effect, was less satisfactory than his companions, who knew and respected the beauty of ensemble playing. The most dignified lovely and abiding impression of the evening was made by the Musical Art Society, whose singing seemed both more exquisite in quality of tone, more moving and more sonorous than it does in the wider reaches of Carnegie Hall. Again was an old wish awakened, that this fine body of singers might be heard under appropriate conditions in one of the large churches of the city.

H. E. K.

April 30 1913

CENTURY THEATRE—"La Cicala e la Formica," an opera in three acts. Music by E. Audran.

The Cast.

Teresa	Annetta Gattini
Duca di Fayesberg	Augusto Angelini
Carlotta	Z. Theheran
Cav. Franz	A. Baldi
Mattia	E. Gargano
Vincenzo	A. Fiori
Guglielmo	A. Ferrara
Duchessa di Fayesberg	T. Veneroni
La Frivolini	T. Bini
Papa Knaps	E. Pangrazy
Corrado	A. Tinti

New York's first season of Italian light opera by a premier organization began on last night at the Century Theatre with the Angelini-Gattini company of Milan. The organization is known in Europe and South America, but until now has never visited the United States.

George C. Tyler, head of the Liebler company, makes an annual trip to Italy. On his last visit he became impressed with the freshness and charm of the singers of the Angelini-Gattini company, which has been in existence for ten seasons. He entered into negotiations for a Spring season at the Century, but the matter was not adjusted until many months later. Engagements had already been made for London, Paris, Ostend, Cairo, Buenos Ayres, Rio de Janeiro, Havana, Mexico, Costa Rica and Venezuela. After these had been met, the Italian singers accepted the Century Theatre date, and a few days ago they sailed on the Esperanza from Vera Cruz.

"La Cicala," last night's opera, tells the story of Teresa, the headstrong but sweet-voiced niece of the old cook of the Inn of the Golden Lion at Bruges, who, being unable to persuade her uncle to take her to the great city, hides herself in a provision wagon and leaves her home. Once in the city, the voice and beauty of the country maiden attract wide attention; she becomes a singer of repute and the richest and most noble of gentlemen sue for her hand. Among these are the dashing Chevalier Franzi de Berheim, and the old Duke of Fayensberg (whose wife, by the way, is in love with Franzi). La Cicala prefers the Chevalier, and the marriage date is set.

A great feast is prepared in her honor at the ducal palace. Merriment runs riot, and as a climax to the night's festivities, La Cicala is persuaded to sing a song. Innocently, she chooses a lilting popular ditty, the burden of which, as she soon learns to her sorry, is a pasquinade directed at the guilty love of the Duchess for the handsome Chevalier.

No sooner has the unfortunate song begun than gaiety gives way to consternation. The poor singer, brought to a realization of what she has done, takes refuge in flight, and leaves the palace with its tempest of scandal.

From village to village she picks her way, earning her bread by song. At last her wanderings bring her to her own doorstep, where she sinks, afraid to enter. She falls asleep, and a terrible dream comes to her, in which she imagines herself driven in shame from her uncle's home. She awakes screaming, her cries bringing out her uncle and sister, who carry her limp body into the comfortable room of the inn. And there, of course, the brave Chevalier finds her, having searched heaven and earth for his beloved, and the opera ends, as most operas do, with a forgiving of faults and the mating of lovers.

"La Cicala"—at the Century Theatre.

Teresa	Annetta Gattin
Duca di Fayesberg	Augusto Angelini
Carlotta	Z. Theheran
Cavaliero Franz	A. Baldi
Mattia	E. Cargano
Vincenzo	A. Fiori
Guglielmo	A. Ferrara
Duchessa di Fayesberg	T. Veneroni
La Frivolini	T. Bini

A season of opera bouffe in Italian was begun last night at the Century Theatre by the Angelini-Gattini company, which has stopped off to entertain this metropolis on its way home from South America. It is said to be highly popular in that part of the world, which draws its operetta from German and Italian companies.

Many compatriots of the singers were in the theatre last night and welcomed them heartily. "La Cigale," which was sung here at the Garden Theatre some twenty years ago by Lillian Russell, Carl Streetman and Louis Harrison, was the opera performed. It was never considered one of Edmond Audrian's inspired works and has been heard rarely if ever since that time. It was most successful at the Lyric Theatre in London when Geraldine Ulmer, Chevalier Scove and Harry Monkhouse had the leading roles.

The Italian company is not an organization of budding talents. It is quite evident that the singers and actors are of ripe experience. Signora Gattini is the leading soprano, who dispenses her vocal savings carefully, but acts with abundant vivacity. She anchors her comely and ample person alongside the footlights and takes the audience into her complete confidence in the frank manner of the Latin performers. Signor Angelini is a finished actor of considerable humor, which has not been altogether withered by age nor staled by the exuberant custom of his compatriots.

The company is similar in its artistic quality to the Citta di Palermo troupe which appeared two years ago at the Park Theatre. The operetta was sung as conscientiously as if it were a masterpiece. Probably not a number was omitted. The chorus made an unusual amount of noise in view of its numbers and the ballet was industrious, if not large.

A deliberate but determined premiere danseuse conducted it through the task set for her and the other dancers and one felt that she might be slow but was certainly sure.

Signora Gattini was liberally applauded after the "Margot" song and her compatriots did not seem to find fault with the fact that her style of beauty was different from—well, Julia Sanderson's.

"I Saltimbanchi," originally announced for performance last night, will be given to-morrow night and the rest of the week.

Light Opera in Italian.

Last night at the Century Theatre the Angelini-Gattini Company opened a season of comic opera in Italian. The company is said to be originally from Milan, and Italy is "the land of song": but the only singer of merit in last night's cast was Mme. Gattini; the others had the usual Italian vocal vices, tremolo and "whiteness," to a degree. They did not, to be sure, rush to the footlights and hurl high notes across the orchestra pit; for that praise is due. May 4 13

The opera was "La Cigale," by Audran, and it was sung in Italian under the title of "La Cicala." There is more plot than there is to the average musical comedy of the day, though that could not be guessed from the inaccurate synopsis printed in the programme. The music, however, though melodious and pleasing, sounds somewhat antiquated. April 30 13

The performance had enjoyable features. The acting was good, from a comic-opera standpoint, and Signori Angelini and Gargano showed ability as comedians. The scenery was badly painted, and was evidently planned for smaller stages that the Century Theatre. The ballet was fair, the prima ballerina being excellent.

April 30 13

BOY PIANIST HEARD.

Young Spaniard Entertains Miss Leary's Guests.

Miss Leary introduced yesterday afternoon at her home, No. 1,03 2Fifth avenue, Master Monolito Funes, a twelve-year-old Spanish pianist, who is said to have played before King Alphonso. A testimonial concert to provide funds whereby the boy may continue his studies in Europe will be given at the Waldorf-Astoria next Monday evening.

BOWERY OPERA NOISEY.

Zuro Opera Company Sings "Tosca" with Plenty of Voice and Spirit.

Down in the Thalia Theatre in the Bowery, where the Zuro Opera Company makes music nightly, they san Mr. Puccini's "Tosca" last night to a small but enthusiastic audience. May 1 13

Miss Enrica Clay Dillon sang the title rôle in tune and with a superabundance of voice that at times made the rafters ring. Mr. Pilade Sinagra was the Cavaradossi, and a very temperamental one at that. As Scarpia Mr. Cesare Alessandroni looked and acted more like a philanthropist than a villain, his interpretation being marked by considerable unction.

Mr. Josia Zuro conducted an effective performance and the orchestra played moderately well. It was all loud but it did not lack spirit.

May 2 1913

'I SALTIMBANCHI,' AT THE CENTURY

CENTURY THEATRE—Angelini-Gattini Opera Company of Milan in "I Saltimbanchi," an opera in three acts and four scenes, by G. Ganne.

The Cast.

Marion	Mme. Annetta Gattini
Susanna	Mme. Ida Zoada
Pagliaccio	E. Gargano
Pinquein	A. Fiori
Andrea	A. Balda
Egisio Malicorne	A. Angelini
Mme. Malicorne	Mme. T. Bini
Barone di Valajon	A. Ferrara
Baroness di Valajon	Mme. S. Lovreglio
Conte de Etiquetes	E. Pangrazy
Vernier	B. Minutti
Bartillard	A. Tinti
Marquis de Bligny	G. Magni

The Angelini-Gattani Italian Company gave the second selection of light opera repertoire at the Century Theatre last night when "I Saltimbanchi," by G. Ganne, was sung. It will be repeated to-morrow evening, Saturday matinee and night.

This is the story of "I Saltimbanchi": Messalina, a performer at the Cirque Bruto, is beloved by the Count des Etiquetes, and it is their child, Cesarina, who figures as the principal character in the story. When the opportunity of becoming a baroness presents itself Messalina promptly sends the count about his business, resigns the little Cesarina to the care of Bruto, the circus proprietor, and marries the baron.

Bruto makes off with Cesarina, having no address. Then begins a life of hardship for the youngster, from which she eventually escapes with three acrobat tumblers, and the four set out to provide entertainment on their own account. Meanwhile the baroness, stricken by maternal longings, begins a search for Cesarina. But for sixteen years the mother has no trace of the child. Then Bruto, who has changed his name to Molicorne, returns to Versailles, and it is there that the four insurgents take their leave of him. In his efforts to regain his employees Molicorne comes to Biconville, a town where he is to have an exhibition, aided by the family Cogoletti. Cesarina, now known as Susanna, and her three companions help themselves to the costumes of the Gigolettis. They are arrested and sent to jail. Andrea du Langeac, in love with Susanna and esteeming it a proud privilege, pays her fine.

Andrea is a great friend of the Count des Etiquetes. The count entertains. Among other notables present are the baron and baroness of an earlier chapter. When Susanna sings "La Villella," a song once favored by her mother, the baroness is strangely moved; and a little later, when Molicorne confesses that he is Bruto, the circus man, and Susanna is Cesarina, there is a family reunion and the baron agrees to legally clear the way for the count, so that the father and mother of the fair tumbler may enjoy their happiness to the full.

"I Saltimbanchi."

The Angelini-Gattini Opera Company, from Milan, gave a spirited performance of "I Saltimbanchi" ("The Mountebanks") last night in the Century Theatre, and seemed to be more at home on the big stage than they were the night of their opening performance. The programme calmly attributed the music to one "G. Ganne," which, no doubt, is Milanese for Louis Ganne, a composer whose work was made familiar here in the production of his melodious "Hans, the Flute Player," two years ago. There is a military march in it which has the lilt of a whole regiment on parade, and if the various bands that are going to lead soldiers and suffrage workers and municipal cohorts up Fifth Avenue in the next few weeks do not learn it and include it in their repertoire, it will be a pity. Better one march like this than a dozen maudlin home-made products. It was Mme. Gattini's turn last night to play second fiddle to Mme. Zoada, who emerged from the semi-obscurity assigned to her in "La Cicala," and sang with much charm. E. Gargano, as Pagliaccio, again displayed rare ability for comedy, a knowledge of Italian being unnecessary in order to enjoy his humor. The climaxes in each act were so satisfactory that they had to be done over again. "I Saltimbanchi" will be sung to-night, and again at to-morrow's matinée and evening performance.

May 3 1913

"L'EBREA" WELL SUN

Zuro Company Revives Opera Given Last by Hammerstein.

The Zuro Opera Company presented at the Thalia Theatre last night, Halévy's "La Juive," Italianized into "L'Ebrea," an opera that to New York music lovers is a good deal of a novelty. "La Juive" was last presented in this city by Oscar Hammerstein during his preliminary "educational season" of opera at popular prices. Mar 3 13

At the end of the season he announced that the work would enter the regular repertory of the Manhattan Opera House, but this was a consummation never attained. Mr. Hammerstein no doubt hoped that the large Jewish population of the city would find Halévy's opera a magnet

he afterward confessed his disap-
tment.

. Zuro's courageous experiment
ght out an audience of larger propor-
: than those which have attended
ormances at the Thalia lately, and
performance was one of considerable
t, despite some crudities of presenta-
The old work has life in it yet, and
vy, a true child of Meyerbeer, knew
the perennial appeal of dramatic con-
, of the pleasure of the crowd at the
ction of cruelty, of the universal love
omp and circumstance. "La Juive"
s all these requirements.

iast night's performance first honors
carried off by Enrico Clay Dillon,
was a moving figure and vocally far
e the standard usually set by dollar
a, and by Pietro De Biasi, whose rich
e made the Cardinal Di Brogni prop-
impressive. The orchestra, under the
ction of Joseph Zuro, again did much
ring out the dramatic climaxes with
er effect.

CENTURY THEATRE.—"La Casta Susanne."
Opera in three acts. By Jean Gilbert.

The Cast.

Susanne Pomarel	Annetta Gattini
Rene Corrado des Aubrais	Augusto Angelini
Delina	S. Lovreglio
Jacqueline	I. Ciampolini
Umberto	A. Fiori
Renato Boisluret	E. Pangrazy
Pomarel	E. Gargano
Clancy	A. Ferrara
Pia	T. Veneroni
Alessandro	G. Magni
Emilio	A. Tinti
Marel	B. Minute
Chet	R. Grossi
Lina	T. Bini
Commissary of Police	L. De Luca
Trio	G. Malenza

"Pure Susanne" tells the story of the
Baron des Aubrais, an academician and
diplomat—who has proved the theory of
mislaw of inheritance, "Talis est pater,
qualis est filius." It is his favorite
maxim, particularly applicable to des
Aubrais and his son, Umberto, both
seats at home and gay cavaliers abroad.

The Baron has a nephew, Renato,
who is in love with Jacqueline, the
Baron's only daughter. His suit is met
with cold disdain by the family. Ren-
then makes a wager with the Baron
that should he ever be caught in a love
intrigue then Jacqueline would be free
to marry. Renato had previously made
the acquaintance of the Lady Susanne
Pomarel who, regarded as a model of
virtue, was in the habit of meeting Ren-
at an inn of uncertain reputation.
Susanne goes to Paris to visit at the
house of the Des Aubrais, and gratefully
accepts the compliments they make her
of her reputation for extraordinary vir-
tue. In comes Renato. At the sight
of Susanne he realizes at once the com-
promised position in which he finds him-
self.

Unknown to the Baroness des Au-
brais, Des Aubrais, Umberto, Renato
and Jacqueline escape from the house
and go to thte Moulin Rouge.

Des Aubrais is confronted by his
daughter and Renato and has to give his
consent to the marriage of the twain.
The further complications work out hap-
pily.

GERMAN OPERA ITALIANIZED

Angelini-Gattini Company Gives "La Costa Suzanne."

The Angelini-Gattini Opera Company
opened the second week of its engage-
ment at the Century Theatre last night
with a performance of Jean Gilbert's
operetta, "La Casta Susanne," an
Italian version of a German work that
was produced not long ago at the Irving
Place Theatre. When Viennese operetta
falls into the hands of the Italians it
usually suffers a grievous change. Its
lightness, its grace, its charm quite
evaporate, the Susannes and the Danilos
blooming but clumsily disguised Gildas
and Sparafuciles.

In the idiom of grand opera, the
Italian sings in the manner nature ap-
pointed unto him; in operetta, leaving
aside strictly buffo parts, he is the
strangest of strangers in a strange land.
Much was the case last night. Two or
three of the comic characters were well,
badly, taken, but the coquettes,
whether grand or small, and the young
gods and the young rakes might with
equal propriety have belonged to the
Sicilian peasants of "Cavalleria" or the
Egyptian priests and priestesses of
"Aida." May 6 '13

In addition, the orchestra, too small in
numbers and buried far beneath the audi-
torium, emitted occasional sleepy waltzes,
if otherwise gave little help to the
frantic efforts made by those upon the
stage. However, the audience was of
good size and appeared to enjoy itself in
the fashion of the Italians, of which it
was largely composed.

May 6 "Casta Susanna." 1913

The Angelini-Gattini Opera Company, from Milan, will probably end its picturesque career at the Century Theatre this Saturday night. It produced Jean Gilbert's "Casta Susanna" ("Modest Susanne"), before a fairly well-filled house, and it still has "Boccaccio" and "La Poupee" in store for the remainder of the week, but the share of patronage which has kept the company going through South America since it left Milan six years ago has not been forthcoming in New York. Perhaps, popular opera at the Century will fare better. "Casta Susanna" was extremely well acted, and the dialogue, of which there was plenty, seemed to delight a large part of the audience which understood Italian. Mme. Gattini appeared as the modest Susanne, and enlivened the scene in the Moulin Rouge by inserting the following scraps of English into her lines: "Do you spik Engleesh?", "Oh, fooleesh, fooleesh," and "Good-by." Gargano, the versatile comedian of the company, made the most of a minor part. "Boccaccio" will be sung tonight.

BOY PIANIST IN CONCERT.

Master Manolita Funes Entertains Audience at the Waldorf-Astoria.

Dressed in knickerbockers, with white lace collar and cuffs, and encircled by a white belt, Master Manolita Funes, a twelve-year-old Spanish pianist, played at the Waldorf-Astoria last night. The concert was a testimonial, the list of patrons including Miss Leary, Countess de Calatrava, Mmes. Henry W. Taft, W. J. Dillabough, Mr. Francisco F. Saias, Spanish Consul General; Mr. M. Rockeford, Cuban Consul General; the Rev David William Hearn and others. May 6 '13

There was an audience of fair size, and its disposition was most kindly. Master Funes, a robust lad, was at home at the keyboard. No trace of nervousness was to be noticed in his playing; in fact, he dashed off his numbers with a greater show of brilliancy than care. He probably was at his best in a Spanish song, transcribed for the piano.

Assisting him was Mrs. Curtis Burnley, who sang children songs and gave clever impersonations that received more applause than any other feature of the entertainment. Miss Margaret Dunlap, contralto, who was to have sung, did not appear, being indisposed, and her place was taken by another singer.

Tetrazzini as Lucia.

It is a long time since the Metropolitan Opera House has heard such coloratura singing as Mme. Tetrazzini gave the vast audience on Saturday night. Long before the time set for the beginning of the performance every inch of standing room was taken, and when Sig. Perosio took up his bâton the boxes and seats were filled. It was a half after eight before Sig. Peroslo appeared, and there had been frequent expressions of impatience due to the extreme heat, but neither impatience nor heat affected the cordiality of the reception given Sig. Polese, who deserved all the applause he got. His singing put the audience in excellent humor for the entrance of Tetrazzini, and she received an ovation, which kept her bowing for a long time. At first her voice sounded a little tired—she had just reached the city and the heat must have had its effect upon her, but she soon showed she is still the queen of coloratura singers. Sig. Giorgini proved to be a worthy comrade, and the scene closed in a whirlwind of applause. His voice is most agreeable except when he forces it, which he frequently did in the early part of the evening.

The sextet, despite the weakness of the other voices, was well sung, and had to be repeated, the diva's voice ringing above them all in the climaxes. In the mad scene Tetrazzini gave lavishly of her very best. Her messa di voce was superb, nay thrilling. Again the audience thundered at her, and she was recalled time after time at the close of the act. In the last act Giorgini sang with fine control and beautiful quality, and was recalled after the fall of the curtain, despite the fact that it was a hot night and after eleven o'clock. May 5 '13

"Lucia" may be an old opera, but when sung by such artists as Tetrazzini, Giorgini, and Polese, it sounded quite spontaneous. It was pure Italian of the bel canto period when the singers were the feature. The size and enthusiasm of the audience proves there is a demand for such operas sung by artists who can do them.

It may be well to take this occasion to call attention to the fact that Signor Gatti-Casazza is not swayed by Italian prejudices in managing Metropolitan affairs, as some have accused him of being. He had an opportunity to engage Mme. Tetrazzini, who is undoubtedly the best and the most popular coloratura singer now on the operatic stage, and who is an Italian; yet he went to Germany for a florid singer who is far from being her equal as such.

CONCERT AT FARM COLONY.

May 5 '13

Mme. Dimitrieff and Police Band to Entertain Inmates.

The 1,400 old men and women inmates of the New York Farm Colony on Staten Island are looking forward to next Saturday afternoon, when they will have an open air concert. Mme. Dimitrieff, soloist of the Russian Symphony Orchestra, will sing, accompanied by the Police Department band.

The concert was arranged by District Attorney Albert C. Fach of Richmond county and others. Mayor Gaynor, District Attorney Whitman, Commissioner Waldo, Borough President Cromwell of Richmond and other city officials have been invited to attend.

The inmates of the colony will present Mme. Dimitrieff with a bouquet of 100,000 violets.

Mr. McCormack Triumphs in His Goodby Songs

May 5 '13

Six Thousand Hear the Irish Tenor at the Hippodrome Before He Goes to Europe.

Under ordinary circumstances the Hippodrome holds about 5,600 persons, but when Mr. John McCormack sang there last night no less than 6,000 persons heard him, proving that there is elasticity somewhere. And it seemed that every one of that number took an active part in the applause before, during and after every one of his songs. There was a festive aspect to the recital, because it was Mr. McCormack's farewell. On Tuesday he leaves for Covent Garden and its opera season.

In spite of having sung twice the preceding day Mr. McCormack sang his farewell in a way that will insure his being remembered at least until he returns to this country in the autumn. His passing season has been phenomenally successful not only in New York, but throughout the country. He has sung fifteen times in New York city, but last night there was no doubt that the Irish tenor is still very popular here. He sang the same songs he has sung before, those delightfully fresh and quaint of songs of Ireland, of odd melody, simple and appealing and of fantastic and whimsical poetry. And into them the tenor sang their true smiling spirit.

Mr. McCormack's voice seems to have improved since he last sang at Carnegie Hall, for no corner of the Hippodrome missed his notes. "Molly Bawn," "Molly Brannigan," "Kathleen Mavourneen," "Mother Macree," "Farewell, My Gentle Harp," and that favorite, "I Hear You Calling Me," all these did he sing. At the piano Mr. Edwin Schneider had only to play an introductory bar and the audience applauded. Did Mr. McCormack hesitate a moment between verses they applauded, and closing chords were the signal for more of it, to which there was only one answer, an encore.

Miss Henriette Bach, violinist, played, and the audience liked her and told her so.

"Boccaccio."

Franz von Suppe's "Boccaccio" was sung in the Century Theatre last night by the Angelini-Gattini Opera Company, of Milan, as its fourth offering within a week, and for the first time Mme. Gattini was permitted to take a rest, Mme. Zoada appearing as Boccaccio and Mme. Theheran as Fiametta. As for the rest of the company, the members, from Augusto Angelini down, seem to be able to fit into any part, even though some of the lesser lights do not succeed so well when it comes to fitting into their costumes. There was a deal of lengthy dialogue in "Boccaccio," but, judging from the applause, it was not too much for those versed in the vernacular. Another performance of "Boccaccio" at today's matinée will be followed by "Casta Susanna" to-night, while "La Poupée" is in reserve for Friday. When the curtain falls Saturday night, the company will pack up its collapsible scenery and "props" and move on to some more receptive community. May 7 1913

CENTURY THEATRE.—"BOCCACCIO." Opera in Three Acts. Music by Franz von Suppe. Text by Messrs. Zell and Genee.

The Cast.

Giovanni Boccaccio	Ida Zoada
Fiametta	Zaira Theheran
Principe di Palermo	Edoardo Pangrazy
Lambertuccio	Augusto Angelini
Peronella	S. Lovreglio
Lotteringhi	A. Ferrara
Isabella	I. Ciampolini
Scalza	E. Gargano
Beatrice	T. Bini
Leonetto	I. Veneroni
Vendislorie	A. Fiori
The Maggiordomo	G. Magni
A Beggar	A. Tinti
Rosetta	T. Bini

Von Suppe's "Boccaccio" was sung by the Angelini-Gattini Opera Company at the Century Theatre last night.

Boccaccio, poet of Florence, is displayed in one of his numerous adventures. Fiametta, daughter of the Duke of Tuscany, who, for political reasons, has been raised modestly by Lambertuccio, one of the husbands who figure in the work, is loved by the gallant young Boccaccio, but his name she does not know. Coincident with the beginning of this adventure is the arrival at Florence of the Prince of Palermo, who burns with a desire to imitate Boccaccio in every way possible. Leonetto, friend of Boccaccio, presents him to the Prince of Palermo.

As the faithful are leaving the church the Prince strikes up an acquaintance with the wife of the cooper, Lotteringhi (another husband), and Leonetto meets the wife of the barber, Scalza, the third husband.

Boccaccio, in the guise of a beggar, asks Fiametta for an alms—of love. The three husbands hate Boccaccio without knowing him, and they swear to kill him, or at least to give him a good drubbing. To this end they conspire with other husbands, who, like them, have certain reasons for wanting to curtail the career of the gay cavalier. Out into the country they go, each armed with sticks, but by mistake the caning they thought they were giving to Boccaccio is given to the Prince of Palermo, and straightway, recognizing their error, they make all manner of excuses to the Prince. Boccaccio, who, thanks to the role he played so well of miserable mendicant, has not been recognized, scurries away from the scene.

Next Boccaccio, in the dress of a peasant, hires out to Lambertuccio, who sets him to work in his vineyard, where he is supposed to gather grapes and fruits. Boccaccio goes up a fig tree, and there protests at the conduct of Lambertuccio, whom he accuses of embracing and kissing Fiametta. Lambertuccio, surprised, denies it, and then Boccaccio invites him to come up the tree and see for himself what a fig tree with "branches bewitched" can conjure up to startle an interested gazer. Up goes Lambertuccio, with doubt on his face, and is satisfied the tree is bewitched when he sees at his right the Prince, who is embracing the wife of Lotteringhi; at his left—that is to say, in his own house—Boccaccio embracing Fiametta, and then—horrors!—his own wife embracing Leonetto!

Fiametta is about to marry the Prince of Palermo, whom she does not want, but ends by marrying Boccaccio, whom she loves.

The opera was well presented and proved enjoyable to a large and super-enthusiastic audience.

"Iolanthe."

One of the most charming of Gilbert and Sullivan's many delightful operettas, "Iolanthe," was revived at the Casino last night, before a very enthusiastic audience. The cast was an excellent one, but the orchestra was not up to the requirements of Sullivan's lovely score.

Gilbert's libretto is full of funny lines not, perhaps, as sparkling in wit as "Patience" and "The Mikado," but full of humor, nevertheless, much of it intensely British. The company has had the wisdom to leave his libretto as he wrote it, and it is to be hoped that this will continue to be the case. Of the music, many unusual bits stand out in the memory, notably the incantation scene which recalls Iolanthe to her fairy sisterhood, the melodious duet between Phyllis and Strephon in Act I, the arrival of the peers in this same act, and the scene in the second act between Iolanthe and the Chancellor, when she offers the sacrifice of her life to gain her son's happiness. May 13 '13

De Wolf Hopper as the Chancellor gave a very fine character sketch, a really artistic piece of acting, make-up, and vocal characterization. Equally good in his way was George MacFarlane in Strephon, the half fairy, whose upper half could go through a keyhole, but whose lower half was indeed "feet of clay," since that wi

mortal and remained "kicking behind." His beautiful baritone voice might well be heard in more pretentious works. His Phyllis, Miss Cecil Cunningham, also possesses a voice of very unusual beauty and a person to match her voice.

Kate Condon, the ponderous contralto queen of the fairies, looked more like one of Wotan's daughters than like a fairy. She sang her rôle excellently, and the same may be said of the Iolanthe of Viola Gillette, and all the men's parts, taken by Arthur Cunningham, Arthur Aldridge, and John Hendricks. The statement at the head of the programme referring to a "star" revival is not an exaggeration. It is a pity that the same attention was not given in collecting the orchestral material.

Mr. Hopper made an amusing speech after the first act, and promised a second one if the audience were as pleased at the end of the work as it was at the beginning. Was this his own idea, or did he happen to be at one of the operatic premières which took place across Broadway this season?

ROUSSEAU'S OPERA.

"LE DEVIN DU VILLAGE," AT THE COURT THEATRE.

Nov. 5. '12 26

By way of a little celebration of the bicentenary, this year, of Rousseau's birth, Miss Florence Etlinger selected "Le Devin du Village" for the pupils of her school of opera-comique to show their progress. The performance took place yesterday afternoon at the Court Theatre. There are several interesting features about this work. It was the first French opera-comique, Rousseau having doubtless written it with a view to supporting his belief in the superiority of the Italian school to that of his own country. There was a good deal of controversy at that time on this question, the "Guerre des Bouffons" as it was termed; and a hearing of Rousseau's pleasing little melodies makes one see that there may have been a good deal to be said against what Mr. Streatfeild describes in his "The Opera" as the "arid declamation of the school of Lulli." Anyhow, history proves that opera-comique came to stay in France, and not only that, but to be graced in later days by some of the best things of the class.

Rousseau's music is, of course, exceedingly primitive. He studied the art too late in life to do really accomplished work, but it is not an uninteresting fact that one so poorly equipped should have exerted a considerable influence upon his contemporaries and those who came after him. Though thin in texture, lacking in characterisation, and awkward in harmony and cadence, "Le Devin du Village" contains many bright melodies which sound freshly enough to-day. Like all simple music, though, it requires great neatness of performance—not an easy matter—and the result yesterday was not particularly good in this respect. Between singers and orchestra there was not sufficient accuracy, and one felt that M. Gustave Ferrari, although undoubtedly working under difficulties, might have exercised a little more control with advantage.

The singing of Mlle. Gina Palerme as Colette was distinctly pretty in itself, and she had self-assurance, as, too, had the tenor, M. Roig Pascual, and he sang with a good deal of fluency and sense of vocal effect. As the fortune-teller, Mr. Ernest Groom was rather stiff, and his singing wanting in colour. The dancing, of which there is a considerable amount, went wel, Miss Ruby Ginner being the chief dancer.

Some folk-songs sung in costume were given in the first part of the programme, more or less as were seen and heard at M. Ferrari's concert the other day at the Bechstein Hall. There were also a couple of dances danced by the ten- or eleven-year-old Joan Carroll, who has, without doubt, a strong natural gift for the terpsichorean art. Her unaffected style was very pleasing.

ROYAL CHORAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 29. 1912. Times

This society gave at the Albert Hall last night Elgar's *Music Makers* and *Caractacus*. The old work is the more grateful to sing and contains more motive, since the chorus and soloists are real persons; the new, though destitute of any drama, being set to words more worth singing, offers some fine reflective passages for the chorus and declamatory phrases for the soloist. Miss Muriel Foster made a fine thing of the pages that led to the climax, where the voice bursts in upon the chorus with "You shall teach us your song's new numbers"; and the difficult single beat from there on was well maintained by a choir that had never rehearsed either with orchestra or soloist. The part of Caractacus was taken by Mr. Julien Henry, the Druid by Mr. Graham Smart. Miss Alice Wilna and Mr. Alfred Heather sang the parts of the two lovers.

It is doubtful whether the Albert Hall is the place in which to hear such a work as the *Music Makers*. The chorus is seldom complete in itself; its harmonies are generally built upon the bass of the orchestra, and at a critical moment that is apt to be inaudible. But at all times the voices are so inextricably interwoven with the orchestral parts that when these are lost in the distance or become confused with the resonance of so large a building no clear meaning disengages itself from the music. The solo part also is obviously intended for a smaller building, as the choral sopranos are often singing the same note as or higher notes than the soloist, who then becomes quite inaudible for the moment; and her share in the performance resembles the "silent music" of Japan, in which all the motions of making music are gone through but no instrument is touched because the strains are of too lofty a nature to be heard even by the initiated.

ELGAR'S "MUSIC MAKERS."

Nov 29 1912

PERFORMANCE AT THE ALBERT HALL.

The latest composition of Sir Edward Elgar, his ode, the setting of "We are the Music Makers," Arthur O'Shaughnessy's poem, was performed at the Albert Hall last night by the Royal Choral Society. It was produced, it will be remembered, at the recent Birmingham Festival, and since then has been heard at Brighton. The enterprise of the Royal Choral Society in giving us the first London performance would have been more praiseworthy had they taken more pains to secure one of really good quality.

The music is extremely elaborate, and evidently requires careful preparation on the part of both chorus and orchestra. The chorus sang at times with pleasing tone, but there was an indeterminate note in the ensemble and in the climaxes. This militated a good deal against an effort to obtain a fair judgment of the quality of the music itself. Speaking generally, while there are some notable pages of true Elgaresque charm, there are many others which, at any rate, on the present occasion, did not convince. It was difficult to feel the composer's point of view, to understand quite how he was intending to express himself.

For one thing, the work seems to err on the side of length, which in a sense is another way of saying that it fails to be continuously interesting. It is a compliment, in a way, to speak of the "Elgarism" of the whole, for the composer is one of few enough who speaks in his own idiom. Besides the intentional references to his earlier works, notably the "Enigma" Variations, a passage which helps to build up one of the best sections, "They had no vision amazing," there are many passages which could have been written by no one else than Elgar—the only difficulty one finds in appreciating this fact is that the similarity of style seems to bring with it too little emotional and characteristic variety. One would rather like to hear the composer in a quite fresh vein.

The ode must be heard again to realise properly the skill of the writing, especially as regards the orchestration, and not in the Albert Hall, where details count for so little. In Sir Edward Elgar's music especially it is the detail which is always so interesting in its subtlety, finish, and perfect adjustment. Another hearing under better conditions all round, with one exception, the singing of the solo part by Miss Muriel Foster, is also due, that the composer may not be subjected to the risk of misrepresentation.

The remainder of the programme was taken up with "Caractacus," in which the soloists were Miss Alice Wilna and Messrs. Heather, Smart, and Henry. N. C. G.

BECHSTEIN HALL.

Nov. 29. 1912

Mr. Robert Maitland, who gave a vocal recital in Bechstein Hall last night, is an artist, genuine and thorough, but even he must have realised after considerable study that the two "Ghazels" (whatever they may be) by Professor Granville Bantock (the text from the Persian of Hafiz), which he introduced for the first time, are not of mighty importance. We had nearly written "weighty," but they were weighty indeed, weighty with musical insignificance. In both of them the statue was in the pianoforte and the pedestal in the voice-part; and in neither did we find a single note of inevitability, in spite of some pleasant phrases and of Mr. Maitland's great art. How beautiful sounded Brahms and Wolf and Schubert, and mighty fine was some of the singing. There might have been a little greater variety of tone-colour in the singing of "Kreuzzug," but it, "Der Schiffer," and "An den Mond," and most especially "Der Doppelgänger," were superbly done, and "Prometheus" was something of a revelation, for the purity of the diction and the grandeur of the style. Why did Mr. Maitland open his concert with Bach's Cantata, "Ich will den Kreuzstab"? At least half his audience heard it only through the closed doors. Mr. R. H. Walthew accompanied. A word of praise is due to the uncommon excellence of several English translations by Mr. Maitland of the German text he sang—translations which might be utilised by those whose German is not of concert strength.

"ŒDIPUS TYRANNUS" AT CAMBRIDGE.

Nov. 29. 1912. Times

A MUSICAL IMPRESSION.

The part played by music in classical drama as represented in the performances of *Œdipus Tyrannus* now being given at Cambridge is the exact opposite to that of incidental music in modern drama or its function in opera. In modern drama it is generally used to heighten the emotional moments, in opera it controls the emotion of the drama by passing lightly over the subsidiary details, perhaps even throwing them into the background by withdrawing its support altogether and leaving them to spoken dialogue, and intensifying the great moments by the employment of its utmost resources. But in the drama of Sophocles the music enters at the moments when the tension is relaxed; it comes not to make us feel more acutely, but to keep us in tune with the mood of the tragedy while giving relief by transmuting feeling into contemplation. A composer who approached the drama from the standpoint of modern opera would be likely to mistake his business altogether, and to ruin the balance by his failure to realize that here the spoken word is the moment of deepest feeling, the sung word the moment of release.

Sir Charles Stanford, in the music which he wrote for *Œdipus Tyrannus* twenty-five years ago and which is being reproduced now, gauged the position truly, notably in his use of the orchestra, for it is here that the modern musician is most tempted to misuse his resources. In setting the choruses the words naturally dictate the attitude of the music to some extent. It would, however, be fatally easy to underline the emotion of the drama with a scheme of orchestral motives illustrating its movements. Nor is the avoidance of that pitfall a merely negative virtue in this case, because in the overture and entr'actes, the fragments of orchestral music during the action at entrances and exits, and in the accompaniments to the choruses there are leading themes which suggest certain characters and elements in the drama, and their virtue is that they are used suggestively and not illustratively. A little more and being pressed too far they would become an impertinence; a little less and they would be insignificant. The most salient instance is the plaintive first melody of the prelude, which is associated with the idea of tragedy and recurs frequently, most impressively of all where it strikes across the joyful chorus in the third act and heralds the coming of the shepherd who tells the true story of Œdipus. Others are the delicately swaying theme of the entr'acte before the second act, connected with the personality of Iocasta, and the rising *arpeggio*, like the motto in Brahms's Third Symphony, which makes itself heard in the course of Act III., and is finally linked with the words and so forms part of the conclusion of the whole matter.

The swift treatment of the choruses, too, never lingering over details as though their expression were an end in itself but presenting the words in broad and simple terms, shows how thoroughly the position of the music has been grasped. As the influence of modern opera might induce a composer to lay too much stress upon his orchestra, so the traditions of oratorio might lead him to abuse the privileges of the chorus. Stanford stood clear of both when he approached *Œdipus*.

The choral voices, which Dr. Charles Wood has trained at Cambridge, were particularly effective because they understood their place in the scheme. They never dragged nor forced points upon one's attention. It is true that there were points which the ringing tone and the sincerity of utterance made unforgettable. One recalls especially the appeal to Zeus in the first chorus, as well as the outcry upon the last entrance of Œdipus which broke the spell of the darkened scene in which the slave told his terrible story. But this last gained its force from the fact that it came as the natural relief after a greater emotional strain and not as a climax.

QUEEN'S HALL SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Saturday afternoon's concert offered Smetana's "Vltava," Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, MacDowell's Second Concerto, R. Glière's Symphonic Poem "Les Sirènes," and Elgar's "Cockaigne."

This orchestra gave a couple of months ago as unaccountably bad a performance of the C minor symphony as they now, for a perhaps assignable reason, gave a good one. Sir Henry Wood guided them instead of marshalling them. If this represents a real change in his point of view, we may look with confidence to the future. Those only are leaders of men who can use discipline without crushing initiative. It was worth much to hear the broad expanses of the first movement filled worthily with pure tone and the steady tramp of the Scherzo interrupting with quiet dignity the artless prattle of the T io and

breaking in upon the majesty of the Finale without any attempt to point the moral. Dec. 2 '12

The interest of MacDowell's Concerto centred in the Scherzo, or to speak accurately, the Presto giocoso—and in Mme. Carreño. Most people would rather hear a woman play the piano and a man the violin, possibly because, the piano's power of tone being limited and the violin's power of expression unlimited, these powers are apt to be abused when the case is reversed. Perhaps if Mme. Carreño had happened to play the violin she would have shown us how to use its capacities as surely as she teaches us how not to abuse those of the piano. Leaving other merits aside, it is in the amount and the delicacy of gradation between the limits of *piano* and *forte*, and in the refusal to exaggerate those gradations or to stretch those limits, that the magic of her playing lies.

Glière's "Les Sirènes" is yet one more of those symphonic poems whose true justification is always to come, and never comes. It is in vain that we label scraps of melody and stretch upon them, whether it fits or not, the metaphor of a story. Who thinks now of the labels which Wagner never gave and Strauss said that he did not agree with? We listen to and wonder at their music; and the 21st century will wonder what we wondered at, but they will certainly never have the antiquarian interest to look up our writings and see what the labels were. One thing "Les Sirènes" achieves—a presentation to the ear of what the ear and eye both get from a sullen, surging sea. So far it names one of the objective facts of the "poem." It possibly names another, the ship, by a quotation from *Tristan*. But of the spell which is laid upon a man, so that he thinks it worth while to go with his ship's crew to certain destruction, the music gives no hint.

A NEW SYMPHONIC POEM

Dec 2 1912

INTERESTING CONCERT AT THE QUEEN'S HALL.

The symphony concert given by the Queen's Hall Orchestra on Saturday afternoon, the last of the series before Christmas, was attended by a very large audience, drawn by the presence of Beethoven's C minor symphony in the programme and the engagement of Mme. Teresa Carreño to play in a pianoforte concerto. The scheme was furthermore rendered interesting on account of the first performance in London of a symphonic poem by Reinhold Glière one of the younger generation of Russian composers. This, the programme told us, is a recent work, and indeed it was quite evidently from the hand of an experienced writer. They know how to score in the modern Russian school, but one is still waiting for another real inventor such as was Tchaikovsky. "The Sirens," as this new tone-poem is called, is of but small value as a piece of genuine music. It is yet another example of the uselessness of employing the orchestral colour-box without possessing the gift of drawing. It is all tone and colour and no thematic distinction to give it shape, conviction, or the power to affect the emotions.

Glière has, indeed, a poor invention. There are a few themes, of course, here and there; the leading one, however, is commonplace in outline, and it becomes subjected to a variation which turns it ridiculously like a phrase in the "Venusberg" music. As this was during what should be the emotional climax of the piece the effect became more unconvincing than ever. But there are some remarkable orchestral effects, splendid sonority and richness, full and proper use being made of the numerous "extra" instruments. Sir Henry Wood secured what had every appearance of being an admirable performance.

Mme. Carreño's concerto was that in D minor of McDowell, a work seldom played, strangely so, perhaps, when one considers the brilliance of the solo part. Musically, there is less reason for frequent performance, it being unequal and poorly sustained in interest. There is a curious gloomy heaviness about much of McDowell's music, a sort of depression which just misses depth; that is, one has a sort of feeling that the composer ought to express lofty thoughts, or to be tragic, solemn, noble, what you will, and did not quite get there. His lighter moods are happier in achievement, witness the presto of this concerto. Mme. Carreño played the whole work brilliantly, and for an encore the presto movement was repeated. The pianist was in splendid form, her superb technical grip, beautiful tone, and enthusiastic style of playing commanding, as usual, the close attention of her hearers. The programme was completed with Elgar's "Cockaigne" overture and Smetana's symphonic poem "Vltava."

THE ENGLISH FOLK DANCE SOCIETY.

Dec. 3. 1912

Audiences seldom read their programmes; but I hope that all present at the Savoy Theatre yesterday afternoon studied the preliminary note to the programme of the English Folk Dance Society's performance. The performance was not intended as a public show for the amusement of the amateur dancing; nor is country dancing seen at its best on the stage of a theatre. Indeed, it is not meant to be seen, in the sense in which the Russian Ballet is meant to be seen, at all; but to be danced—and danced on the green, not the boards. The dancer, not the looker-on, is the person whose taste and pleasure are to be consulted. If the dances are good to look at (and some of them certainly are), so much the better for the spectator, who, by rights, is here a spectator only because he does not know how to dance.

The object of yesterday's demonstration was to inspire Londoners to learn the fun of dancing these things for themselves, and perhaps of going on to teach them to people in less fortunate circumstances. Hundreds of such people have already learned the joys of country-dancing; and, with a "movement" spreading so rapidly as this, it is as well to have some one at the head of it like Mr. Cecil Sharp, who will see that the things are done right. The effect of yesterday's demonstration of morris-dances, sword dances, country dances, jigs, and so on, danced by people who know them well, was to some extent, no doubt, to please the eye (though that is quite unimportant), but to a much greater extent to make one want to get up and dance too. Of such tunes as these traditional airs, some are terrible things to get "running in the head," like "Laudnum Bunches" or "Shepherds' Hey"; others, like the delightful Gloucestershire jig, "I'll go and enlist for a sailor," are less easily exhausted; and when we come to the tunes from Playford's "English Dancing Master" of 1650, of which the programme offered some half-dozen, the music would be enjoyable quite apart from the pleasant figures. There were old songs, too, sung with admirable simplicity and clarity by Miss Mattie Kay and Mr. Fred Hudson; and the whole recital showed what a wealth of fun and colour and movement have survived just long enough to be rescued and restored to popular use by Mr. Sharp and his society.

A MAORI CONCERT.

INTERESTING DISPLAY AT THE QUEEN'S HALL.

Dec. 3 1912

An entertainment of an unusual character was provided at the Small Queen's Hall last night. It was undertaken by a troupe of Maoris from the Hot Springs district of New Zealand, who are touring Britain primarily with the object of demonstrating the progress of the Maori nation. While, naturally enough, every one can sympathise with the evidences of Europeanisation, what really interests us here the most is the purely native element. For this reason alone the fact that so little Maori music was heard last night was disappointing, while the choice of the European music substituted was not so happily made as could have been desired.

That the Maori temperament is musically susceptible there can be no doubt, and as adaptable, moreover, to the æsthetical stimulus as our own. Their native art, like that of other untrained races, is characterised by its remarkable rhythmical force and variety. Not only is this shown in actual musical performance, but in all movements of whatever kind: those in the Poi games, for instance, the illustrative actions during the Canoe Song, or the war-dances and displays of war-weapons. The singing itself is attractive on account of the vocal quality, which, especially in a "piano," is delightfully soft and sympathetic. It was a curious impression, that made by the singing of "Drink to me only," in harmony, unaccompanied, but the sense of inappropriateness did not militate against quite a charming vocal effect.

Far more interesting was the lament over the death of a warrior, where a quaint dirge was sung by one of the chieftains in a really expressive and convincing manner. But the general lack of native music was a decided flaw in the proceedings as a whole. However, other aspects of native art were shown The skit on a Coon Song was extremely amusing, the Maoris entering into the fun of the thing with an infectious zest. Everything they do, as a matter of fact, is strongly coloured by an intense immediate interest, and a sense of humour is evidently keen. The Poi games are fascinating, and mention should be made of the Tattoo Song, which, as the programme stated, according to an ancient custom, accompanies the operation so as to drown any cry of pain. The entertainment was far too good to have been supported by a decidedly scanty audience.

"SINGVEREIN" CONCERT.

A REMARKABLE VIOLINIST,

Dec. 4-2

The mixed choir, "Singverein," gave a grand concert in the Queen's Hall last night in aid of the German Society of Benevolence. A programme of generous dimensions was successfully performed to the evident satisfaction of a crowded house.

The contributions of the choir were, first, a cantata, "Sonnenaufgang im Gebirge" (Sunrise in the Mountains), for baritone solo, chorus, and orchestra, composed by the conductor, Mr. Otto Sondermann, and performed for the first time. This is a skilfully written work to a text of Von Kleist, passing from moods of reflective melancholy to glad exhilaration with several climaxes of massive effect. We failing to strike any new note, and not entirely free from the charge of monotony owing to the diffuseness of treatment, it gave ample opportunity for the choir to show their powers. The solo part was well taken by Mr. Robert Maitland, who was afterwards associated with Miss Carrie Tubb, Mr. Mostyn Bell, and the chorus in Max Bruch's cantata, "Das Feuerkreuz," when Miss Tubb particularly excelled in the "Ave Maria."

The outstanding feature of the concert, however, was the performance of the Bruch Violin Concerto in G minor by the young Turkish player, Miss Rosa Ehrlich. A pupil of Professor Sevcik, she was first heard in London at the concert given by his students a year ago, and at that time attracted a good deal of attention. Since then she has developed considerably, and although still quite young, is already a violinist of remarkable attainments. Her sweet and tender tone seems a very emanation of the music with which not only her fingers, but her whole frame, vibrates in sympathy. Nor was the sustained strength and beauty of her cantilenas in the "Adagio" less noteworthy than the virile control of the rhythmic theme in the "Finale." Altogether an artist of the highest promise.

Another youthful soloist was Miss Dorothy Dawson-Campbell, who made a good impression in Weber's Pianoforte Concerto. The accompaniments were supplied by the London Symphony Orchestra.

MISS GLADYS MOGER'S RECITAL.

Dec. 1912

Miss Gladys Moger, who gave a song recital last night in the Æolian Hall, began with a couple of Italian folksongs arranged by Sgambati and Schindler. Neither of them suited her very well and both were sung with broken and too heavy phrasing. Donaudy's "Ah, mai non cessate" which followed went better, but here the simple *coloratura* phrases were not quite clear enough. In the next song, Campra's "Charmant Papillon," she sang with greater flexibility, and she was better still in Hüe's setting of "Ich hab' im Traum geweinet," which in its French version appeared above the hybrid signature "Henri Heine." There was more feeling here in her singing and more colour in her tone, which was of a pleasant quality when she did not use too much *vibrato*, and was fairly powerful except sometimes when it was a little pinched and hardened on the upper notes. If her pronunciation of French vowels had been better she would have left a good impression in the bergerette "Non, je n'irai plus au bois." She was more at home in this respect in the next group of English songs, amongst which were "A Stray Nymph of Dian," by Parry, and Delius's lovely song. "In a Seraglio Garden," both of which she sang much better than Granville Bantock's tedious "Lament of Isis" or Mallinson's "Canoe Song," with its series of syllabic misaccentuations. In her last group of German songs, which included Clara Schumann's "Liebst du um Schonheit," she had her voice well under control, and this enabled her to sing out with greater conviction and with much better vocal results than she had obtained earlier in the evening. Mr. Julius Harrison was the accompanist.

A NEW SOPRANO.

Dec 4 1912

Miss Gladys Moger has not, we believe, given a recital before in London. At the Æolian Hall last night she showed herself to be a decidedly clever singer. Her soprano voice has been carefully trained, and, once the control of colour has been steadied and greater sureness in attack acquired, especially in the higher register, it should give unalloyed pleasure. For it is naturally sympathetic in quality, while the way Miss Moger uses it generally makes the singing interesting in itself. Considerable skill was brought to bear upon the interpretation of a varied programme of Italian, French, German, and English songs. The scheme suffered, from an æsthetic point of view, in containing so little music of emotional value. One tired of a series of performances which had no depth. In actual expression Miss Moger's powers at present seem to be somewhat limited; she rather gave one the impression—remembering, all the same, the narrow range of the programme in this respect—of seeing things too much from the point of view of the intelligence. Another time, it may be hoped, Miss Moger will not neglect the claims of feeling in the art of musical performance.

MEDAL FOR TETRAZZINI.

N. Y. Sun

Rare Honor Paid Singer by the London Philharmonic.

Dec. 5. 1912

To Mme. Luisa Tetrazzini, now of the Philadelphia-Chicago Grand Opera Company, was given yesterday in London the gold medal of the London Philharmonic Society, after a concert by the society at which Mme. Tetrazzini was soloist. Among the few musical celebrities who have received the medal are Patti and Paderewski.

Mme. Tetrazzini will sail for the United States next Saturday, and will give several concerts before she joins the Philadelphia-Chicago company. She will also appear with the Boston company and will be heard in Baltimore.

In the spring she will make the Pacific coast tour with the Philadelphia-Chicago company, and will be heard for the first time in some of the Western cities.

LONDON CHORAL SOCIETY.

The new work which was placed at the head of this society's programme at Queen's Hall last night was a setting of "Lycidas" for soprano and baritone soli, chorus, and orchestra, by Mr. H. R. Hulbert. A note in the vocal score stated that it was the composer's intention to illustrate the work with scenery; the words are therefore assigned to characters, the Narrator, shepherdesses, &c., and the score contains directions for scenery and action. It might be called a masque but for the fact that the music is continuous, and so its performance in the conditions of the concert-room places it at a disadvantage. The orchestral prelude would be unintelligible to those who did not know that it is supposed to accompany a dance of shepherdesses, and in the course of the work there are other directions which explain the character of the music. With the help of the score, however, it was quite possible to see what the composer was aiming at, and the writing throughout is clear in its melodic ideas. But its planning for the stage and the style of the music, full of reminiscences of the opera and the ballet, leave very little room for Milton. The march of his verse is lost in the orchestral texture of leading themes and the chromatic style of the harmony. Mr. Hulbert has treated the text merely as a libretto, and though some of the declamation for the two solo voices is skilful and the choral writing is effective, the same effect might have been produced with any poem. It all flows very easily, because the composer does not seem to have realized that in setting "Lycidas" he was undertaking a problem which cannot be solved by an appeal to precedents. Mr. Thorpe Bates in the part of the Narrator and Miss Carrie Tubb in that of the Shepherdess both sang finely, and the choral singing was beautifully smooth and pure in quality. But the choir showed both here and elsewhere one serious defect. The enunciation of the words was very indistinct. Times. Dec. 5. 1912

The programme also contained Mr. Arnold Bax's "Enchanted Summer" and two of Mr. Percy Grainger's folk-song arrangements, the "Londonderry Air" for chorus without words, and the song from the Faeroe Islands, "Father and Daughter," for voices, orchestra, and mandoline band. The work of both composers was first produced at one of Mr Balfour Gardiner's concerts in the spring, and the repetitions of both were welcome for opposite reasons. Mr. Grainger's folk settings were so thoroughly enjoyable at a first hearing that one wanted to hear them again; Mr. Bax's cantata was so far from being wholly enjoyable, yet had so much interest, that it deserved a second hearing. One feels that the setting of long passages from Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound" has been too much for him, that the lines have suggested too many musical ideas to be expressed in the course of setting the poetry. The result is confused and vague; the poet and the musician hamper one another, but Mr. Bax has something to say which could have been said better in the form of a symphonic poem. The solos were well sung by Miss Goldsbrough and Miss Tubb, and except for the fault already mentioned the choir under Mr. Fagge gave a sympathetic performance. Mr. Grainger's "Father and Daughter" had to be repeated, and at the end of the long programme came Coleridge-Taylor's cantata "A Tale of Old Japan," which this society made popular with its performances last year. The solo singers were Miss Leah Felissa, Miss Gwladys Roberts, Mr. Hughes Macklin, and Mr. Thorpe Bates.

ROYAL PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

The last of the society's centenary concerts, given at Queen's Hall last night, presented a curious coalition of musical interests. On the one hand there was Mme. Tetrazzini singing her florid arias to a special audience at special prices, on the other Sir Hubert Parry conducting the first performance of his new Symphony in B minor. The symphony is as much calculated to appeal to a special audience as is Mme. Tetrazzini's performance, but to one of a very different species. There are, of course, a few people, among them professional critics, who, like the chameleon, are used to taking their colour from their surroundings and can turn their appreciative faculties rapidly in many directions, but even they on this occasion might fear the fate of the animal placed upon a tartan plaid who burst in the effort to accommodate itself to circumstances. In addition to these opposite interests we were given a Fantasy upon four Scottish Tunes by Mr. Charles Macpherson, played for the first time in London, Chopin's Piano Concerto in E minor, played by Mr. Sapellnikoff, some piano solos, and Glazounov's "Fantaisie Finnoise," which was recently given at the Royal College of Music, but had received no public performance in this country.

The subsidiary features must be despatched with slight comment. Mr. Sapellnikoff's clean style and easy mastery of resource were shown in his playing of the concerto, though in the slow movement he left it to the strings of the orchestra to justify Chopin's claim to be called a romantic composer. His tone was crystalline, pure, and unemotional. Glazounov's highly-coloured and effective piece has been lately discussed in these columns in connexion with the performance at the Royal College of Music. It was conducted by Sir Hubert Parry at the end of the concert. The rest of the programme, other than the symphony, was conducted by Mr. Percy Pitt. Mr. Macpherson's fantasy, unlike Glazounov's, has no descriptive purpose at the back of it; it aims merely at placing in a strong light the characteristics of the melodies he has chosen, taking each in turn and developing its rhythm freely as Edward German does in his Welsh Rhapsody. The composer stands modestly in the background; his part is merely to tell how the tunes appeal to him, and he succeeds in doing so by emphasizing the jaunty rhythm of "Johnnie Cope," the expressive sentiment of "When the kye comes hame," and "Afton Water" with piquant and rather experimental orchestration. For the last he has allowed himself a vigorous improvisation upon a tune with the title "Macpherson's Rant," as though to hit up an easy catch for his enemies. But the piece is too happy to allow one to suppose that he has any. Dec. 6. 1912

The appearance of a new symphony by Sir Hubert Parry, who has deserted purely instrumental composition in favour of choral music for some years, must be an event of the highest interest to serious musical people, because everything he writes is an expression of himself. He has given with it a description of the ideas which have been in his mind in writing, on similar lines to that which he devised for the revival of his Symphony in E minor at a Philharmonic concert a few years ago. Since the description merely connects the themes and their influence upon one another with phases of human emotion, it is less a "programme" in the conventional sense than a confession of the composer's own psychological experience. The four movements played continuously are called "Stress," "Love," "Play," and "Now!" and the themes of the first are described by such phrases as "brooding thought, in the presence of tragedy," "wrestling with the meaning of it," "revolt," "tokens of suffering," and "the pity of it." But the listener who begins with the music and works back to the verbal description, as all real listeners must, generally finds that he is passing from the greater to the less—that the music has carried him so much further than the words that the latter are superfluous. Two things stand out as great moments in the symphony. One is the theme connected with the idea of tragedy, appearing in the minor key early in the first movement and transformed with a noble extension of its outline to a major version forming the climax of the last movement; the second is the love theme which dominates the whole of the beautiful slow movement. Combined with these is an *arpeggio* figure, like that in the first movement of Brahms's C minor Symphony, which the composer has called "brooding thought," and which gets transformed in the last three notes of the Finale into a triumphant conclusion. In the first movement there are passages where one is apt to think that the music does not give us more than the indications, such as "Stress" and "wrestling with the meaning," suggest; the music loses its clear voice in the confusion of sound, but such moments are the exceptions. The two lyrical middle movements are delightfully clear and complete in their self-justification, and the whole is splendidly summed up in the Finale which the composer has headed with the exclamatory "Now!" The orchestration is fuller and richer than that of most of Parry's work; sometimes it inclines to heaviness, but there are many touches of pure and beautiful colour, particularly in the "Play" movement and its delightful Trio, where the "thought" theme is transformed into a tripping dance measure. The symphony was well played, and the whole-hearted applause and frequent recalls of the composer showed that it was well appreciated, at any rate by a large proportion of the audience.

Mme. Tetrazzini had an enthusiastic reception, with the proper accompaniment of bouquets, in return for which she gave extra songs. She began with David's "Charmant Oiseau," with the flute obbligato played by Mr. Fransella. She did not seem quite at ease at first, and her high notes were apt to be harsh, but her competitions with the flute showed all the agility and vocal control which have made her famous. The beauty of her voice, however, was shown better in Grieg's "Solveig's Song," sung in Italian, and her lack of musical judgment appeared at its worst in the high note with which she chose to end Brahms's "Vergebliches Ständchen," also sung in Italian.

CONCERTS FRANCAIS.

Dec. 7. 12

AN INTERESTING PROGRAMME

The eighteenth concert of the Société des Concerts Français, which took place yesterday afternoon at Mme. Liotard-Vogt's house in Holland Park-gardens, was devoted to the works of Vincent d'Indy, Guy Ropartz, Déodat de Séverac, and Philippe Gaubert. The examples of modern French work thus presented made interesting hearing, especially as various tendencies of art were thereby disclosed.

In the sonata for violoncello and pianoforte, by Ropartz, melodic outline and classical form was the main consideration, to which piquant atmosphere was given by the amorphous nature of much of the accompaniment, the strange harmonic and modulating combinations, and, not least, the occasional diversions to modal effects, as notably a two-part passage with the pianoforte in octaves and the violoncello playing pizzicato. Strenuous vigour characterised the opening Allegro moderato, while equally noticeable was the measured progress of the Quasi Lento and the exhilarating swing of the concluding Allegro. This work was played by Mlle. A. Veluard on the pianoforte and M. Revel on the violoncello.

In a group of songs, "Le Ciel est pardessus le toit," "La Chanson de Blaisine," and "Le Chevrier," sung sympathetically by Mlle. Hélène M. Luquiens, the closely descriptive method of Hugo Wolf was adopted by Déodat de Séverac, and, as is sometimes the case with the Austrian composer, the suspicion arose as to whether such music is not put together by a purely intellectual process. The vocal and instrumental runs, with their flat sevenths in the second song, however, gave it a distinctly attractive flavour.

Philippe Gaubert was represented by a Fantaisie for the clarinet and pianoforte, played by M. Jean Michelin and Mlle. A. Veluard respectively. It afforded ample opportunity for the wind-player to show off his dexterity, but was not otherwise striking.

A SWEDISH COMPOSER. 1913

It is to be feared that Count Axel Raoul Wachtmeister has still a good deal to learn before he can write music successfully. It is all very well to ramble pleasantly along with little musical phrases and dips into the more uncommon harmonies; this is by no means all that is required. One listened to a violin sonata, a prelude and fugue for pianoforte, and some songs at the Æolian Hall last night, hoping to find some moment where it could be felt that the composer was on solid ground. Such moments were very rare and fleeting when discovered. The truth is that Count Wachtmeister strives to run before he can walk. The evidence of the output of an evening's programme of music argues the existence of an impulse to create; so far, so good. Furthermore, one did occasionally feel that a little theme here and there had meant something to the composer. The acquisition of a proper technique may be a laborious affair, but to one so ambitious surely not an impossibility. Without it, it is quite out of the question that music can be made which will give any sort of definite impression. Miss Elizabeth Munthe-Kaas and Mr. Campbell McInnes sang the songs with a brave attempt to present them in as favourable a light as possible, and Miss Eddina Bligh on the violin and Mr. Alfred Roth at the pianoforte likewise exerted themselves over what could only be an ungrateful task.

BARNS-PHILLIPS CHAMBER CONCERT.

Miss Ethel Barns has written several sonatas, suites, and other works for violin and piano which have earned such expressions as "well-written," "fluent," and "melodious," expressions which, taken together, mean that the emptiness of the music is more or less concealed by skilful craftsmanship. In listening to the suite, which she produced with the help of Mr. Percy Waller at Bechstein Hall on Saturday, one realized how easily she might play a trick upon her audience if she were not as conscientious as she undoubtedly is. It was called "Impressions of Switzerland" and its four movements carried the titles "In the Mountains," "The Lake," "Among the Peasants," and "Fête Day," but it would have been quite easy to find four movements from among her earlier works which would be just as appropriate to the titles as these are, and they could scarcely have sounded more familiar than these newly-written movements did. This suite is quite as pleasant as its predecessors and with the composer playing the violin part and Mr. Waller at the piano it pleased the audience very well. Mr. Waller's playing of Schumann's "Etudes Symphoniques" had an equal success, indeed a greater one, for he had to give an encore, but his rhythm, which was often admirably clear in soft passages, was inclined to become confused at the climaxes. Miss Dora Delise, who was making her first appearance, did so with remarkable assurance. Her contralto voice is at its best in the middle notes, which are exceedingly rich, and her singing of Sibelius's "The Tryst" showed considerable dramatic power; she only needs to learn how to be quite simple in order to have a wide range of expression at command. Mr. Charles Phillips sang four of Dvorák's Biblical songs, which he always sings impressively. But the third (No. 4 of the series, Psalm xxiii.) was the most enjoyable, for here the thickness of tone which sometimes spoils his singing of the larger songs was absent and it was most delicately phrased. Well-known violin solos from Miss Barns and equally popular songs from the two singers completed the programme. Dec 9/1912

OLD DANCES AND MUSIC.

A delightful and, for once, too short a concert was given on Saturday night in the Æolian Hall, where the Chaplin Trio had organized the first of what is apparently to be "a series of concerts to popularize old dances and music." Dec. 9. 12

The chief of the instrumental works was a trio by Rameau for harpsichord, viola d'amore, and viola da gamba, in which the players brought out not merely the freely moving parts and clear-cut rhythms, but also the musical emotion underlying the rhythmical melodies. In a lovely sarabande by William Lawes and an equally lovely gavotte by Boismortier, their playing showed again how by long familiarity with old music they have grasped the significance and not merely the externals of the written notes. Some old French Troubadour songs and examples of Robert Jones and Thomas Morley were sung with the same kind of easy directness and with admirably clear diction by Miss Lilian Berger and Mrs. George Cornwallis-West played with sympathy and understanding one of Domenic Scarlatti's sonatas and Daquin's famous "Coucou."

Amongst the dances, which were given in costume by a number of young ladies accompanied by the strings and in some cases also by words sung by Mr. Fred Dunbar, were the Pavane, the Galliard, the Tambourin, and Bourree, while Purcell's six variations from the *Fairy Queen* were utilized to illustrate

the Chaconne. They were all danced with spirit and grace and with almost an entire absence of self-consciousness, which helped to break down the barriers between spectators and dancers. The audience was enthusiastic throughout the evening, and it is only to be hoped that those who were there will come again and persuade their friends to come so that a series of these concerts may be something more than a visionary scheme on paper.

OLD DANCES AND MUSIC.

A CHARMING ENTERTAINMENT AT THE ÆOLIAN HALL.

Dec 9

In consequence of the great success of their recent Shakspeare concert, the Chaplin Trio, consisting of the Misses Nellie, Kate, and Mabel Chaplin, arranged a performance of "Ancient Dances and Music," which took place in the Æolian Hall on Saturday night. The entertainment thus provided was entirely delightful, and will, we hope, prove the forerunner of many more.

We have all heard of pavanes and galliards, chaconnes and corontos, but it may be doubted whether the closest student of Shakspeare, or Elizabethan literature in general, can really visualise the actual dances from the remote descriptions of words. They must be seen to be thoroughly understood, and when seen, as on Saturday, performed in the old costumes by a troupe of skilful young dancers, the appeal of charm and romance is immediate, while at the same time we feel that a veil is removed from the obscurity of the past.

The music, too, of William Byrde, Henry Purcell, and others, which, played for its own sake, might seem a little inadequate, formed a beautiful, inspiring support, and one was made to realise how superior the old dance music was to that of the present day.

A further group of old English dances, taken from Playford's "Dancing Master," proved equally delightful, especially the "kissing dance," "Kettledrum," and the singing dances, "Once I loved a maiden fair" and "Sir Simon the King," the words being sung by Mr. Fred Dunbar.

Miss Lillian Berger further sang some Troubadour and Elizabethan songs, Mrs. George Cornwallis-West played harpsichord solos, and the Chaplin Trio performed on their old instruments, making a charming picture in their seventeenth-century costumes, like a Dutch painting of Jan Steen or Vermeer.

Dec 2 10 LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA. 1912

Sir Edward Elgar's First Symphony in A flat appears to be taking a new lease of life. At any rate, it was given only a few weeks ago by the New Symphony Orchestra under Mr. Landon Ronald, and last night it was heard once more in the Queen's Hall under the composer himself at what was the last of the series of the London Symphony Orchestra's concerts before Christmas. The symphony took fully 55 minutes to play, and yet it did not seem so long as might be supposed, because the composer knew how to insist on the main features of the work and to subordinate the details to them. It was not that the details were slurred over; they were exceedingly clear, but they were all kept in their place as bridges from point to point, or as echoes, or as pure decoration. The Violin Concerto too, which followed, seemed to take less time than usual, but for a different reason. Miss Marie Hall, who played it, did actually keep the details in the background; but what made her give the impression of covering the ground rapidly was the very light and easy way with which she played the whole work. Not a single phrase provoked apparent effort, and both the clean attack and the cool, silvery tone were unfailing, though the latter became shrill for a moment on one or two of the notes in the last movement. The opening was given in a somewhat broader style than we are accustomed to from Miss Hall, but the promise of consistent breadth was not fulfilled, even if the chief theme in the slow movement was made to sing; instead of that, the player let the music slip, as it were, from under her bow perfectly simply and perfectly easily, and though the result was in a sense superficial, it was extremely beautiful in its way, and won both for her and for the composer very warm applause. The orchestra accompanied admirably (for in his own music Sir Edward Elgar can identify himself with the interpreter), and completed the programme by playing the ever-popular Enigma Variations.

Dec 10 1912

ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

The annual performance of opera by students of the Royal College of Music took place at His Majesty's Theatre, by kind permission of Sir Herbert Tree, yesterday afternoon. The work chosen was Sir Alexander Mackenzie's *Colomba*, which, as already stated in *The Times*, has been considerably revised by the composer for this performance. But it was not the music of the opera which stood most in need of revision. In 1883, when *Colomba* was produced by the Carl Rosa Opera Company, Mackenzie was still a young composer but a thoroughly experienced one. He knew what he wanted to write, and wrote with an unhesitating directness of style which earned for this work considerable appreciation both in England and in Germany. Musical, and especially operatic, technique has changed very much since then, but in preparing *Colomba* for this revival he rightly made no attempt to bring it up to date; the new music is thoroughly in the style of the old, and has only been written because it was necessary to remodel the libretto by certain drastic changes which could not have been effected without cutting and reshaping the music. We should be the last to wish to write harshly of the libretto which the late Francis Hueffer compiled from Mérimée's story. It was in many respects considerably in advance of many English opera libretti current at that time, but it had two serious defects: it was written to give the composer chances for making music and not in order to express a dramatic idea, and it was full of unfortunate phrases the result of a mistaken devotion to rhymed verse. Mr. Claude Aveling has taken it in hand and done much to remedy both evils, and yesterday it was performed in a new edition published by Messrs. Novello and Co. Mr. Aveling has taken the only sensible course with regard to the words. Where simple remarks were made to sound ridiculous by being forced into rhyme he has restated them in plain English, using blank verse or simple prose, and getting rid of jingling rhymes and inverted sentences. In the first two acts talk which delayed the action has been cut out so as to bring into prominence the main idea, the conflict between the claims upon the hero of "vendetta" and of love. The third and fourth acts have not only been combined in one, but details of the story have been so much altered as to make it necessary to abandon much of the old music and to put new music in its place. The scene between Orso and Lydia which originally occurred after the shooting scene now comes before it, so that the audience is spared the irritation of witnessing the lovers' misunderstandings and reconciliation after the crisis of the plot. Moreover, it is now Colomba who eventually executes the vendetta by killing both the Barracini and getting killed herself; there is no tiresome procession of monks bearing the bodies away, and, best of all, no final moralizing on the part of the Governor of the island, who in the original version seemed to mistake himself for Mark Antony speaking over the body of Caesar.

The whole scheme has been much improved, but no ingenious patching can alter the fact that the libretto is primarily a peg on which to hang music. It never seems to have represented either to the librettist or the composer a drama which required music for its fulfilment, and it is in that respect that the standpoint of operatic criticism has altered completely, chiefly owing to the better understanding of Wagner's principles, since the time of *Colomba's* first appearance at Drury Lane. Still, taking it from its own standpoint, we may find a great deal of clearly written and interesting music in the songs of Chilina, the "Voeero" which is the chief motive of the opera, and the charming song which she sings to herself as she passes Orso on the way to the brigand's hut, in the flower song with which Colomba begins the second act, in the love duet and the ballet music. Now that there is scarcely a place where the story drags or where one flinches before absurd dialogue, these and other things can be appreciated at their true worth. The impulse is not strong enough to give any great moments, and the dramatic climaxes remain the weakest points; but the opera of the eighties had one virtue which is perhaps too little considered now—it was not always working up to or away from a climax.

The performance which Sir Charles Stanford conducted was a remarkably good one. Miss Olive Sturgess sang the part of Colomba with admirable courage, making the most of a voice which is rather light for the part by the energy of her style. Her appeals to Orso to execute the vendetta had genuine inspiration and force, while her singing remained pure. Miss Idwen Thomas (Lydia) and Miss Lillie Chipp (Chilina) both sang with musical feeling, but neither part puts any great strain upon the dramatic capabilities of the singers. The men's parts are more exacting in that respect, and consequently it is difficult to avoid moments of unintentional comedy when they are played by inexperienced actors. Mr. George Macklin sang bravely as Orso, and his tenor voice was often effective, though he was not always a very convincing hero, and gave the impression that it was just as well that the shooting should be left to his sister. Mr. Percy Thomas (the Governor) and Mr. William Green (Savelli) were below the level of most of the cast in their enunciation of the words, for on the whole one of the most satisfactory features was the excellent clearness of the diction. One felt that the old charge against English opera that the singers do not make the words intelligible may soon be entirely outgrown when a company of students can speak their words in song as well as was the rule on this occasion. The orchestra, too, was exceedingly steady, and played with a refinement which never allowed any interference with the business of the stage, and the whole went with a certainty which made it difficult to believe that it was merely a single performance given by a company so little used to the conditions of the theatre. At the end Sir Alexander Mackenzie was called on to the stage, and he, with Sir Charles Stanford and Mr. Cairns James, the stage manager, was very heartily applauded.

BECHSTEIN HALL.

Pall Mall Gazette Dec. 16 72

The guitar is an instrument one associates principally with serenades and sentiment under Southern skies—with the moon somewhere about. But that is only because one is ignorant of the possibilities—to say nothing of the history—of the guitar. For our part, let us frankly confess that until Saturday we did not know it was possible to play a Bach fugue on that instrument. Somebody, an Italian composer, we fancy, once wrote for it a concerto, and Hummel rescued that work for a time from oblivion by rewriting the solo part for the piano. But more often, for obvious reasons, it is the other way about, and in a programme of a guitar recital one naturally expects to find transcriptions. So it was at the recital given on Saturday afternoon by Mr. Emilio Pujol. This artist it was—and a most accomplished artist he proved himself—who introduced us to the unsuspected possibilities of the guitar already alluded to, and played on it not only the Bach fugue which has been mentioned, but a Gavotte as well from one of that composer's suites. Schumann's pretty Berceuse—with some guitar embroideries—and one of the most familiar of Schubert's "Moments Musicals" were also in the scheme, these and the other transcriptions being by Tárrega, who was himself a distinguished guitarist. Mr. Pujol, whose playing of these, as well as of some original compositions from the same pen, showed his possession of a really refined musical temperament, almost made one regret that the great composers failed to discern the possibilities of the guitar in the hands of a skilled and sensitive artist. Incidentally some pianoforte solos were contributed by Count Charles de Sonza. But we are bound to confess that we derived far more pleasure from our "joyous adventure" in the company of Mr. Pujol.

Dec. 16 72 A GUITAR RECITAL.

Señor Emilio Pujol showed at Bechstein Hall on Saturday afternoon possibilities of the guitar which were unsuspected by most people. The concert began with arrangements of well-known classics. Schubert's Moment Musical No. 3, and perhaps a gavotte of Bach's did not seem very surprising in their new dress; but the Fugue in G minor from the 1st Sonata for Violin Solo not only surprised, but sounded extremely well, as long as the tone was kept down. The guitar has very distinct limits in this matter, and any attempt to force the tone beyond them, which Señor Pujol very seldom did, introduces bathos. Technically two things appear to happen; the strings rattle against the finger-board, and the fretted notes get sharp on the open notes. But quieter passages, with notes of harp-like quality, which are capable of considerable gradation, are the strong point of the instrument; and these were frequent, and always effective, in the genuine guitar music, of a Moorish character, by F. Tárrega. Its effects, like those of the clavichord, are effects of suggestion rather than of achievement, and it probably loses much by being stripped, as it is in the concert-room, of the associations of its proper surroundings; but there is no doubt of the artistry of which it is capable, and which the player supplied.

To listen for long together to these tones like a moth against the window-pane or the death struggle of a dragon-fly is a strain on the attention; and some pieces of Chopin, Schumann, and Liszt which were played by Count Charles de Sonza were very welcome.

A YOUNG RECITER.

Dec 13

At the Steinway Hall on Saturday evening Miss Jeannette Sherwin, the daughter of Mme. Amy Sherwin, made her first appearance as a reciter. Possessing a sympathetic voice, assurance, and having acquired the art of speaking very distinctly, she made a decidedly favourable impression. Whether experience will develop more interpretative power remains to be seen, for at present it must be confessed that there was little more in her reciting than the qualities named. Perhaps her relation of some Hans Christian Andersen stories was the most successful, for here the greater simplicity the better. She included the work of some native poets in her scheme. In this one felt the want of something beyond a pleasing range in vocal colouring and an accurate enough observance of the relation between metre and clearness in delivery. Mme. Liza Lehmann played her own music to the reciting of "The High Tide." During the evening songs were contributed skilfully by Mr. Fraser Gange; among them were part of Somervell's "Maud" cycle.

MISS ETLINGER'S SCHOOL OF OPERA.

Dec 17 1912 Pall Mall Gazette

So warm was the welcome accorded to a condensation of Urich's operetta, "The Cicada," when Miss Florence Etlinger produced it at the Savoy Theatre last year that, very wisely, she decided to repeat it yesterday afternoon at the present headquarters of her School of Opera in Paddington-street. And very pleasant it was to renew the acquaintance of the melodious strains and graceful songs which Urich has woven round the naive and adequate story of the improvident Grasshopper and the busy Ant. The music of the former was daintily sung by Miss Cicely Derrick, and, as the latter, Miss Florence Shee was excellent, while tiny Miss Phillips danced very prettily as a diminutive butterfly, and Miss Gladys Palmer, Miss Jessie Lewis, and an excellent chorus did very good work. The second part of the programme was seasonably devoted to a medley of carols and wassail songs, interspersed with the Watchman's phrases from "Die Meistersinger," and the Dance of the Elves from "Peer Gynt," sung by Miss Etlinger's clever pupils in old-world costume and in a scene representing an English village before the intrusions of the jerrybuilder. Miss Ethel Attwood accompanied in the first part of the programme, and Madame Kate Vaughan in the second, while between the two came a welcome contribution from Miss Margaret Halstan.

A GUITAR RECITAL.

1912

At Bechstein Hall on a Saturday afternoon Señor Emilio Pujol made a notable effort to give the guitar a status as a medium for serious art. Doubtless for such endeavours is the sphere a narrow one, far narrower than that of the harp for instance. In force playing a "twang" comes into the tones that is incompatible with dignity of musical utterance, and a wide domain of art is thereby inevitably closed. But it was astonishing what a variety of effects Señor Pujol otherwise obtained. The liquid tones, the seductive slurs, the little gulps of music, like water bubbling up from a spring, the light and floating melodisation, the pattering scale effects, the contrasts of tremulous sounds with ethereal sweepings of the strings—all these features provided a body of resources which the artist utilised with fascinating results.

His selections were drawn from the writings of the Spanish guitarist, Francisco Tárrega, and comprised a group of transcriptions as well as of original compositions. In the latter pieces, which included "Capricho Arabe," "Danza Mora" (Moorish Dance) and variations on the national dance, the "Jota," the capacities of the instrument have been abundantly realised, and Señor Pujol's performance must be considered an unqualified success.

MR. BRONISLAW HUBERMAN'S RECITAL.

Mr. Bronislaw Huberman gave a violin recital yesterday afternoon in the Queen's Hall with a programme in which the three chief works were the "Kreutzer" Sonata, which he played with Mr. Emerich Kris, the first two movements from Bach's unaccompanied Sonata in C major, and Tchaikovsky's Concerto.

Dec. 17-12

He played the concerto much better than either of the two classical works, partly because he had more opportunities for technical display and partly because he seemed more at home in the modern idiom than the old. Tchaikovsky's sentimentality seemed to make a strong appeal to him, and he played out with freedom which sometimes in the first movement led him into exaggerated *rubato*, but at any rate kept him from treating the concerto as he treated the "Kreutzer"—in a purely formal way. The variations in the sonata were in fact made to sound like a series of studies in bowing, and though the violinist gave them neatly his phrasing was often heavy, and neither he nor the pianist drew more than very superficial expression from the music. The last movement had vitality, and so had the fugue by Bach, but both were cold in spite of the way in which the volume of tone was increased at the climaxes. The player was at his best in staccato passages and in broad phrases with single notes; in the double stopping his tone sometimes became rough and scratchy, though his rhythm was often steadier here than it was in the simpler moments, when it was inclined to be too rigid.

BECHSTEIN HALL.

Jan. 23-13

A pianist new to London made his appearance at this hall yesterday afternoon in the person of Mr. Georg von Lalewicz, whose "official" position in the musical world is that of professor at the Imperial Academy of Music, Vienna. He made a bold bid for favour in a programme of works with practically all of which recital-goers have been rendered intimately familiar by some of the greatest pianists of our time. Mr. Lalewicz may not yet count himself of that select circle, but that he is an artist of considerable attainments, with gifts of interpretation allied to a strong and sure technique, his playing yesterday, among other things, of Beethoven's E major Sonata (Op. 109) and that of Brahms in F minor made abundantly clear. The newcomer showed command of a tone powerful and pleasing in turn, and one that lent itself to many variations of expression. There were moments when his Beethoven sounded, perhaps, a trifle prosaic; his treatment of the Brahms work, on the other hand, was bold, vigorous, and full of vitality—and, in the second movement, no less replete with poetic feeling. A Chopin group at the end included the B minor Sonata. The recital-giver was applauded appreciatively.

WEINGARTNER CONCERTO.

Jan. 27-13

BEECHAM SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Most truly, a first-class revolution is taking place in our midst. Yesterday afternoon the Palladium was packed to the doors, and many who had come expecting to buy a seat at the last moment must have been turned empty away. And why? It sounds a little odd, does it not, to talk of Kreisler on the boards of a music-hall? Yet that history making event occurred yesterday: and when to the interest of the occasion was added the opportunity of hearing the famous violinist take part in the first performance in England of a concerto by Felix Weingartner, the hardly-suppressed excitement of the audience will be understood. In addition, the Beecham Symphony Orchestra was being conducted for the first time by Mr. Schilling-Ziemsen, and the "Liebestod" from "Tristan," sung by a charming artist—Madame Gura-Hummel—whom Londoners may hope to know more of presently. A very fine and very sensitive performance of the "Euryanthe" Overture at once placed Mr. Schilling-Ziemsen on terms of understanding with the most "musical" members of his audience, who recognised in him a conductor of very considerable distinction.

For the moment, however, one is concerned chiefly with the concerto. This is in three movements—Allegro placido, Andante quasi Allegro, and Allegro molto deciso (Caprice Savoyard)—of, let it be confessed at once, fluctuating interest. At no point are one's feelings stirred deeply; at no point is one impelled to raise an eyebrow; at no point is it possible to say, "I've heard nothing like this before; this is exciting." It commences placidly with the principal subject—a very dull tune in G major, 6-8 time, worked out in an equally dull way. The second subject is slightly more interesting, though still impersonal and constantly recalling a theme in the second part of the "Dream of Gerontius." The working out of this is lacking in imagination, and the peroration with which the movement ends is rhetoric of the emptiest kind. Grieg, at his least inspired moment, might have written the first page of the second. This movement is suave and pleasant and mediocre, with but one point of interest—a very beautiful termination by way of the first subject.

A FOLK-TUNE CAPRICE.

In designating the last movement a "Caprice Savoyard" the composer has allowed himself free use of a folk tune in a 2-4 dance-rhythm. This is treated in disingenuous fashion, variety being afforded by the juxtaposition of tunes in 2-4 and 3-4. In its way this is rather a jolly section of the concerto; its bustling rhythms are stimulating; its energy almost infectious. But it does not escape being commonplace in every page, while the style of the cadenza and of the coda has done duty in more violin pieces than it is possible to name. The whole movement lacks colour, the Savoy song coming off very badly. Indeed, all through the Concerto one feels this great poverty of colour and atmosphere. Clearly it is the work of a musician who regards his art with too much reverence to play tricks with it; he is content with the prescribed forms; he makes no attempt at expressing any sort of altruisms; and there is not a line of affectation in the whole thing. But it is impossible to feel excited about it. Needless to say, it was most brilliantly played by Mr. Kreisler, its occasional difficulties, and they are difficulties, being tackled with superb ease by the great violinist—to whom, by the way, the composition is dedicated. In the accompanying of the orchestra one was conscious of some lack of confidence, due, no doubt, to a very recent acquaintance with the work. Here and there a bolder treatment of themes in the first and second movements would have been a great improvement—that is to say at those moments when the soloist was actually the accompanist. The Concerto has in it several of the elements that make for popularity, and no doubt we shall soon be given an opportunity of hearing it again, and—possibly—of modifying a first impression that is far from favourable.

DER ROSENKAVALIER'

AT

COVENT GARDEN.

Jan. 30-13

BEECHAM SEASON OPENED

LAST NIGHT'S PRODUCTION.

Last night the promised season of German opera began in Covent Garden with a remarkable performance of Strauss's comedy opera, "Der Rosenkavalier." The season, as all the world knows, is the outcome of Mr. Thomas Beecham's enterprise, a man to whom British opera-lovers already owe an immense debt. This debt is now likely to be largely increased, for there is every prospect of a complete artistic success, even if on the financial side the same success is impossible of achievement on account of the low rate of prices which Mr. Beecham has insisted upon. With that, however, we have no concern, at any rate at present. The point is that we have now heard, through Mr. Beecham, four of the operas by the best-discussed musician in Europe, and it is quite unlikely that but for him we should ever have heard any one of them. Next week "Elektra" is to be revived, and a little later "Salome" also. That said, one may turn to "Der Rosenkavalier," surely the wittiest opera that ever emanated from the brain of musician.

Of the coruscating wit of the music there can be no two opinions. Nor can opinions be divided as to the wit of the book by Hugo von Hofmannsthal, though, be it said, the hearer must have some (and that not a little) of the historic sense in general and of old Vienna in particular if he would thoroughly appreciate all the witticisms of the poet. And that raises a pretty point. Von Hofmannsthal has been at great pains—poet (in every sense) that he is—to restrict himself, whenever possible, to the Viennese language, or dialect, of the period of the early years of Maria Theresa's reign. But Strauss has been pleased to ignore this (for a very obvious reason), and, although the hearer is reminded purposely of composers of nearly every generation from that date to the present, the hand that penned the score of [illegible] is [illegible] the hand of Richard Strauss of the twentieth century. Yet one is never conscious of any anachronism—which goes to show how magnificent is Strauss's adaptability and mastery of means.

STREAM OF FLUENT MUSIC.

Indeed, in this respect it is tolerably certain that no other operatic composer, living or dead, could have produced such a score, and we can recall no musician who would have been bold enough to lay hands upon a poem which is as little like an opera libretto as, say, "Much Ado About Nothing," or "Hamlet," as Shakespeare left them. Of course it would have been easy for Strauss to write a running musical commentary on the quick changes of a somewhat slowly moving comedy. But not at all has he done this. The stream of his music is as fluent as in any previous work, the characterisation at least as strong, and the veritable maze of sound, exquisite sound, too, that he is capable of producing from the orchestra, has never been better exemplified in any work than in the glorious music of the trio, for which, unhappily, one has to wait until well on in the third act.

Nor, to take another point, has his skill in evolving a contrast been better shown than in the comparatively simple duet that follows the trio, where, the silver rose at length having found its just resting-place, the true lovers, Sophie and Oktavian, slowly quit the stage. True, the duet might almost have been written by the composer of "Hänsel und Gretel," but a column or two could easily be penned on the uses that Strauss has purposely made, "for the joke of the thing," or to point a joke, of themes or suggestions of themes from other composers' works or even from his own. (Witness the similarity of the theme that accompanies the silver rose to that of the brilliant jewels in "Elektra.") Moreover, Strauss does not joke with difficulty. True, many of the subtleties of his wit in music (as in his conversation) may possibly pass unnoticed by folk of race alien to his, but that does not detract from the merit of the wit; and in all conscience the wittieism in his penultimate opera is clear enough, on the whole, for the enjoyment of any race that has a soul for wit.

Of course, in this valse-ridden land the valses used on all sorts of occasions by Strauss would prove at once attractive to the public. Perhaps for that reason it is a pity that none of them can be used precisely as it stands in the score as a concert piece. Otherwise it might have made great propaganda among those of the Philistines who know not Strauss! And so, likewise, the Straussian could not but rejoice to see that the old hand has lost not a bit of its cunning, or otherwise the glorious muddle and turmoil that follows the sore wounding of the egregious Baron Ochs—how aptly named!—an ensemble that must have rejoiced Strauss to compose as much as his adherents to hear. But it is impossible to go seriatim through the mazes of the music of this marvellous score, which, after all, has become familiar to countless opera-goers in two years—a score that outwardly is so apparently simple and direct, and yet is one of the most complicated that have yet been produced in modern times.

LONG LIBRETTO.

It has been said that Von Hofmannsthal's poem is unlike the conventional operatic libretto. As a fact, we imagine that it would play at least equally well, and perhaps faster and closer, without its musical equipment. It is very long, and it has its longueurs, for the ramifications of a tale of amorous intrigue wherein one person loves as a man and is made love to when appearing in disguise as a woman when the noble Ochs loves anything in petticoats that crosses his path, and so on, are apt to grow a little wearisome after a while; and the practical jokes played (in the third act) upon the same Ochs are very difficult to bring off in "grand" opera, even if that be only "comedy." It may be, of course, a case of other lands, other jokes; but we do not think so. The style of joke is common to most countries, but the method of its working-out varies, and it is in the working out of some of Von Hofmannsthal's jokes that the longueurs arise. In a word, he has not acquired the habit of belief that brevity is the soul of wit.

Yet, when all is said, there cannot be a doubt of the superiority of his book, as a book, over the very large majority of opera books. His is a delight to read, whether in its original form or in Mr. Kalisch's clever translation, and in neither could we find a trace of that "nastiness" of which so much has been made and said in many quarters. Though two blacks do not make one white, it may be suggested that within the four-mile radius of Charing-cross infinitely more vulgar sayings are to be heard, and infinitely "nastier" suggestions are put forward every day than can be found even by the prurient seeker in the poem of "Der Rosenkavalier." What can any see that is gross or suggestive in the opening of the first act, where

the Princess and Oktavian have a fine scene together; or in that other and later scene wherein the Baron and the pseudo lady's maid are "carrying on"? No, no; it is not in the fact that various bêds appear, or are suggested, or for any similar reason, that this opera may fail to reproduce in England the overwhelming success that it has attained to in other European countries. It is that the comedy is, if not too involved for our home consumption, too long-drawn.

WITTY COMEDY.

The Briton likes his comedy to move rapidly, his farce to be a tumultuous outburst. Vesuvius is nothing to him, with its constant evenness of flow and only occasional outburst. Those who have time will take "Der Rosenkavalier" for one of the wittiest musical comedies ever put before the public, as musicians will regard it as beyond compare the wittiest score of at least modern times. That it is witty we have indeed much to be thankful for, and for ourselves we are duly thankful and appreciative, and we do not believe for one moment the effort will succeed that has been made to throw the cloak of immorality or suggestion over the opera in this most Christian country! Need we say any more than has been said over and over again about the ramifications of the story? Surely not. By now all interested must know that the Rose-cavalier is the one chosen by a prospective bridegroom to carry a perfumed silver rose to his bride-elect, and that in the present instance the Rose-cavalier ended his career by annexing for himself the bride-elect of the hero, the Baron Ochs. That, roughly, and in a nutshell, is the gist of Von Hofmannsthal's poem. The development of the plot must be seen, not read about.

A FINE PERFORMANCE

But there remains something to be said about the performance. Having regard to the difficulties of the work, it was amazingly good, as, indeed, was only to be expected, considering that some of the singers were those for whom Strauss actually composed the rôles they played. Nothing could have been more beautiful than the combined effect of stage demeanour and exquisite singing of Mesdames Margarete Siems, who played with fine dignity and sang magnificently as the Princess, and Eva Von Der Osten, a sheer delight as Oktavian one moment, as the quasi-serving maid another. Nor have we often heard in German opera singing so beautiful as theirs, with that of Miss Dux, who played Sophie's part, in the magnificent trio already referred to. Further, Mr. Knüpfer, who, of course, is well known at Covent Garden, was not only what is called a host in himself, but also an incomparable Baron Ochs, and Mr. Brodersen as the parvenu noble, was excellent.

One need hardly expatiate on the merits of Mr. Hans Bechstein's Valsacchi, the arch-intriguer, nor need we say more than that Madame Gura-Hummel was quite admirable as his colleague. All these and several more besides were not only all that could be wished; all are evidently born comedians; they were far more than had been expected, and all testified to the stay-at-home Londoner that singing in German opera is now on a level far higher than in the days of old! Further than this, the diction of the three principal singers was an object lesson. Mr. Knüpfer himself stood out in this respect among modern singers from the Fatherland, or, indeed, elsewhere, as a bright and a shining light. A score of minor parts were well filled, and everything on the stage bore a great tribute to the carefulness of the rehearsals and to the ability of the rehearsers as well as of those rehearsed.

The scenery, too, was very pleasing to the eye, especially of the capital scene in the parvenu's house, but the room in the inn was surely a little too beautiful for its purpose. As no name is given in the programme to the painter of this charming scenery we can say no more. Mr. Hermann Gura was a most efficient stage-manager.

Of course, Mr. Beecham himself conducted, and, as often before in his own seasons, he covered himself with glory by his wonderful alertness and grip; but he still persists in his old habit of dragging the tempo in passages that appear to him to call for depth of emotion. It may be that he was here trying to instil a passion into music that was almost entirely passionless; at any rate, the tempi were undoubtedly slow at times. The orchestra played, on the whole, magnificently. Indeed, one might say so unreservedly, and nothing could have given this six weeks' season a better hand-grip at starting than last night's performance.

A "TWILIGHT CONCERT."

A "twilight concert" was given at teatime yesterday afternoon in the Bechstein Hall by Mme. Liza Lehmann and Miss Nancy Price, assisted by Miss Kathleen Peck, Miss Alys Gear, and Messrs. Hubert Eisdell, David Greville, and Peter Dawson, who were heard singly in Mme. Lehmann's "Cowboy Ballads," "The Well of Sorrow," and miscellaneous songs, while four of them made up a vocal quartet for the song-cycle "Prairie Pictures."

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It is some years now since Mme. Lehmann first acquired the art of writing successfully for a public which looks primarily for a taking melody with an harmonious accompaniment in a song, and yesterday's concert proves that her hand has not lost any of its cunning. The tunes are of the kind that can be easily memorized; they offer the singers just the opportunities that singers like for showing off their voices without too much effort, and the pianoforte part keeps the player occupied and yet is not so prominent as to attract attention away from the singer. It would be unimaginative perhaps to be surprised that a formula which has been found and used many times with success should continue to be repeated. It was evident that the audience which packed the hall yesterday was content with it from the applause which greeted each song.

Miss Nancy Price's share in the entertainment consisted of a recitation of a monologue called "The Interlude of the Charwoman," by Mr. Barry Pain, and of a number of stories about animals invented by her daughter at the age of three, to which Mme. Lehmann has written incidental music. The stories show undoubted invention and childish humour, and the point of them was brought out by Miss Price with the skill that has made her familiar to a large public. The music formed a suitable enough background for the tales, and the worth of the whole thing is not likely to be questioned by a generation accustomed to the public exploitation of childish talent.

A "TWILIGHT CONCERT."

Jan. 31-13

Mme. Liza Lehmann and Miss Nancy Price gave what was styled a "Twilight Concert" at the Bechstein Hall yesterday afternoon, the unusual designation indicating that it ran its course in the lazy hours between tea and dinner. The room was crowded.

The music comprising the programme was entirely from the pen of Mme. Lehmann herself, who also provided the pianoforte accompaniments. A skilled body of vocalists had been secured in the persons of Miss Kathleen Peck, Miss Alys Gear, and Messrs. Hubert Eisdell, David Greville, and Peter Dawson, and either singly or in company they did full justice to the writings of the well-known composer. Mme. Lehmann's predilection for the exotic was strikingly demonstrated on this occasion, since the selections comprised her settings of North American Indian "Prairie Pictures," Roumanian Folk-songs, Stanzas from Omar Khayyám, and authentic cowboy ballads from the Texas plains. It is true they are all rather too easily reducible to the common denominator of Mme. Lehmann's own drawing-room style, but local colour is always appropriately suggested.

The chief contribution of Miss Nancy Price was a recitation, entitled "Behind the Nightlight," setting forth in the shape of an extended catalogue raisonné a marvellous collection of animals, invented by the reciter's little daughter, Joan Maude, at the age of three, and recorded by her mother. The infantine authoress must have a remarkably vivid imagination, and the characteristics and habits of the strange beasts made most amusing hearing. "Kiddikee," who lives "behind the night-light," and has one ear at the extreme tip of his tail so that he can hear a long way behind; "Joe-Jag," who is made all in one, and hangs himself up by his ring when his feet get tired; the "Gott Family," which is "very interesting" and very large, and "collects relations," so that the authoress is "sorry she invented it," and the "Jaat Family," which is the oldest of all the animals, are typical examples of these diverting creations. The account was admirably recited by Miss Price, its general effect being that of some of the inimitable "Just So Stories," by Rudyard Kipling.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

"TRISTAN UND ISOLDE."

(In German.)

Tristan	HEINRICH KNOTE
Isolde..	ZDENKA MOTTL-FASSBENDER
Brangäne	FRIEDA LANGENDORFF
King Mark	PAUL KNUPFER
Kurwenal	FRIEDRICH BRODERSEN
Melot..	ERNST VON PICK

Conductor—THOMAS BEECHAM.

Jan. 31-13

Most of those who took part in last night's performance of *Tristan* have been heard here in recent years, and one came to it, therefore, knowing that the chief characters were in the hands of experienced artists. Mme. Mottl-Fassbender was heard in the part of Isolde in Mr. Beecham's first season three years ago. Though her voice has not the intensity which reaches an ideal interpretation, her singing has a beauty, especially in the quieter passages, which to some extent compensates for her lack of power to thrill one at the climaxes. In the first act she had some difficulties to meet, for Mr. Beecham's reading of the orchestral music was trying to the singer. He seemed inclined to force the emotion at many points and to exaggerate the smaller climaxes, so that when the real culmination of the act was reached it could not stand out as it should without a feverish effort on every one's part. Indeed, he swept it along so rapidly that the curtain could not come down fast enough. In making his climaxes, too, the energy was the nervous one of accent instead of that of increased volume. One wants both in order to get real force. In the second act, from the beginning of the love scene (in which there was some exquisitely delicate *pianissimo* playing) onward, the whole build of the music was much more sustained. Herr Knote is not a very inspiring Tristan from either the musical or the dramatic point of view, but Herr Knupfer's singing of the part of King Mark went far to redeem much of the undistinguished vocal effect of the second act. It seemed the most deeply-felt thing in the performance. Fräulein Langendorff as Brangäne and Herr Brodersen as Kurwenal did some good work, but on the whole the performance left an impression of uncertain aim and incomplete sympathy between the singers and the orchestra.

ROYAL PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

Last night's concert was deprived of what was to have been its chief feature of interest by the withdrawal at the last moment, "owing to insufficient time for rehearsal," of Signor Busoni's "Fantasia Contrapuntistica" on themes from Bach's *Art of Fugue*. Unforeseen difficulties may, of course, prevent the production of any work, but one may urge that it is incumbent on those in authority to ensure by every reasonable means in their power that sufficent time should be made whenever there is a question of producing a new and difficult work on a large scale. As it was, Signor Busoni's share in last night's concert was confined to his playing of Liszt's Concerto in E flat and a piece of Chopin as an *encore*. He played as though he were tired, but in spite of that the sureness of his technique and the extraordinary variety of tone he produced were as wonderful as ever and roused the audience to immense enthusiasm.

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The rest of the programme was made up of the Prelude and Liebestod from *Tristan* (substituted for the Fantasia), Dvorák's "Carneval" Overture, the variations from Tchaikovsky's Serenade in G, and Strauss's "Don Juan," all of which were conducted by Mr. Landon Ronald; and near the end came three movements taken from a ballet and made into a kind of tiny suite by Mr. Norman O'Neill, who conducted his work himself. It is scored for the usual orchestra, and the thematic material of all three movements, like that of Liszt's concerto, is, with modifications and developments, roughly the same. Possibly it may gain with the stage representation of Pan, a Faun, and a Princess, but in its concert form it is not very enlivening. The initial theme is dull and it does not become more interesting in its altered shapes, while there is little compensation for the weakness of thematic material, as the composer does not show any strong control of rhythm and he has not aimed at piquancy of orchestral effects. The orchestra played well, except in some places in the concerto which were rough and others where the tone of the wood wind was coarse.

THE ROYAL PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

Jan. 30

BUSONI AND LANDON RONALD

31-13

The two chief figures at last night's concert in the Queen's Hall of the Royal Philharmonic Society were Busoni and Landon Ronald, the former as solo pianist, the latter as the evening's conductor. Liszt's Concerto in E flat was the work in which the pianoforte virtuoso appeared, and it could never have been dealt with in a riper, more convincing manner. It is the voice of authority one hears when Busoni speaks, and last night he spoke in the plenitude of his power. His magnificent impetuosity in handling his climaxes was only equalled by the keen precision with which isolated notes rang out like whipcracks or crushed handfuls of sounds were flung here and there like hail. Nor was there any speck in the flawless purity of the quiet passages; and the hurricane of applause that awaited the player at the end could only be met by a further contribution. This—the Chopin "Berceuse"—was a study in the art of tonal balance. The cantilenas shone like seams of gold in a mine-face.

Landon Ronald had charge of Strauss's "Don Juan," Tchaikovsky's "Variations from the Suite in G," Dvorák's Overture "Carneval," and also the Tristan "Prelude and Liebestod." This Wagner selection was inserted at the last moment, as owing to insufficient rehearsals the Bach-Busoni "Fantasie Contrapuntistica," which was to have received its first performance in England under Busoni's direction, had to be abandoned. Mr. Ronald proved himself thoroughly efficient for his important task. His force and brilliance have never been in doubt, but now he seems to have gained real insight into the æsthetic values of construction. The climaxes in the "Liebestod" were brought out in a manner that was frankly quite superb. So, too, the fine "Don Juan" theme on the unison horns.

Mr. Norman O'Neill further conducted his "Introduction, Mazurka and Finale," Op. 43, at its first performance. Taken from a one-act ballet, the mind's eye endeavoured to reconstruct the allotted scene, and the music seemed to lack its associate. Otherwise, it made the best impression both for colour and melodic design.

7 Feb. 1 '13

MR. JOSEF HOLBROOKE'S CONCERT.

Mr. Josef Holbrooke inaugurated his 12th series of modern Chamber concerts last night in the Æolian Hall with a new quintet of his own, numbered Op. 37 for clarinet and strings.

It is written in three movements, the second of which consists of ten variations on a short and melodious theme, ending with a fugue. The opening of this fugue and the climax of it are marked with a certain characteristic uncouthness, but the rest of the movement runs easily and smoothly from the opening caprice through a gigue and romance to a march and hornpipe and eventually the fugue. Fragments of English tunes are introduced here and there, one, the clarinet, in a variation called "chorale," giving out "Tom Bowling" as a counter-subject. A genial mood also characterizes the first and last movements, which are written with a more spontaneous impulse than is to be found in some of Mr. Holbrooke's later work, both subjects of the first allegro being, in fact, fluent and at the same time expressive. The clarinet part, which is not a prominent one (for the instrument is treated on an equality with the strings), was played by Mr. Charles Draper, who was supported by a quartet led by Mr. John Saunders.

Expression is what was chiefly lacking in a group of four songs by Mr. Charles Kennedy-Scott, Mrs. Rutland Boughton, and Mrs. Norman O'Neill, which followed. They were all melodious and were thoroughly vocal, but the melody of the first of Mr. Scott's songs did not fit the words with absolute precision, and only Mrs. Boughton's "Song of giving" gave indications of a composer's ideas and personality behind the music. They were beautifully sung by Miss Jean Waterston (accompanied very well by Miss Louie Heath), who was also heard in a group of four songs by Mr. Holbrooke. The most successful of these were a setting of Tennyson's "Come not, when I am dead" and a song "A winter night," for both had character, and the second song was written on a phrase which ended with a simple and attractive piece of *coloratura*.

Feb. 1 '13

The other two conducted works in the programme were Vincent d'Indy's clarinet trio in B flat, which was given not long ago by the Société des Concerts Française, and a new string quartet in one movement, with the title "Ariel," by Mr. Joseph Speaight, which, like a similar work of his, called "Puck," is a piece of programme music. It sounds in places as if it had been conceived for orchestra, but the colour effects are monotonous and are mainly obtained by bringing in the violoncello on low notes after passages in the very high registers of the other strings; the tunes used are also very commonplace, and the flow of the work is interrupted in an irritating way by constant pauses necessitating fresh starts. The clarinet trio is not one of d'Indy's most inspired works, but with its consistently clear thought and unaffected writing it made a refreshing close to the concert. The second is to be given in the same hall on the last day of this month.

QUEEN'S HALL ORCHESTRA.

The directors of the Queen's Hall Orchestra showed themselves exceedingly amenable to suggestion with regard to the production of Scriabin's "Prometheus," which was the chief event of Saturday's symphony concert. They granted two wishes expressed in recent letters to *The Times*: the work was given twice in one concert, and the programme containing Mrs. Newmarch's skilful analysis was issued the day before the concert took place, so that all who cared to might gain a notion of what Scriabin's artistic history has been, and what ideas led him to the composition of "Prometheus," before they came to listen to the music. Even with these advantages it is doubtful whether any one could sufficiently prepare himself to listen to the work from a point of view at all consonant with that of the composer. For that the listener has to be armed in two directions: he has to appreciate the value of a philosophy based upon theosophy, and he has to be able to think in an harmonic system which regards the notes C, D, E, F sharp, A, and B flat as forming a consonant chord, just in the same way that the ordinary musician regards the three notes of a triad as consonant. Any one who cannot do that is excused at once from understanding Scriabin's music—indeed, it is sheer hypocrisy if he says he does, just as it would be if a man who could not appreciate the consonance of the triad professed to understand Beethoven. He may take pleasure in the varieties of sound and pick out fragments here and there which make a sensuous appeal to him, but he has no intellectual basis to go upon; the thing is utterly incoherent to him, and he can have no conception of what Beethoven meant.

We at Queen's Hall on Saturday were precisely in this position with regard to Scriabin, except that we could realize the gulf between us and the composer. We found plenty of sounds to enjoy as a mere stimulus to the senses, but we knew at once that the stimulus was not the one intended by Scriabin. That first profound chord on the trembling strings, which is in fact Scriabin's consonant chord transposed a minor third down, appealed to us as a particularly pungent dissonance, while he felt it to be a point of rest as complete as the opening bars of the Ninth Symphony. We had therefore no starting point in common. Scriabin speaks with tongues, and all we can do is to note the phenomenon and refrain from attributing it to unworthy causes. It is not the musical art that we know; it may be another one. It is well, however, to guard against the ready reply that everything new has been condemned at first for not being music, from Monteverde to Debussy. Such a remark is irrelevant here. These composers have all enlarged our enjoyment of dissonance step by step, but they have not made the world accept as consonance any other combination of notes than the triad.

Feb. 3 '13

But to return to "Prometheus." Since its very alphabet is foreign, we could not pretend to say how far it would express to the initiated its "programme" of the spiritual development of the human soul, but one notes that the "programme," stripped of its theosophic terms and taken in its broadest sense, is really the thing which all art is striving to express under a multiplicity of forms. It appears, however, that Scriabin is devoted to a system of definite symbolism. Certain forms of phrase are there not as the expression of feeling, but because they typify something or other like the forms of the Cross and the symbols of the Trinity on which certain medieval writers constructed their motets. Such misuses turn art into artifice. It is all constructed with great elaboration. Many of the leading themes are different versions of one idea transformed, as Liszt transformed his themes to accommodate a change of mood.

Though Scriabin uses a huge orchestra, there is none of the clumsiness of effect or overloaded climax which comes when composers use these means merely for an effect. The instruments speak in their own distinct voices, and the building up of the climax of tone, when it does come late in the work, is therefore overwhelmingly strong. Moreover, the relation between the piano and the orchestra and the dialogue between them is kept very clear. Mr. Arthur Cooke, who played the piano part, may be excused for restricting his efforts to getting in the notes as they were written. He could hardly be expected to convey the fantastic expressions of mood which the composer associates with the music, but it was noticeable that both he and the orchestra seemed much freer in the second performance than the first. The performers, and Sir Henry Wood in particular, all deserved the warm applause which their supporters gave them at the end of each hearing. We would not say that Scriabin deserved the hisses which mingled with the applause after the first performance (the opposition had apparently retired before the second reading), but the position of any one who prefers not to consider such a work as within the pale of music is perfectly defensible.

The concert contained two masterpieces of the existing art of music, Haydn's Symphony in B flat, the fourth of the "Salomon" series, beautifully played at the beginning under Sir Henry Wood's direction, and Beethoven's Violin Concerto between the two performances of "Prometheus." Herr Carl Flesch was the solo player here, and the purity of his style and certainty of grip, especially in the first two movements, made his interpretation a thing of extraordinary beauty.

SCRIABINE'S PROMETHEUS AT QUEEN'S HALL.

7 Feb. 3 '13

A SIX-NOTE SCALE.

At length we have heard Scriabine's "Prometheus: the Poem of Fire," which when it was to have been produced at the Birmingham Festival last October was considerably discussed. Sir Henry J. Wood and the Queen's Hall Orchestra gave of it no less than two performances in Queen's Hall at the Symphony Concert on Saturday afternoon. The hall was crowded, and it is of interest to note that a very large proportion of people who heard the new work in the first part of the scheme remained to hear it again when it brought the concert to a close. Moreover, the applause was loud and long after the second hearing, and was evidently sincere.

All this is of interest, for the announcement had been made some time ago that in order properly to understand Scriabine's music in this work it is necessary to hear it more than once. Instances are rare of the appearance twice in one programme of a new composition, but there is much to say in favour of the idea, for we freely confess that the second performance on the occasion under notice made a far deeper impression than the first, probably, one imagines, because the second performance was, as it were, "easier" and more fluent. At least the impression came to one that, as in the case of a soloist who is "nervous" at first but gains confidence, so with the orchestra, they certainly seemed to play with a greater freedom than before on the repetition of the new work. And a very fine presentation they made, so that they fully earned the recognition accorded them by the public. Before discussing this work let us say that between its two performances Mr. Carl Flesch played Beethoven's violin concerto with all his customary accuracy and polished, if unemotional, style, and that a Haydn Symphony opened the proceedings.

THEOSOPHY IN MUSIC.

In some respects Scriabine's "Prometheus" is the most difficult work to unravel that has been presented to the critics for many a long year. Indeed, it is doubtful if musicians have ever had set them a harder task, and for the rather curious reason that the more one attempts to gather understanding from the analysis and the "poetic basis" the less clear becomes the meaning of the composer. So far as we understand matters we have here a kind of theosophical treatise expressed in terms of music, and not being a theosophist the present writer frankly admits that such an explanation as this that "We have here . . . the crepuscular, invertebrate state of Karmadess humanity" is no explanation at all; while the fact that the important part for the pianoforte is said "to personify the Microcosm man in contrast to the Macrocosm of the Cosmic idea, represented by the orchestra," did not materially assist matters towards an understanding. But this, of course, is not to be laid at the door of the composer, who may or may not be himself entirely ignorant of the sayings of others of his music!

If, however, we ignore the theosophic treatise and regard "Prometheus" merely as music, then there is a good deal to be said. We are not at all of those who found nothing but cacophony and bad manners in music. The sternest logician can be defied to discover here, as indeed, in the music of Schönberg, any illogicalities. We are told that Scriabine's harmony is the outcome of a long search for such harmonic combinations as could best express his psychical experiences. The result is that he has based his harmony entirely and quite logically upon a scale of six notes (somewhat similar to the scale associated with Debussy's music) derived from the overtones of their base-notes. Those who have studied their Debussy or Moussorgsky can have had little of the immense difficulty imagined by some in making some kind of "head or tail" of Scriabine's music. Its psychological basis is quite another matter. The music, as music, is an amazing web of sound which we can hardly imagine would have been enhanced in effect by the inclusion in the Queen's Hall orchestra of the "Light Organ," the "Tastiera per Luce" for which the composer has written a part in his score, but which, it appears, is not yet quite ready for use.

Further, there is a perfectly clear development, not thematic, but emotional, from the opening gloom and chaos to an overwhelming blaze of musical light. The last five minutes of the twenty-two occupied in performance provide a climax that is literally stupendous. Whether the composer set out to describe a veritable hell let loose, or whether his object was to depict a nobler, sublimer subject or idea, the fact remains, as we have already said, that his execution is absolutely and completely logical. Time alone can reveal to us or our descendants the truth or otherwise of the synonimity or the like of light and tone, and the analogous meaning of the two. For the present we are quite prepared to believe that it is not necessarily madness that lies Scriabine's way, as so many have suggested. The music of "Prometheus" does not, as a fact, come to one's ears with the same sense of actual "newness" as Debussy's did at the beginning. In any case, we are not only ready but willing to hear more of this Russian music, if only that its intrinsic musical value may be made clearer to us. As a matter of sheer interest "Prometheus" stands incomparably higher than the Mahler Symphony discussed a fortnight ago.

It should be said that Mr. Arthur Cooke, the pianist, played his enormously difficult part very fairly well, though he brought it once or twice into too great prominence, and that Mr. Stanley Marchant was the organist.

THEOSOPHICAL MUSIC.

SCRIABIN'S "PROMETHEUS," AT THE QUEEN'S HALL.

7 Feb. 3 '13

On Saturday afternoon the Queen's Hall Orchestra gave us yet another example of the latest tendencies of musical expression in the shape of Scriabin's "Prometheus" (The

Poem of Fire) for orchestra, pianoforte, and organ. Also for chorus ad lib., and "tastiéra per luce," but these were not forthcoming on the present occasion. The latter is an invention of the composer, a "keyboard of light," not yet perfected, by means of which at certain moments coloured lights are to be displayed to help in the effect, the whole idea being, according to the programme, to approach a complete union of the arts; moreover, we were also informed that Scriabin wants to go still further, and add perfume as well. It is difficult to know what to say about this new work. In the first place, its emotional scheme is avowedly based upon theosophical ideas of which all but the shadowest knowledge must be confessed; in the second, frankly, is it not impossible for the majority of us to really appreciate music which is dissonant from beginning to end? We are so accustomed to treat dissonance as a relative thing that it has no independent meaning to us as yet. Whether the time will ever come when our feelings can be stirred without the appeal through sensuous beauty remains to be seen. At present sensuousness in music has its physical basis in the pleasurable recognition through the ear of concord. This is our standard, so to speak, from which expressive variation is obtained in a greater or lesser degree through the contrasting effects of discord. Music, which is frankly discordant all the time, deals in a new state, which requires a specially-educated ear to detect the degrees of dissonance by which diversity may be obtained.

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Well, the movement is in progress, and it seems is perfectly serious. On the one hand, Schönberg, Busoni, and some glimmerings among the modern French writers, and now Scriabin, the Russian. "Prometheus" has a certain measure of shape, it gives a vague impression of beginning with a nebulous atmosphere and ending with a big climax of sound. The "programme" is something to do with the Karma-less condition of humanity and the acquisition of self-consciousness and the union with Agni, so Mrs. Newmarch tells us in her notes. But one ought to be properly acquainted with the theosophical teaching to thoroughly understand the psychological aspect of the musical commentary. As to the purely musical aspect, as said, one cannot like it—it is hideously ugly in point of fact; there are a good many moments of a sort of striving after an indefinite something, but the complete lack of thematic writing suggesting anything approaching to what is called tonality and key-relationship prevents any genuine emotional expression from being observable to the uninitiated.

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Recalling Schönberg's "Five Orchestral Pieces," he seems to have given a much stronger impression of having accomplished something than does Scriabin with "Prometheus," although he is no more grateful to the ear. The Russian works with a scale which he takes from the harmonic series; the fourth is sharp, there is no fifth (a fundamental mistake this, if the harmonic series is to be used), and the seventh is flat. But it is a wider scheme than the whole-tone scale, since it allows for much more chord variety. There is, one fears, more than a suspicion that the whole system bears the stamp of an elaborate manufacture. By way of giving the audience the opportunity of grasping the purport of this strange piece, it was played through again at the end of the concert.

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Otherwise, the scheme was simply a Haydn symphony and Beethoven's violin concerto, the solo part of which was played by Herr Carl Flesch in a very tasteful and dignified style. Sir Henry Wood conducted, and was much applauded at the close of the performance of the novelty.

N. C. G.

THEOSOPHY IN MUSIC.

"FUTURIST" TONE POEM AT THE QUEEN'S HALL.

Feb. 3-13

The extraordinary tone-poem by the Russian composer Scriabine, which was played at Queen's Hall on Saturday afternoon, is as much "futurist" music as anything we have heard lately.

The work, which is entitled "Prometheus, the Poem of Fire," is an attempt on the part of the composer to express his own philosophy in music, and he has endeavoured to find a new style of musical idiom wherewith to effect this. Listened to in the ordinary way, the music simply sounds unintelligible except as a clever study in new harmonic tints and tone effects. But, if one has made oneself acquainted with Scriabine's ideas before listening to the work, it is perhaps not quite so inexplicable.

Scriabine, we are informed, has tried to realise certain theosophical views of his in this tone-poem, and to illustrate a musical style with which he has been experimenting for years past.

It was originally intended that the "Prometheus" should be accompanied, during performance, with a kind of colour scheme, exhibited to correspond with the music. Scriabine associating sound with colour. But we had to hear the work on Saturday without any colour, and merely try to follow out the psychological ideas of the music.

This is the theosophical suggestion of the gradual endowment of the human being with the Promethean fire or conscious creative power. The tracing of a spiritual development on this theory is the "programme" of the tone-poem, and the music quite carries out this idea. But after having listened to it the question inevitably presents itself as to whether it was worth while to attempt to present the idea musically. It is so much more powerfully and easily expressed in literary form. Indeed, the tendency of modern music to concern itself so much with purely literary ideas is to be deplored.

For the rest, one can admire the very ingenious and original harmonic scheme which Scriabine has evolved, and the extraordinary atmosphere and tonal colouring of it all. The orchestration is remarkable, but the use of a piano seemed a rather ineffective touch in the instrumental scheme.

In order to give better opportunities for the understanding of the music, it was repeated at the end of the programme, the majority of the audience remaining to hear it a second time.

On both occasions the orchestra played the music splendidly, Sir Henry Wood conducting with much care and skill.

The rest of the programme does not call for any detailed notice. A Haydn symphony, crisply played, began the concert, and the Beethoven concerto, with Herr Carl Flesch as soloist, came later. Herr Flesch is a fine artist, but his style is somewhat cold and mechanical, and the Beethoven concerto is a work which requires some emotional warmth for the proper appreciation of its beauties. However, Herr Flesch played the music with a good deal of beauty and perfection.

MISS ISOLDE MENGES'S CONCERT.

This young violinist, a clever pupil of Professor Auer, gave the first of two orchestral concerts at Queen's Hall yesterday afternoon with the help of the Brighton Municipal Orchestra, conducted by Mr. Lyell-Tayler. Her playing of Tchaikovsky's Violin Concerto showed at once her remarkable command of the bow and her almost childish delight in displaying her mastery. Sometimes the conductor had to restrain her when she was on the point of making off with a passage at breakneck speed, and her phrasing was of the impulse kind which makes such frankly bravura music as this entertaining. It will be interesting to hear how far she can meet the bigger requirements of Beethoven's Concerto at her next concert. It should be said that even in her most whimsical moments her tone was extraordinarily pure and her style clean and crisp. She gave an arrangement of a nocturne by Chopin with great beauty of cantabile quality, but she missed some of the daintiness of Kreisler's "Schön Rosmarin" by taking it too fast. She also played Lalo's Symphonie Espagnole. Feb. 5 '13

THE BACH CHOIR.

It is an unpleasant reflection upon the conditions of choral music in London that a work which for originality and beauty stands well within the first half-dozen produced by the provincial festivals in recent years should have had to wait from the Leeds Festival of 1910 until yesterday for a performance in London. Dr. Vaughan Williams's "Sea Symphony" now comes to us through the Bach Choir, a society which from its foundation, when it produced the Mass in B minor, has existed mainly for the performance of music which the ordinary choral societies cannot or will not train themselves and their audiences to appreciate. The lead of the Bach Choir has often (as in the case of the Mass) been followed by others at a considerable interval of time, so there is still hope for the "Sea Symphony."

Last night at Queen's Hall it occupied the second part of the programme, and the first part was given to Bach's unaccompanied motet, "Jesu, priceless treasure" ("Jesu, meine Freude"), another work which the Bach Choir has helped to make familiar. The English edition which Mr. Goldschmidt prepared for the Society in 1885 has been revised by Dr. H. P. Allen in accordance with the authoritative Bach Gesellschaft edition, which showed that a number of details in the counterpoint, especially in the chorus "Ye are not of the flesh," and the trio "If therefore Christ abide in you," were inaccurate in the earlier edition. Dr. Allen's edition also has the merit of giving Bach's marks of expression and distinguishing between those of the composer and the editor. The motet is one of the most trying ordeals which a choir can be asked to face, for its ten movements in strongly contrasted styles require tremendous vitality and staying power on the part of the singers. The choir began well and sang the opening verse of the chorale with a beautifully expressive quality of tone. Later, too, there were fine moments, notably in the [illegible] the contrast between the descriptive line "Fires may flash," &c., and the soft ending "Jesus will not fail me," and again in the wonderfully declamatory version of the hymn, "Death, I do not fear thee." In the larger five-part choruses, the division of the sopranos, the weakest part of the choir, was a serious disadvantage to the balance. The tenors were a tower of strength throughout, but one often felt that the singers were doing their best to make up for the lack of volume and had not much energy to spare for attention to details. The only solo number, the trio (sung by the Hon. Norah Dawnay), Mr. Geoffrey Garrod, and Mr. Campbell McInnes), was ruined by a mistake on the part of Mr. McInnes at the outset, and he sang steadily a beat in front of the others for two pages. It was not surprising that such a catastrophe destroyed the nerve of the singers for what followed, and there was a feeling of weariness in all the final numbers, from which the choir only recovered in the last chorale. Feb. 5 '13

They were given a breathing space between the motet and the symphony by Miss Agnes Nicholls's singing of the scena "Abscheulicher" from *Fidelio*, which she gave in very fine style.

There is a bracing directness in the opening of Dr. Vaughan Williams's "Sea Symphony" which must inspire any choir to its best effort. The words "Behold the sea itself," set to two emphatically contrasted chords, lead at once to the picture of its "limitless heaving breast," one of the broadest pieces of descriptive music which is to be met with anywhere. Many efforts to combine voices with the orchestra in a symphony have failed because the composer could not shake himself sufficiently free either of the strict form of the orchestral symphony or of the dramatic sequence of the vocal cantata to make the two types coalesce. Dr. Vaughan Williams has done it by letting the idea of the sea, as found in the words of Walt Whitman, permeate the whole work and govern its form. Except for the division into four contrasted movements he has not aimed at any strictly symphonic design, nor do the words represent a continuous sequence of thought, but both words and music concentrating upon different aspects of the sea in turn do what the purely musical symphony does; they build up a conception of a large idea by facing it from many points of view. At the outset of the "Sea Symphony" we get the physical description of the sea, followed by what Whitman calls "a rude brief recitative," but which the composer has set as a rugged song for baritone solo and choir of a peculiarly English type. From the sea we pass to the sailors, the ships, and the flags, and the bulk of the first movement deals with the conflict of man with the sea, reaching a great climax in the line, "One flag above all the rest," "A pennant universal." The musician has shown himself extraordinarily sensitive to the poet, while keeping his own sense of continuity by the development of certain broad phrases.

The slow movement, "On the beach at night alone," is an extremely delicate piece of vocal and orchestral colouring, which requires far more combined rehearsal than it can have been possible to give to it. The instrumental playing was not nearly delicate enough to give the required balance with the semi-chorus in the opening phrases, but the central section for baritone solo (Mr. McInnes) and semi-chorus above a *pizzicato* bass had much better effect, and the climax for the full choir was impressive. But again, the *pianissimo* ending for the orchestra alone had nothing like the delicacy needed.

The scherzo, "The Waves," is probably the most difficult movement to sing, and the choir attacked it bravely, yet there were things which could not come out as they should, particularly the bigger waves, where the singers are divided into nine or ten parts, and one remembers that the composer was writing for a Leeds Festival choir. There is intensely vivid orchestral writing in this number, which deserves weeks, instead of hours, of study.

The finale, "The Explorers," is the largest conception of all, and sums up the whole with some of Whitman's most moving words. One could not be surprised that by the time it was reached the singers had not the power to give the full weight to such a climax as that which describes the coming of the Poet, "the true Son of God, singing his songs," but Mr. McInnes might have delivered the words "O we can wait no longer" with something more like urgency of appeal. Altogether the solo baritone part calls for a voice which glows and thrills in place of the polite restraint of Mr. McInnes's manner. Miss Agnes Nicholls threw herself into her part to very good purpose. On the whole the Bach Choir has earned gratitude for letting us hear the work, and Dr. Allen deserves congratulation for carrying it through successfully in circumstances which could not be altogether satisfactory. There was much applause, with calls for the composer at the end.

THE RUSSIAN BALLET.

Feb. 5 '13

TRIPLE BILL AT COVENT GARDEN.

When the Rev. Dr. Folliott spoke of the "enchanter of Covent Garden" he referred to the gentleman "who for more than a quarter of a century had produced two pantomimes a year to the delight of children of all ages." For our part we think that Mr. Beecham has almost as valid a claim to the title. No one but an enchanter could have flung his net aloft and have so deftly caught the troupe of volatile embodied spirits we call the Russian dancers. It was just six months ago that we had the last glimpse of them before they danced themselves off the stage of the Royal Opera House to melt out of our sight, leaving us with less consolation even than was granted to Mallarmé's Faun. We were afraid that they had vanished for good. It is true that they were heard of recently in Berlin, and some visionaries declared that they were actually known to be flying in this direction. But seeing is believing, and it was only last night that our eyes gave us the assurance they needed. The 4th of February will stand in the almanacs of this year starred with red pencil.

The entry of the Russian troupe was on the note of Oriental cruelty and callousness that differentiates their performances at once from anything else in the theatre of the West, for the curtain rose first on—

"THAMAR."

Thamar	.. ..	Mme. TAMAR KARSAVINA
The Prince	.. ..	M. ADOLF BOLM

In some ways it was a pity to choose this work with which to begin the evening, for although the dramatic theme is a good one (somewhat similar to that of *Cléopâtre*), Balakirev's music seldom rises to the level of the drama, and is constantly reminiscent of that of contemporary Russian or French composers. Still, it has many moments of beauty and the stage incidents are in themselves so enthralling that one is not always conscious of the weakness of the music. Mme. Karsavina, waving her scarf to the young man on the plain, enticing him into the whirl of the dance, hungrily watching his death agonies, and returning after a momentary pang of remorse to signal from the couch once more, was always a delight to the eye, and once more M. Bolm made a superb young Prince. The *corps de ballet* was not quite as precise as it has sometimes been, probably because Mr. Beecham, who conducted, was inclined to drag the time.

We returned to solid earth for the space of a quarter of an hour or so, and then the curtain went up again on the riotous colour and tingling vitality of

"PETROUCHKA."

Burlesque Scenes in Four Tableaux.
By MM. IGOR STRAVINSKY and ALEXANDRE BENOIS.
Music by M. IGOR STRAVINSKY.

The Dancer	.. .. ..	Mme. KARSAVINA
Pétrouchka	.. .. ..	M. NIJINSKY
The Moor	.. .. ..	M. KOTCHETOVSKY
The Old Showman	.. ..	M. CECCHETTI

which was conducted by M. Pierre Monteux.

Stravinsky's earlier Ballet *L'Oiseau de feu*, which was given here last summer, showed the composer's skill at creating an atmosphere of magic and more especially his gift for portraying the movement and excitement of a crowd. In the latter respect *Pétrouchka* gives him still better opportunities, for the scene is that of the Place de l'Amirauté at St. Petersburg, during a popular fête. Soldiers, policemen, children with their nurses, beggars, coachmen, and lackeys of the nobility, jostle each other as they make their purchases from pedlars or watch the peasants dance or hustle round a bear and his leader, or listen to the hurdygurdy man, until from the booth in the centre of the stage at the back out comes an old showman who invites the crowd to look at his three puppets, Pétrouchka (M. Nijinsky), a Moor (M. Kotchetovsky), and a dancer (Mme. Karsavina. He touches the puppets with his wand and they go through their tricks with something more than mechanical technique, for the showman is half a magician, and has endowed them with human emotions. Pétrouchka is the most arresting figure of the three, for his intelligence is superior and his feelings keener than those of the others, and his love for the lady is not requited. An inner drop scene goes down and rises again to show him in his box distracted with grief and trying to batter out his brains against the wall, when the lady visits him and refuses to be a victim. The Moor's box is next shown to us with the Moor lying on his back and playing at ball. When the lady comes in to visit him it is quite clear that she comes to smile and not to mock, and when Pétrouchka interrupts their declarations she only urges the Moor to kick him out by the way he came in, which he promptly does. We are back in the market-place once more with a band of masqueraders to add to the turmoil of the scene, when suddenly the curtains of the booth are shaken with an ominous movement, and after a moment of terrible suspense Pétrouchka runs out in pursuit of the lady, followed by the Moor at his heels, who raises a huge scimetar and with one blow strikes him dead at his feet. The crowd presses round in dismay, the police intervene, a solemn hush comes over the scene, and then the old showman glides in and calms every one with a gesture. "That? Why he's only a puppet. Look at the sawdust pouring out of the cut in his throat!"

It is all horribly *macabre* and extraordinarily effective. There are a few dull moments in the Moor's show box and one expects a longer glimpse of the puppets before the final scuffle, but the whole thing is refreshingly new and refreshingly Russian, more Russian, in fact, than any ballet we have had. The atmosphere of a crowd on a sunny day and at the end of a tragedy in a gathering snowstorm is conveyed with wonderful skill, and the puppet element is skilfully differentiated from the human in the kind of way that Leoncavallo has made familiar in *Pagliacci*. It might not be supposed from a bare narration of the story that there was much opportunity for human pathos or tragedy, but it is just the combined use by musician and dramatist of the conventional material of tragedy and the insistence on the convention in a way that would be impossible with human beings that makes the story so grim. The employment of Russian folk music in the scene of the fair is also most refreshing, and the way in which persistent rhythms bring out the character and movement of the crowd is something quite new. The orchestration is very brilliant throughout, a piano, xylophone, and celesta being employed as well as the usual orchestra. The ballet was very favourably received, though the house seemed a little puzzled by the newness of it all, and the composer appeared on the stage to how his acknowledgments.

Last on the programme came

LES SYLPHIDES.

Music by Chopin,

which, like *Pétrouchka*, was conducted by M. Monteux. There is nothing in the whole of the repertory of the Russian Ballet so cool and reposeful as the sight of this tiny swarm of silver-plumed moths sheltering up against each other under the walls of the grey romantic ruin and the tranquil light of the moon. *Narcisse* (which was to have been given last night) is reposeful, but its repose is that of a being we are all familiar with, sick of life and weary even of the beauty of his own image. *Les Sylphides* carries one into the quiet unreality of a world whose very existence is only synchronous with Chopin's music, for which alone it was created. It was danced last night by Mmes. Karsavina and Nijinska and M. Nijinsky in the principal *rôles* with bewitching grace and *abandon*, and made a satisfactorily tranquil ending to the whole entertainment.

But the evening will be remembered by *Pétrouchka*, which set all Paris talking two years ago, and ought to draw large audiences in London to hear it. It is likely to if people will only make up their minds not to expect a repetition of any other ballet that they have seen, and will be content to take what M. Stravinsky gives them and judge it on its own merits. All that is necessary is, of course, to get the enchanter of Covent Garden to play the showman and wave his magic wand. His is a different kind of pantomime from the pantomime that delighted Dr. Folliott, and it is too full of the spirit of youth to be measured by quarters of a century, but of its powers of delighting the children of all ages there can be no doubt.

MISS IBOLYKA GYÁRFÁS'S RECITAL.

A young violinist, Miss Ibolyka Gyárfás, made her first appearance here last night in the Bechstein Hall in a programme which included Tchaikovsky's Violin Concerto, three movements from Bach's unaccompanied Sonata in E major, and the "Devil's Trill" Sonata by Tartini. Feb. 6 '13

Her *début* last night promised well for her future, though at present she is little more than a child and has a great deal to learn. Her playing of both the classical sonatas was very rigid in time and mechanical in phrasing, especially in the Loure and Gavotte of Bach's sonata, though the actual notes were given accurately enough. In the prelude to Bach's sonata her playing had much more vitality than in the sonata by Tartini, which was taken so quietly and with the time so consistently dragged as to be quite tame in effect. The double-stopping, however, was neat even in Hubay's difficult cadenza, and the player did not seem to have much trouble with the bravura passages of the concerto by Tchaikovsky. Her tone is at present harsh when she plays chords or single notes fortissimo, and is generally coarser on the lower strings than on the upper, while her intonation at both extremes is often not by any means just.

NEW SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

MISS PHYLLIS NEILSON-TERRY ON THE CONCERT PLATFORM.

Feb. 7 '13

The third symphony concert of the New Symphony Orchestra took place successfully in the Queen's Hall yesterday afternoon, Mr. Landon Ronald, who conducted as usual, introduced to London Weingartner's "Lustige" Overture (Op. 56). This is a tumultuous, sombre-hued work that really merits any title rather than "merry." The opening theme with its alternations between the major and minor third, the elegiac "tenerezza" of the "Poco meno mosso" with its chromatically falling accompaniment, and the "Allegretto alla marcia" in the tonic minor and also well flavoured with chromatics, combine to give rather the feeling of a "Pathetic Overture," which is enhanced by the heavy treatment of the trombones and horns, such as chords in semiquavers and triplets. The remaining section, "Allegretto grazioso," certainly strikes a lighter note of rocking content, but this again is hardly "merry." Otherwise the work presents a series of well-contrasted moods of considerable interest and charm.

A particularly interesting feature of the afternoon was the first appearance of Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry on the concert platform. Certainly her share in the programme was a slight one, as only Félicien David's "Couplets du Mysli" from "La Perle du Brésil" and a couple of Landon Ronald's songs ("Down in the Forest" and "The Captive Lark") appeared above her name. All the same, Miss Neilson-Terry's success was both immediate and decisive. Her voice is of an exquisite quality and its employment full of promise. In the difficult domain of bravura singing entered upon in "Charmant oiseau," the groups and strings of notes were executed with admirable lucidity and ease. The trills needed clearer outlining, and once or twice there was a sense of strain in the production. But these blemishes weighed but slightly in the balance against the rich, liquid tones of her voice.

The symphony on this occasion was the "Unfinished" of Schubert, and short pieces by Debussy, Percy Grainger, and Balfour-Gardiner went to complete the bill.

THE BEECHAM OPERA SEASON.

"ELEKTRA" REVIVED.

Feb. 8 '13

In the presence of quite a large audience, Strauss's "Elektra" was revived at Covent Garden last night. This, it will be remembered, was the first opera of the composer with which the London public was made acquainted by Mr. Beecham, and it seems, in spite of its failings, to have met with the greatest popularity. Having, in fact, been performed in London a good number of times now, the work is sufficiently familiar to render comment at any special length unnecessary. Yet, in view of its importance as an achievement, of a kind, that is to say, there are one or two things which may be set down. For instance, do not the most recent musical developments rather alter one's point of view as to Strauss's methods? Those, at any rate, who favour the harmonic system, which, ultimately, recognises first and foremost the value of the interval of a fifth, will be able to give Strauss the credit of having stopped thus far in his seeking after new effects. On the other hand, the "futurist" group of musicians can hardly but feel that he is already becoming old-fashioned. In regarding Strauss's schemes of dissonance as a factor in musical delineation and expression, one must remember that they are generally relative to tonality, or to consonance. Even when he uses the device of the superimposition of one harmony upon the top of another (a charming example of this occurs in the silver rose music in "Rosenkavalier"), the basis is always that of tonality in the old accepted sense. Though there is a clash of keys, the keys themselves are there. But with the later composers this is not the case at all: key and tonality, as we know them, are dispensed with altogether. One may add, too, that Strauss, like Wagner, remembers the vitalising force of the "common chord" at moments of emotional climax. Perhaps one of the strongest points from a musical point of view in "Elektra" illustrates this very well—the apostrophe to Agamemnon delivered by the heroine early in the opera; while what could be harmonically more simple in its outline than her address to Orestês?

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Mr. Thomas Beecham conducted last night's performance in his usual enthusiastic style. A little more reserve of tone would have been welcome here and there if only to give more point to the climaxes by reason of the contrast. The most convincing figure on the stage was that of Klytemnestra as portrayed by Frau Bahr-Mildenburg. Both vocally and dramatically she was remarkably intense, and one regretted the more that so much disagreeable music fell to her share. The Elektra of Frau Mottl-Fassbender was somewhat wanting in abandon, in temperament generally, and in consequence the dance at the end seemed more stupid and more of an anti-climax than ever. When she was not drowned by the orchestra her singing had much to recommend it on the score of ease of style and a pleasing colour. Frau Petzl-Perard's Chrysothemis was an interpretion of considerable feeling and vocal charm, also when the band permitted. Strauss has written for this character some of the most fluently melodious music in the whole work, but that is not to say that it is entirely free from a somewhat mawkish sentiment. As Orest and

Ægisth MM. Brodersend and John Bardsley were efficient and all the minor rôles were taken in a spirited style.

N. C. G.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

Feb. 8 13

ELECTRA.

(In German.)

By RICHARD STRAUSS.

Clytæmnestra ..	ANNA BAHR-MILDENBURG
Electra	ZDENKA MOTTL-FASSBENDER
Chrysothemis ..	LOUISE PETZL-PERARD
Ægisth	JOHN BARDSLEY
Orest	FRIEDRICH BRODERSEN

Strauss and Hofmannsthal's *Electra*, which was given under Mr. Beecham's direction last night at Covent Garden, has this advantage over their later works for the stage, that it is one opera and not two In *Ariadne auf Naxos* the two actually overlap; in *Der Rosencavalier* they do not do that but they are sufficiently distinct to form two irreconcilable elements and so make the general result unsatisfactory. *Electra*, on the other hand, is written on a single dramatic theme which runs its course uninterruptedly from the opening to the very last bars, and has for its central incident a scene which contains the key to the drama, while the episodes which give relief to the main theme are closely connected with it and are not excrescences or interruptions like those that occur in the two comedies. The central incident—the scene between Electra and Clytæmnestra—was very impressive last night owing partly to the extraordinarily vivid way in which Mme. Bahr-Mildenburg represented the elder woman's gradual nervous breakdown and partly owing to the skill with which Mme. Mottl-Fassbender held her powers in reserve and gradually worked up to the crescendos. This husbanding of resources—always necessary in an opera and particularly so in one which is pitched as high as Strauss's—is precisely what was lacking in Mr. Beecham's handling of the orchestra. Time after time he forestalled the real climaxes and so let them go by half unnoticed when they arrived, and many of the most beautiful moments lost much of their appeal through his ruthlessly drowning the voices. This was all the more a pity, as both the singers already mentioned and Mme. Petzl-Perard, the Chrysothemis, sang with strikingly pure tone and with a volume which would have been quite sufficient with a rather more judicious accompaniment. Mme. Petzl-Perard's acting also made an excellent foil to that of Mme. Mottl-Fassbender, so that the first two episodes between the sisters were charged with the right atmosphere of conflicting emotions, while the third, which ends with the "nameless dance," came as an intense relief after the previous tension. As to the rest of the cast, Herr Friedrich Brodersen was not very satisfactory vocally as Orestes, though the solemnity of the orchestral music helped him to make his entry and conversation with Electra impressive; Mr. John Bardsley was able to give momentary interest to the visionary figure of Ægisthens, and the group of ladies who took the parts of the housemaids, if somewhat too orderly when discussing their mistress's character at the beginning, managed to suggest the right note of terror and excitement in the later scenes after the murders.

MR. DANIEL MELSA'S CONCERT.

Feb. 10 13

Mr. Daniel Melsa, a young violinist for whose playing a considerable amount of attention has been secured lately, gave his fourth concert on Saturday afternoon in the new hall of the Royal Academy of Music, when he played Brahms's and Mendelssohn's Concertos with Mr. Landon Ronald and the New Symphony Orchestra. His playing of Brahms's work was remarkable for its clearness and accuracy. The grip of his bow upon the arresting chords which break in upon the smooth cantabile style of the chief material in the first movement, and the perfectly true intonation of the octave episode in the Finale, were features which showed the high level of his technique. He failed only in those things which mark the difference between the mature interpreter and the well-equipped violinist. In the semiquaver passages of the first movement, for example, he frequently over-accented the first of each group, allowing the other three or four or five notes, as the case might be, to pass in comparative unimportance. Another subtle point of rhythm which baffles many inexperienced players is found in the principal theme of the Finale. The three semiquavers at the ends of the bars (the last two slurred) received considerably less than their value, and when the orchestra took up the theme the wood-wind players showed him how it ought to be done. The slow movement showed Mr. Melsa's musical capabilities in the best light, for here we had truth of phrase and of tone throughout. Miss Sophie Barrand sang the Mad Scene from Thomas's *Hamlet* with some skill, but the attempt to make up for an inexpressive quality of voice by a strong vibrato had the usual unpleasant result. At the beginning the orchestra played Mendelssohn's *Ruy Blas* Overture instead of "Fingal's Cave" which was announced on the programme.

LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

The symphony concert at Queen's Hall last night was conducted by Mr. Hamilton Harty, who gave careful performances of three acknowledged masterpieces, Bach's Overture in D, Strauss's *Don Juan*, and Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, besides introducing us to a new work of his own composition. This was a set of Variations for violin and orchestra upon a well-known Irish folk-tune, the solo part of which was played by Mr. Paul Kochanski. In addition the programme contained Mr. Montague Phillips's concert overture "Boadicea," conducted by the composer.

Feb. 11 13

There is a candour about Mr. Hamilton Harty's music which earns good will. The ideas on which it is based are all exceedingly simple, but they are genuine ideas, and they are not generally made to carry more weight of orchestral or solo decoration than they can bear while keeping their simplicity. The tune itself is merely used to give a certain continuity of line to the whole by suggesting the melodies on which the numbers are built. After a short introduction there is a jig followed by a reel, each clearly cut in its rhythmic shape, and then he leaves dance measures until the Finale. Number 3 is a charming and romantic version of the tune, No. 4 a very effective *moto perpetuo* for the solo instrument, though it is rather more sophisticated in style, and therefore seems not quite in keeping with what has gone before it. A curious fugal movement for orchestra alone, which begins seriously and ends with a laugh, leads to two further romantic variations, of which the second is the most beautiful, and then comes the lively dancing Finale. Mr. Harty shows considerable skill in developing his material on the lines of the modal melody, but in a cadenza for the solo violin he drops the idiom altogether and has written passages which give the same patchwork effect that one gets from such a work as Bruch's Scottish Fantasia, where ready-made violinist's passages are tacked on to folk melody. That cadenza is therefore the weakest moment in the work. Mr. Phillips's "Boadicea" is sophisticated from first to last, exceedingly fluent, and cleverly scored. We need not ask why it is called "Boadicea"; no doubt the title seemed an attractive one for an overture full of military pageantry relieved by sentimental episodes. Mr. Phillips seems to have thought how Tchaikovsky would have done it, and he has reproduced a good deal of his orchestral manner. He has plenty of confidence as a conductor, and was well able to make the most of his work.

Mr. Harty, on the other hand, still seems to have a certain diffidence in conducting both his own music and that of the great masters. But in the latter this is almost an unavoidable state of things when a man undertakes a single concert with an orchestra with which he is not constantly in touch. His knowledge of the music is so sound, and he showed such care for refinement of detail, both in *Don Juan* and the symphony, that with more opportunity his performances should be exceedingly interesting.

LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Feb 11 1913

MR. HAMILTON HARTY IN THE CONDUCTOR'S CHAIR.

The concert given by the London Symphony Orchestra at the Queen's Hall last night had some interesting features. In the first place the conductor was Mr. Hamilton Harty, hitherto chiefly known as a composer and accompanist. He has, of course, conducted before, but has not had so good an opportunity of displaying his powers as was forthcoming on this occasion, for he had not only to conduct a new work of his own composition, but also Beethoven's seventh symphony and Strauss's "Don Juan," both these works forming a pretty severe test. Mr. Harty did very well indeed. One liked the spirit of his readings, they suggested imagination and real insight. Naturally, great experience is required to achieve strength and conviction of climax, but if there was some falling off here, Mr. Harty showed quite enough feeling for the vital rhythm to make one believe that he has it in him to be a really good conductor in time.

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The new work was called "Variations on an Irish Theme," for solo violin and orchestra, but the composer acknowledges the fact that the variations are not at all close. Indeed, the work is rather a set of movements of diverse character more coloured by the theme than orthodox variants. In a sense this is somewhat of a mistake; one prefers either greater strictness in music which sets out to be in a well-defined form, or else complete freedom. Otherwise, although the theme has no very special charm beyond its decided national flavour, Mr. Harty has written a work which very pleasantly reflects the Irish idiom, Irish dance measures, and Irish sentiment. The expression is none the worse for being on the light side; the writing for the orchestra is extremely effective throughout, while the soloist has been given a grateful part. It was in the hands of Mr. Paul Kochanski last night, who was quick to seize the opportunities for the display of his warm tone. Both he and the composer were heartily applauded at the end of the performance.

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Another native work was in the programme: Mr. Montague Phillips conducting his "Boadicea" overture. This is a composition ambitious in scope, but pretentious in result owing to the brilliance of the writing having been expended upon material of poor quality. One other work completed the scheme, Bach's so-called Overture in D. One was glad for once to hear the familiar "Air" played as it was originally written. The whole work is a delightful example of Bach's few purely orchestral compositions, with all the character of some of the better-known Brandenburg concertos.

N. C. G.

MR. BALFOUR GARDINER'S CONCERT.

The experience of last year was sufficient to make musicians look forward to Mr. Balfour Gardiner's second series of choral and orchestral concerts as one of the most important musical events of 1913; and the first of the four, given at Queen's Hall last night, was one of those thoroughly delightful programmes which make one feel that the problem of artistic concert-giving is not hopeless or even difficult if only it is approached with imaginative insight. For this concert was not, like so many worthy enterprises, a heterogeneous collection of things which people ought to know better than they do. It had a form and character of its own. Instrumental and choral works, new and old, were placed side by side, having a certain relevance to each other, while providing strongly defined contrasts of style. Gibbons's "Hosanna to the Son of David" came as the ideal complement to the strenuous climax of Sir Hubert Parry's symphony, and Dr. Vaughan Williams's Fantasia for Strings on a theme by Tallis, which, when it was first heard at Gloucester three years ago, seemed untransplantable from the Cathedral to the concert-room, took its place with perfect fitness after the 16th century choral music sung by the Oriana Madrigal Society.

Feb. 12 13

The concert was begun by Sir Hubert Parry conducting the second performance of his Symphony in B minor, produced at the last of the Royal Philharmonic Society's concerts before Christmas. The work, which made a very strong impression at a first hearing, made a still more beautiful one when heard a second time. One is inclined to wonder whether Parry has ever written anything for instruments which is so directly moving as the slow movement, and certainly the whole from first to last is stamped with his own individuality. It was all the more enjoyable for the fact that the detailed programme issued at the first performance was replaced by a summary of the leading ideas which the composer connects with the music, so that there was less temptation to make a mental analysis in following it and one realized how fully the music is its own justification. The choral works following contained, besides Gibbons's "Hosanna," Wilbye's extraordinarily reflective madrigal, "Happy, O happy he," the words and whole feeling of which are a counterpart to Gibbons's "What is our life," and two Psalms, Byrd's "Come, let us rejoice" and Whyte's "O praise God." In these and in the modern part-songs later conducted by Mr. Kennedy Scott the varied resources of the small choir were heard to great advantage. There is still a tendency to make the rhythm of the old music too rigid, but this was the only noticeable fault. There was admirable vigour in the Psalms and most delicate expression in the madrigal.

The strings of the New Symphony Orchestra had an excellent body of tone in Dr. Vaughan Williams's Fantasia, and the playing was only marred by occasional uncertainty about accidentals. Instrumental music based on the Church modes is sufficiently unfamiliar to players and to audiences to make it difficult to grasp, but once the idiom is absorbed the beauty of the work is entrancing. Except for a short part-song by Mr. Percy Grainger, the only new work in the programme was Mr. J. B. Dale's setting for choir and small orchestra of Christina Rossetti's Christmas hymn "Before the paling of the stars," which the composer conducted. It was the least satisfactory part of the concert, for the desire to illustrate both with voices and instruments has led the composer to elaborate where the words imperatively demand simplicity. Two of Dowland's ayres, which came next, might have been placed there to give him a lesson. Mr. Grainger's part-song "The Inuit," words from Kipling's Second Jungle Book, had to be repeated, and "Two Eastern Pictures" for women's voices and harp, by Mr. Von Holst, were also popular. Dr. Charles Wood's part-song "Haymakers, Rakers," led well to the final orchestral piece, Mr. Percy Grainger's charming passacaglia on the folk-tune "Green Bushes," which was first heard at a Symphony Concert in the autumn.

MR. BALFOUR GARDINER'S CONCERT.

Somehow the concert given by Mr. Balfour Gardiner last night at the Queen's Hall (the first of a new series) did not turn out quite so successful as had been anticipated. Partly, perhaps, on account of the arrangement of the programme. It was certainly rather a thing of shreds and patches—it is possible that had Sir Hubert Parry's symphony come at the end instead of the beginning the impression might have been a little more satisfactory. As it was, one had the solid fare to start with and afterwards a series of short works, which, moreover, as it proved, were decidedly uneven in quality.

The actual novelties were two in number, a setting of Kipling's "Inuit" for unaccompanied chorus by Mr. Percy Grainger and a Christmas Hymn to words of Christina Rossetti for voices and small orchestra by Mr. B. J. Dale. The first of these does not represent the composer in his happiest vein, as the music is little more than the ordinary type of part-song, relieved by some unusual harmonies. The second is a setting of some extremely simple words at undue length with great play of orchestral colour. The composer did not convince one that the poem can

bear such treatment, while the music itself shows little originality.

A semi-novelty was Mr. R. Vaughan Williams's "Fantasia on a theme of Thomas Tallis" for strings. Decidedly an interesting work this, full of remarkably successful harmonic and orchestral effects, great use being made of the device of contrast of tone between the main orchestra, a smaller group, and a solo quartet. There is much real beauty and imagination in the music, yet as a whole the work fails somewhat, chiefly because of its prolixity and the fact that there is not a sufficiently strong suggestion of a logical or an emotional design at the back. One fancies that it would bear cutting; certainly the feeling of repetition would be removed, and, as far as one could tell, there would be no sacrifice of structure.

Sir Hubert Parry's symphony in B minor was first heard at a Philharmonic concert last December. It is a work of highest aim and occasionally fine achievement. Throughout, the hearer feels the hand of a master in respect of design and workmanship, while the moods are marked by dignity, if the note of inspiration does not always appear to have been struck. The composer conducted, and got a splendid reception from the large audience, as also did Mr. Vaughan Williams. The orchestra was the New Symphony, and chorus the Oriana Madrigal Society, conducted by Mr. C. Kennedy Scott. The singers were further heard in madrigals and part-songs, notably a very fine setting of the 119th Psalm by R. Whyte and two beautiful Ayres of Dowland. The singing was marked by its taste and expressiveness.

Feb 12 1913

N. C. G.

SONGS OF THE HEBRIDES.

Mrs. Kennedy-Fraser, who is already known for her volume of Hebridean folk-songs, gave a recital last night in the Æolian Hall at which she introduced a number of fresh songs which she has recently collected and published.

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They have been provided by Mrs. Fraser with accompaniments which are simple and usually appropriate, though they do not show very much imagination, partly, perhaps, because they do not aim at providing more than a background for the melodies. The songs themselves varied very much in interest. Some were quite dull in themselves, some were made monotonous owing to the inclusion of too many verses, while others had a fine breadth and swing, combined often with unconscious pathos, which gave them a character of their own. They were divided into three groups. The first was made up of songs which dealt with the sounds and terrors of the sea, and amongst these "The Sea Tangle," a version of the famous "Pinnorie" story, and a "Skye Fishers' Song" were two of the most effective. The heroic lays which formed the second group included a fine song about Ossian, and another about the daughter of Maeve from the Cuchulainn cycle which Lady Gregory, among others, has helped to make familiar. The third section was of songs which are sung by the natives while they are working in one way or another, milking, churning butter, reaping, or "waulking" the wool. Mrs. Kennedy-Fraser, Miss Margaret Kennedy, and Mr. Percy Heming were the singers, and variety was given to the programme by Mrs. Tobias Matthay, who recited "Fiona Macleod's" "Maid of the Dreams," during which some of the tunes from the Hebrides were played on the violin and pianoforte by Miss Winifred Smith and Miss Patuffa Kennedy-Fraser.

SOCIÉTÉ DES CONCERTS FRANÇAIS.

The concert given by this society last night in the Bechstein Hall was divided into two parts, with old French music in the first part and modern French in the second. The Parisian Quartet, Mme. Feuillard and M. Mangeot were responsible for the instrumental part of the programme, and Mr. Theodore Byard was the singer.

Feb. 15 '13

M. Macon opened the concert by playing an Andante and a Minuet by the 13th-century composer Milandre for the viola d'amor, which showed up the rich qualities of his instrument; and he was followed by M. Willaume, who played the sonata by Leclair which ends with the well-known Tambourin. Another Tambourin, equally vigorous but less insistent, was heard later as a movement of a Trio for clavecin, violin, and violoncello (with the clavecin part played on the pianoforte), by Rameau. The movement which followed, called "L'indiscrète," was one of the most attractive, the "indiscrète" appearing to belong to the same world as Susanna and Cherubino when they are tip-toeing across the room to avoid being surprised by the Count; "La timide" and "L'agaçante" are also charming movements in a small way, and the first has a very noble section in the middle which recalls the mood of Dido's Lament in Purcell's opera.

Times

Rameau was also represented by an air from *Hippolyte et Aricie*, which was followed by the arrangements of old songs by Dr. Vaughan Williams, one of them being "L'amour de moy," which is better known in a version by Tiersot. The modern songs consisted of Duparc's "Extase," examples of Guy Ropartz, the second of which, "Lever d'aube," was repeated, and Castillon's vigorous "Semeur," which was also encored. The singer gave all of them with fine conviction and in a way that brought out their character; his diction, too, was admirably clear and his tone on the lower notes was attractive, though it was sometimes too much forced on the upper.

The modern instrumental works consisted of Florent Schmitt's undistinguished "Chant Elégiaque" for violoncello and piano, and Chauson's beautiful "Concert" for piano, violin, and string quartet, which has not often been heard over here. Whether the string quartet is pitted against the two solo instruments as a quartet or whether it is used to accompany them in a kind of general orchestral *ensemble*, the result is strikingly rich and sonorous. Chauson seems in fact to have discovered new possibilities of tonal effects in his combination of instruments, and even if in many places his themes show the influence of his teacher, César Franck, the writing as a whole is strong and individual, and rises in the Sicilienne, the slow movement, and the Finale to heights which have seldom been touched by his contemporaries or the more modern school of French chamber music. It was admirably played by the strings last night, but the pianist had not sufficient power or brilliancy, and her touch was often too hard and inelastic.

SOCIETE DES CONCERTS FRANCAIS.

Feb. 17 1913

It is some years now since Ernest Chausson's "Concert pour piano, violon et quatuor d'archet" was first heard in London, and it was good to make acquaintance with it again on Friday evening. This remarkable work was one of the principal features of an interesting programme designed by the Société des Concerts Français for their twentieth meeting, held in the Bechstein Hall on Friday evening. It was played on this occasion by the Quatuor Parisien, with that delightful artist, Madame Feuillard, as pianist and Mr. Mangeot as extra violinist. It is really a work one wants to hear many times before appreciating at its full value. Chausson, as most of us know, was a pupil of César Franck. He died very young, greatly lamented by those who had known him in Paris as a student, and still more, perhaps, by those who knew the value of the creative work he was doing shortly before his death. The splendour of Chausson's imagination is shown at once in the first movement—labelled simply "Décidé." (The work, by the way, was numbered his 21st, and was written in 1890-91.) There is more than a suggestion of Beethoven's massiveness in this movement, of his tremendous strength, of his tenderness, of his ironic humour; it suffers only from long-windedness. The Sicilienne—the second movement—is pleasant, inclined to be trivial, and a curious interpolation in a work of such profound seriousness. The third movement, "Grave," is fearfully pessimistic and heavy, and is chiefly remarkable for its principal subject of six slow, chromatic notes descending and ascending, played on the piano with both pedals down. In the Finale César Franck is very much in evidence in the long duet between the two principal instruments, but the manner is decidedly Chausson's own in the big climax of all the instruments, which occurs a little later in the same movement and in the last noble peroration. It was divinely played by all concerned, and if only the first movement could be cut a little by some sympathetic artist there is no doubt the "Concert" would be played frequently by our own more adventurous chamber musicians, for there is music in it of very rare quality.

In addition to some old string pieces by Milandre, Leclair, and Rameau, played by Madame Feuillard, Mr. Macon, and Mr. Willaume, Mr. Théodore Byard sang a group of fifteenth-century songs (several arranged by Vaughan Williams) and four in the modern manner composed by Guy Ropartz, Henri Duparc, and Alexis de Castillon. Of the songs—which were all, in their way, very beautiful—Ropartz's "Tout le long de la Nuit" was the most striking, being an excellent example of the now fashionable reversion to the antique in style. Puvis de Chavannes never painted anything more vividly pre-Raphaelite than this. The accompaniments to all the songs were excellently played by Mr G. O'Connor Morris.

"L'APRÈS-MIDI D'UN FAUNE"

Feb 18 1913

INTERESTING EXPERIMENT AT COVENT GARDEN.

This is a fragment—the choreographic expression of Debussy's prelude to Mallarmé's poem. But whether or not the Russians intended the piece to end where now it does, this is the perfect close, when the faun falls asleep beside his stolen scarf to dream.

But—may we be so harsh as to say it, with the frenzied plaudits of the audience still ringing in our ears?—this was the only point of perfection in the tableau.

There is scarcely a tale to tell. A faun lies on a rock, piping. To him appear seven nymphs—six attendants and a greater one, dancing flatwise in angular Greek attitudes. The leader begins to disrobe, the fall of each drape accompanied by angular gestures of the seven. The enraptured faun climbs from his rock and approaches. A nymph sees him and flies; the others, warned by her flight, look up, scatter, and vanish. The leader, gathering up her drapes, would fly too, but the faun implores her to stay. For a moment she does, and so they pose with locked arms, she kneeling, he bending over her. Then she follows her beckoning nymphs, and leaves him alone with a forgotten scarf—forgotten as nymphs forget love tokens. She returns for it, but he will have it—may he not? And so at last the curtain falls as he lies dreaming beside his lady's scarf.

A pretty vision!—but how curiously imagined! The scenery is unadulterated Bakst—chaotic colour wavering and swirling; the dancers are figures from Greek vases, copied faithfully and without imagination; the music is delicately and fragilely modern.

Those same Greek figures, you must have observed, do not represent the dance; they are the shorthand notes of it in a highly conventional script, a convention, moreover, of pictorial and not of dramatic art. Isadora Duncan, when she went back to the Greeks for her language of gesture, had two tasks: to translate the convention into a dramatic one, and to fill in the gaps between one shorthand sign and the next—if you will, to vocalise. Here, at Covent Garden, neither task is attempted. And so, though the gestures are nearly always surprisingly true to their original, they are often comic, often meaningless, and they have never any continued rhythm.

Nijinsky was rather a disturbing element. He is too great an artist to go as wrong as he was meant to go, and the gestures of his faun were too natural and eloquent in their restraint for the scheme of the piece, though, indeed, he realised far more than the others the dainty spirit of Debussy. His painted tights, by the way, looked like painted tights that were meant to represent the armour of a barbarous soldier.

The audience was more than enthusiastic, and the piece was given a second time.

W. R. T.

LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Feb 18 1913

DR. SOMERVELL'S NEW WORKS.

"A world wherein to triumph and be free." So runs the motto Dr. Arthur Somervell has inscribed over the first movement of his "Thalassa" Symphony, produced under the direction of Professor Arthur Nikisch in the Queen's Hall last night. The Symphony has no "programme" in the fashionable meaning of that word, but each movement is prefixed by a motto: the first, as quoted; the second—a Dirge—"Killed in action 25 March, 1912"; the third—a kind of intermezzo, Andante—"Magic casements looking on the foam . . . in faerylands"; and the last—Allegro—with the old verse:

> O! I've seen ships upon the sea,
> The eighth brought me to land,
> With four-and-twenty bold mariners,
> And music on every hand.

The poetic basis of the Symphony is (it will be observed) essentially romantic, and in order to appreciate the composer's style, and his attitude towards his own subject, one must carry oneself back to the palmy days of the Victorian period, to—and this is an important point—a generation that knew not their Wagner.

Throughout the work one is conscious of a something distinctly Tennysonian in the subject-matter and in its treatment—the same carefully-polished phrases, the well-measured sequences, the aloofness from anything that is meretricious or vulgar, and, at times, the same almost unbelievable naiveté of expression. (Vide, "I'm to be Queen of the May, mother.") There is a tune in the last movement, a subsidiary one, which probably only Arthur Somervell could have written in this year of grace. It is simply and beautifully treated, but its almost childish simplicity was one of many surprises in this most interesting work. Not the least surprising (and significant) feature in its composition is that Dr. Somervell has apparently been content with the art of orchestration as it stood when Weber died; his instrumentation, indeed, is hardly so "modern." This is not, of course, in itself a virtue, but it is justified in so far as the composer has certainly expressed himself lucidly, and with all the imaginative power and eloquence that his subject demanded. The end, truly, has justified the means; and those means are amazingly economical. Dr. Somervell has had the courage to be himself in days when so much that is mere cleverness passes for genius.

AN INDEPENDENT COMPOSER.

There are, as already pointed out, four movements, each with a "motto." The principal subject of the first movement is rather lacking in distinction, and is overshadowed by the "second subject," which is very beautiful indeed, and in its recurrences "makes" the movement. (Is it not, incidentally, a curious thing that "second subjects" are nearly always more beautiful than the "principal"?) Most people will probably agree that the Dirge is the best thing in the whole symphony. The march tune itself is commonplace enough, but the treatment, the whole effect, the atmosphere of the thing, is highly successful. Here again it is the "second subject" which "makes" the movement, and it is in the development of this that Dr. Somervell reaches the highest emotional point in the work. The cor anglais is employed here most effectively. The third movement, a sort of intermezzo, is quaintly old English in places, and under Nikisch's extraordinarily sensitive beat it was a delightful thing to listen to. All the same, one feels that a brighter, more highly coloured section would have been better here.

For although there is a good deal of energy and emphasis and spirit in the last movement the work really requires lifting up by means of some effervescent sort of Scherzo. On the whole, then, the

ymphony itself is an experience very rare in these ays, and its performance last night must have served s an excellent antidote or counter-irritant to an udience that is surely getting tired of the more or ess hysterical outbursts of a younger generation. n "Thalassa" there is nothing of the strenuous life we are always boasting to-day; there is nothing of her feverish turmoil one is accustomed to hear in the music of our young musical philosophers. There is ommon-sense without priggishness or pedantry, and here is romance without any kind of sentimentality. Above and beyond everything else is the fact, already stated, that Arthur Somervell has gone his own way uninfluenced by "isms" or fashions of any kind. It cannot be said that the symphony is "brilliantly" scored in the present-day sense of scoring—Stravinsky, Strauss, Paul Dukas, Florent Schmitt have other ideas—but it serves its purpose. And can any score do more?

THE "NORMANDY" VARIATIONS.

It was in Normandy at dead of night that Dr. Somervell heard the splendid tune that gave him the theme for his Symphonic Variations for Piano and Orchestra. Its name he does not know, nor its birthplace. Some villagers were coming home from a fair, belated and merry, singing ribald songs of the Paris music-halls, when suddenly, above the general noise, one voice rang out, clear and strong and beautiful—a man's voice. And the villagers ceased their singing to listen. For it was a favourite tune, and a wondrous tune, more closely related to the tunes of Brittany, perhaps, than those of actual France. We would be glad to hear the melody ourselves in the same environment, but we have these Variations instead, and we are proud and glad to have them. Last night they were played by Mr Donald Tovey in London for the first time, and capitally played, too. This well-known artist seems to have lately acquired a warmer, more full blooded style of playing, and in these Variations, which are brimming over with emotion, the cold, pseudo-classical manner which has hitherto distinguished Mr. Tovey's public performances would certainly have been out of place. This work is arranged in the usual four groups of the symphonic form—in this case an "Allegro," an "Adagio," a "Scherzo," and a "Finale."

The composer has not adhered very closely to the tune after the first statement or two, but it passes in fragmentary fashion through various guises, each of which presents a point of view that is distinctly "musical." The rhapsodical opening is somewhat spoiled by conventional arpeggi and other ornamental figures which have done duty so often in piano works that they have ceased to suggest all they used to. The passacaglia towards the end of the work is, however, a fine piece of writing, and the solo part, here rather difficult, was brilliantly played. If only Dr. Somervell had given us a little more of humour of life, either in this or in the Symphony, we might have been more contented. Both rather err on the side of seriousness. The programme further included Weber's "Oberon" Overture, the Brandenburg in F, and Tschaikowsky's "Francesca da Rimini." It is unnecessary to say how these were played under so distinguished a conductor.

COVENT GARDEN.

Feb. 18 1913

"L'APRES-MIDI D'UN FAUNE."

Opinions, it is very evident, are going to vary considerably concerning the merits of Nijinsky's choreographic tableau, "L'Apres-midi d'un Faune," which was played at Covent Garden for the first time last night. There will be those who will hold that it reproduces the spirit of Debussy's beautiful Prelude to perfection; there will be others who will say that it does nothing of the kind, and that it does not even faintly accord with the feelings aroused in them by the music. There will be others, again, who will affirm that they do not feel particularly strongly either way, and that, though they admit that the conception is extremely clever, they cannot see very much in it. But if anything in the world of art, or, for that matter, in any world at all, arouses controversy, this is alone sufficient to prove that there really is something in it—something which may be good, which cannot be wholly bad, and which for an absolute certainty is not indifferent.

Now the view that the averagely critical member of the public will take of this little dance scene must almost inevitably depend upon the views that he takes of the conventions of Greek art as expressed upon the famous urns and of Debussy's music. Stiff and angular the poses of the figures undoubtedly are, but are they unbeautiful? And, again, is a pose that is stiff and angular necessarily unsuited to the physical interpretation of Debussy's music? The answer to the first question is surely a qualified negative. The poses of the nymphs have a grace peculiar entirely to themselves: those of the libertine fauns and satyrs have an intentional ugliness. And now as to whether or not Nijinsky's extremely original idea of fitting these angular poses to Debussy's very plastic music is right or wrong. The answer to this must very largely depend on the view that the individual takes of the atmosphere suggested by the music. Does it convey merely a sense of languorous warmth, of love-making in the depths of a tropical forest, or does it convey not only this but also a sense of immense distance and of that elusive unreality which one connects with the days when Pan piped in the woods and the fauns and the satyrs sported with the nymphs in the shade?

COMPLETE WORK OF ART.

Surely it is this that Debussy attempted to portray, and surely only by the means that Nijinsky has, by a stroke of genius, invented could the true atmosphere have been reproduced on the stage. Only according to modern conventions are the figures of his nymphs graceful. For if the figures on a Grecian urn have any grace, then have his nymphs grace as well, for their poses are the poses of a procession on an urn; they move just as one would expect such a procession to move if it came to life, through a very post-impressionist scene which has exactly the unreality which it ought to possess. The figure of the faun alone—admirably mimed by its creator—has a repellant ugliness, and to have given anything else to a licentious creature who, singling out one from a group of seven nymphs, is fooled by her and is left gloating over the scarf which she has let fall, would have been absolutely untrue.

Indeed, the masterly little scene is as complete a work of art as anything that has been devised by these wonderful Russians, and that it was fully appreciated by the audience was shown by the fact that it was received with such enthusiasm that it had to be repeated.

COVENT GARDEN OPERA HOUSE

Feb. 19 1913

"SALOME."

BY RICHARD STRAUSS.

Salome	AINO ACKTÉ
Herod	FRANZ COSTA
Herodias	FRIEDA LANGENDORFF
The Prophet	HERMANN WEIL
The Page of Herodias ..	MURIEL TERRY
Naraboth	JOHN BARDSLEY

Conductor—THOMAS BEECHAM.

The better one gets to know *Salome* the more conscious one becomes of the difficulty with which Strauss sustained the exotic and sensuous atmosphere of the drama in his music. Long before the final monologue, in which the exalted musical feeling is in strange contrast to the prevalent emotion of the words, Strauss has given us many passages which one feels to be far too robust for the stage setting. The orchestral climax after the scene between Salome and Jochanaan is a case in point. The method is very much that of the passage which follows the recognition of Orestes by Electra, but in the later opera the thing is justified as a spontaneous outburst of long-pent-up feeling. Here, where, if it means anything, it should convey the baffled desire of Salome turning to the determination to secure revenge, a climax of such a type seems inconsistent. When Strauss conducts the opera himself he gets over these moments with extraordinary skill; he secures a waywardness of phrase and innumerable delicate insinuations by the use of a subtle rubato which disguise the direct squareness of some of the rhythms. He has not, therefore, to rely entirely upon sonority in the orchestra for his climaxes.

Mr. Beecham's emphatic method forces the discrepancy upon the attention, and moreover tends to make every episode appear to have equal importance. The scene after the one mentioned, in which Herod and Herodias are the chief figures, the voice of the Prophet is heard denouncing their sin from the bottom of the well, and the Rabbi's quarrel about him, is really there to release the tension between the two main emotional crises, but in the rather clumsy treatment it received last night it scarcely fulfilled that object except in so far as the Rabbi gave a touch of unintentional comedy. It was, however, an exceedingly interesting performance. In the earlier scenes the orchestral playing was far more restrained, and therefore in place, than we remember it to have been when Mr. Beecham first produced the opera here in the autumn of 1910, and with Mme. Aino Ackté in the principal part we were sure of a vivid treatment of that part, as brilliant in acting and in dancing as it was from the purely musical point of view. She makes one feel all the horror of the character, while she never loses sight of what is beautiful in the music. Herr Hermann Weil's singing of the part of the Prophet had genuine nobility and strength, and in Herr Franz Costa was found a Herod who sang musically whenever he was given a chance of doing so. Among the smaller parts Mr. John Bardsley's fine voice told admirably in the part of Naraboth, and Miss Muriel Terry's dramatic power made the colourless part of the Page a living thing.

It may be mentioned that though Salome was emphatic in her demands for "the head of Jochanaan" instead of "the blood of the Prophet," as formerly, what she received was a dish filled with something which looked like a rolled up table-cloth. The device was even more pointless than the plate of blood, especially when a green limelight was turned full upon it, but it was at least not so nasty to look at as the more realistic one of two years ago. The makeshift is of course no fault of the management, and the whole opera was in other respects beautifully staged.

There was a very large audience, which included Queen Alexandra in the Royal box.

ROYAL PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

Feb. 19 1913

The orchestral part of last night's concert, which was conducted by M. Mengelberg, consisted of Glazounov's Fourth Symphony in E flat, the Prelude and Good Friday music from *Parsifal*, and the Funeral March from *Götterdämmerung*.

Glazounov's later symphonies have been given in London fairly recently, but it is too long since we have heard the fourth, which is a beautiful and genial composition, with many qualities that ought to ensure its popularity. The scoring, as in most of Glazounov's orchestral works, is rich and full, occasionally indeed a little heavy, and each of the three movements into which the symphony falls is rich in melodious and attractive themes. But this very richness of the thematic material, while distinguishing the work from some more modern symphonies, is also partly its weakness, for the tunes, which follow each other very closely, have so much fundamental family resemblance to each other that when they have once been stated little more remains to be said about them. They reappear with slight variations in the working out sections, and both the first and third Allegros contain versions of tunes already announced in the slow introduction attached to each; but the restatements and the variations alike seem to be only repetitions of the original themes, instead of adding fresh beauties to them or giving them more emphatic character. What character they have, too, is not very Russian. The harmonies are the harmonies of a man who has inherited the work of Borodin and Rimsky-Korsakov, and the Scherzo, with its bacchanalian opening and lilting valse of its trio, is real Russian dance music and might have come out of the composer's ballet *Raymonda*. But the rest of the symphony, both in the shape of the tunes and their treatment, is thoroughly Western: it constantly reminds one that Glazounov has preached the gospel of Brahms to his countrymen, and in several places the busy movement of the parts and the insistence on diatonic harmonies bring back the atmosphere of *Die Meistersinger*.

The symphony was superbly played last night, M. Mengelberg conducting it practically by heart. Every detail was clear and at the same time in place, so that no points were allowed to stand out and disturb the broad sweep of each movement from the introductory bars to the coda. The actual tone of the orchestra was also remarkably fine, both here and in the accompaniments to Saint-Saëns's Violin Concerto in B minor, which Miss Kathleen Parlow played with admirable assurance and with the highly-polished technique that this kind of music essentially demands.

DR. HENSCHEL'S CONCERT.

Feb. 19 1913

Dr. Henschel sang at Bechstein Hall yesterday afternoon old favourites of Schubert, Schumann, and Loewe. When a man has been singing for something like a third of a century individual songs must seem very different things to him from what they did when he began. They have ceased to be achievements, and have become opportunities of saying what he holds to be the truth about singing. It is one thing to read this truth in books, or to receive it from teachers, and quite another to watch it in practice. What Dr. Henschel seemed to be telling us was something like this:—Song is just the rise and fall of the speaking voice heightened, and the firmer your hold of this simple fact the truer your singing will be. You speak only when you have something to say, and you must sing only when you have something to tell your listener. When you speak you sometimes hang and sometimes drag, not for the fun of doing it, but because the sense demands it; so in singing, whole beats, bars if necessary, may go by the board if the context is so made clearer: the word regulates the time. When people say of a man, as they sometimes do, "I like to hear the sound of his voice," what they are liking is not so much that particular organ as its perfect emotional adjustment to the need of the moment, even if they understand no more of what he is saying than the Northern Farmer. "An' I thowt a said whot a owt to 'a said an' I coom'd awaäy"; the word, in fact, regulates the tone. Let us get rid of cant—*tremolo*, *rubato*, high notes, *coloratura*, and the rest of it; let us have something to sing, and sing it.

MISS ISOLDE MENGES'S RECITAL.

Feb. 19 1913

Miss Menges showed at her first violin recital, which she gave a few days ago with the Brighton Municipal Orchestra under Mr. Lyell-Tayler, that she possessed an advanced technique; and at her second recital yesterday afternoon in the Queen's Hall with the same orchestra, the programme contained Wieniawski's Concerto in D minor and several smaller *bravura* pieces. But Beethoven's Concerto, with which she began, put her to a different kind of test.

On the whole she came out of it well. She played it with thorough musical feeling, that is to say, and made no attempt to treat the music as an opportunity for display, though every now and then in the first and third movements her natural facility tempted her to loosen her control so that the time ran away with her for a few bars. Sometimes, too, she and the orchestra were not quite together, but that was not altogether her fault, as the conductor was too inclined to make sudden rallentandos and accelerandos for the sake of emphasizing a theme or a rhythm. The four repeated notes, for instance, in the first movement were always dragged, and the orchestra was always whipped up after them in precisely the same manner at precisely the same point. But when we have said that Miss Menges played with musical feeling, with very pure tone, and with strikingly flexible bowing, it remains to add that she was less successful in the bold phrases of the first movement, and generally speaking in the strenuous parts of the concerto than in the quiet episodes, and that although her playing of details was admirable (except for some untrue intonation in M. Auer's lengthy and over-elaborate cadenzas) she did not give the music with sufficient grip to make each movement sound like a consistent whole. This kind of control she will no doubt be able to acquire, as she shows so many signs of possessing musical understanding as well as technique, but at present she seems to be without it except for short periods.

A RECITAL OF FRENCH SONG.

Mme. Nathalie Aktzery, whose recital of Russian songs last summer was one of the most interesting concerts of the season, gave a programme of French songs last night at the Æolian Hall, arranged upon the same historical principle which she adopted before. There were in this programme 26 songs by as many French composers, and they were placed, roughly

speaking, in chronological order, beginning with composers of the 18th century and coming down to those of the 20th. Feb. 21 1913

The programme could not have all the interest of unfamiliarity that the Russian one had, for most of the best things in French song are fairly frequently to be heard in London concert rooms, whether they are looked for among the productions of the 18th century such as Martini's "Mes Moutons" and Monsigny's "Il était un oiseau gris," or the writers of to-day, such as Debussy, Ravel, Hahn, and Duparc. But there are plenty of other interests to be found in such a programme, particularly that of noting the same characteristics reappearing in composers who are joined by belonging to one nation though separated by time.

In the case of the French composers one finds that peculiar quality of aptness to the subject and form of the poem running through three centuries. There was not one among these songs which had not a point of its own made quite definitely and yet without the appearance of labour, and the singer was unfailing in realizing the point and conveying it sympathetically to her audience. As an interpreter Mme. Aktzery has very great powers, which are all the more apparent because, from the purely musical point of view, neither her voice nor her management of it is irreproachable. An occasional harshness of tone, a trying *vibrato* and its necessary consequence, uncertain intonation, all militate against her charm as a singer, but her genuineness of interpretation, the exquisite art of her phrasing, and her power of carrying the song to its true pitch of feeling, missing nothing yet never exaggerating, enable her to turn from Berlioz's "Absence" to Gounod's "Un sourire éclair," and from Debussy's "Fantoches" to "O triste, triste était mon âme," by Charles Bordes, and leave us feeling that the mood of each has been perfectly caught. In this the aid of her highly accomplished accompanist, M. Yowanowich, was invaluable. It is worth noting that she gives a second Russian recital on March 6.

MME. AKTZERY'S RECITAL

FRENCH SONGS AT THE ÆOLIAN HALL.

Feb. 21 1913

The first of two vocal recitals was given by Mme. Nathalie Aktzery at the Æolian Hall last night. An unconventional selection of French songs was chosen, many of which suited this clever Russian singer's method very well. It may be lacking in emotional colour, but conviction of delivery was certainly obtained in such cases as when the expression of the warmer feelings was not needed. This was obtained by considerable aplomb, combined with elegant phrasing and finish in the actual rendering. But in respect of pure vocalisation Mme. Aktzery revealed shortcomings. The quality of her voice was always hard in the upper register, while the unevenness of the production showed itself in the abrupt changes of colour, arguing a want of proper control. Singing so well as she does it seemed the greater pity that the sensuous side of her art should lag behind. Among the songs brought forward there may be mentioned examples of Monsigny, Grétry, and Dalvimare in the old world group and later the charming "Absence" of Berlioz and "Lied" of César Franck, the brilliant if somewhat shallow "Retour de Printemps" of Godard (this had to be repeated) and Lalo's tenderly expressive "L'Esclave," which, however, needed more poignancy than Mme. Aktzery imparted to her delivery. The accompaniments were tastefully played by M. Jowanowich.

BRITISH CHAMBER MUSIC

Feb 22 1913

MR. DUNHILL'S CONCERTS.

The cause of British Chamber Music continues to receive support at the hands of Mr. Thomas F. Dunhill. Last night, at the Steinway Hall, this enterprising musician began his seventh series of concerts with that particular object in chief view. Mr. Dunhill's idea has always been to carry the performance of native works beyond the stage of initial production, as well as to bring forward actual novelties, and on the present occasion both systems were followed. In the first case revivals took place of the concert-giver's pianoforte quintet in C minor and the song-cycle "The Wind Among the Reeds" (produced at a recent Philharmonic Concert) and of R. Vaughan-Williams's cycle, "On Wenlock Edge"; while, in the second, James Friskin's "Phantasy" pianoforte quintet was the work chosen for first hearing.

Mr. Dunhill's quintet was written some seven or eight years ago. It is not one of his best works. It reveals him in the mellifluous style which has occasionally been found to possess a concurrent weakness, both of idea and structure, and also in this particular case too little individuality. There are, as a matter of fact, several phrases reminiscent of other composers in this work, and though the writing has considerable fluency and effect, the music fails to strike an arresting note. The Elegy is the best movement, is the most free from influences, and seems the most sincere.

* * *

Mr. Friskin's new "Phantasy" was disappointing; this one-movement form is certainly difficult to treat, and while in respect of its design there was much to commend, the composer had not succeeded in investing the whole with the enlivening force of charm of idea. The moods were well enough contrasted, but were not interesting, and one felt, frankly, the want of true inspiration.

Mr. Vaughan-Williams did no surer thing as regards the means when he selected the unusual form of accompaniment of pianoforte and string quartet for his setting of six of A. E. Housman's "A Shropshire Lad" poems. The first of the group, "On Wenlock Edge," one feels could have been treated in no other way, so happily is the stormy atmosphere expressed, and again in "Bredon Hill" the Sunday morning feeling of the opening stanzas is perfectly caught in the music. These two songs stand out from the rest in respect of æsthetic charm and emotional value, but all justify technically the use of the combination. Mr. Gervase Elwes sang them finely; he also sang Mr. Dunhill's cycle.

The string quartet was the combination led by Miss Jessie Grimson, and bearing her name, and the playing throughout was of excellent quality. This interesting concert erred on the side of undue length, but, one was glad to see, was well supported by a numerous audience.

COVENT GARDEN OPERA HOUSE.

"DIE MEISTERSINGER."

By RICHARD WAGNER. (In German.)

Hans Sachs	HERMANN WEIL
Pogner	PAUL KNÜPFER
Beckmesser	HERMANN GURA
Walther	WALTER KIRCHHOFF
David	HERMANN SCHRAMM
Eva	CLAIRE DUX
Magdalene	FRANZISKA BENDER-SCHÄFER

Feb. 24 1913

Conductor—THOMAS BEECHAM.

It is four years since *Die Meistersinger* has been heard at Covent Garden, and when it was last given it was not *Die Meistersinger* but *The Mastersingers*, the wholly admirable English performances which Dr. Richter conducted in the early part of the year 1909. How it comes about that such a lamentably long interval should be allowed to pass between the representations of the greatest comedy in music ever written is beyond explanation, but if we had nothing else for which to thank Mr. Beecham—and everybody knows that we have much—we owe him unstinting gratitude for having brought back *Die Meistersinger* to the London stage. It was a pleasure to feel on Saturday night that the public realized its obligation. The house was packed in every part by an audience which not only applauded vociferously at the end of each act but, which is far more important, listened (except for a few tiresome conversationists in the boxes and a few stallholders who hurried out with Beckmesser before the "Preislied") with rapt attention from the first note to the last. One must expect a few Beckmessers in every audience, people who can sit entirely engrossed in their own concerns while "Wach auf" is thrilling their neighbours. And Herr Gura's quiet by-play at that moment was particularly subtle for those who could spare their eyes to watch him while their ears were occupied with the flood of melody.

That is one of the things about *Die Meistersinger* which make it particularly disastrous that the opportunities for seeing it should be so few in comparison with those for seeing *Tristan* and *Der Ring*. *Tristan* is carried on by an overwhelming and single impulse, the four numbers of *Der Ring* by their diversity of subject as seen in the stage action; in *Die Meistersinger* one must have ears and eyes for every detail of thought and feeling expressed in word and look and movement to be held in its grasp during the whole evening, which on Saturday, when the intervals were short, lasted exactly five hours. The main story is so slender in comparison with the wealth of detail that at a first or second, possibly even at a tenth or twelfth, impression the hearer is apt to find it too long. Yet the more one knows it the more certain is the conclusion that it is as short as Wagner could make it. Hans Sachs does not talk, as Wotan often does, in order to explain things necessary to be known, but in order to reveal a human creature too large and many-sided to be shown in a little space. Is there one sentence which adds nothing to our view of his character? Perhaps there is one where for a moment Wagner seems to get outside the character he is picturing for us—the reference to Tristan and Isolde in the third act. But if so, it is not that the passage is superfluous, but merely that it crosses one picture with another from which Wagner's mind could not escape.

Mr. Beecham not only gave us the work on Saturday, but gave it in a way calculated to stimulate the appreciation of it. The performance had been originally announced as the "Bayreuth festival cast," an announcement which was not strictly fulfilled, but was partially justified by the fact that some of the principal parts were filled by the same artists who were heard at Bayreuth in 1911 and 1912. The Sachs of Herr Weil was seen and heard there in both years; Herr Knüpfer took the part of Pogner last year, and Herr Kirchhoff that of Walther in both years; but we have still to look forward to seeing the Beckmesser and the David of Herren Schultz and Ziegler, whose scenes together at the Bayreuth festivals gave such extraordinary vivacity and humour to the whole presentation. Both Herr Gura and Herr Schramm, the Beckmesser and David respectively of this performance, are a little heavier in their treatment of the parts as well as in their appearances, but still each gave us admirable studies both in their comedy and their singing. Indeed, the musical quality of all the singing was the most distinctive feature, and it is an invaluable one. It is only when one has realized *Die Meistersinger* as the longest tune ever written that one can feel it not long enough—which is the only test of thorough enjoyment. Herr Weil has not quite the dramatic power of commanding the situation without appearing conscious of doing so which makes the ideal Sachs; if he had, his gesture at the end of the first act, when he has failed to get a hearing for Walther, would not need to be quite so marked, and elsewhere he could afford to assert himself a little less; but he gives us the music and the music gives us Sachs, and that is the great thing. Mlle. Claire Dux as Eva was, as one would expect from her singing in *Der Rosenkavalier*, delightfully pure and fresh and winning, and not only her voice but her whole presence contributed to the effect. The beautiful voice of Mme. Bender-Schäfer, too, as Magdalene added an important share to the musical beauty. Herr Kirchhoff gives, what one so rarely gets in a Wagnerian tenor, the combination of vocal power and manly personality which is essential to a satisfactory representation, and no one can play the heavy father with more dignity than Herr Knüpfer.

With so excellent a principal cast, a good chorus, and much splendid orchestral playing, there is much to be thankful for, yet not everything. One wants all the parts to fit without showing a join, and that is not to be obtained unless the conductor has a feeling for breadth of line and prospect equal to his appreciation of each moment as it passes. Mr. Beecham seems to rely a good deal on the emphatic accent and the impressive moment, and so we get those passages where the orchestra leaps up and covers the voices, hiding what we most want to hear, and, what is still more serious, the sudden checks given by dragging the time. The worst of these was in the "Preislied," where Herr Kirchhoff could not convey all its exuberance because the conductor seemed to be enjoying it so much. But if, as we suppose, this was the first time that Mr. Beecham had conducted *Die Meistersinger*, all we have to hope is that he will go on conducting it until his performance gives us nothing better to wish for.

THE SOCIETY OF WOMEN MUSICIANS.

A concert of good music musically performed was given by this society last night at Æolian Hall. The programme included part-songs of Coleridge-Taylor and Stanford, and "choruses" of Palestrina and di Lasso, three movements of Glazounov's Quintet, Op. 39, three songs by Agnes Lambert, and for some pianoforte solos which had to be dropped were substituted at short notice some pieces for oboe and harp. Feb. 25 1913

The general effect of the evening was that of music which would have sounded admirable in any place but a concert room. The art of producing an effect on the concert platform is not necessarily the art of music; last night showed that singing and playing can be individual and expressive without attaining that roundness of delivery which convinces an audience as a whole. Thus in the quintet the slow movement was handled delicately and was full of passages of eloquent tone, while the Scherzo fell to pieces; it was immaterial without being ethereal. The motets, like the quintet, were beautifully in tune, the balance was just right and the voice parts well carried through, but the whole lacked body and force, and the resonance which large wall spaces supply was not there. Miss Alice Verne Bredt's "Phantasy Trio," again, was full of effective writing for the instruments, though the pianoforte part was beyond the powers of the executant, but the whole did not come together. Miss Agnes Lambert's songs, of the vaguely suggestive kind which would lend colour to or take it from circumstances, seemed hardly to belong to the room in which they were sung. But this sort of concert is by no means less enjoyable than that which takes the audience by storm.

MR. BALFOUR GARDINER'S CONCERT.

The second of these concerts, held at Queen's Hall last night, was a programme for orchestra and solo voices, Mme. Gleeson-White and Mr. Gervase Elwes being the two singers. Feb. 26 1913

Though less varied than the first given a fortnight ago, the programme was full of interest, and if only it had contained one work which reached to the high-water line one might have felt the whole effort to have been justified. As it was, one left at the end feeling that the concert lacked a climax. Delius's "Lebenstanz," of which Mr. Balfour Gardiner conducted a fine performance, came nearest to giving what was wanted, for it is a finely vigorous work developed with the directness of purpose which is characteristic of German musical thought, and which the genuinely English composers represented in this programme seem to miss. But though Delius knows what he wants and goes straight to the point, he often works here with quite common ideas. The brilliancy of colour and the energy of rhythm do not disguise the vulgarity of the waltz episode, for example.

Mr. W. H. Bell's effective "phantasy" called "The Shepherd," after the poem by Mr. Herbert Trench on which it is based, began the concert. Then came Mr. Von Holst conducting his setting of Whitman's "Mystic Trumpeter," sung by Mme. Gleeson-White. The imaginative orchestral opening sets the mood of the whole, and that is its weakness, for the composer in

his anxiety to set all the words impressively cannot get on. One wants stronger contrasts, and the mere increase of effort does not reach the "glad exulting, culminating song" which Whitman heard. After this a group of Mr. Percy Grainger's short pieces was a relief, although neither of the two new ones was as good as many things which he has given us. The "Hill Song" for wind and percussion does not compare in melodic force with the "marching tune" played at his own concert last year, and the "Colonial Song" for soprano, tenor, and orchestra, the singers singing without words, seemed just long enough to turn the sentiment into sentimentality. "Molly on the Shore," for stringed orchestra, however, came between them and was so wholly delightful that Mr. Grainger had difficulty in avoiding a repetition. After the "Lebenstanz" Mr. Elwes sang two of Mr. Roger Quilter's charming settings of lyrics by Herrick and three of Mme. Poldowski's songs to words by Verlaine. It would be difficult to say which was most to be admired, the brilliancy of Mme. Poldowski's treatment of the words or the skill of Mr. Elwes's treatment of both words and music. Finally Mr. Norman O'Neill conducted his Introduction, Mazurka, and Finale (Op. 43), piquant ballet-music which needs the dance to complete it.

SIGFRID KARG-ELERT.

Feb. 27 1913

DR. HULL'S RECITAL.

New ideas in "specification have induced a new technique of the organ, and, automatically, the new technique has induced a new style of composition. Foremost in the new style, in the estimation of many Continental critics, is Sigfrid Karg-Elert, a virtuoso musician now in his 35th year. At the Royal Academy of Music yesterday afternoon Dr. Eaglefield Hull, the well-known organist and editor of organ music, gave a recital devoted entirely to Mr. Karg-Elert's works, prefacing their performance with a short sketch of the young composer's methods. Dr. Hull's programme contained the "Chaconne and Chorale in B flat minor," three Choral Preludes, the Variations from the "Passacaglia" in E flat minor, four short pieces, and the Fantasie and Fugue in D major. It was all very interesting, up to a point, but one came away feeling that the organ was the wrong instrument. It should have been a piano—or an orchestra. In such a composition as the "Chaconne and Chorale"—a thing of violent and apparently meaningless contrasts—there were many bits of rapid counterpoint and ornamentation that did not, in the common phrase, "come off." One caught occasional snatches of beauty; one in particular on the "swell" organ (with the "vox humana" very much in evidence) was a lovely sequence in the manner of César Franck. But it is rather a shapeless composition, a kind of rhapsodic improvisation like each of the Choral Preludes.

One's chief impression is that of having listened to music full of rich, imaginative harmony, but music that is restless and uneasy, as though the composer had not been very clear in his own mind as to the objective he was striving for. The chief interest lay in expecting the unexpected, for of scheme it was difficult to discover much trace. In the "Näher, mein Gott, zu Dir!" there were several passages of real beauty, such harmonic contrivances as are devised by our own Cyril Scott—there were bits of whole-tone scales, too—but some irrelevant capercings in fortissimo here and there one found it rather difficult to accept. The recital was, as we have said, interesting up to a point. Mr. Karg-Elert has ideas. But where are our English composers?

ORGAN MUSIC BY KARG-ELERT.

Feb. 27 1913

Dr. Eaglefield Hull has been assiduous in furthering the knowledge of the organ works of Sigfrid Karg-Elert by editing and writing about them, and yesterday afternoon he gave a recital on the organ of the Royal Academy of Music concert room consisting entirely of music by this composer and prefaced by a short lecture about his work and style. Dr. Hull is so good an authority on this subject and so able a player that a number of organists welcomed the opportunity of hearing him in a representative selection of pieces which began with the Chaconne and Chorale in B minor, ended with the comparatively early Fantasia and Fugue in D, op. 39, and contained several choral preludes, Variations from the Passacaglia in E flat, and some slighter works.

In his playing Dr. Hull was evidently rather hampered by the fact that the instrument was more or less strange to him. It was apparent from time to time in his choice of stops, in his alterations of stops at awkward moments, and certain breaks in the rhythm which the process entailed. The hearer, too, was hampered in his efforts to appreciate the music by defects in the organ itself. The reeds are distressingly coarse and make the tone of the full organ blatant to an extent which is quite painful, and the mechanical tremulant, which was freely used, gives so strong a beat that sometimes one could imagine a held chord to be a number of rapid repetitions. The acoustic properties of the hall seem scarcely to have been taken into account in voicing the organ. The chief interests in Karg-Elert's music are the intellectual ones of harmonic daring and contrapuntal skill. The former is forcibly shown in the Chaconne in B minor and in the free fantasia upon the rather inferior tune, "Näher, mein Gott, zu Dir"; the latter appears at its best in the decorative treatment of the famous tune, "O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden." Yet whether he is commenting upon another composer's idea or rhapsodizing upon his own, the process of composition seems to engage Karg-Elert's attention more than the thing to be said. It is all exceedingly clever, but if one were asked what feeling or impulse lies at the back of it, it would be difficult to give honestly even the answer of St. Augustine, "I know if you do not ask me."

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LITTLE THEATRE.

Feb. 28 1913

MISS MACKINLAY'S FOLK SONGS.

There is much delicate pleasure to be had in Miss Jean Sterling Mackinlay's recitals. With a fine economy of means she can express not merely the mood and aspect of a moment, but temperament and spirit. She always gives you atmosphere and background. Her songs may be of a fat English countryside or a Hebridean dreamland, or some grey-green Irish world, but with equal sureness of touch and clear effect place and people are suggested. She is, of course, excellently inspired in her choice of material. She never gives you anything which is not, whatever its degree of merit, honest, genuine stuff.

Her programme yesterday collected folk songs from England, Ireland, the Scottish Lowlands, and the Hebrides. Many of them gave occasion for that dainty arch humour in which Miss Mackinlay excels, though it is by no means her only excellence. She can make as good a thing of fun, with more body to it, or of a lilting story. No doubt she is at her best in the familiar "O, No, John," but she is just as good in "The Green Wedding" or "Harry the Tailor."

Of course, comedy is not Miss Mackinlay's only mode. There is something more than laughter in the gay defiance of "Charlie is my Darling," and that came with the same spirit and the same power to enlist you on the singer's side which we relish in the honest English jokes. The splendid impossible adventure of the 45 rose as vividly as in those other songs some lass with a delicate air or the jolly junketings of farm and fair.

For the Hebridean songs we cared less. Perhaps because they are of a world with which the Southron is out of sympathy. They seem to lack vitality, to be feeling about feeling rather than simple emotion. At least, we cannot find in them the individual life, the force of individual expression. It was not Miss Mackinlay's fault. In one of them, "The Seagull of the Land-under-Waves," she did almost persuade us that we "in dreams behold the Hebrides," she did suggest subtly pathos and the consolations of lonely fancy. But even this lost much by comparison with the ethereal grace of the Irish "Song of the Ghost," a trifle of rare charm in its kind, and the difference in quality lay in the songs, not the art of the diseuse.

During the afternoon Mr. Harcourt Williams recited Meredith's "Crown of Love" with sympathy and force, and a Meredith sonnet which does not gain by being spoken.

THE EDWARD MASON CHOIR.

Among the many schemes promoted for the performance of music by contemporary English composers (it happens that four such concerts are being given this week) the Edward Mason Choir does consistent and praiseworthy work. Its concert at Queen's Hall last night produced quite a large number of new things together with some which have been given before with varying degrees of popular success. Mr. Rutland Boughton's choral ballad "The Skeleton in Armour," which began the programme, was first sung by this choir a few years ago, but it did not make any very great impression, while Mr. Balfour Gardiner's "News from Whydah," which ended it, was, as every one remembers, one of the most immediately successful things in his own series of concerts last year. So these two works apparently had places in last night's programme for precisely opposite reasons, and both reasons were good provided that those who had the choice believed in the value of the music independently of popular opinion. Other more or less familiar things were Mr. William Wallace's Symphonic Poem "Villon," and Mr. Joseph Holbrooke's Poem, "Byron," for orchestra with the choral *finale*, a setting of Keats's sonnet. This last is one of the most consistent works which Mr. Holbrooke has produced. The whole of the music has dignity and strong feeling and leads finely up to the sonnet itself. Moreover the words with the exception of one or two places, where the musical phrase is broken at the end of the line instead of at the end of the sentence, are well set. His music springs naturally out of their feeling. Feb. 28 1913

The new works were a third group of "Hymns from the Rig Veda" (for female voices and harp) by Mr. Von Holst, "The Banshee" (contralto solo, chorus, and orchestra) by Mr. Leo France, and three of Mr. Percy Grainger's settings of folk melodies. Mr. Von Holst's hymns are "To the Dawn," "To the Waters," "To Vena" (the Sun rising through the mist), and the "Hymn of the Travellers." There are delicate feeling, free and fluent rhythms, and skilful touches of vocal colour in all, but the third offers the greatest scope to the composer and is the biggest in design. They are works which the choir should give again, both because they are worth hearing and because they want more certain singing than they got on this occasion. The quality of tone here and elsewhere was musical and refined, but neither words nor phrasing were sufficiently clear to get all the effect obtainable. Mme. Ada Crossley sang the solo in "The Banshee," but even her art did not make much of it. It is a very amateurish composition, in which certain words are dwelt upon by the chorus for the sake of a momentary effect; the orchestration is thin, and except for a few passages in the last chorus there is little melodic impulse. Mr. Grainger's "March to the Battlefield" (for chorus, brass, and drums), said to be a folksong from Lincolnshire, is by no means among his best things. The square rhythm of the tune has none of the feeling of genuine folksong; if it is one it is an instance of the fact that folksong is not necessarily better than any other song, and Mr. Grainger's setting is as uninaginative as the tune. His treatment of the "Willow" song as printed in Chappell's "Old English Popular Music" is of a much higher order, and sung by Mme. Ada Crossley, with accompaniment for harp and four muted strings, it sounded very beautiful. She also made a success with his version of "Lord Maxwell's Goodnight."

The whole concert was an admirable effort, yet one cannot resist the suggestion that by attempting a little less at one time Mr. Mason and his painstaking choir might accomplish more for the cause which they urge with such enthusiasm.

MR. HOLBROOKE'S CONCERT.

March 1 13

Yesterday afternoon Mr. Josef Holbrooke gave his second concert of modern music at the Æolian Hall. He had intended to produce a work of Max Reger, but a note in the programme explained why this did not happen: "The Reger pianoforte quintet announced—was found "so long and turgid that we had to put it aside, in case it met the sad fate of serious English music." The statement was hardly what Mr. Holbrooke meant, in its fullest implication, since two native works were substituted, presumably to meet with the same "sad fate." These were both one-movement quartets for strings, the concert-giver's Fantasie, and Mr. Balfour Gardiner's work in B flat. Neither being new much comment thereon is not called for; they may be said to be fairly characteristic, at any rate, of that particular school of writing which shows rather too much of a tendency towards needless complication in the writing. But then clarity in the string quartet is hard to obtain, and one fears, moreover, that much of the excessive elaboration covers up poverty of material.

Later Mr. Holbrooke's "In Memoriam" pianoforte sextet was played. Other instrumental numbers were Mr. Richard Walthew's caprice for violin, which surely sounds better with its orchestral complement (though it was skilfully enough played by Mr. John Saunders and the composer) and a group of pianoforte solos played by Mr. Holbrooke. The songs marked "first performance" of Mr. Stanley Hawley and Mr. Alfred Hale proved to be uninteresting. They were sung by Mr. Frederick Blarney. Other songs of Mr. Holbrooke and Mr. Delius were sung by Miss Olga Lowenthal. The John Saunders String Quartet officiated in the concerted works.

MR. HOLBROOKE'S CONCERT.

At the second of his concerts, held at Æolian Hall yesterday afternoon, Mr. Holbrooke gave us no new music except a few songs which Mr. Frederic Blarney sang. A quintet for piano and strings in C minor by Max Reger had originally been promised, but was abandoned in favour of Mr. Holbrooke's own Fantasie for string quartet, Op. 17, a straightforward and happily written work, and Mr. Balfour Gardiner's Quartet in B flat, which has the same good qualities with a certain added charm of melody which carries it further. Where the charm actually lies it is impossible to say, but one is made aware of it in the very first bars, especially when it comes after a work which, though full of good writing,

just stops short of that power. We did not regret hearing these two works in place of Reger's quintet, but we were sorry that in explaining the change Mr. Holbrooke should have printed a note in the programme calculated to make people condemn it unheard. Mr. Holbrooke is anxious to commend English music against foreign music, but this means of doing it seemed to be not according to the rules of English fair play. Mch. 1 1913

The songs were not particularly striking. It is too late to set "Weep you no more, sad fountains," unless the composer has some very individual view of the words to express, for one could recall half a dozen settings which are better than Mr. Stanley Hawley's. Two songs by Mr. Alfred Hale both show that uncertainty of expression and technique which is found in his larger work. Mr. Holbrooke's "The Shadows" and "Night" were sung, with two songs by Delius, by Miss Olga Lowenthal. The music of the first seemed to have nothing to do with the feeling of the words and to be wholly occupied in discovering unexpected intervals which Miss Lowenthal achieved as though they hurt her, as perhaps they did. The second seemed more spontaneous. The rest of the programme contained some piano solos played by Mr. Holbrooke (two were of his own composition and two were by Debussy), his setting of "Annabel Lee," sung by Mr. Blaney, and finally his sestet (No. 4) "In Memoriam," which was played by Mr. John Saunders's quartet with Mr. Winter- [illegible] bass) and the composer at the piano.

MR. DUNHILL'S CHAMBER CONCERT.

Mch. 3 1913

The second of these concerts of British chamber music was given at the Steinway Hall on Friday. It contained three concerted pieces—a Sonata for violin and piano in G major by Mr. Nicholas Gatty, which was played for the first time, Mr. Dunhill's Fantasy Trio for violin, viola, and piano, and Mr. Holbrooke's Horn Trio, Op. 28. Not only have these and other concerts given to the younger composers many more opportunities than formerly existed to get their works heard, but, what is equally important, means have been found for getting the works published, so that they are readily available for performance. All these three are in print. In Mr. Gatty's sonata the skill with which he treats simple but quite distinctive rhythms is the thing that one specially enjoys. In the first movement there are two such ideas with which he works wonders, a little figure where the violin accents the second half of each beat and a phrase of semiquavers. While he is juggling with these he is wholly happy, but when he leaves them for his second subject the impulse flags a little. The chief difficulty in sonata form comes when, having said a good thing, the composer has to go on and say something else. In his first movement and sometimes elsewhere Mr. Gatty seems to be not quite equal to the ordeal. The same is the case with the other composers. Mr. Dunhill in the middle of his fantasy trio launches out into a delightfully freakish Scherzo, and then falls back upon a more obvious melody for development: Mr. Holbrooke has written few things with so much wit and jollity in them as the first theme of the Finale to his horn trio, but his second one is a big drop down into commonplaceness. Of the four movements of Mr. Gatti's sonata the Scherzo is the most consistent. Its vitality is stronger than that of either the slow movement or the Finale, but in all of them one admires the determination to keep the main lines of the music clear. He never attempts to strengthen his scheme by adding decorative details. Mr. Dunhill's trio is not quite so frank in this respect, and Mr. Holbrooke, with the additional means of colour given by the horn, sometimes relies upon the scoring to move us with a theme which is essentially poor.

Mr. Oskar Borsdorf played the horn, Miss Jessie Grimson was the violinist, and Miss Rebecca Clarke played the viola. The last named was also heard with Miss Margaret Champneys in the two beautiful songs with viola obbligato (Op. 92) by Brahms, in which the voice of the singer and the tone of the obbligato instrument blended charmingly. Miss Champneys also sang songs by Mr. Jervis Read and Sir Hubert Parry.

Another remarkable feature of the programme was the performance of a little girl, Miss Evangeline Livens, who played some piano pieces of her own composition. One could not help being amused by the confident and unconscious way in which the child reproduced the technique of Chopin in an Impromptu in C sharp minor and her deft handling of various harmonic experiments, some of them toying easily with the whole-toned scale. She had to repeat an exceedingly clever little piece called "Gossamer," which, even allowing for the fact that she had picked up the tricks of certain modern composers, showed remarkable skill in her power of using them effectively and making them serve a perfectly definite idea of her own.

QUEEN'S HALL ORCHESTRA.

Mch. 3 1913

Dr. Richard Strauss's "Domestic Symphony" and Signor Busoni's playing of Liszt were the two chief features of the symphony concert given by Sir Henry Wood and the Queen's Hall Orchestra on Saturday afternoon. Since the spring of 1905, when the same conductor gave the first performance of the "Domestic Symphony" in England, we have heard little of it save for one memorable performance by the Queen's Hall Orchestra under the composer's direction given shortly after the first. Now the operatic Strauss and certain other ebullitions of modern music from very different minds have so changed the standpoint of the ordinary listener that one comes back to the "Domestic Symphony" as to an old acquaintance, wondering whether the same face will interest us in the same way and mean more or less than it did eight years ago.

The true test of programme music seems to be not so much whether the music illustrates the programme as whether the programme adds to the enjoyment of the music. From this point of view Strauss's "Don Quixote" is one of the best pieces of programme music ever written and the "Domestic Symphony" one of the worst. The difference lies not in Strauss's power of musical speech, but in his choice of a subject. In the one case Cervantes was his spokesman and we came to Strauss's music with the story in our minds and a clear conception of the characters of the Don, Sancho Panza, the visionary, and the real Dulcinea. Just a few labels in the score were sufficient to put the whole of Strauss's musical imagination in touch with the literary one of Cervantes. In the "Domestic Symphony," however, Strauss had no literary colleague. Being himself purely a musical artist he could do no more than supply the labels, which are dull facts in themselves. As a writer of a programme he is merely a bad biographer, not because the people he is writing about are uninteresting, but because he cannot tell any of the interesting things about them. All that is put into the larger and untranslatable language of music. That is what musicians do when they are writing music which does not claim to be programme music. They are writing some part of human life, generally their own life, for which they know no verbal equivalent. The objection to Strauss's method in the "Domestic Symphony"—and it is equally applicable to Beethoven's in the "Pastoral"—is that the programme is apt to make people think that he is writing about common, everyday things when really he is writing about uncommon, though possibly equally everyday, ones. One must be able to distance the programme in order to come close to the music. And when one can do so, as after leaving it alone for eight years one can, the wealth of imaginative thought and the vigour of design appeal with extraordinary force. One may kick against the extreme sentimentality of his melodies, a characteristic which has grown upon him in his later operas, or be annoyed by his own kicks against them in the wild moments in which he suddenly obliterates an impression he has been at great pains to create; but the impressions are not transitory, for nothing is more remarkable than the way each idea, even though touched in lightly at first, is found to be justified somewhere in the scheme as it is developed. For example, the theme marked "träumerisch" at the fifth bar is the basis of one of the most beautiful and delicate passages Strauss has ever written leading into the "nocturne," and again, played by all the woodwind, leads with an *accelerando* to the climax of the fugue. Strauss never loses sight of the big issues, though he wilfully tempts his listeners to do so. If there is a weakness it is in what follows upon the climax just alluded to, when he piles one climax upon another, twisting his subject-matter this way and that without giving us much fresh insight into its meaning.

In the performance of Saturday the greatness and this weakness in design came out with remarkable clearness. All through the Prelude introducing the themes, the Scherzo, and the Nocturne Sir Henry Wood kept the tone down, so much so that some hearers were surprised by the quietude of the orchestration. Except that the clarinet theme of the "Wiegenlied" did not stand out above the other instruments surrounding it with quite the prominence intended the balance was so complete as to convince one of the essential sanity underlying the superficial eccentricities of detail. But after the climax of the fugue the most careful playing could not avoid the feeling of redundancy, though it could and did give us a realization of the brilliant ingenuity with which the ideas are woven together. The ingenuity outruns the artistic purpose.

The other features of the programme need not be discussed in detail. Signor Busoni played Liszt's Concerto in A major and his own arrangement for piano and orchestra of Liszt's Rhapsodie Espagnole. But not all his skill could make these works sound anything but a mixture of bombast and sentimentality.

QUEEN'S HALL.

BALFOUR GARDINER CONCERTS.

Mch. 5. 1913

If ever a statue is erected to Mr. Balfour Gardiner it will surely be set up by a representative body of British composers in grateful recognition of what he has done in their cause. But, with the long and interesting programme of last night's doings in Queen's Hall to dispose of, let us not conjecture as to the future. Grateful, indeed, should our native composers be to the giver of this concert, and of those that have preceded it, since he allowed a hearing to not a single foreign work. Last night's list was a pleasant one, upon it being the names of Vaughan Williams, Arnold Bax, Percy Grainger, Gustav von Holst (whose name must mislead nobody into supposing that he is other than English), and McEwen. With his "Fantasia on Christmas Carols," Dr. Vaughan Williams led the way. This work, it may be remembered, first came to a hearing at the Festival of the Three Choirs, in September last, and is laid out for baritone solo, chorus, and orchestra. To the latter the composer added organ and bells, though the last-named were not available at this concert. The four traditional English carols he has pressed into his service are "The truth sent from above"; "Come all ye worthy gentlemen"; "On Christmas Night" (the latter a particularly beautiful example), and "There is a fountain," while, by way of orchestral commentary, he has made use of fragments of other more or less familiar folk-tunes. In all likelihood there is no composer living who knows better how to do this sort of thing than Dr. Vaughan Williams. In the present instance he has adopted a variety of expedients—including such devices as singing with closed lips and with a "humming tone"—to obtain different shades of colour, and always, it must be said, the end justifies the means and bears witness to the composer's taste as well as to his ingenuity. The solo part was in the safe keeping of Mr. J. Campbell McInnes, and of the complete success of the "Fantasia" there cannot be a doubt, the composer, who conducted, receiving at the end the heartiest of tributes.

Mr. Arnold Bax is a clever young composer, to whom more than once before Mr. Balfour Gardiner has held out a helping hand. In last night's programme he was represented by a tone-poem entitled "Christmas Eve on the Mountains," the "motive" of which, as he tells us himself, occurred to him "while wandering one frosty evening last winter in the beautiful and legended Glen-na-Smol, in county Dublin," and he adds that the music was the expression of a mystical mood. There are two main themes—the one derived admittedly from an ecclesiastical source, and the other a melody which, in part at least, betrays the composer's sympathy with the musical idiom of the country in which he drew inspiration for his work. But it cannot surely have been the soft air of the Green Isle that suggested to him echoes of Wagner's "Feuerzauber," or, at another moment—towards the close of the work—a phrase from the "Pathetic" Symphony. However, as in previous essays, Mr. Bax here shows a feeling for poetic expression, but he is apt to leave us a little in doubt as to whether his technique is sufficiently sure to enable him to bring off all the effects at which he aims. That, at any rate, was the impression the work produced in our mind, notwithstanding much that is clever and interesting in it, and not a little also of sheer beauty.

INTERESTING CHORAL WORK.

In the case, on the other hand, of Mr. Von Holst's "The Cloud Messenger," which proved the most important novelty in last night's scheme of things, the effect produced was precisely the opposite. For in listening to his Ode for chorus and orchestra, founded on a Sanscrit poem of Kalidasa, one never experienced the least feeling of any uncertainty of technical expression. The composer seemed to know exactly what he was aiming at, and how to "get there." Yet one has to admit that the work, heard for the first time on this occasion, suffers to some extent from over-elaboration. It occupied some forty minutes in performance, and in it we found so much that was finely imagined, and no less finely wrought, that we feel it the more necessary to insist that the composer would be well advised to condense certain portions, so as to ensure for the whole a stronger and more compelling effect. He has been at infinite pains to reflect faithfully and legitimately every passing mood of the poem, and in his setting, accordingly, has not lost sight of the value of contrast. Yet the impression of excessive length remained. Further discussion at a late hour of a work so very far from simple in its structure and content is impossible, and it must suffice to say that the London Choral Society came creditably enough through the difficulties placed in their path by the composer (who, by the way, conducted his work), even though their singing might easily at times have carried with it a greater sense of conviction.

Yet another contributor to the programme was Mr. Percy Grainger, who conducted not only his delightful arrangement of the "Londonderry" air, which created so deep impression when produced last year under the same auspices, but also the first performance of his setting of another folk-song, "Sir Eglamore," for which, in quite characteristic fashion, he employs a double mixed chorus, brass, strings, and percussion. There is immense spirit and a healthy vitality in the work, though one could have wished, perhaps, for a little less "vitality"—and a more agreeable tone—from the trombones to which Mr. Grainger gives so much prominence. The novelty, however, clearly won the ears of the audience. A word must be added for the excellent manner in which the New Symphony Orchestra carried out their important share of the concert, both under Mr. Balfour Gardiner and the composers who conducted their own works.

MORE BRITISH MUSIC.

Mch 5 1913

A BALFOUR GARDINER CONCERT

The third of Mr. Balfour Gardiner's interesting concerts took place last night at the Queen's Hall. Its feature was the first performance of Mr. G. Von Holst's ode for chorus and orchestra, "The Cloud Messenger." This is, at any rate in scope, the most important novelty Mr. Gardiner has as yet produced. It is important, too, in tendencies, and, if not in achievement, the fault lies rather in the nature of the attempt than in the music itself. One could not help feeling that the composer was ill-advised in the choice of his text, or that in arranging the version of the Sanscrit poem he had not considered closely enough what might be the emotional effect of a lengthy work (over half an hour), in which the greater part of the time is taken up with description. It so happens, however, that the interest of the poem and the opportunities for musical painting do not sufficiently coincide, and in consequence the hearer is continually wondering when the point of the whole thing is coming. There are some beautiful lines of poetic imagery in the text, and these undoubtedly Mr.

Von Holst has set to some extremely imaginative and picturesque music, but they should impress one as details of the whole in comparison with the ultimate idea, which is, simply, that the Cloud should "bear a message to my love!" Owing to the length and the number of these descriptive sections they overshadow the purport of the poem in its setting, and the final enunciation of the message itself seems relatively unimportant. Yet there is no denying the charm of much of the music, its power, variety, and the great constructive skill shown. A very finely conceived section is that dealing with the Cloud's arrival over the sacred city, which works up to a notable climax. Numerous other passages could be instanced as showing the composer's grip, and it is the greater pity that the work suffers as a whole in the way described. Mr. Von Holst has had nothing produced so far which reveals his gifts in a stronger light. With its faults, "The Cloud Messenger" is a notable work.

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These singers had previously sung Mr. Percy Grainger's Irish Folk-tune setting for unaccompanied chorus and without words, and another of his settings, "Sir Eglamore," for chorus and orchestra. This last was a novelty and was a complete success; it is perhaps the best example of Mr. Grainger's work of this kind. The accompaniment in which trombones and trumpets are used in a double set exactly suits the character of both tune (which is an unusually good one) and words. One noted considerable felicity in the variation of the burden, "Fa la, la," which, of course, rightly carries out the idea of such being intended for emotional comment on each verse.

Yet another novelty was heard—Mr. Arnold Bax's "Christmas Eve on the Mountains," a tone-poem for orchestra. The composer did not specify the programme he had in his mind, and as his music was extremely amorphous and heterogeneous, the result was correspondingly vague. The expression of a "rather mystical mood" was intended, we are told, and certainly there was some such impression at the beginning of the work. Later, however, extraneous things seemed to creep in, the style changed, and at the same time, too, little sense of climax was evident, or suggestion that the musical lines were leading to any definite point. Such music as this is surely written upon an unsatisfactory basis. Mr. Balfour Gardiner conducted the work, which is full of cleverly contrived orchestral effects.

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The concert ended with Mr. McEwen's "Grey Galloway," and began with Mr. R. Vaughan Williams's "Fantasia on Christmas Carols," a work which received its first London performance. Written for baritone solo, chorus and orchestra, the fantasia presents four traditional carol melodies, with the original words drawn up into a simple scheme of the idea of the Christmas Festival. The method employed shows once again Mr. Williams's mastery over the treatment of old-world music. Although there are plenty of what one may call modern devices of effect, there is no jarring note, nothing which suggests for a moment that the atmosphere and spirit of the tunes are disturbed. The work is wholly successful. Its only drawback is that inevitably arising from music so definitely associative. But heard at Christmas time, when the world's mood is in sympathy and in proper surroundings, the Fantasia could not fail to make a great impression—more in fact than could possibly be the case last night. It should be added that the composer conducted, and that the solo part was sung by Mr. J. Campbell McInnes.

N. C. G.

MR. BALFOUR GARDINER'S CONCERT.

The London Choral Society took part in the third of these concerts given at Queen's Hall last night, and with the New Symphony Orchestra produced two new works and one which was new to London. The most important of these, at any rate for purposes of discussion, was Mr. Von Holst's choral song "The Cloud Messenger," a setting for choir and orchestra of a version which Mr. Von Holst has made from a Sanscrit poem. His fondness for Eastern themes has been shown in hymns from the Rig Veda, some of which we discussed lately, but "The Cloud Messenger" is a much larger effort, taking about 30 minutes in performance. In such a work it is not enough to create an impression by suggestions of Oriental colouring. There must be stronger substance and growth if the interest is to be maintained. The opening of the work was so strong, the entrance of the chorus contrasting finely with the series of delicate themes outlined in the orchestral prelude, as to raise expectation high. There is great breadth and nobility in the whole of the first chorus, but afterwards the work moves slowly, as the composer seems to become more engrossed in the illustration of each line of the poem. No doubt much might be made more effective than it was last night if the detached phrases of the semi-chorus and those sung by a few voices were given with more certainty and understanding, but the shortcomings of the performance seemed to mark the weak places in the music. There are beautiful things by the way; the alto solo (sung by an unnamed member of the chorus who treated it sympathetically) with its strange accompaniment picturing the "poor, thin, wandering stream" yearning for the cloud, and the fine bass passage, "Tarry not, O Cloud," which follows, are among the most striking, but such moments were too isolated. The ending of the work too with semi-chorus only would sound inconclusive even if the singers were more certain of their parts than they were last night. The full choir singing softly would be much more impressive. One admired the sincerity and the big aim of the work, though one felt that Mr. Von Holst had not enough strength to carry it out.

The other new choral work was Mr. Percy Grainger's setting of the old ballad "Sir Eglamore," for double choir, brass, strings, and percussion, which followed his beautiful arrangement of the "Londonderry Air." "Sir Eglamore" is a bluff, swaggering fellow, but Mr. Grainger has made him rather a heavy one, and his setting is more noisy than vigorous.

At the beginning of the programme Dr. Vaughan Williams's charmingly woven "Fantasia on Christmas Carols," produced last year at Hereford, was given for the first time in London. It was admirably sung by Mr. Campbell McInnes and the choir. These three composers conducted their own works. Mr. Balfour Gardiner conducted a new orchestral work, "Christmas Eve on the Mountains," by Mr. Arnold Bax, and at the end Mr. J. B. McEwen's orchestral ballad "Grey Galloway." It is difficult to see quite what Mr. Bax is at in his tone poem, where the plainsong intonation of the Magnificat is connected with an expressive melody of his own, some reminiscences of Wagner's "Feuerzauber," and other material. It suggests that he returned from his wandering on the mountains and got to his music-paper before his thought was sufficiently cleared.

RUSSIAN SONGS.

Mme. Aktzery gave another recital at the Æolian Hall last night, this time giving a Russian programme. It was curious to notice the difference which the language made to her singing, for the defects of tone quality which were apparent in her singing of French songs at her first recital disappeared to a great extent when she was singing in her own language, so that there was no check to the enjoyment of her remarkably finished manner of interpretation.

The ordinary English listener is, of course, at a disadvantage in hearing such a programme, for the content of the words has to be gathered from translations printed in the programme, in this instance in French, which obviously cannot fit the music very closely. The disadvantage is felt most in the case of the more modern composers who follow Mussorgsky's example in treating the text most closely as the basis of the music. In one instance, Ssenilov's "Kalètschina," which seems to be a successor to Mussorgsky's beautiful Songs of Childhood, it was not found possible even to attempt a translation. Of the earlier songs by far the largest was Mussorgsky's "Prière de Sallambo" (the French titles of the programme are followed for convenience), and the others, some of them familiar, like Tchaikovsky's "Résignation" and Rubinstein's "Elégie," were mostly slight things which do not altogether escape the scent of the drawing room. There were two graceful songs by Ladychinsky, and, most graceful of all, Arensky's "Valse," which had to be repeated. Borodin's "Chanson Arabe" has a direct simplicity which the others of the group lack, and Rimsky-Korsakov's "La Nymphe" has a picturesque character of its own. In the second part Cui's rather colourless "Aux rêveurs" led to two delicate landscapes by Liapunov, "Nocturne" and "Dans la steppe," and then came songs by various modern composers, some of whom are, we fancy, quite unknown in this country. The best of these was the one by Ssenilov, already mentioned, and an exquisite little song by Karatygin called "Printemps," which we were very glad to have repeated. We shall hope to hear more of this composer, for not only are the voice and piano parts perfectly poised, but the song has a character of its own, small though it is, which made it stand up head and shoulders above its neighbours. Stravinsky's "La Bergère" just misses this poise; the music seems a trifle too elaborate for the subject.

Among some others of less importance there was one by M. Jovanovitch, Mme. Aktzery's able accompanist. But though it is skilfully written and gained considerable applause, it did not show him to be as distinguished in composition as in piano playing. In the latter capacity, that is to say as a duettist with the singer, he showed himself throughout to be an artist of the first rank.

ROYAL CHORAL SOCIETY.

Having, within recent months, turned their attention to the latest product of Elgar's genius—"The Music Makers"—the Royal Choral Society harked back last evening to the work by which that composer is most widely known and appreciated. To say this of "The Dream of Gerontius" is, of course, to express—or, rather, imply—no opinion of any work, choral or otherwise, that its composer has given to the world since he wrote it. But the fact hardly admits of denial that "Gerontius" is familiar to, and admired by, thousands of music-lovers, not only here, but abroad, who either have not heard or can claim scarcely more than a nodding acquaintance with his later works. However, the point need not be argued in connection with last night's performance of a long acknowledged masterpiece. Rather is it of interest to note that the audience that came to the Royal Albert Hall was a very large one, and that other tokens were apparent of the pleasant fact that "Gerontius" has not as yet lost any of its powers of appeal.

In detail, of course, there is little that need be said of doings so familiar as those of the "Royal Choralists" on this occasion. How often they have sung the same music under Sir Frederick Bridge we cannot pretend to know, but often enough surely to render unnecessary any discussion of the way they came once more through a very familiar task. Enough, then, that the general level of the choral singing was of good quality, and that if at certain moments one might have asked for something more of spirit and vitality—the Demons, as is their wont in the Albert Hall, sounded, for instance, a trifle diffident—a really fine effect was obtained in the splendid double chorus, "Praise to the Holiest," the singers here reaching their highest water-mark and the sopranos, notably, distinguishing themselves by the purity and volume of their tone.

In respect of the solos, last night's performance was of exceptional interest, since the occasion, besides giving us, in Mr. Gervase Elwes, a Gerontius who is surely without a rival, enabled the London public to hear once again Miss Muriel Foster in a work in which her beautiful voice and art are displayed at their best. We do not know whether, as was stated in a preliminary announcement, this was the first time she has sung the part of the Angel in London since the first metropolitan performance of "Gerontius" at the Westminster Cathedral in 1903. But the point really is immaterial, the all-important thing being that last evening the beauty of tone, feeling, and expression with which Miss Foster sang her share of the music made the performance especially noteworthy, and communicated to the audience the same pleasure that provincial festival-goers have derived in recent times from Miss Foster's singing in this work. Of Mr. Elwes's performance it is unnecessary to say more than has already been said in passing. In the part of the Priest and of the Angel of the Agony Mr. Dalton Baker sang with dignity and restraint, so showing himself worthy of his two distinguished companions. Mr. H. L. Balfour was at the organ.

ÆOLIAN HALL.

Dohnanyi, the eminent Hungarian musician, makes it abundantly clear by his D flat Quartet that in the hands of the master the so-called classical form may still be interesting when utilised by the modern composer. Many a long day has gone by since a quartet of equal beauty with his has been produced. Most certainly it is one of the loveliest of recent works for strings, and of it the most was made by the Blagrove Quartet at the concert given in Æolian Hall last night by Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Hobday. Their playing was on a very high plane, and the composition was worthy of it. Later Mrs. Hobday played very brilliantly Schumann's "Carnaval," and Mr. Hobday joined her in a serious, painstaking performance of Mr. B. J. Dale's most unfantastic "Phantasy" for viola and pianoforte. Indeed, this was a tiresome affair. There is a beautiful tune used at the beginning and at the end of the work, but for the rest it never appeared to "get going," and, in any case, was quite devoid of fantasy. Dvorák's pianoforte quintet—that with the Dumka—brought an interesting and in many respects a very enjoyable little concert to a close. The performance of Dohnanyi's quartet was in itself sufficient to lend distinction to the concert.

THE R.C.M. PATRON'S FUND CONCERT.

Since composers of concerted music have had so many chances of being heard lately, it seemed good policy to plan the chamber concert of the Royal College of Music Patron's Fund, given at Bechstein Hall last night, primarily for the benefit of solo performers. Concerted music was given only a small space, being confined to two short works for string quartet, Mr. Eugène Goossens's "Miniature Fantasy" at the beginning, and "Two Novellettes" by Mr. Philip Levine, played respectively at the beginning and end of the programme by Mr. Herbert Kinze's quartet. The bulk of the concert was made up of the performances of four singers, a violinist, and a pianist, who all deserved the places which had been given them. Miss Lilian Stiles-Allen, who sang Max Bruch's "Ave Maria" and other songs, has a mezzo-soprano voice of unusually fine quality and large volume, with which she ought to be able to do excellent work in the future. Miss Clara Serena, who sang three clever songs by Mr. Malcolm Davidson, showed considerable power of interpreting the music sympathetically; and Miss Morfydd Owen showed versatility by singing her own songs. These included settings of French, English, and Welsh poems. The music owes a good deal to various influences, particularly French ones, which sounded rather strangely in conjunction with Welsh words, but there were signs of distinct individuality as well. Mr. Constantine Morris sang Saint-Saëns's "Le pas d'armes" and a couple of English songs in a way which not only showed his voice to advantage but made it clear that he has plenty of vitality as well as a feeling for good style. Miss Dorothy de Vin was the violinist and played some dances by Señor Arbos admirably. Mr. Arthur Alexander, though his performance of Brahms's Rhapsody in G minor was inclined to be rough, made an excellent impression as a virile and thoughtful pianist who knows what he wants to convey and goes straight to the point. His choice of Mr. B. J. Dale's "Night Fancies" was a happy one, both because it gave a good notion of his own technical capacity and because as a writer for the piano Mr. Dale has a strong grip of his material and an imaginative power which is considerably beyond his achievements in other directions.

MR. DUNHILL'S CHAMBER CONCERTS.

Mr. Dunhill's third concert last night at Steinway Hall comprised a Violin Sonata in D minor and five "Songs of a Wayfarer" by John Ireland, the latter sung by Mr. Robert Radford, a Phantasy Trio by Frank Bridge, and Beethoven's Trio, Op. 1, No. 3. The choristers of St. James's, Piccadilly, sang songs for treble voices by Parry and Charles Wood and two charming little compositions by Mr. Dunhill. Miss Marjorie Hayward played the sonata with the composer, and Mr. Edward Mason joined her in the trios.

Miss Hayward played the sonata with spirit and, where opportunity offered, with expression: the

composer, who played his own work, was content to sketch so much of it in outline that it was difficult to judge of its proper effect. It is restless music: it calls the listener on every moment to some new experience, and leaves him little time truly to taste what he has before him. One wonders at the quick and ingenious changes which prevent any straightforward statement being taken in its ordinary sense, and admires an alertness which is not to be caught unawares. But it would be exhausting to hear much of such music. The last movement is the strongest of the three. It is in rondo and sonata form rolled into one. The theme is trite, but not the worse for that; and with the second subject arrives at last some real counterpoint, which the work has hitherto lacked, being mostly mere harmonized melody. But both the sonata and the songs which came later gave the idea of living in a kind of inverted world, where no plain statement was pointed enough to pass muster and where the square was always becoming a rhomboid.

Mr. Bridge's trio attempting less achieved more; both strings had more than one grateful passage to play and room to display it to advantage.

The songs for treble voices were well phrased and sung with expression: the words had an un-English sound, the vowels were too thin and the consonants too explosive. The general effect was pleasing, though it sounded a little out of the mood of a chamber concert.

THE STEINWAY HALL.

MR. JOHN IRELAND'S VIOLIN SONATA.

The last of Mr. Thomas Dunhill's British chamber music concerts took place last night at the Steinway Hall. The feature of the programme was a violin sonata by Mr. John Ireland, which received its first performance. This is a work distinguished by high aims, sincerity, and accomplished workmanship. It is true that the first movement seems to suggest a lack of cohesion in the central section, as though the composer had not quite made his structure and emotional design coincide, but otherwise the writing is remarkable for its clarity of form, homogeneity of style, and general effectiveness. The music is decidedly difficult both to play and to interpret. Last night the violin part was in the able hands of Miss Marjorie Hayward, while the composer was thoroughly efficient at the pianoforte, and one felt that its character was being very well presented. Thematically, the first movement has the greatest distinction. The Adagio has moments of very great poetic charm, yet the themes are, as it were, suggestions of feeling rather than statements, and it is really the grip of the treatment which is the controlling factor in the emotional impression. If in the finale Mr. Ireland scarcely breaks quite fresh ground, there is no denying the quality of irresistibleness to the impulses of the music, and it certainly brings the whole work to a highly effective and exhilarating close.

Mr. Ireland has so far produced few works, but this sonata is to be regarded as quite one of the most important of its kind heard in recent years, and it is to be hoped that he will continue to add to the somewhat slender store of serious chamber music of the British school.

He was not so successful as a song-writer, a group, "Songs of a Wayfarer," being given later, also for the first time. Of these, only one has genuine originality and conviction, "I was not sorrowful" (Ernest Dowson). Here a highly expressive figure of accompaniment marked by subtlety of dissonance creates exactly the right atmosphere, an atmosphere, however, which one felt that the singer, Mr. Robert Radford, did not entirely understand. He was more successful in "I will walk on the Earth" and "When daffodils begin to peer," but here the composer was in a more ordinary vein.

Other instrumental numbers in the programme were Mr. Frank Bridge's Phantasy pianoforte trio and Beethoven's Op. 1, No. 3, Miss Hayward being joined therein by Mr. Dunhill and Mr. Edward Mason. Some songs were sung by the choir boys of St. James's Church, Piccadilly, conducted by Mr. S. W. Toms. The vocal tone may sound well enough in a large building, but in the Steinway Hall it seemed to lack all the fresh clarity one usually associates with boys' voices.

DELIUS'S "MASS OF LIFE."

MR. BEECHAM'S REVIVAL.

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This enthusiasm unimpaired by the labours of a highly exacting opera season, Mr. Thomas Beecham, following immediately upon it, revived at Covent Garden Theatre last night a work that owed its introduction to London to his enterprise—and, let us add, to his zeal for the British composer. Frederick Delius's "A Mass of Life" has not been heard in our midst since Mr. Beecham brought it to Queen's Hall in the course of his second season of Symphony Concerts, in the summer of 1909, after the work had been heard—or a section of it, at any rate—in Munich. Delius himself would be the first to acknowledge the heaviness of his debt to Mr. Beecham, who not only stood sponsor to him, as it were, in the London concert-room, by producing works from his pen at a time when the composer was far from being a prophet in his own country; but, in still more recent years, gave him the opportunity of a hearing at Covent Garden, where, in 1910, he staged "The Village Romeo and Juliet," a charming opera, as most of us remember. And last night's revival afforded further proof of Mr. Beecham's belief in a British musician whose very rare gifts first found recognition in Germany.

In detail there is not much that requires to be said now of "A Mass of Life," seeing that on its original production the work was described in these columns at considerable length. All that was then written in praise of the loftiness of aim, sincerity of expression, and mastery of means revealed by Delius in this music it is a pleasure now to repeat. Of the work's possession of these high qualities there cannot, indeed, be the smallest shadow of a doubt. Yet, among those who heard the "Mass" last evening, a doubt may well have arisen—even if it did not arise at the previous hearing—whether in this case his choice fell upon a subject really suited to musical illustration; or, at all events, to the kind of treatment here adopted by the composer. It may be necessary to remind those whose memories are short that the work is a setting for double chorus, solo voices, and orchestra of a text selected from Nietzsche's "Also sprach Zarathustra." Mr. William Wallace, who was responsible for the really admirable translation of the words, has himself told us that they were taken from different parts of the book for musical, rather than for philosophical, purposes, and that the text, accordingly, was used as the theme for a musical commentary. And it is true that there are in it passages of strong descriptive beauty, as well as some that call for lyrical expression on the part of the composer. Yet, on the whole, and notwithstanding the commanding skill shown by Delius on many and many a page of his vastly complex score, the impression remains that no inconsiderable portion of Nietzsche's abstruse and elusive philosophy hardly lends itself to fitting use even for purposes of a "musical commentary," and certainly does not demand musical utterance by the human voice.

Nevertheless, by reason of the immense sincerity of the work, its unswerving dignity, its depth of thought, and complete freedom from anything remotely resembling the commonplace, to say nothing of many pages of sheer musical beauty, last night's revival was of genuine interest. That the performance itself was always such as to conceal the difficulties strewn by the composer in the path of his interpreters cannot honestly be said. The North Staffordshire District Choral Society are a finely-equipped body of singers, as they showed us when they essayed this work in 1909, but it was scarcely to be wondered at that they were not equal to all the demands made upon their voices, or that the sopranos should have found the frequent high A's assigned to them not a little trying. Yet there were many moments, particularly in the quieter passages—such, for instance, as the lovely meditative ending to the "Noon in the Meadows" section, sung mezza-voce—where the choral singing was above reproach.

Curiously enough, where the soloists were concerned, the performance was bi-lingual, Mr. Charles W. Clark, upon whom the main burden fell, singing the English version, and his companions—Madame Gura-Hummel, Miss Doris Woodall, and Mr. Frederick Blamey—the German text. There were moments when the effect was a trifle disconcerting. Mr. Clark, notwithstanding the difficulties of the music, sang his important share like the true artist he is, and in the more lyrical passages with real beauty of voice and style. It remains to add that the Beecham Symphony Orchestra, for their part, came well through their appointed task, and that Mr. Beecham, who conducted with complete authority, received at the close of the performance tributes of the warmest.

DELIUS'S "MASS OF LIFE."

Last night Mr. Beecham gave a performance of Delius's *Mass of Life* in the theatre at Covent Garden as an epilogue to his opera season, which closed on Saturday. Londoners owe a good deal of their knowledge of Delius's music to Mr. Beecham's enthusiasm for it. He introduced several of the orchestral works at his concerts some years ago, early in his first season of opera at Covent Garden he produced *A Village Romeo and Juliet*, and he gave the only performance previous to this one of the *Mass of Life* at Queen's Hall four years ago. Then, as now, he engaged the North Staffordshire District Choral Society to sing the strenuous choral music, and Mr. Charles Clark sang the important baritone part by which Zarathustra is represented. Mch-11-1913

Yet in spite of the consistency with which Mr. Beecham has championed Delius's work, one could not feel this concert to be a very happy conclusion to the season. Charles Lamb's description of oratorio as "that profanation of the purposes of the cheerful playhouse" seemed painfully appropriate when one realized that for the same outlay we might have been given one more performance of *Die Meistersinger*. The *Mass of Life* is in fact an oratorio stripped of all human or dramatic interest and dealing with a type of thought which is obscure to the ordinary listener. It might be as interesting as one based upon the prophet Isaiah, for example, to a disciple of Nietzsche, who knew him as well as the average listener knows his Bible. But Delius assumes a knowledge of and a sympathy with the subject which he is hardly likely to secure, by setting the words in a way which requires the closest following of each detail if they are to mean anything at all. In last night's performance the task was complicated by the fact that it was sung in two languages, the three soloists (soprano, alto, and tenor) who are chiefly heard together singing in German, presumably for the benefit of Mme. Gura Hummel, since the other two were Mme. Doris Woodall and Mr. Frederick Blamey, while Mr. Clark and the chorus sang in English. Further, the theatre proved very unsuitable for the purposes of oratorio, and it was exceedingly difficult in some parts to hear both choirs equally, while the brass on raised seats at the back of the stage often obliterated everything. The most successful movement was the beautiful baritone solo and chorus, "Night reigneth," which ends the first part. In this the colours of vocal and orchestral tone blended finely, and elsewhere many of the quieter moments were successful, though no other movement had the same completeness of effect. The choir sang bravely, but evidently found the large choruses, in which the parts are thickly written, a great strain. The ineffectiveness of the latter contrasted with the success of the quietly brooding passages brought out what is probably the chief defect of the work—that it oscillates between two kinds of musical expression, the strenuous and the reflective, and so does not really progress to any emotional climax. While there were many details which could not be heard, there were also a good many which could be heard and had no business to be present. The choir could be forgiven some wrong notes and false intonation, for they had much to contend with, but there was also a good deal of faulty orchestral playing, and the whole performance left the impression of having been got together too hastily.

ROYAL OPERA HOUSE CONCERT.

Mch 11 1913

PERFORMANCE OF DELIUS'S "A MASS OF LIFE."

After the lapse of some years Mr. Thomas Beecham has again conducted a performance of Frederick Delius's "A Mass of Life," the work being given last night at the Royal Opera House. As before, the chorus was supplied by the North Staffordshire District Choral Society, while the soloists on this occasion were Frau Gura-Hummel, Mme. Doris Woodall, Mr. Frederick Blamey, and Mr. Charles W. Clark.

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This is an exceedingly ambitious work, and rightly had the programme to itself. Divided into four main parts and twelve sections, it is an attempt to illustrate in music Nietzsche's "Also sprach Zarathustra," selections having been made from the extensive original text by Fritz Cassirer. Perhaps the composer would have fared better had he made the adaptation for himself. In a work of kindred nature, the "Sea Symphony" of Vaughan Williams, recently performed by the Bach Choir, the composer provided his own arrangement of Walt Whitman's text, and the instincts of the musician saw to it that the requirements of his art were adequately fulfilled. The "Sea Symphony" is also divided into four parts, and they are made to correspond to the four well-contrasted movements of a symphony.

In "A Mass of Life," on the other hand, there is no provision for such musical contrast, and as the work proceeds the hearer begins to feel there is only "continuation" but no "progress." Such moods as are expressed at length in the "Nocturne" (Part I.), "In the Forest" (Part II.), "At Noon in the Meadows" (Part III.), and "The Night Journey" (Part IV.), are too allied in character to bear such isolated exposition in a composition of this subjective, non-dramatic nature. Their joint effort on the auditor is not cumulative, but merely tiring.

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This is the first and radical defect of "A Mass of Life." A second concerns the æsthetic quality of the music. As in the "Sea Symphony," we have here an attempt to give emotional expression to a creed of rational optimism. Whereas in the one case the work concludes with a rhapsodic exhortation to the soul, "farther, farther on waves of ecstasy to sail," so Delius ends with the appeal "For Earth, for you, ye loftier mortals, joy doth long, joy the boundless, the infinite, seeking for endless day."

It is, however, difficult to believe that such hard dissonances as Delius consistently employs really spring from a genuine emotional basis and are not rather the result of a calculating, mechanical process of composition. The most grateful moments are in the more peaceful, atmospheric parts, as where soft horn calls are heard above the sustained strings in the introduction to the section "On the mountains," or where eloquent figures on the wood-wind to a similar accompaniment happily suggest "the hour of perfect noon" in Part III., "At noon in the meadows," their employment below the choral voices having a striking effect. It would seem that this is the composer's best characteristic, since his symphonic poem, "Paris," is similarly distinguished.

The performance was animated, but rather crude, chiefly owing to the predominance of the orchestra, which even tended to obscure the work of the chorus. The latter performed the difficult music with plenty of vigour, and made fair use of their chances of expressive singing. The soprano and contralto soloists did exceedingly well, but Mr. Clark failed to make the part of Zarathustra very interesting. It was regrettable that he and the chorus should sing in English while the three other principals employed the German text. The composer received an ovation at the close.

LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Last night's concert, as announced in the preliminary prospectus, was to have been devoted entirely to Russian music. The revised programme was a very miscellaneous affair. It included the overtures to *Die Verkaufte Braut* and *Rienzi* and Vivaldi's Concerto in A minor for strings, while the Russian part of the programme, instead of being made up of Glazounow's Sixth Symphony, the symphonic poem "Three Palms," by Spendiarov, and Liadov's "Four Popular Songs" for orchestra (which were down originally and would all have had the merit of freshness to the audience), consisted of one work new to London—Glazounow's symphonic picture "Spring"—and the "Pathetic" Symphony. Mch. 11 - 1913

Tchaikovsky's symphony was included by one of those special requests which we wish had been politely ignored, not only because the work is so hackneyed, but because it would have been interesting to compare Glazounow's sixth symphony with the fourth, which was given only three weeks ago under Herr Mengelberg. However, to hear the "Pathetic" under M. Safonov is always an interesting and vivid experience, and the performance which he gave of it last night must have sounded strikingly fresh even to those who were best acquainted with it. The orchestra played it remarkably well, keeping a very firm grip of the music the whole time, so that there was no roughness or unevenness in the balance due to momentary slackness after the climaxes, as there was in the concerto by Vivaldi which followed.

Glazounow's symphonic picture, or "tableau musical," as it is called in the score, is a comparatively early work—it is numbered Op. 34—and is quite short and also simple both in form and scoring, though in spite of the simplicity of the means some very delicately coloured effects are obtained. It is built on the straightforward lilting melodies of which the composer seems to have an ever-ready supply; they are not new and yet they do not sound second-hand, partly because they are vitalized with the rhythms that beat through Russian music even when it is almost entirely Western (and in this case German) in character, and also because of the obvious and naive pleasure which the composer has himself taken in them. "Spring" is the kind of work we should be glad to hear again on a hot evening during the Promenade season later in the year.

LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

The new work by Glazounov, produced by the London Symphony Orchestra at the Queen's Hall last night, proved to be of but moderate importance. It is called a symphonic picture, with the descriptive title "Spring." As a matter of fact, it is an early work, Op. 34, and the music seems to suggest a measure of immaturity. But not so much in the ideas as in the treatment. The thematic material has great charm; it is the working-out which lacks interest and grip. The mere suggestion of a springlike mood in the music will not, of course, balance the want of coherence of design; one had in this work beginnings of things, fresh and pleasing, but too little was made of them, and the picture, so to speak, was not held steadily and persistently enough before one's eyes.

The conductor last night was M. Wassili Safonoff, and although the orchestra's playing was rather ragged at times there was no doubting the exhilarating nature of some of the interpretations. It is, perhaps, questionable whether, technically, Safonoff gets the best effects by dispensing with the bâton; on the other hand, it is not every conductor who can get such emotional impulse out of the orchestra. One would not lose that to gain greater precision. Smetana's "Verkaufter Braut" Overture was taken at a tremendous pace; too quickly, really, for clearness, but the effect was extremely bracing in spirit. The 5-4 movement and the march in the Tchaikovsky symphony showed the conductor at his best (and orchestra, too). In both the rhythms were swayed by an emotional feeling rarely heard. In the first movement the phrasing of the second subject was remarkably expressive.

SIGNOR BUSONI'S RECITAL.

This recital at Queen's Hall yesterday afternoon comprised the two books of Chopin's Studies (Opp. 10 and 25) complete, the Ballade in F minor, the Barcarolle, the Nocturne in C minor, and the Polonaise in A flat. Mch. 13 - 1913

It is a surprising thing that a single brain can control a single pair of hands through the most exacting music that can be demanded of them, and that a large audience can listen without flagging to works by the same composer interpreted by the same performer for two whole hours. It reads on paper like a mere feat; like swimming the Channel, or like a Marathon race. It sounded, however, a very different thing. There was no feeling of sameness nor sense of effort. Yet the individual studies do not stand out from each other in strong contrast, except occasionally. The details are varied enough, but the general treatment of them is remarkably similar, and there is a sense in which to have heard one is to have heard many others. Apart for instance, from the avoidable accident that five-sixths of them are in common time or its equivalent there is that essential characteristic of a study, that a motion once adopted must be continued through to the end. And this similar treatment of various themes does not differ much in its effect upon the listener from 24 variations of the same theme: the subject changes and the form remains constant, that is all, instead of the converse.

It is as difficult to impart freshness to a series of compositions not intended to form a connected whole as it would be to recite at one sitting a whole volume of lyrics; and the problem was solved yesterday in the only way in which we can imagine such a recitation could be successful. Each study was so played that the audience felt that, and that only, to be the matter in hand. There are, let us say, a dozen ways of "reading" a composition, and six of them good ways; but there is no "best" way. A good reading is only made very good by being consistent—by selecting the appropriate but still more by rejecting the inappropriate tones and stresses of the voice or the fingers. A great composer stands pre-eminent by the things he has said, but even more by the things which he has not thought worth saying; and so does a great interpreter. It is when one realizes the mass of these rejections that one sees that each in his several sphere is a creator. Inferior players of the pianoforte, and of Chopin in particular, seem often to be merely bolstering up their somewhat feeble statements by quotation or misquotation from a good author: when Signor Busoni quotes from Chopin we have the feeling that he does so only because he could not find what he wants to say so well said elsewhere.

ROYAL PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

Wanted, a Censor of our concert programmes! That, at any rate, is the suggestion we venture humbly to make, in the interest of unwary critics—and others. Not, let us hasten to add, that our concert programmes stand in any need of censorship on grounds of propriety. Who, indeed, would dare suggest, by the wildest stretch of imagination, that the analytical notes of our venerable and Royal Philharmonic Society, however uninforming they may be, could possibly contain anything remotely likely to bring a blush to the cheek even of the oldest subscriber? But a censorship of the kind hinted at would surely bring to light—or, better still, prevent—any number of inaccuracies in the course of the year. Last night, for instance, a cautious censor's revision of the programme of the Philharmonic Society's seventh concert of their 101st season would have prevented the statement from going forth that Scriabine's Symphony No. 1, with which the scheme began, was receiving its "first performance in England." Mch. 14 - 1913

In all seriousness, cannot the officials responsible exercise a little more care in these matters? If the work thus announced as an absolute novelty had once been performed here in the long ago, there might be some excuse for the fact having been overlooked. But this symphony of Scriabine was played at Queen's Hall, under Mr. Kussewitzky, no more—rather less, indeed—than four years ago; and, what is more, it was played then, as it was again last evening, with the choral finale omitted. Here, again, was matter for surprise. Last night the services of a chorus were available, the London Choral Society being present to take part in Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. Why, therefore, was not the opportunity seized to give us the Russian's work in its entirety? However, the omission, perhaps, was of no very great importance, if one may judge, at least, from the fact that the five movements of the symphony actually performed proved to be rather on the small side of things. It is a work possessing suavity rather than strength, or any particular originality, let alone individuality. Indeed although Scriabine wrote it in what must almost have been his student days, it was difficult to believe that one was listening to music penned by the same hand that recently gave us something to talk about—and quarrel over—in the bafflingly cacophonous pages of "Prometheus." In Scriabine's youthful symphony lie no problems; the music is as simple and straightforward as the themes are ingratiating, and if the composer seems to have been at no particular pains to develop those themes, in themselves they are at least not deficient in grace and expressiveness, though, curiously enough, in neither the subject-matter nor in its treatment is there ever more than a passing hint of the composer's nationality.

The alleged novelty, which was very well played under Mr. Safonoff, the conductor of this, as of last Monday's Symphony concert, evidently pleased the audience, particularly the rhythmically engaging Scherzo. Some very fine orchestral playing was heard, too, in Beethoven's great work, which filled the second half of the programme. But of the performance of a masterpiece so familiar it is, of course, unnecessary to speak in any detail. The choral singing, if it could hardly be called inspiring, was at least sound and efficient, and the soloists were Miss Perceval Allen, Miss Edna Thornton, Mr. Morgan Kingston, and Mr. Harry Dearth.

ROYAL PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

Mch. 14 - 1913

The last concert to be given by this society in the present season was conducted by M. Safonov at Queen's Hall last night and consisted of two symphonies, Scriabin's first and Beethoven's last, the choral part of which was sung by the London Choral Society. Scriabin's Symphony in E major is properly a choral symphony, too, for it has a vocal finale, the theme of which is the praise of art, and since the work must have been new to most of the audience and the choir was actually present, it seemed a great pity that the opportunity for giving a complete performance of it should have been missed. For the choral part is not merely an *ad libitum* addition as it is in "Prometheus"; the only way of doing without it was to rob the symphony of its last movement. Still, even without the *finale*, the symphony contains five movements. It begins with a short and lyrical slow movement, followed by an *Allegro dramatico*, then another *Lento* of greater importance, a *scherzo* and a second *allegro*. All the movements are rather slight in texture, and what the hearer wants to know is whether that is because the composer was reserving himself for the *finale* or whether at the time he wrote his first symphony he had not strength enough to do anything bigger than he has done with his orchestra alone. The symphony was published in 1900 and it contains no signs of the peculiarities of theory or of practice which appear in "Prometheus." It is full of melody of a fluent and rather weak kind. The first tune given out by the clarinet charms one at once, and there are many others which would charm equally if only they had happened to come first. As it is they are apt to pall. The energetic first subject of the *Allegro dramatico* gives hope of relief, so does the dainty theme of the *Scherzo*, but the second subject of the one and the trio of the other bring us back to the same cloying sentiment. Curiously enough, there is little or no sign of what, for lack of a better word, is generally called "mystical feeling." The one thing which the first symphony has in common with "Prometheus" is the cleanness of its orchestral colouring. This quality was beautifully brought out by the orchestra, who, under M. Safonov, interpreted the music very finely.

The performance of Beethoven's Choral Symphony was in most respects also a fine one as regards the orchestral playing. The great body of the strings had magnificent effect in the *forte* passages of the first movement and in the recitative for violoncellos and basses which begins the *finale*. There were places, however, where the conductor did not seem to get what he wanted at the first moment. Such a one was the beginning of the *Scherzo*, where, having found his *tempo* a little fast, the orchestra was inclined to make it faster. In the vocal part the solo quartet (Mmes. Perceval Allen and Edna Thornton, Messrs. Morgan Kingston and Harry Dearth) were not happier than solo quartets usually are; it was all a struggle and the end was a scramble. But the choir deserves high praise for its performance, in which there was so much confidence and resource that the singers were not singing at the top of their voices the whole time but were able to give variety of tone and expression. The entries of the voices in the final chorus were a triumph of attack.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

BEETHOVEN—AND SCRIABINE.

Mch. 14 13

The Royal Philharmonic Society ended its hundred and first season at the Queen's Hall last night with a programme consisting of two symphonies, Beethoven's "Choral," and No. 1 in E major of Scriabine. The notoriety achieved by the latter composer with his queer "Prometheus" tone-poem naturally aroused interest as to the tendencies of his earlier works. As a matter of fact, we have had in the past opportunities of hearing some of these; some people last night indeed were saying that this particular symphony had been played four or five years ago in London at one of the Russian music concerts conducted by M. Kussewitsky, and this in spite of the statement in the programme "First performance in England." The point, however, is unimportant. This first symphony, over twenty years old, is not specially remarkable except as the work of a very young man; and then more by reason of the skilful orchestration and treatment than for its thematic invention. The music shows traces of Wagnerian influence in its melodic outline, and is frankly somewhat commonplace and wanting in individuality. Five of the six movements were played, the last, for chorus, being omitted; as the chorus (the London Choral Society) was at hand, it seemed a pity that the work was not given in its entirety.

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The performance of Beethoven's work had some good features. The conductor, M. Safonoff, was particularly successful in realising the irresistible mood of the scherzo, and some excellent playing was heard throughout from the fine orchestra. A slip occurred at the beginning of the slow movement, and M. Safonoff stopped the orchestra and started afresh. One could not help wondering whether for once the misunderstanding could have been avoided had he been using a bâton. The hope that a new reading of the finale would be adopted was not realised. It is high time that the tradition of singing the music in such an offhand, staccato-like manner was abolished, and a more tense, flowing and expressive style adopted. Modern composers take care to phrase their music in more detail than was the custom of old; it is the only way to avoid misconceptions in the future.

Another point seemingly always ignored is in the selection of four solo voices which shall blend well together, and the absolute necessity of extremely careful rehearsal. Mmes. Perceval Allen and Edna Thornton and Messrs. Morgan Kingston and

Harry Dearth did not sing last night in at all a satisfactory manner. The bass, as a matter of fact, was evidently out of voice. In the sustained parts the singing of the chorus was marked by some good tone-quality, but generally the expression lacked enthusiasm.

MR. HOLBROOKE'S CONCERT

TONAL COMBINATION, AND A SENSE OF EFFECT, BUT

Mr. Joseph Holbrooke submitted a lengthy programme of his own music at the Queen's Hall last night. Such things as the tone-poems "Ulalume," "Queen Mab," extracts from the dramatic symphony "Apollo and the Seaman," and from "The Children of Don," and the new "Dance of Prince Prospero" were in the list of works to be heard, and served to display to us once again the composer's skill in writing for the orchestra. In this respect, indeed, Mr. Holbrooke's technique is admirable. He seems to have a natural gift for the invention of tonal combinations, and withal his sense of effect is extremely keen. To be able to think orchestrally is, of course, a great asset to the composer who essays the larger forms, and one certainly feels about Mr. Holbrooke's music that if it is composed first and scored for the instruments afterwards, there is no suggestion of this in the result.

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The more unfortunate is it that the invention in other directions is on a different level. Here, of course, one is only expressing an opinion, but frankly it was seldom that true æsthetic enjoyment was felt last night. Too often the music seemed to be wanting in emotional force, and that sensation of inevitability which accompanies a vital message. Our experiences in waywardness of expression in music have been so wide in recent seasons that the ear is getting accustomed to thoughts apparently hidden in an elaboration of decorative detail. No longer is it demanded of the composer that first and foremost he shall be lucid. He is taken as he is found, with the result, undoubtedly, that the concert-goer's perceptions have been greatly quickened. Surely Mr. Holbrooke need have no fear of being misunderstood nowadays. He will be given credit for remarkable orchestral ingenuity, but the ear will still listen for warmth and inspiration behind all the glamour of the score. Does his music satisfy in this respect? Or is it not rather for the most part emotionally unintelligible because it smells of the lamp? This is really the important point, and it takes precedence of other points where criticism might be applied.

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It may suffice to say that the technique Mr. Holbrooke employs in the actual composition is often, without doubt, lacking the requirements of form, both structurally and as concerns the very valuable quality of homogeneity. Sudden changes of mood musically bear some analogy to constructing a sentence from words taken haphazard from out of a dictionary. It must be added that the orchestra was the London Symphony, the singers the Edward Mason choir, the conductors the composer and Mr. Beecham, and that Mme. Jeanne Jomelli sang the "Children of Don" excerpt and also some new songs by Mr. Cyril Scott.

MR. HOLBROOKE'S ORCHESTRAL CONCERT.

For the orchestral concert which he gave at Queen's Hall last night Mr. Holbrooke issued at various times three arrangements of the programme, the third being sold with words of the songs and analytical notes at the concert itself. But the order of events was entirely changed again in actual performance. His method (if it can be called method) of composition is rather like his way of making up a concert programme. He has any amount of material at hand, but draws upon it at haphazard, and there rarely seems to be any particular reason why the ideas should be presented in the order in which they appear. Moreover, one often suspects that the music associated with such literary ideas as are contained in the poems of Edgar Allan Poe, Herbert Trench, "T. E. Ellis," and others, did not come into existence as a result of the impression made by those ideas on Mr. Holbrooke's mind, but has been fitted on to them because he fancied the connexion. Often they might be changed about and sorted differently without any loss, just as Mr. Holbrooke and Mr. Beecham exchanged their parts last night, and each conducted pieces set down for the other in the printed programme.

We were given an extensive selection. Large parts of "Apollo and the Seaman," the Edward Mason Choir singing the choral *finale*, came first, conducted by the composer. The prelude to *Dylan* followed, and under Mr. Beecham sounded extraordinarily vivid and vital. Mme. Jeanne Jomelli sang a *scena* from *The Children of Don*, and, as in the performance of the opera at the London Opera House in the summer, her treatment of the tortuous declamation was exceedingly able. The tone poem "Ulalume" and a number from the ballet *The Masque of the Red Death* were placed together. The latter had not been performed before and was effective. It is more consistent in style than much of Mr. Holbrooke's work, because he always keeps the dance rhythm in view. The only things not by the concert-giver were four songs by Mr. Cyril Scott sung by Mme. Jomelli to the composer's accompaniment on the piano, which were so successful that one had to be repeated. "Queen Mab," with the choral *finale*, ended the concert.

MR. HOLBROOKE'S CONCERT.

Mr. Josef Holbrooke has surely every reason to be happy at the result of his concert in Queen's Hall on Friday evening. There was a pretty big audience (considering his very proper objection to "deadheads"), the London Symphony Orchestra played splendidly, and the programme was representative of the concert-giver's talents at their best. Those talents are, indeed, bewildering things to discuss, blameworthy elements and praiseworthy elements being freely mixed together. Mr. Holbrooke's technical control of the orchestral machine is as sure as that of any composer in Europe; he can, one feels, do anything he cares to do with it. But his sense of form and proportion, his "classical" sense, is unusually defective for a man with creative qualities so rare as his. In listening to the performance of the third and fourth parts of "Apollo and the Seaman" (in which the London Symphony orchestra was joined by the Edward Mason choir) one felt that the rise and fall of Mr. Holbrooke's melodic line bore little relation to the technical, and even less to the emotional, rise and fall of the verse itself. One finds it difficult, indeed, to follow the composer in his divergence from reasonable ways. Over and over again straightforward lines of verse are so distorted or complicated by the music that their literal meaning is lost beyond any possibility of recovery. Emotional proportion seems to be weakest in Mr. Holbrooke's equipment as a creative artist.

This concert, nevertheless, was most interesting. First performances were given of the "Dance of Prince Prospero," the "Queen Mab" piece, and of four songs by Cyril Scott. Madame Jeanne Jomelli sang the new songs most effectively, and Mr. Beecham conducted the new orchestral works. In the "Dance of Prince Prospero" there were several moments of great beauty.

MR. BALFOUR GARDINER'S CONCERTS.

The last concert of this series, postponed from a week ago for further rehearsal, was given last night at Queen's Hall. The whole programme was conducted by Mr. Balfour Gardiner, and he with the New Symphony Orchestra gave admirable performances of works which, except his own popular "Shepherd Fennel's Dance," at the end, were all of the intricate kind requiring intimate knowledge and skill on the part of players and conductor in order to make the intentions clear. Only one was actually new, but that was an important one—a Symphony in E major by Mr. Frederic Austin, which is not only quite the most serious work yet produced by Mr. Austin, but in point of design the most ambitious thing which has been given its first hearing in this series of concerts. Its four movements are continuous and developed more according to the scheme which Liszt applied to the piano concerto than according to the generally recognized plan of the symphony. We will not attempt to discuss it fully now, and it is not a work which ought to be passed over lightly in a few words. So we shall take the opportunity of considering it on Saturday, together with others of the new English works produced during the season just past.

The concert began with Mr. Granville Bantock's Symphonic Poem "Fifine at the Fair," first heard at the Birmingham Festival last autumn. Its many brilliant points of colour and the unerring sense of what is effective displayed by Mr. Bantock throughout its course were as conspicuous as they were at first, but the want of distinction in many of the ideas was unfortunately even more conspicuous. There is an easy, happy-go-lucky feeling about many of its features which loosens the fabric and makes the total impression vague. Mr. Bax's orchestral piece "In the Fairy Hills," heard some time ago at the Promenade Concerts, is one of his happiest efforts. There is great charm in its initial ideas and their restatement towards the end, and if only he had not been decoyed by Mr. Yeats's poem to think about the wanderings of Oisin, and to lose his own way in following them, the work might have been wholly happy. In the middle of the concert Miss Evelyn Suart played Delius's Piano Concerto in C minor with an admirably clean touch and delicate precision. The only defect was that there were passages, and they were not always when the orchestra was playing fortissimo, where one had to watch her hands to know that she was playing. The fault, no doubt, was partly Delius's, perhaps partly Mr. Gardiner's, but still she was evidently not quite strong enough to take command of situations in which the piano should make itself felt.

THE BALFOUR GARDINER CONCERTS.

MR. FREDERIC AUSTIN'S SYMPHONY.

The last of Mr. Balfour Gardiner's concerts took place at the Queen's Hall last night. The most important work in the programme, in scope, at any rate, was Mr. Frederic Austin's symphony in E, performed for the first time. It is an attempt to write a work on a large scale (and somewhat on the symphony pattern), dispensing with the usual requirements of formal construction. Mr. Austin thinks that composers are hampered by the restrictions of the classical forms, or, presumably, he is so himself; it is not so much that he wants to write a symphonic poem, but to be free to put down on paper his ideas untrammelled by any conventional schemes of design. Why not? one may legitimately ask; but to answer the question thoroughly would take us away from discussion of the new music. This much, however, is certain; it is impossible to write music of any length without form of some kind, and to reject the classical model only means the substitution of another type. That Mr. Austin must have been equally hampered by his adopted scheme, his so-called freedom, was soon evident, and to the end of the symphony there seemed to be a conflict between his wish to express things and to avoid an intelligible way of saying them. Write down a number of phrases of various kinds, shuffle them well, and then take them up just as they come: that is how his work might have been written for all the effect of emotional impression it made.

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We cannot help ourselves, but we are so built that a sense of orderliness, of balance, of rhythmic swing, in its larger aspect as well as in its smaller, is a very vital thing. It is difficult to see how musical impressions are to be made without a recognition of this fact. Of course, it is possible that Mr. Austin might have done better if the material itself of his symphony had suggested warmth of feeling, or, in a word, inspiration. This quality, however, could not be detected. Otherwise the music was skilfully put together as regards tonal combinations—bits of it, that is; for as a whole the strenuous note of the orchestration became rather tedious after a time, while some passages were decidedly ineffective. Altogether an experiment this which proves nothing. Mr. Austin should show us first that the ordinary methods are not too difficult for him before attempting untrodden ways.

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As to the rest of the programme, the concert, which was conducted throughout by Mr. Gardiner, began with Mr. Granville Bantock's "Fifine at the Fair," an "orchestral drama" produced at the Birmingham Festival last autumn, and heard on this occasion for the first time in London. It is founded upon Browning's poem, and illustrates the contrasting natures of Fifine and Elvire and their action upon the hero of the poem. Though containing some of Mr. Bantock's happiest music, especially as regards homogeneity of style and consistency of development, the whole suffers somewhat on the score of lack of clearness in its treatment of the emotional element of the subject. The fair episode, for instance, seems somewhat irrelevant, being neither especially interesting musically or forming a really necessary climax. Mr. Arnold Bax was represented by his poem "In the Faery Hills," clever in texture, but not very original in substance.

Other numbers were Delius's pianoforte concerto, soloist Miss Evelyn Suart, and Mr. Gardiner's familiar "Shepherd Fennel's Dance."

N. C. G.

BECHSTEIN HALL.

Recitals at which the harp is the principal solo instrument are very rare nowadays, and harpists of the quality of Miss Miriam Timothy even rarer. Last night that fine artist gave, at Bechstein's, an evening concert, with the assistance of several well-known musicians, and her programme was so well designed that it might be taken as a model by many a concert-giver. In every respect it was a "musical" and not a virtuoso programme. With great wisdom Miss Timothy had recognised that the harp has its limitations, and that even an audience of its devotees might conceivably be wearied by a succession of solo pieces written for that instrument. Hence, last night we had a programme largely made up of chamber music, in which the harp simply took its place—sometimes prominently, as in Maurice Ravel's "Introduction and Allegro for Harp, with accompaniment of Quartet of Strings, Flute, and Clarinet"; sometimes equally, as in the duets (with flute) by Cœdès-Mougin and Inghelbrecht; sometimes in the give-and-take of ensemble, as in Julius Harrison's "Prelude Music," performed on this occasion for the first time. Only one actual solo came into the scheme—an "Arabesque" by York Bowen. It will be seen, therefore, that Miss Timothy gave the harp every chance of a fair hearing, and that the music was principally modern.

We have said it was a "musical" programme, and certainly Mr. Harrison's Quintet, which stood first, is a very delightful little work. This has been inspired by translations made by Dante Gabriel Rossetti from the early Italian poets, and in its emotional fervour there is something of the passionate nature of the famous pre-Raphaelite—not pretending, perhaps, to reflect the manner of the originals or to suggest a Southern idiom. Its title is very

happily derived, and one is incidentally rather glad that the composer has not bothered to write out a "programme." Its abstract lyrical beauty is enough. Ravel's "Introduction and Allegro" is very straightforward in its rhythmical structure; very simple, too, in its tunes. But it is marvellously rich in fantastic imagery, largely harmonic, and the composer's command of colour is nowhere more remarkable than in this most interesting work. The lowest notes of the clarinet are used in curious and very beautiful contrast to the higher notes of the violins, and the sweeping cadenzas of the harp were revelations of lights and shadows. In this Miss Timothy's splendid technical control of her instrument was very evident, though one was always more conscious of the artist than the technician. Only space remains to mention that those who so nobly assisted the concert-giver were Miss Florence Schmidt, Miss M. H. Timothy, Mr. Naum Blinder, Mr. Alfred Hobday, Mr. Patterson Parker, Mr. Victor Borlée, Mr. Julius Harrison, and Mr. Haydn Draper.

LONDON CHORAL SOCIETY.

Last night at Queen's Hall this society, conducted by Mr. Arthur Fagge, gave the first performance in England of Wolf-Ferrari's cantata *La Vita Nuova*. The score bears the date April, 1901, so that it is just 12 years since the cantata was written and ten since its first performance in Munich. In the interval it has been given with very remarkable success in a number of German and Italian towns, as well as in America, and it has been spoken of as its composer's most distinctive work. At any rate, it is one which is very largely responsible for the spread of his reputation abroad; and when we remember that Wolf-Ferrari was only 25 when he wrote it, the originality of the whole scheme, its frank independence of melody and freshness of vision, are sufficient to account for the impression it created. April 10-13

The words are chosen out of the poems of Dante's *La Vita Nuova*; sometimes, notably in the Prologue, passages are brought together from various sources and grouped in such a way as to throw into relief the main ideas with which the composer wishes to deal; there are instrumental movements suggested by prose passages from Dante given in the score as commentaries upon the music. The love of Dante for Beatrice passing from a human to an ideal expression is the thread by which the poems are connected, so that, while the narrative interest of the cantata form is dispensed with, or at any rate thrown into the background, the sequence of the poems is controlled by a process of spiritual development like that of the song-cycles of Schumann.

The Prologue, for soprano and baritone solos, a choir of boys' voices, chorus, and orchestra, begins with a graciously flowing orchestral melody leading to a duet for the two solo voices with words, from a ballata which does not actually belong to *La Vita Nuova*, picturing the joy of the heavenly life. The chorus enters with part of the sonnet in chapter xiii., "Love is the fire that ever fills me with rapture" (the English translation is the work of Mr. Percy Pinkerton), and to this presently the boys' voices are added in a rich ensemble. At the climax the choral voices emphasize a melody which is important throughout the work, as it is specially associated with the idea of all-embracing love. Though the several movements are worked out on independent lines, an idea from one is often worked in suggestively to later numbers. The first part begins with a ballata, "Sweet rose of the morning," set for baritone solo and choir, to which there is a contrapuntal orchestral accompaniment often suggesting the texture of an aria by Bach. The baritone solo here and elsewhere represents Dante himself, as is made clear in the next arioso, "Ye ladies all, that with love are acquainted," prefaced by the quotation, "It seemed to me unfitting that I should speak of her save I addressed other ladies in the second person, and not all ladies, but only such as were gentle women, not women merely." In this both the harmony and the orchestration for flutes, piano, and strings pizzicato produce a strangely tentative effect. One feels the composer to be anxiously trying experiments and a little uncertain of the result, but he has something quite individual to say, and the whole is delicately appropriate to the gentle address of the words. The instrumental "Dance of Angels" between the ballata and the arioso, on the other hand, far from being experimental, is a curiously stiff and rather trite dance measure, but with it contrasts the free rhythm of the sonnet "Within my lady's eyes," set in a declamatory style without bars, for baritone solo with only piano accompaniment, after which a choral "canzone" "Lo now an angel calleth" forms the climax to the first part. One feels again that the melody for full choir and orchestra in which the Almighty commands that Beatrice shall "yet stay upon the earth awhile" is too obvious for the place it holds and has not the sense of mystery which the words require, but nevertheless it is remarkable that where most composers would indulge in subtle orchestral colouring Wolf-Ferrari relies upon a perfectly frank melodic outline for his climax. Between the two parts comes an intermezzo consisting of an instrumental prelude (cor anglais playing a melody supported by string arpeggios) and two sonnets, one for baritone solo, the other for women's voices. These dwell upon the mourning of Beatrice for her father. The second has many subtle touches of expression; one in the line "Since her sweet voice have we heard thro' her weeping," where the voices are poised upon a high chord of D major, is peculiarly striking, and the violin solo with flute accompaniment is also delicately imagined.

The second part is more concise than the first. A beautifully lyrical setting of the sonnet "So pure and fair and holy seems my lady" (baritone solo and light orchestral accompaniment) is followed by a curious "orchestral melodrama" representing the death of Beatrice. Here the themes of the voice of the Almighty and of love are blended with the recitative of the violin solo and ended with the choral recitation of the words from Jeremiah, "Quomodo sedet sola civitas." The canzone for bass voices "Beatrice hath departed" leads to the final sonnet of mourning sung by the baritone solo, at the end of which an orchestral epilogue (voices singing without words are added at the climax) sums up the chief musical ideas of the cantata and pictures the vision which made the poet "resolve to say nought else of my Blessed one until I could discourse more worthily of her."

There is a persuasive quality throughout the melody which carries one's sympathy in spite of moments where the sentiment cloys and the naive character of much of the descriptive orchestral music. The composer is at his best in the purely lyrical numbers, especially the two sonnets for baritone solo, "Within my lady's eyes" and "So fair and pure." These, and indeed all the baritone part, were sung with fine sympathy by Mr. Thorpe Bates, and with him should be mentioned Mr. O'Connor Morris, whose tactful playing of the prominent piano part helped their effect greatly. Miss Carrie Tubb sang the soprano solo of the Prologue so well as to make us regret that she had no more to do. The ensemble was by no means perfect. The wayward rubato which is essential to success would require many hours of combined rehearsal to achieve it without losing grip of the rhythm. But loose orchestral playing was the chief defect; the chorus generally sang excellently, and the women's voices in the intermezzo were particularly effective. The boy's part was taken by a choir of girls, the Leyton Choir (Farmer-road School), whose capital training by Miss Margaret Nicholls we have often noticed at competitive festivals. The composer's injudicious use of the trumpets in unison with them hid them a good deal in *La Vita Nuova*, but they had a better chance of distinguishing themselves in the Grail Scene from *Parsifal* which followed. Of this Mr. Fagge conducted a capable performance, though the economy by which Mr. William Waite and Mr. Bates had to divide the four solo parts between them is not to be recommended.

THE COLONNE ORCHESTRA

April 16-13

LAST NIGHT'S CONCERT AT THE QUEEN'S HALL.

The first of the two "Entente Cordiale" appearances of the Colonne Orchestra took place last night at the Queen's Hall. We do not think that the music selected for performance was altogether well chosen, and it is possible that this was the reason why the audience was not so large as could have been desired. But as a matter of fact it is no easy matter arranging a scheme of French orchestral music, with, that is (knowing the London public), an eye to popularity, and on the face of it the idea of presenting such well-known pieces as the "Carnaval Romain" overture and "Marche Hongroise" of Berlioz, Debussy's "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," Dukas's "L'Apprenti Sorcier," and Charpentier's "Impressions d'Italie" might seem as good as any other. This, however, ignores the consideration that they are all in the repertories of our own orchestras, and have been heard over and over again, or that pieces may be attractive enough as adjuncts to a scheme and yet be unsatisfactory when turned into essential parts. Artistically, of course, the programme lacked a symphony or even a concerto; the two movements only of Berlioz's "Symphonie Fantastique" which were given came, like the rest, as of the generally fragmentary nature.

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Perhaps the promoters of these concerts felt it was important to reflect the various types of French musical art, and in this they have certainly succeeded. Otherwise last night's function was a source of genuine pleasure to lovers of really first-class orchestral playing. M. Gabriel Pierné conducted this fine organization with great skill, and achieved strongly marked rhythmical effects in the Berlioz overture and march; the latter was repeated. The most arresting quality of the orchestra is the accuracy and beautiful tone of the wind, both wood and brass. The trumpets, cornets, and trombones are splendidly sonorous, and the players never jar one's nerves with the harsh brilliancy which many conductors seem to think is the correct way of producing a fortissimo. The string tone was beautiful, too, but the playing here generally gave an impression of some lack of incisiveness and "edge."

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M. Pierné was represented as a composer by the prelude to his "La Croisade des Enfants," a work founded upon a quaint old legend. Presumably the thematic material of the prelude is illustrative of some of its aspects, and the full significance would therefore be not properly felt without hearing the rest of the work. One can say this much, that the music is very cleverly written, if the style of the expression does not convey a marked individuality. There were two soloists, Mlle. Marcelle Demougeot and Mme. Vallandri. The former comes from the Grand Opéra; she has a beautiful soprano voice, and sings with much distinction, but her method is a little hard, and the interpretation cold. The latter artist is from the Opéra Comique, and she was heard frequently in London during the Hammerstein Opera season. She, too, sings in good style, and has a fine voice, which again is not perfect in respect of clarity of production.

THE COLONNE ORCHESTRA.

The first of two concerts of what were announced in the prospectus as masterpieces of modern French music was given last night in the Queen's Hall by the Colonne Orchestra under M. Gabriel Pierné.

This is not the first visit of the orchestra to London, though it is probable that not very many of those who played in it last night came over with Colonne for the concerts which were given in the Queen's Hall in 1896. Colonne himself was here as recently as 1908, when he conducted the Queen's Hall Orchestra at some of the Promenade Concerts in the absence of their own conductor at the Sheffield Festival. It was when Colonne was absent from Paris on occasions of this sort that M. Gabriel Pierné was asked by the Association Artistique des Concerts-Colonne to take his place, and on the death of Colonne in 1910 he succeeded to the post of permanent conductor. April 16-13

Besides conducting last night he was represented as a composer by the Prelude to his oratorio "La Croisade des Enfants," a work which has never been given in London, but has done more than any other composition of his to make his name known outside France. Charming as the Prelude is with its simple melodies and clear orchestration, it only gives a partial view of M. Pierné's talent as a composer, for it is the vocal writing with the employment of children's voices in the choruses that gives "La Croisade des Enfants" its essentially naive and mystical character. This prelude by M. Pierné, though the most recent in date of all the orchestral pieces in the programme, is by now more than ten years old, and Berlioz's "Symphonie Fantastique," two movements of which were given earlier in the evening, was composed about 1830, so that the term "masterpieces of modern French music" has been used in a fairly comprehensive sense. All these "masterpieces," too, with the exception of M. Pierné's Prelude and the Symphony by Berlioz, which has too seldom been heard of late, are well known and popular in London, for the organizers of these concerts have kept their less familiar works for their second concert this afternoon.

The two movements of the Symphony were the "Bal" and the "Marche au Supplice," both of which, like the "Carnaval Romain" overture, with which the concert began, and the Hungarian March from *Faust*, which came later (and was encored), were played with extraordinary verve and precision and with a clearness of attack for which French orchestras are famous. It is evident that this orchestra has not forgotten its traditions, for both in its early days (in the seventies) and its later it gained its reputation largely by the performances of works of Berlioz, of whom Colonne was one of the most ardent apostles.

The rest of the programme was made up of Debussy's prelude to "L'Après-Midi d'un faune," Dukas's scherzo "L'Apprenti sorcier," and the single movement "Napoli" from Charpentier's suite "Impressions d'Italie." In these works, as in fact elsewhere, the most striking feature of the playing of the orchestra, after the balance of tone obtained and the general clearness of the parts, was the extreme purity of the wind, which enabled them to obtain effects which ranged from a most delicate pianissimo to a brilliant strident fortissimo without becoming either blurred or noisy.

There were two singers—Mlle. Marcelle Demougeot and Mme. Aline Vallandri. The former sang Fauré's charming song "Les roses d'Ispahan" and airs by Massenet and Saint-Saëns with clear, pure tone and distinction in her style; Mlle. Vallandri was heard by herself in the air "Rossignols amoureux" from Rameau's *Hippolyte et Aricie* and with Mlle. Demougeot in a duet from Berlioz's *Beatrice et Benedict*.

MR. CECIL FANNING'S RECITAL.

April 16-13

This singer gave a second recital at Bechstein Hall yesterday afternoon which was interesting both for its programme and for his treatment. The only point at which the interest flagged was in the four songs by Mrs. Margaret Meredith, which were not worth his attention. He began with an aria from Handel's *Giulio Cesare*, and then went on to a variety of German songs. Schubert's "Du bist die Ruh'" sounded a little formal in its contrast of closed and open tone, a contrast which made one think of the process rather than of the aim of interpretation. Schumann's "Der Nussbaum" was charmingly sung, but spoilt by the fact that the accompanist, Mr. H. B. Turpin, was apparently transposing at sight and found the task too much for him. In Loewe's "Sir Oluf" Mr. Fanning attempted to dramatize the ballad rather to the detriment of its musical quality. His dramatic style was more thoroughly in place later in the song about the siege of Kazan from Mussorgsky's *Boris Gudunov*, which was very finely sung. Three well-known songs by Hugo Wolf and two by Rachmaninov gave him opportunities for showing his command of a purely lyrical style, and save for the occasional tendency to show his hand by letting his audience into the secret of the technical process by which he gets his effects, his command seemed complete. Of the two songs by Rachmaninov the second, "O thou billowy harvest field"

(from Tolstoi) is by far the finer, indeed, is so fine that it reminds one of the declamatory melodies of Mussorgsky.

THE COLONNE ORCHESTRA.

The second programme given by this orchestra at Queen's Hall yesterday afternoon was far more interesting than the first—indeed, it was as interesting as any programme can be when one of the chief objects is to include examples of work by a large group of composers. That object places a certain limit upon the interest; for instance, in order to include works by Vincent d'Indy and Alfred Bruneau preludes from their operas *Fervaal* and *Messidor* were played, and each one was so small as to be only sufficient to whet the appetite for more. This was particularly the case with the prelude from Bruneau's *Messidor*, which gave merely a glimpse of that strong, clean style of melody which whenever it is heard makes one wish that we knew more of Bruneau in this country.

The programme began with the overture to Lalo's *Le Roi d'Ys*, and also included a vocal duet from the same opera sung by Mlle. Demougeot and Mme. Vallandri. One or other of these might have been sacrificed to save a little time in a programme which lasted two hours and a half. Besides other songs from Mlle. Demougeot there were César Franck's symphonic poem "Le Chasseur Maudit," M. Pierné's "Ramuntcho" overture, and Chabrier's "España," in addition to the new things which, apart from the splendid orchestral playing, were the special attraction to the concert.

These new things were the "Rondes de Printemps et Gigue," by Debussy, and the "Tableaux Symphoniques," by Ernest Fanelli, the composer whom M. Pierné discovered and of whom so many stories have been circulated. The "Rondes de Printemps et Gigue" do not add very much to what we already know of Debussy, except to make one feel that he has retired more completely into a region of his own imagination where musical sounds are related in ways which differ from normal standards. The difficulty to the ordinary listener is not that of understanding Debussy's relationships of sound (that is soon done, so that now one begins to feel a certain monotony in his work) but of feeling with him by means of those relationships. One easily admires the skill of his workmanship, but one leaves this work, at any rate, with the feeling that after all it expresses very little, much less, for instance, than Franck succeeded in expressing in his much less skilful tone poem given in this programme.

As to the work of Ernest Fanelli, in order to do it justice one has to remember that it was written 30 years ago. For that time it was extraordinarily advanced in harmonic style and orchestral technique, but the composer's attitude towards his programme is precisely that of 30 years ago and is consequently tedious to-day. At that time to take passages from an Eastern romance, in this case a novel of Théophile Gautier, and illustrate them literally in music was a natural development of programme music. Nowadays it is seen to be a poor basis for music; we want some stronger purpose. Fanelli's music moves slowly; he is quite content to dwell on the scenes pictured and trust that his audience will do so too. When he wrote it he had little chance of getting an audience and naturally wrote to please himself. Its imagination is strong, but it is not a work which is likely to appeal strongly to those who have no personal interest in the composer. It was very politely received by the audience, who wished the composer to appear at the end, but though he was said to be present he would not let himself be seen. The performance under M. Pierné was of a very high order.

THE COLONNE ORCHESTRA

M. FANELLI'S "TABLEAUX SYMPHONIQUES."

Another concert of French music was given at the Queen's Hall yesterday afternoon. The Colonne Orchestra was not heard, in a sense, to quite the same advantage as on the previous day, because the programme was more unfamiliar in character. Comparisons the more easily arise when one hears an orchestra in works which are frequently played by one's own organizations. But the playing was, all the same, of very high quality, and M. Pierné's zeal and enthusiasm were unflagging throughout the two and a half hours' music. It was interesting to hear such works as the preludes from "Le Roi d'Ys" (Lalo), "Fervaal" (D'Indy), and "Messidor" (Bruneau), the last-named the strongest in theme and workmanship. César Franck's "Le Chasseur Maudit" represents the composer in the unsuitable, to him, form of the symphonic poem. The conductor's "Ramuntcho" overture was a bright and animated work, with some clever orchestral writing. Debussy's "Rondes de Printemps" did not prove to be so successful as the "Gigue" from the same "Images" set. The latter is a sort of free fantasy on an old French air, which is surely a variant of the Scottish "Keel Row." Debussy works fragments of the theme in a most picturesque and engaging way. He never suggests the original atmosphere of the melody, but his inventive treatment is interesting and thoroughly characteristic. Apparently these pieces are an orchestral version of the originals for pianoforte.

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M. Fanelli's "Tableaux Symphoniques" is certainly rather a curious work; its history has been already recorded in the "Pall Mall Gazette." The composer is to be credited with having written something in advance of the date of its composition, 1883, but the actual merit of the music is moderate. The descriptive, atmospheric writing is of a kind with which we are all familiar: there is much Eastern colouring, and the first and second movements are quite effective in their way in calling up the scenes by the Nile. The last movement depends more for its impressions upon what one may call a material style, and with the loss of suggestiveness, of vague colour-painting, there seems to creep into the music commonplaceness. In any case, it is far too long-drawn out and too undiversified in treatment. There was a very evident wish on the part of the audience to see the composer at the close of the performance, but he did not appear, although it was understood he was in London. As before, the soloists were Mlle. Demougeot and Mme. Vallandri (Mlle. Louise Mazzoli sang the small contralto solo in M. Fanelli's work). A duet from "Le Roi d'Ys" was cleverly given. Mme. Demougeot also sang airs of Dubois and Saint-Saëns. This very lengthy concert ended with Chabrier's brilliant "España," played by the orchestra with evident relish.

MR. CYRIL SCOTT'S COMPOSITIONS.

Mr. Cyril Scott is one of the few English composers of the present day, we are not sure that he is not the only one, who seems most in his element when he is writing for the piano alone. The piano pieces which he played at the concert of his own compositions given at Bechstein Hall last night were quite the most interesting part of the programme, and it was a pity that they were placed at the beginning and end, for those in the first group were interrupted by people coming in, and those in the last were interrupted by people going out. The new ones were a "Prelude Solennelle," which began the concert, a finely sonorous piece of writing; three "Poems," that is to say, pieces written to illustrate, or at any rate to correspond with, some lines of his own writing; and two numbers from among the "Impressions from 'The Jungle Book.'" The first of the poems, "Poppies," was the most musically interesting. It had less of Debussy and more of Cyril Scott in it than the other two had, a stronger melodic line, and a clearer relevance between melody and harmony. "The Jungle Book" pieces, "Rikki-Tikki and the Snake" and "Dance of the Elephants," are both good fun and genuinely pictorial. Of the things that were not new the "Handelian Rhapsody," which is not in the least Handelian, was the most enjoyable. It and other things entirely dispose of the claim which has been put forward quite unjustly for Mr. Scott that he has abolished rhythm. On the contrary, he revels in it, and in his happiest moments, of which the Handelian Rhapsody is one, he makes his audience revel with him.

The songs, which were well sung by Miss Jean Waterston and Mr. Hubert Eisdell, are for the most part on a lower level. They are all exceedingly sentimental, and it depends generally upon the singer whether the sentimentality is bearable or the reverse. Mr. Eisdell in his first two songs made it unbearable, Miss Waterston generally secured one's sympathy; chiefly because a light tenor voice cloys more quickly than any other, and a full mezzo-soprano naturally produced has an irresistible charm of its own. We can profess no liking for what Mr. Cyril Scott calls "Old Songs in New Guises"; that is to say, well-known tunes, such as "Where be going?" and "Drink to me only with thine eyes," accompanied with chromatic harmonies. No doubt such harmonies sound natural enough to Mr. Scott, but all his deftness and all the grace of his playing cannot make us feel that they really blend with the grace of the tunes. The "Scottish Pastorale" for flute and piano, which he played with Mr. Albert Fransella, suffers from the same treatment. "Ye Banks and Braes" has an atmosphere of its own, Mr. Scott's harmonic style has another, and the two do not agree.

BECHSTEIN HALL.

Mr. Cyril Scott is, in one sense at least, one of Dame Fortune's favourites, in that whenever he elects to give a concert of his own compositions he invariably attracts a large audience. Last night Bechstein Hall was almost overcrowded, and Mr. Scott may lawfully be considered to have achieved an undoubted success, since the applause was generous and his music clearly appreciated. It is quite impossible now to go seriatim through his rather long programme—long in number, if not so much in point of time—there were many numbers marked "first time," though we have a suspicion that one or two have been heard before. It must suffice for the time being to say that we still prefer the composer's music when it approaches nearest to his first period, and that his later development, as exemplified (if this be quite fair!) in his extremely sophisticated accompaniments to sundry old English songs. The "guise" is new, or at least novel, but frankly it is none the better for that; and a similar remark goes to his variations on "Ye banks and braes" for flute and pianoforte, which Mr. Fransella and Mr. Scott played superbly. But old wine and new bottles, like the East and West, can never meet satisfactorily. An imposing Prélude Solennelle heralded the concert, and, like all his solos, was finely played by Mr. Scott, who plays his own music magnificently. For the rest it can only be stated in general terms that the new music has the same characteristic fluency as the old, in Mr. Scott's case, and that he remains one of the most strikingly interesting musical personalities in British music. His songs were well sung by Miss Jean Waterston and Mr. Hubert Eisdell, and beautifully accompanied by the composer.

MR. CYRIL SCOTT.

LAST NIGHT'S CONCERT AT THE BECHSTEIN HALL.

Last night at the Bechstein Hall, Mr. Cyril Scott gave a concert of his own compositions. They included a number of pianoforte pieces played by himself, a "Pastorale" for flute and pianoforte, in which he was joined by Mr. Albert Fransella, and of two groups of songs sung by Miss Jean Waterston and Mr. Hubert Eisdell. With the reservation that Mr. Scott's music is not strong enough or sufficiently varied in character or phraseology for a whole programme, the concert was very successful, and evidently much appreciated by the large audience present. Mr. Scott seemingly has two styles, one extremely chromatic and harmonically vague, the other somewhat melodically commonplace, with occasional relapses into the harmonic experimentings which help to prevent the poverty of the material from being too apparent. The former may be said to be the most consistent. But, like all latter-day music which seeks to be free from what are called the conventions, fresh conventions are bound to arise, so it appears, and Mr. Scott does not escape. His vagueness of harmonic relationship leads to a measure of sameness, and somehow the intended relief from avoiding the expected turns into a formalism of the unexpected with much the same result in the general effect.

There is a curious lack of emotion in much of the music, vocal and instrumental alike. The "Pastorale," founded upon a Scottish tune, is at bottom little more than a flute study. Some of the songs were marked "first time," as also some of the pianoforte pieces. Miss Waterston had to repeat "In the Valley" and "Sleep song," and Mr. Eisdell the "Spring-song." These and others had a certain prettiness without being especially distinctive in theme. Mr. Scott seldom really gets at the heart of the words he sets, but he has the gift of writing extremely effectively.

A COLERIDGE-TAYLOR CONCERT.

The concert given by the Royal Choral Society in the Albert Hall last night was devoted to the compositions of the late Coleridge-Taylor, his last choral work, "A Tale of Old Japan," and the first and third parts of "Hiawatha" being the selections made for the occasion.

It was interesting to compare his mature writing with "Hiawatha's Wedding Feast," composed while still a student at the College of Music. A good deal of the latter betrays the insecurity of the prentice hand. Its freshness and virility degenerate into mere strenuous bluster, the orchestral colouring is frequently purely irrelevant, and the work abounds in other false effects, such as vocal pauses that only relieve the singers at the expense of the action. None of this, however, in the beautiful "Onaway! Awake!" which is the climax of the work.

And none of this in "A Tale of Old Japan." Here everything is skilfully proportioned and adapted to the general result. The contrasts of mood are carefully studied, so that each section sets off the other, while the musical expression is always interesting and sincere. Masterly, too, is the treatment of soloist and choral voices, with fluid orchestral phrases curling round them like creepers, or gliding past in little snaky runs on the piccolo and violins. The composer further shows the faculty of striking the note of sinister foreboding, as in the interlude and succeeding section, "Moon and flower," so that the coming tragedy casts its shadow on the hearer throughout the whole work. This is no small feat, in view of the inadequacies of the text, which does not rise much above the level of the drawing-room ballad.

The performance, under the direction of Sir Frederick Bridge, was up to the standard of the society, on the whole, the solo parts being taken by Miss Ada Forrest, Miss Phyllis Lett, Mr. Ben Davies, and Mr. Frederick Ranalow.

MME. PEACOCK'S RECITAL.

One hears singers more liberally endowed by Nature vocally, and better equipped technically, than Mme. Eleanor Hazzard Peacock (who gave a recital at the Steinway Hall yesterday afternoon), and yet they can-

not make so many artistic effects as does this clever American lady. Her voice is but moderately powerful and of moderate compass, while in quality it has no outstanding feature. But it is used just as the voice should be—that is to say, all the inflections, the colouring, the subtle tone gradations, are manifested with so evident a first consideration of making clear the meaning and musical purport of the song sung, that the hearer feels satisfied. Obviously greater vocal advantages, and a greater executive command in respect of flexibility, clearness of attack, and firmness of rhythm, would add to the net result; yet the interpretation is the thing which counts in the long run, and there is no doubting Mme. Peacock's ability in this respect. She gives one that rare impression of self-effacement, an effacement that is of the purely physical attributes; hence the spirit is freed, and the true personality can come through and give the singing conviction. In the group of German lieder, one might single out Schubert's "Fischerweise" and "Hark, hark, the lark," Brahms's "Das Mädchen Spricht" and "Auf dem Kirchhofe," and Wolf's "Die Zigeunerin" and "Elfenlied" as being instances where her temperament most successfully sympathised with the spirit of the music.

ROYAL OPERA.

OPENING OF THE SEASON.

"TANNHÄUSER."

Elizabeth	Mme. PERARD-PETZL
Venus	Mme. GERTRUD KAPPEL
Tannhäuser	Herr HEINRICH HENSEL
Hermann	Herr FÖNSS
Walther..	Herr GERNER
Heinrich ..	Herr LEON DE SOUSA
Biterolf	Herr BADER
Reinmar ..	Mr. GASTON SARGEANT
A shepherd	Miss ROURKE
Wolfram	Herr HOFBAUER
Conductor.. ..	Dr. ROTTENBERG

For several years it has been the usual custom to place performances of Wagner's *Der Ring des Nibelungen*, with one or two other operas by him, in the forefront of the "grand season" at Covent Garden. The custom has not been due perhaps so much to the idea that it is generally sound policy to offer the good wine first as to the practical consideration that Wagner, requiring a large quantity of cumbersome scenery, properties, and machinery, is best despatched early, for little else can be done until his mountains, castles, fire, and clouds can be packed away again. So the first night of the season and those nights of the first fortnight left over by the Wagner cycles have been given to operas which can be easily staged and are sure of general popularity. But this year, the centenary of his birth, sees Wagner in command of the whole of the first month of the season, including even the first night, which has generally been devoted to the taste of that part of the audience which finds the auditorium at least as interesting as the stage. *Tannhäuser* led the way last night and three cycles of the *Ring* are to follow; *Lohengrin* is advertised for May 2, *Tristan* for May 7, and *Der Fliegende Holländer* for May 10. Only two other composers, and both of them German, are to be heard during the Wagner season, so that there can be no doubt about the seriousness of the attention which is being paid to Wagner's work. Counting in the spring season, which gave us *Die Meistersinger*, we shall have had during the centenary year the whole of Wagner, except, of course, *Parsifal*, and that is promised next year as soon as it is allowable to produce it.

Miss Burney's heroine discovered to her dismay that "they made no allowance for the customs or even for the language of another country, but formed all their remarks upon comparisons with the English theatre." Wagner's best audience is generally found in the upper parts of the house.

The chief distinction in the performance lay in the singing of the two women's parts. The beauty of Mme. Kappel's voice in the part of Venus was most remarkable, and Mme. Perard-Petzl sang the songs of Elizabeth in the second act and the famous prayer in the third with a wonderful intimacy of feeling. Her singing was all the more impressive for its quietness, and she never spoilt her conception of the part by violent action or vocal climax in the *ensemble* at the end of the scene in the Hall of Song. Herr Hensel did not seem in his best voice, but he had some fine moments. He was more convincing in his unregenerate state, for as the penitent Tannhäuser his extreme agitation expressed in action was apt to become ridiculous. Herr Hofbauer was a dignified Wolfram, and if his sensibility was apt to be a little tedious that is chiefly Wagner's fault. Herr Fönss, whom we know best as the sinister Hagen, was heard and seen to advantage as the benevolent Hermann. Altogether Herr Rottenberg directed a capable performance which made a good beginning to a season to which we look forward as one of the most interesting ones provided in recent years.

THE ROYAL OPERA.

April 23 1913

AN OPENING NIGHT WITH "TANNHÄUSER."

The Grand Opera season began last night at Covent Garden with a performance of "Tannhäuser." The opera has not been in the summer season's repertory for several years, and that the revival was acceptable was proved by the presence of a large audience. "Tannhäuser," indeed, wears well in spite of the weaknesses due to Wagner's immaturity. It does so simply because the drama in its main outlines is so clear and interesting and the whole is raised on to the compelling, emotional plane by reason of the many strong melodies and the extraordinarily powerful climaxes. Being in the composer's earlier manner, the music is difficult to sing well. It is not so much that it is actually unvocal, but that there is a certain measure of the awkward in the lie of many phrases, as though the expression was not obtained without effort; and their correct realisation requires great steadiness and control.

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The leading parts last night were taken by singers who have appeared here before. The greatest success fell to Fräulein Perard-Petzl, whose Elisabeth was an exceedingly sympathetic figure. She sang with great ease and charm of voice, and also in a temperamental style, which carried complete conviction. Less happy was Herr Heinrich Hensel, whose voice has not mellowed since he last sang the part of Tannhäuser here, if it has strengthened. In respect of power and control, his handling of the difficulties of the second act was admirable enough.

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Fräulein Gertrud Kappel was the Venus, an impersonation one found rather cold, while the singing was not as flexible as could have been desired. Herr Hofbauer appeared as Wolfram; he seemed nervous at first, but steadily improved. He is a singer with style, and has personality. Herr Fonss did well as Hermann. Dr. Rottenberg conducted; his tempi are excellent, but his method generally lacks the note of inspiration. Also he seems inclined to pay more attention to the orchestra (which certainly played beautifully) than to the singers. Hence, doubtless, a want of bigness of effect in the processional scene. The chorus of pilgrims was well in tune, for which one was duly grateful. It is a pity that the Venusberg scene cannot be rearranged; and, as a matter of fact, we should much like to see the original, the first, version used instead of that revised by Wagner for the famous Paris production. It is advantageously shorter for one thing, and for another, the style of the music is more in keeping with the rest of the opera.

MLLE. PAVLOVA'S RETURN

A BRILLIANT WELCOME, AND AN ENCHANTING DISPLAY.

Mlle. Anna Pavlova returned to the Palace Theatre last night, in greater beauty than ever, and with all her gifts and graces as a dancer at their highest. The expressiveness of her face, the lovely poise of her body in slow movements, the brilliancy of her swifter passages, and the grace and poetry that attend everything she does, once more dazzled a huge audience, and after each dance she was applauded to the echo. Most of all did she enchant the audience in a Valse Caprice with M. Novikoff to the music of Anton Rubinstein. In this she became an "embodied joy," radiant with the spirit of laughter, and exquisite in every movement; and when it concluded the cheering was prolonged until she and her partner had reappeared at least a dozen times. There is nothing lovelier on the stage at this moment than this Valse Caprice, and so long as Mlle. Pavlova keeps it in her programme the audiences at the Palace Theatre may count on some minutes of enchantment.

A slow dance to a Glazounov adagio was full of beauties of pose; a Dance Espagnolle with MM. Novikoff and Zajlich was full of fire; and lastly came a quite elaborate ballet called "Les Preludes," to the music of Liszt, and set in a strange scene by Boris Anisfeld, in which Mlle. Pavlova again danced with an abandon which at last became Bacchic, and yet was always controlled by art, and which held the house fascinated. Yet, after all, it is the memory of that Valse Caprice that remains the supreme thing as we write about the return of this great artist and her performances last night.

As usual, she comes accompanied by skilful and charming dancers. M. Novikoff himself is physically as splendid as ever and technically as accomplished; a minuet by Mlle. Plaskowieczka and M. Kobelew was so dainty that the performers were thrice recalled after it; and a "Danse de Printemps" by six girls in orange-coloured dresses and three in green with sprays of lilac in their hair and in their hands was another of the evening's poems in action. The house was crowded in every part, and when all was over Mlle. Pavlova stood bowing in her beautiful way on a stage that was almost hidden in flowers.

There is a rumour that on Wednesday evening she is to give a scene from Délibes' "Coppélia." Those who have not seen her in this will find it something to remember.

THE ROYAL OPERA.

April 23 — 1913

"DAS RHEINGOLD."

Nothing could be more satisfactory this, the centenary year of Wagner's birth, than that the success in advance of the two cycles of the "Ring" at Covent Garden should have been so great that a third had to be arranged for. But the whole thing goes a little further; one may say that it proves that we have in our midst the feeling that the operatic form still first and foremost demands fine music. Of late the tendency in modern opera has undoubtedly been to increase the dramatic side at the expense of the musical, and the further one goes in that direction the less hope there is for the future of the form itself. At any rate, all those must believe this who are convinced that the function of music on the stage is emotional, and not merely descriptive and pictorial. Important as Wagner's reformations were, they could not have been carried out had he not possessed the inspired musical gift. Hence while advances may be made in all manner of technical directions, the "Ring" will continue to hold its place in the affections of opera lovers so long as their senses remain susceptible to true musical expression.

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There was much that was familiar in the performance of "Das Rheingold" last night. The novelty was Herr Arthur Nikisch as conductor, and it may be said at once that here lay the feature of the evening's work. Although he takes many movements a little slowly, his reading of the music is full of significance, and gives every evidence of his consideration of its beauties. Then, not only does he influence the orchestra to play at its best, but his control is shown splendidly in the power of the climaxes achieved. Notable moments were the end of the prelude, the Walhalla theme at the opening of the second scene, and Alberich's calling up of the dwarfs bearing the treasure in the fourth.

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Of Herr Van Rooy's Wotan there is nothing fresh in praise to be said. If he does not sing now with the wonderful ease of old, time does not impair the extraordinary dignity of his interpretation. Mme. Kirkby Lunn sang Fricka's music with her accustomed vocal beauty; Herr Heinrich Hensel's Loge only needed a little more subtlety to be an excellent impersonation; Herr Kiess and Herr Bechstein were quite admirable as Alberich and Mime respectively; and Mr. Goddard and Herr Fönss were burly giants. Mention, too, must be made of the Rhinemaidens of Mlles. Rourke, d'Arcy, and Schaeffer. Also, the new swimming contrivance is a great success. From the stalls the illusion is complete; upstairs, however, one hears that the wires can be seen when the light appears on the gold, and the question arises as to whether they cannot be dulled in some way so as not to take the reflection. A special word of praise is due to the lighting in this and subsequent scenes. The changes were worked very smoothly.

ROYAL OPERA.

"DIE WALKÜRE."

Siegmund	Herr Cornelius
Wotan	Herr Van Rooy
Hunding	Herr Willy Bader
Brunnhilde	Frl. Gertrude Kappel
Sieglinde	Mme. Saltzmann-Stevens
Fricka	Mme. Kirkby Lunn

Conductor, Herr Nikisch.

With a cast of singers whose powers are well known and who are thoroughly used to playing together (the cast was practically identical with that heard and seen at Covent Garden last year), it was possible to listen to *Die Walküre* as a whole. What was particularly striking was the wonderful sense of the relative importance of details and episodes to one another which was generally shown. Herr Nikisch was largely responsible for this. His long experience gives him some of that power which Dr. Richter had so conspicuously of letting the less important moments pass easily without becoming entirely insignificant, and that power of course gives added force to the big climaxes which he can build as few conductors can. In the second act for example, at the beginning of the scene where Wotan tells all that has happened to Brünnhilde, Herr Nikisch and Herr Van Rooy had a complete understanding of one another and of Wagner. The singer's voice could be reduced to a whisper without a syllable being lost, because the orchestral tone was sustained by the thinnest possible thread, and the growth of intensity to the climax of the scene was extraordinarily fine. The first scene of that act between Wotan and Fricka is often complained of as one of the dull moments in the *Ring*, and with some justice, but Mme. Kirkby Lunn gives it remarkable reality by the seriousness and beauty of her singing. The certainty with which she began every phrase in the very middle of the note was not only perfectly satisfying from the musical point of view but gave one a sense of the dramatic conviction of the character. All the women's parts were finely sung, but neither Mme. Saltzmann-Stevens nor Frl. Kappel had quite the certainty of Mme. Kirkby Lunn. Mme. Saltzmann-Stevens, for example, in the climax to the first act, reached the high note on Siegmund's name a trifle sharp. That, however, was a very small detail. Her whole treatment of the part of Sieglinde is exceedingly appealing. The grace of her movements complements the beauty of her singing, and the song in which she tells Siegmund of the sword and the story of her marriage with Hunding was the finest part of a performance which was entirely beautiful. Frl. Kappel, too, showed again the power of gradual growth of human expression which is the essential characteristic of Brünnhilde. Her scene with Wotan in the third act took one by surprise, as it should. Herr Van Rooy's voice has not the smoothness which it used to have, but his treatment of the part is still both majestic and tender, and Herr Cornelius's Siegmund is always manly and straightforward. Herr Willy Bader sang the part of Hunding effectively. The whole was a performance which left one feeling that *Die Walküre* is the part of the *Ring* in which the pulse of human feeling beats most strongly.

A NEW GERMAN OPERA.

VON WALTERSHAUSEN'S "OBERST CHABERT."

April 25 — 1913

The new opera, "Oberst Chabert," produced at Covent Garden last night, is an interesting contribution to the modern German repertory. The composer, Hermann Wolfgang von Waltershausen, has chosen for his subject Balzac's "Colonel Chabert," and in so doing has thrown himself into line with those opera-writers who seek for a strong interst from a purely dramatic point of view. A good play does not necessarily make a good opera libretto, nor, as a matter of fact, a good novel a good play. The explanatory dialogue, part and parcel of the novel's effect, which has to be so carefully handled in a play founded on a book, needs even more careful treatment in an opera to be successful.

The first act of "Oberst Chabert" is frankly quite unmusical in its general tendency. Here one is told how Chabert had escaped from death and had sought to regain communication with his wife and friends. It is not until the act closes with the wife's appearance, and her refusal to recognise him, that the situation lends itself to musical treatment. Things improve in this respect later, and, although there is a suspicion that the story is not quite convincingly told, that one does not realise to the full Chabert's efforts to re-establish his position, the adaptation is distinctly clever in allowing the musician some chance for the proper exercise of his art. For instance, there is a brief expression of love between the wife and Ferraud in the second act, and a quintet towards the close, which helps to convey an impression of musical structure, if it somewhat hinders the action. Again, in the third act, Chabert is given a soliloquy at the moment when he realises that the only thing left for him is renunciation of his rights and life, and this in the setting is decidedly the most impressive musical moment in the whole work. Earlier in this scene there are opportunities for emotional expression on the part of the wife, when she explains how she came to marry Ferraud, and a final outburst when she realises Chabert has shot himself for her sake.

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The libretto as a whole, however, needed really a Puccini to make the most of it. Von Waltershausen has not yet learned how to carry on his dialogue in an interesting way. It is possible that he makes his accompanying music too complicated in texture; there is a good deal of mental confusion at times owing to one striving to discover the musical and dramatic point at the same moment. But one rather deprecates the modern tendency to try and make opera so very conversational. The form becomes hardly opera at all, but rather drama with incidental music, and too often of a kind which could be easily dispensed with. For music which is not emotional is inclined to become a hindrance. Not very much individuality is traceable in Von Waltershausen's score, but it is understood he is quite a young man, and one who could write so good a third act as this of "Oberst Chabert" can be expected to do better things in the future. Influences of Strauss and Puccini are evident. This, however, hardly matters in a young writer's work; it is more important to feel a gift for writing music effective on the stage. For the most part the composer has succeeded in this respect. The next thing is to strive for more æsthetic charm of idea. The greater part of the opera decidedly strikes one as being manufactured, and there are not a few passages which can only be described as quite meaninglessly ugly. There is very little that is notable in the orchestration.

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The feature of the performance was Herr Rudolf Hofbauer's impersonation of the title-part. He is a singer and actor of very genuine ability, and he has a personality which finds its way easily across the footlights. The unfortunate Colonel became a real figure and a pathetic one. The part of Rosine, the wife, is less well drawn, and therefore more difficult to express. Fräulein Perard-Petzl did not appear to be at her ease until quite towards the end, when it was too late to establish the character firmly. Her singing was often extremely pure and pleasing. Ferraud was quite well done by Herr Jean Buysson, who sang and acted with commendable life and vigour. The smaller parts of the lawyer and his two clerks were capably filled by Herren Engel, Fönss, and Bechstein. The performance, conducted by Dr. Rottenberg, was fairly well received. Prince and Princess Alexander of Teck and suite occupied the King's box.

SONATAS AND SONGS.

LAST NIGHT'S RECITAL AT THE BECHSTEIN HALL.

April 25 — 1913

The first of a series of Lieder and Sonata Recitals took place successfully in the Bechstein Hall last night. The artists concerned were Mr. Paul Kochanski on the violin, Mr. Hamilton Harty on the pianoforte, and the vocalist, Miss Elsie Swinton.

The two former brought forward the Violin Sonata in D minor of Brahms, and a Sonata by Karol Szymanowski that was performed for the first time. This work is in three movements, an Allegro Moderato, an Andantino, and an Allegro Molto for finale. In three movements, but in two moods, for the character of the opening and concluding portions seems, at any rate on a first hearing, much too similar to be æsthetically satisfying. This may be described as a species of stormy restlessness that is not without a certain emotional appeal. Unfortunately, it finds expression in too undifferentiated a manner, and the ear tires in time of rhapsodical rushes about the gamut, unrestrained ejaculations monotonously repeated, and what one may generally call pathological phenomena of sound. The Andantino made a more friendly bid for favour by reason of its suave, earnest feeling.

THE ROYAL OPERA.

"SIEGFRIED."

April 26 — 1913

Herr Nikisch's conducting of the "Ring" this year at Covent Garden has naturally added greatly to the interest of the production. He is such a masterhand that one's expectations of really fine orchestral playing were no less assured than has been their realisation. "Siegfried" was given last night, and with great effect in this respect. Although complete agreement with the interpretation could not be felt, the sheer beauty of sound was a constant source of æsthetic delight. In every department of the orchestra it was the same—perfect ensemble, clarity, and tone. The general reading of this wonderful work was decidedly individual; the impression was the greatest in the last act, where the many opportunities for sustained and powerful climaxes were certainly well seized.

"Siegfried" has, not unhappily, been called the "scherzo" of the "Ring" symphony; it was this quality, of scintillation, boisterousness, grim humour, with alternations of tenderness and romance, which Herr Nikisch rather missed in Acts I. and II. There was undoubted charm in his quieter and more subdued style of interpretation, but at the same time some of the vivacity one looks for was missing. Where it is a question of tempo Herr Nikisch's frequent leaning towards the slow side causes this effect. Another reason lay in some measure in reducing the orchestral tone now and then to a mere whisper. However, such objections as these never for one moment made one fail to realise that the whole performance was a unified thing. On the contrary, Herr Nikisch gave us an account of the music which was always masterful and intentioned down to the smallest detail.

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There was, in the main, a familiar cast. Herr Cornelius was once again a finely vigorous Siegfried. If his singing varied somewhat, and he showed signs of fatigue in the closing duet, his acting never relaxed from a high and very convincing standard. Impulsive throughout, boyish, fearless, and as one fully awakened to manhood in turn. Mme. Saltzmann-Stevens was the Brunnhilde, and the scene of her awakening was charming in its pose and gesture, though her general conception of the part is wanting in what might almost be called importance—the characterisation, in fact, is not quite of the heroic mould. She sang beautifully and with better intonation as regards the upper register than as Sieglinde the other night. The Wanderer of Herr Van Rooy was, it need hardly be said, magnificent; he was especially good last night in the amazing scene with Erda (sung by Mme. Kirkby Lunn), and that following with Siegfried. Herr Bechstein's Mime, too could hardly be bettered. If there seemed to be some lessening of the usual effect in the first act, this, perhaps, was only part of the feeling already mentioned in connection with the conductor's reading of the score. Mention must be made of the admirable Alberich of Herr Kiess, while the music of Fafner and the bird was sung by Herr Bader and Miss Rourke respectively. The scenic effects were carried through successfully, but it is time the ridiculous electric lights in the dragon's head were improved on.

A NEW BASS.

April 26 /13

J. Packer-Ramsay, who comes from ...ica, and is the chief "basso profundo" ...nat island, gave a successful evening con... t in the Bechstein Hall last night. As... ted by the soprano, Mlle. Amelia Gène; ... baritone, M. E. Van-Blitz; and the violinist, Miss Isoline Harvey, he had no difficulty in providing a pleasurable entertainment for a large and appreciative gathering.

His voice is certainly an exceptionally fine one, the quality remaining rich and resonant throughout the extent of an ample range. It has also had the advantage of careful training, so that it is always at the command of the singer for the expression of his ideas.

Thus equipped, Mr. Packer-Ramsay is fully prepared to deal with the problems of the interpretative artist.

At present his thoughts, and, presumably, inclinations, gravitate towards the essentially indigenous type of composition known as the "drawing-room ballad," and in this field he revealed a good sense of the requirements of the case, such as smooth delivery, finished phrasing, vigour, and sentiment. But that he is also capable of more artistic work was shown by his delivery of William Wallace's "Son of Mine" and "The Rebel." These are two of the very few songs of our generation that will still be known to the next, the one for its depth of pathos, the other for its rugged strength, and both for the wild atmosphere of Highland outlawry infused in every bar. Mr. Packer-Ramsay made an excellent venture with both these numbers, and had to respond with an encore. His further career will be watched with interest.

April 29 1913

ROYAL OPERA.

"GÖTTERDÄMMERUNG."

Siegfried	Herr CORNELIUS
Gunther	Herr ENGEL
Hagen	Herr FÖNSS
Alberich	Herr KIESS
Brünnhilde	Frl. KAPPEL
Gutrune	Mme. PERARD-PETZL
Waltraute	Mme. KIRKBY LUNN

Conductor—Herr PAUL DRACH.

It was, no doubt, a disappointment to those who have subscribed for the whole cycle of the *Ring* to find that they were not to hear its conclusion interpreted by Herr Nikisch; for the *Ring* is most wonderful in symphonic design, and one can only fully enjoy that aspect of it when the final development in *Götterdämmerung* is consistent in every detail with what has gone before. However, Herr Nikisch's absence was unavoidable, and those who go to the second and third cycles may hope to get what the audience at the first had to miss. Herr Paul Drach is an experienced conductor, and his performance was in many respects a capable and sympathetic one. In one sense it was rather too sympathetic; he seemed too anxious to secure emphasis on details, and urging the players excessively he got some uncertain blowing from the wind players. The bass trumpet in "Siegfried's Journey to the Rhine," the horns in the sunrise scene of Act II. and the prelude to Act III. were not clear, and the insistence upon attack sometimes produced a rough tone which covered the voices without producing great sonority. One wanted more repose and fewer signs of effort in the orchestral playing.

What we missed in the orchestra we got on the stage whenever Frl. Kappel was present. Both her singing and her action had extraordinary dignity and sureness. The only moment at which she did not quite make her point was at the end of the first act—Brünnhilde's ecstacy at the approach of Siegfried is quenched in the horror of seeing a stranger appear. And there the fault seemed to be that she had to make too much effort to be heard above the orchestra. The quietude of her action was most impressive as she stood listening to Waltraute's story and again when she gazed in bewildered contempt at Gunther in the last scene of the second act, and here, too, her exquisitely quiet singing of the words beginning "Welches Unholds List liegt hier verholen?" was unsurpassable. The whole scene with Waltraute was beautiful, for Mme. Kirkby Lunn was equal to Frl. Kappel in her truth of musical expression. The other parts, too, were well filled. Herr Cornelius's Siegfried and Herr Fönss's Hagen are too well known to need special comment; Herr Engel was more vigorous than many Gunthers we have seen at Covent Garden, and Mme. Perard-Petzl was a very graceful Gutrune. The Norns and the Rhinemaidens were not impeccable in their singing and the *ensemble* of the latter was apt to be shrill. There were details of staging which might be improved in the later cycles. The funeral procession of Siegfried should not have to stand still before the curtain falls, and the hall should not tumble down before there are any signs of its having caught fire. Yet in spite of small shortcomings in performance and of the big and obvious faults in Wagner's dramatizing of the story, one always feels *Götterdämmerung* to be an almost overwhelming experience because of its colossal musical design, which stands unshaken and leaves one with the feeling that Wagner after all made his music to a large extent independent of its interpreters.

THE CARL ROSA COMPANY

REAPPEARANCE IN LONDON WITH "THE MAGIC FLUTE."

April 29 1913

The Carl Rosa Company, to which British lovers of opera have owed so much during the past forty-two years, reappeared in London last night at the Coronet Theatre, and opened a season, which is to last a fortnight, with a performance of Mozart's "Die Zauberflöte" in English. As we were told on the programme that the production was the first on the British opera stage, we assume that the libretto was a new one. If so, the adapter did well to hide his light under a bushel, for anything clumsier than the dialogue heard last night we have seldom heard, even on the stage of Grand Opera. Granted that the original "book" is pretty bad, something better might surely have been made of it, and we were not at all surprised to hear the audience tittering at the crudities spoken last night. However, the patches of talk in the opera are not very numerous, and are generally brief, so that Mozart's music is not only the supreme but the pervading thing; and here a house full of Mozartians—that large and sympathetic body of amateurs for whom Covent Garden does so little—experienced great beatitude.

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We shall not say that all the music was as well sung as it might be, for to say that were to place the company at the very top of all such organizations, it being a commonplace that artists who can sing Mozart perfectly can sing anything. Mr. E. C. Hedmondt, however, rendered the music of Tamino most artistically. His voice often has its old caressing quality and its old fire; his breathing is managed quite consummately; and he acts like an artist. Altogether, although it is now a good many years since first we saw and heard him in leading operatic rôles, he is still one of the few artists to whom we go with confidence, and from whom we never come empty away. Mr. Arthur Winckworth was a sonorous Sarastro, and won an ovation after "In diesen heil'gen Hallen," and Miss Beatrice Miranda, as the Queen of the Night, was equally applauded for her rendering of the bravura splendours of "Der Hölle Rache kocht." Mr. Frederick Clendon made in every respect an excellent Papageno, and the famous duet with Papagena (Miss Dorothy Lawson Taylor) in the finale narrowly escaped an encore. Miss Elizabeth Burgess was the Pamina; and the trios for the Queen's three attendants and the three boys in Sarastro's temple were all admirably given.

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Mr. Walter van Noorden, one of the most enthusiastic of Mozartians, conducted, and secured, among other things, a performance of the wonderful overture which evoked one of the loudest and most prolonged outbursts of applause of the whole evening. On the whole, London amateurs are under a very real debt to the Carl Rosa Company for adding this curiously neglected musical masterpiece to their repertory. It is to be hoped, however, that its inclusion has not necessitated the omission of "The Marriage of Figaro," a work which the company used to give most delightfully.

"The Magic Flute" will be repeated at the matinée next Saturday afternoon. This evening "Tannhäuser" will be given, tomorrow evening "Faust," on Thursday evening "The Lily of Killarney," on Friday evening Ambroise Thomas's charming "Mignon," and on Saturday evening "Il Trovatore."

April 28 1913

ROYAL OPERA.

"TANNHÄUSER."

There was a repetition of *Tannhäuser* at Covent Garden on Saturday night with the same singers who were heard in it last week, but with a change in the disposition of the cast, Mme. Gertrud Kappel and Mme. Perard-Petzl having exchanged the parts of Venus and Elizabeth. Mme. Kappel, who was Elizabeth this time, seemed to be a little tired, for although she used her voice beautifully in the quieter passages and was particularly successful in suggesting the young girl's modesty and bashfulness at her first meeting with Tannhäuser after his return to Court, yet she did not deliver the scena beginning "Dich, theure Halle" with quite sufficient impetus, and sang at moments out of tune. Mme. Perard-Petzl as Venus was in excellent voice, the light quality of her tone, combined with the purity of her production, enabling her to sing the part with exactly the right kind of vocal colour; her acting, too, was picturesque and unforced. The rest of the cast being the same, we need not repeat what we said of it last week, but we may add that Herr Rottenberg obtained a good orchestral performance and succeeded in making the beginning of the second act as little pompous as possible by the light touch he applied to it and by the quick pace at which he took it.

A NEW ZEALAND BARITONE.

Mr. Marcus Brownlow, a baritone, who comes to us from New Zealand, made his first London appearance in the small Queen's Hall last night. The occasion was marked by the assistance of a large number of singers, who supported him in the provision of the evening's entertainment. The concert-giver's own share of the programme was consequently confined to some half a dozen songs, forming an inconsiderable portion of the thirty-two numbers that comprised the scheme.

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Mr. Brownlow's voice and method made an excellent impression. Without being of any unusual quality, his tones are well under control, especially as regards securing the necessary changes of colour. This, joined to an easy animation of manner and excellent diction, made his singing both interesting and sympathetic.

A NEW MARGUERITE.

Miss Margaret Dempsey appeared for the first time in London in the rôle of Marguerite in Gounod's "Faust" last night at the Coronet Theatre, when the opera was given before a very large audience by the Carl Rosa Company. Her voice is of a most taking quality, flexible, and pure; and in all the favourite numbers she pleased the house. In the prison scene she scarcely rose to the very exacting heights of her share in the climax of the great terzetto; but that may have been the result of a not unnatural fatigue at the end of a long and trying impersonation. Her appearance is charming, and her acting showed a most welcome independence of a good deal of the traditional business. Her reception was a cordial one, and on the whole it may be said to have been well earned.

The general performance of the opera, under Mr. Eugene Goossens, was well up to the Carl Rosa level of accomplishment and refinement; and it was pleasant to see so large an audience, scores of people in the cheaper parts being content to "suffer gladly" standing. It is now nearly half a century since this opera was first given in London. To be precise, the first performance in this city took place on June 11, 1863. And it remains almost as popular as ever.

May 2 1913

MADAME DE LARA.

Mme. Adelina de Lara's concert last night at Bechstein Hall comprised a round dozen of her songs and pianoforte pieces, besides songs of Schubert, Hugo Wolf, Verdi, and others, Brahms's Variations on an air of Haydn, and a movement from Grieg's Violoncello Sonata (Op. 36). In this long programme the following took part:—Miss Esta d'Argo, Mme. Mackenzie Fairfax, Mme. Ada Crossley, Mr. Ben Davies, Mr. Thorpe Bates, Mr. Hugh Peyton, Mr. Archy Rosenthal (piano), Miss Beatrice Eveline (violoncello), and Miss Kate Phillips (reciter). Mr. Kiddle accompanied most of the songs, and Mme. de Lara some of her own, besides playing in Brahms's variations.

Mme. de Lara's music is of the kind that states facts rather than suggests reflections on them. The melody is most pronounced throughout, and there is no difficulty in understanding the music. A song-cycle, "Rose of the World," was sung by Mr. Ben Davies, whose voice gave that pleasure which it always gives; the songs themselves did not rise above mediocrity, but this may have been partly due to the words, which were hardly inspiring. Among the pianoforte pieces the second, called "The Storm King rides," had some character. Brahms's variations were extremely well played; the players, Mme. de Lara and Mr. Rosenthal, had thought out carefully what they intended to do, and there were very few moments when there was not complete unanimity. The fugue would have been improved by a little more restraint. Miss Kate Phillips's recitation was delightfully simple and direct.

MISS HELEN HENSCHEL'S RECITAL.

The recital of songs given by Miss Helen Henschel at Steinway Hall last night lasted little over an hour, and so left every one wanting more. Indeed, one song, Debussy's "Fantôches," which was in the programme but was passed over in its place, had to be given at the end before the audience would move from their places. The programme consisted largely of French songs, though there were a few German ones at the beginning and at the end there were three traditional negro songs and a couple of English folksongs. In all the great charm lay in the completeness with which the singer, accompanying herself at the piano, conveyed the feeling of each song. The method of course is that of her father, but the manner is her own. She attempted nothing that was too large for her, and so she made everything tell without effort and without waste of energy. Within its narrow limits the art seemed perfect.

The means of expression were nowhere more finely adjusted to the thing to be expressed than in the negro melodies. To make one feel only the pathos of "I doan want t' stay hyeah no longah" and only the intense solemnity of "De 'count-book ob Gawd" was a triumph, for to have forced any point would have been to make the effect both ludicrous and profane. It is true that there was some laughter over "Joshua fit de battle ob Jericho," but its last lines made us realize that, after all, the song is real, even if some of the lines, and not Miss Henschel's treatment of them, had made us forget its reality for a moment. May 2 1913

ROYAL OPERA.

THE SECOND "RING."

There is, unquestionably, a "life" and a spirit in the performance of the second cycle of "Der Ring," begun on Wednesday evening, and continued yesterday, which are very far indeed from being usual. Indeed, we would venture to say that the first act of "Die Walküre" has not been more beautifully done in Covent Garden in recent years, the singing being particularly distinguished. So, too, in the case of "Rheingold," though the illness from which Mr. Van Rooy (Wotan) was obviously suffering then developed so that he was prevented from appearing last night, and his place was taken by Mr. August Kiess. We have never seen so effective a setting of the scene at the bottom of the Rhine, with the picturesque rocks marking the surface and the new machinery for the Rhine maidens in fine working order, so that the air of actuality is more

approximately realised than has been usual.

But excellent as was the performance of "Rheingold," that of "Die Walküre" was very beautiful, indeed. Mr Kiess, it is true, is not a Van Rooy, and his vocal method is somewhat jerky, but he looks Wotan, and is thoroughly au fait of the business of the role. Miss Kappel's Brünnhilde is indeed a truly lovely thing; one can but wonder that so slight a figure can contain the necessary physical endurance. Young and captivating and clear-voiced, Brünnhilde in the person of Miss Kappel thrilled her audience by her interpretation of her scene with Wotan in the second act, as Madame Saltzmann-Stevens and Mr. Cornelius had previously thrilled them by their singing of the love-music at the close of the first act. Small wonder that the applause was literally tremendous on the fall of the curtain, the singers and Nikisch, who conducted, being brought forward to bow countless times. May 2-13

The whole credit for two beautiful performances, however, does not go wholly to the singers. The orchestra played no less than magnificently under Nikisch, who directed with a superb discretion and a perfect sympathy. His capability of keeping in hand the volume of orchestral tone has been commented on before, and he has shown the falsity of the idea that Wagner's music is in reality noisy. Nikisch is magnificent in the use he makes of his solo instrumentalists, as it were, and a word of high praise goes to Mr. Purcell Jones, the leader of the violoncellos, to the oboist, and the clarinettist for the excellent advantage they took of the opportunities vouchsafed them. The string-tone was magnificent, nothing less, and the whole performance was memorable, nay, unforgettable. So may it be to the end.

THE CARL ROSA COMPANY.

May 3 1913

The Coronet Theatre presented an animated and even brilliant picture last night, being crowded in every part (and, in the stalls and dress circle, very fashionably crowded) for Ambroise Thomas's "Mignon." An admirable performance of this very charming light opera was given under the direction of Mr. E. Van Noorden; and Miss Ina Hill's singing, in the character of the heroine, was greatly admired.

The second and concluding week of the visit opens on Monday with "Lohengrin," in which Mr. William Wegener, Mr. Arthur Winckworth, and Miss Ina Hill will sing the principal parts. And for those who love Mozart, we may mention that "The Magic Flute" is to be repeated next Friday evening.

"THE MAGIC FLUTE."

May 5 1913

The Carl Rosa Opera Company should have the gratitude and good will of musical people for having brought Mozart's opera, *The Magic Flute*, into the ordinary repertory, and for making it the chief feature of the short season now being given at the Coronet Theatre. The performance on Saturday afternoon was of the straightforward kind, conscientiously sung and played by the singers and the orchestra under Mr. Walter van Noorden's direction, which seemed to say, "Here is the opera; we do our best and you can make what you will of it."

In spite of the advertisement of "Three prima donnas in one opera," it was not a "prima donna's" performance. Though the famous music of the Queen of Night was neatly sung by Miss Beatrice Miranda, she avoided the high F in the first song and had the second transposed for the same purpose, and Miss Elizabeth Burgess's qualifications for the part of Pamina were not so conspicuous as to draw crowds for their own sake. It is stretching a point to call Papagena a "prima donna," and Miss Dorothy Lawson Taylor made no attempt to attract more attention than the part deserves. All she did was to sing the duet with Mr. Frederick Clendon brightly and crisply, and he sang the songs of Papageno quite admirably and did not try to be funnier than he found it easy to be. Mr. Hedmondt as Tamino and Mr. Winckworth as Sarastro gave us consistently earnest singing; the high notes of the one were true and impassioned, the low ones of the other resonant and dignified. Still it was for no individual performance or striking representation of character that this revival was to be specially welcomed; rather one was thankful that there were few moments where the singers distracted attention from Mozart by showing signs of vocal inadequacy or by doing anything incongruous. Nor in the circumstances could the stage effects be in any way remarkable.

ROYAL OPERA.

May 5 1913

With the performance of "Siegfried" at Covent Garden on Saturday evening the second cycle of "Der Ring" came one step nearer completion. The cast was identical with that which sang the first performance, so that there remains little to be said now that was not said before. In many respects a higher accomplishment was to be noticed, for the simple reason that the orchestra as well as the players on the stage have now become more accustomed to the conducting of Professor Nikisch, whose tempi often vary from those set by Dr. Richter, to which Londoners were for so long accustomed. But it is these very variations that give to Nikisch's reading the intensely human note that is so splendidly characteristic. We said, in speaking of the performance of "Die Walküre" the other day, that the orchestra is quite surpassing itself in the glamour of its string-tone and the beauty of that of the wood-wind. The same excellence characterised the performance of "Siegfried," at least in the two first acts; and it was a real joy to hear the Waldweben played so exquisitely. Mr. Van Rooy, recovered from his indisposition, was back again once more as the Wanderer, and if time has not dealt over gently with the "velvet" of his voice, the style is as dignified as ever; likewise Mr. Bechstein's Mime is the perfect thing it has always been here, and richly deserves to be numbered with the classic examples of interpretation, Teruma's Isolde, Jean de Reszke's Tristan, Van Rooy's Wotan, Friedrich's Beckmesser, for example. Why did Fafnir answer Der Wanderer from the wings when being addressed in the cave? Nikisch conducted, and the greatest enthusiasm prevailed.

Many well-known people were present at the performance. Sir Frederick and Lady Ponsonby occupied the Royal box, and facing them were Mrs. George Cornwallis West in black, with red roses in a black toque, Madame Von Andre, Lady Gwendeline Spencer Churchill, in cinnamon-coloured charmeuse, and Lady Speqer, who looked well in black chiffon and rose-coloured satin. The Countess of Cromer, a regular attendant at the Opera, was seated in the front row of the stalls, and not far off were Mrs. Meyer Sassoon and her daughter, and Lady Cotton-Jodrell and her younger daughter. In different parts of the house were also observed Captain the Hon. Henry and Mrs. Denison, the latter wearing dark heliotrope, Mrs. Kenneth and Miss Olive Cunninghame Graham, Mr. John Spencer Churchill, Mrs. David Beatty, and Mr. Francis de Murietta.

SUNDAY CONCERT AT THE ALBERT HALL.

MME. MELBA AND MR. KUBELIK.

The fact that Mme. Melba was to sing at the Sunday afternoon concert at the Albert Hall was, no doubt, responsible for the presence of a large number of those who apparently filled every available seat; the rest were probably attracted as much by the reappearance in London after two years of Mr. Kubelik. The programme, naturally enough on an occasion of this sort, was made up mainly of pieces which both singer and violinist have helped to make familiar. May 5 '13

Mr. Kubelik played Wieniawski's Second Concerto in D minor, Corelli's "La Folia" Variations, and a couple of Spanish dances by Sarasate; Mme. Melba chose for her solos the Mad Scene from Thomas's *Hamlet*, Bachelet's song "Chère Nuit," and the air "L'amerò, sarò costante," which is the only number by which Mozart's early opera *Il Re Pastore* is now remembered. Her singing yesterday was marked by the exquisite purity of tone and clearness of attack for which she has long been famous, and in Tosti's "Good-bye," which she gave as one of her encores, she showed that her low notes are as round and rich as her high. The air by Mozart was made all the more interesting on this occasion for containing the cadenza which was written by Joachim originally for Jenny Lind and presented by him to Mme. Melba. As might be expected it was in character with the rest of the air, and was not designed merely to show off the technique of the singer or of the violinist, who had the important *obbligato* to play. Mr. Kubelik did as much justice to this *obbligato* as to anything in the programme, his clear, cool tone giving exactly the right decorative effect, while it blended perfectly with the peculiar quality of Mme. Melba's voice. In the Variations by Corelli he was wanting in vigour and decision, the music appealing to him apparently far less than that of Wieniawski and Sarasate.

MRS. D'OYLY CARTE.

May 6 '13

SAVOY THEATRE MEMORIES.

Last survivor of the talented group which established a great operatic tradition and made the Savoy Theatre famous, Mrs. Stanley Boulter, better known under her former name of Mrs. D'Oyly Carte, died in London yesterday. In the theatrical enterprises with which the names of Gilbert, Sullivan, and D'Oyly Carte are proverbially associated, she was the organising genius. As Miss Helen Lenoir, she was employed in the dramatic and musical agency of Mr. D'Oyly Carte, and there her wonderful business ability asserted itself. In the words of Mr. George Edwardes, another former member of Mr. D'Oyly Carte's staff, "the whole Savoy business rested on her shoulders." Moreover, she was a woman of "extraordinary magnetism," whose opinion everybody accepted and whom everybody worshipped.

She married Mr. D'Oyly Carte in 1888, and when eventually his health gave way the management of his affairs rested mainly in her hands. She superintended the tours of the Gilbert-Sullivan operas, arranged details of lecturing tours, and even gave advice as to the furnishing of the Savoy Hotel. After the death of her first husband she became, in 1902, the wife of Mr. Stanley Carr Boulter.

A memoir appears on Page Five.

SIGNOR AURELIO GIORNI'S RECITAL.

The young Italian pianist who appeared for the first time at Æolian Hall yesterday afternoon is a pupil of Sgambati. His playing shows great promise, though since he is only 18 years old it is hardly surprising that his interpretation of big works is at present far from being completely satisfactory. The things in which his limitations were most obvious were Bach's Fantasia and Fugue in G minor transcribed by Liszt, Schumann's "Etudes Symphoniques," and Chopin's Barcarole. May 6 '13

It was clear from the first that he has a great command of tone; that is to say, that he knows how to produce the sound he wants and can fetch a singing tone from the piano whether he is playing loudly or softly, and this capacity was invaluable at many points. It made his playing of Chopin's Nocturne in E minor (Op. 72, No. 1) quite delightful, but in the larger works whose continuity depends upon rhythmic exactness his numerous points of special emphasis, his extravagant *rubato* and inclination to indulge in sentiment over details, were necessarily felt to be drawbacks which were sometimes disastrous. He was at his worst in Schumann's "Etudes," which were broken up alternately into gusts of excessive energy and passages where the energy ebbed away into sentiment. Late in his programme Signor Giorni played his own Opus 1, a "Theme and Variations in the Old Style," which ought rather to have been called a theme in the old style with variations, for the variations have nothing of the old style about them but make an exceedingly ingenious essay in modern technique. The work and its performance showed how closely he has studied the technique of his instrument, and made it quite clear that the immaturity of his interpretation where it appears is not due to any lack of imagination but to the want of experience which is needed to control it.

THE ROYAL OPERA.

May 6 — 1913

"KÖNIGSKINDER" REVIVED.

Humperdinck's fairy opera, "Königskinder," which was revived at Covent Garden last night, may not be a complete masterpiece—that is to say, while, perhaps, no opera is quite perfect, this one does contain rather over-many faults, but it has far too much poetry and romance, and a great deal of exceedingly charming music to remain out of the current repertory. All honour to the Grand Opera Syndicate for presenting it once again, and it is to be hoped that the enterprise will be duly rewarded by public support. "Königskinder" is an opera to be seen by those to whom it will come as a novelty, while to others it can only be said that the good qualities improve upon acquaintance if the failings still strike one as such. These, it may be observed, are concerned with the libretto more than with the music, and when the latter seems to hang fire, it is because of the former. The book is not of the rapidly-moving dramatic action order; it is rather reflective and suggestive, with a good deal of idealism and symbolism. Laid out more concisely and with fewer irrelevancies, one would have had a completely charming work. As it is, Humperdinck's score nearly always saves the situation; one forgives unsatisfactory moments for the sake of the value of what comes in between.

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Certainly one of the most effective musical-dramatic situations in the whole realm of opera is the arrival of the Goosegirl in the second act. It is a scene treated, too, with real emotional force and conviction. The impression of it remained with the present writer from the performance of the work in its original version at the Court Theatre some years ago, to be confirmed at the first production at Covent Garden, and again last night. That Humperdinck does not escape the charge of Wagnerian plagiarism is not to be denied. Much of the first act is redolent of "Siegfried," while throughout there is to be observed the fidelity with which he has followed out the Bayreuth master's opera-writing method. This in itself is not a bad thing; indeed, Humperdinck is about the only composer who seems really to have understood what Wagner was aiming at. One can forgive a good deal of undue influence for the sake of that. The point is a matter of considerable importance. It will certainly be proved later on that modern opera stands the best chance which proceeds on such lines.

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The performance last night was not very good; unfortunately, Fräulein Angela Sax, who took the part of the Goosegirl, was suffering from a cold, and an apology was made for her. It evidently affected her singing considerably, and criticism would be out of place. In her acting she showed much sympathy, and gave a simple unaffected impersonation of the character. Herr Ziegler was the King's son, a fairly satisfying interpretation only, for his singing was somewhat rough, and his voice not as agreeable in quality as might have been desired. The best impersonation was Herr Rudolf Hofbauer's Fiddler, which was very much alive and forceful, and vocally highly effective. Miss Kathleen Howard did little towards making the witch witchlike; the Woodcutter and Broom-maker of Herr Fönss and Herr Bechstein respectively were quite good, and the little child of Miss Beckley was once again attractive. Dr. Rottenberg conducted, the ensembles going smoothly.

ROYAL OPERA.

"KÖNIGSKINDER."

Königssohn	Herr ZIEGLER
Gansemagd	Frl. ANGELA SAX
Spielmann..	Herr HOFBAUER
Hexe	Miss KATHLEEN HOWARD
Holzhacker	Herr FÖNSS
Besenbinder	Herr BECHSTEIN
Töchterchen	Miss GLADYS BECKLEY
Ratsätteste	Herr ENGEL
Wirt	Mr. GASTON SERGEANT
Wirtstöchter	Frl. SCHAEFFER

Conductor—Dr. ROTTENBERG.

It is refreshing to turn from the high seriousness of the *Ring* to the simple seriousness of *Königskinder*. Humperdinck has got his unique position among modern opera composers through his power of being serious about sweet and simple things just as a child is. That is why he never protests too much and never becomes trivial; he never, on the one hand, lets us feel that the loves and sorrows of his children are being treated like grown-up loves and sorrows, and yet he never condescends to them or indulges in musical baby-talk. He is as serious about a game of "Rosenringel" as about a kingdom. Both are important things in their different ways. It is because the music exactly expresses that tone of mind, the themes spring into life with unconsidered directness and combine so naturally, that *Königskinder* takes us into a region of the imagination wholly different from that to which the opera-house generally leads us. Everything is clothed with the beauty which fits its importance as seen through a childlike mind. May 6 '13

The fact that *Königskinder* was originally designed primarily as orchestral music to a play makes the singers of less importance than they are in an ordinary opera, and except at certain moments such as the children's songs, the King's son's soliloquy in the second act, and the Spielmann's address to the children in the third, the orchestra holds the chief place in the musical interest. The playing last night was almost uninterruptedly fine; it would have been perfect but for a few high violin passages where intonation was a little faulty or the tone a little rough. The beautiful one following the death of the two children wanted a little more refinement of phrasing. It was not the fault of the conductor or the players that much of the dialogue in the first act did not come out as it should. Frl. Sax, whose appearance is ideally suited to the part of the little Goosegirl, and whose acting was exceedingly appealing, has a small voice, and except in the quiet parts it was sometimes inaudible. Even in the last scene, where the music is more lyrical, it was apt to be thin and unsteady, though that was not altogether a disadvantage. She was at least never in danger of making the part sophisticated. Herr Ziegler's voice told much more easily, and in the second act he was particularly effective. Herr Hofbauer as the Spielmann and Miss Kathleen Howard as the Witch were both admirable throughout, and though it is unnecessary to mention in turn the skill with which each of the small parts was touched in, the singing of Miss Gladys Beckley in the part of the little girl who teaches the King's son to play "Rosenringel," weeps with disappointment when the children are turned out of the town, and begs the Spielmann to lead the search party deserves a special word. In her song in the third act she unfortunately began a little out of tune, but she did not let that destroy her self-possession, and it did not break the charm of her whole performance. Other members of the cast who showed extraordinary self-possession were the flock of geese who took command of the stage at the end of the second act and seemed for a moment to meditate a flight into the orchestra. They thought better of it, however, and the only harm done was that their unrehearsed performance distracted some attention from the most touching moment in the opera, the little scene between the crying child and the old counsellor.

"ENOCH ARDEN" AND STRAUSS

Herr Leopold Miller, who comes from the Court Theatre at Wiesbaden, was the chief actor at Sunday evening's performance of the "Deutsche Theater-Gesellschaft" (German Theatre Company) in Cosmopolis Theatre, Holborn. For the first part of the programme he recited Tennyson's "Enoch Arden," with accompanying music by Richard Strauss, while the concluding part comprised a one-act sketch of his own, entitled "Die Maske" ("Made Up"), with himself in the principal part. May 7

Strauss's "melodrama" proved to be a highly favourable example of its class. The whole art-form of musical recitation is necessarily an imperfect one, as there is an insurmountable barrier between the fixed pitch of music and the gliding pitch of the spoken voice. All the same, there are certain moments where excited or emotional speech is strengthened in its effects by an apt accompaniment of music, and within these limits the art-form is justified. In "Enoch Arden" Strauss has recognised them perfectly. Too often we hear from the concert platform poems recited to an aimless meandering on the pianoforte that has absolutely no meaning whatsoever. Strauss, with a sure restraint, only lets the music enter at the successive emotional crises, and so secures a maximum of effect. It fits in the pauses, but quickly subsides when the voice resumes. The quality proved to be both strong and sympathetic.

Herr Miller recited with great skill. There was no trace of sentimentality, but the tragic feeling grew to a fine outburst on the line "Sie aber darf nicht kommen!" and ended on a note of unconquerable strength.

The sketch proved to be a diverting scene of an actor who has made himself up for the rôle of a burglar, and is mistaken as such by a real one. Herr Miller, as the timid counterfeit sharing in the division of his own possessions, disclosed ample comedy powers. He is obviously an artist of much versatility and promise.

MR. APTOMMAS.
FAMOUS HARPIST.

A telegram from Ottawa announces the death, at the age of 84, of Mr Aptommas, the harpist. Her Majesty Queen Victoria on several occasions signified her pleasure with his performances at Windsor and Balmoral. In Germany, Italy, and France, as well as in Britain, his playing won him a great reputation, and he became known as "King of Harpists." From time to time he gave recitals of pianoforte music, including compositions of Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Liszt, and Chopin. As a composer he had written a cantata on Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," and had also published several books on the harp. May 7 '13

A BRILLIANT GIRL PIANIST.

May 7 '13

The reappearance of Mlle. Guiomar Novaes yesterday afternoon at the Bechstein Hall was extremely welcome. The moment she began playing the little prelude and fugue of Bach with which her programme began one felt once again in the presence of a genuine artist. Mlle. Novaes, indeed, young as she is, is the fortunate possessor of temperament and personality. Happily, too, has she been able to acquire a fine technique, and already her pianoforte-playing is of a most accomplished order. But what stands out most is the pure musical feeling she expresses. It was rather a pity that she did not arrange her programme better; the Mozart sonata with the "Turkish" rondo, save for this movement, is a dull little work, and the effect was not improved by the playing afterwards of Chopin's Twenty-four Preludes, which should never be heard seriatim. However, solidity was given to the scheme by Schumann's "Etudes Symphoniques," and the fanciful little pieces of Couperin and Daquin certainly deserved their place. It should be added that Mozart's music was played with remarkable grace and quite perfect control of colour, while in Chopin Mlle. Novaes displayed no lack of poetry of touch or imagination of treatment.

BECHSTEIN HALL.

REMARKABLE GIRL PIANIST.

When Miss Guiomar Novaes, a young Brazilian pianist, trained in Paris, appeared at a recital in London last year, it was recognised at once that her gifts were of a very exceptional order, even in these days when "prodigies," real and so-called, are all too numerous in the world of music. Miss Novaes gave another performance in our midst yesterday, and again, like Claudio, she bore herself beyond the promise of her age. Her playing presents a curious and very rare combination of the sophisticated and what, for want of a better term, one may call the youthful. Yet "youthful" it is in no sense of immaturity, but merely in respect of its utter lack of self-consciousness, its seeming spontaneity, and an indefinable kind of freshness that is wholly delightful. In listening to her yesterday one derived the impression, rightly or wrongly, that the young pianist owed far more to her intuitive musical gifts than to whatever training she may have received, although it is obvious enough that she has no cause to quarrel with those who are responsible for her musical education. Her technique is very neat and sure, and used always as a means to an end, and not merely as the end itself. But, as a fact, there is so much of real charm and unaffected grace in her playing, such refinement of the kind that is inborn and can never be taught, that one hardly ever pauses to think about the technique that is behind it. Perhaps there is little need to discuss in detail what she did at her recital. It was the qualities we have tried to point out that lent to her performances a character and charm of their own, and lifted them far and away out of the ordinary But it may be said that, in her first group, Miss Novaes showed a very rare feeling for old-time music—the music, for instance, of Couperin and Daquin, and the young Mozart of the "Turkish March" Sonata, and in the chosen examples the crispness and delicacy of her sensitive touch and the flawless refinement of her style were beyond praise. And the simplicity of that style was ever without a trace of affectation. May 7 '13

The twenty-four Preludes of Chopin that came afterwards showed us a different aspect of the player's art. But here again the simplicity of her style, the complete subservience of technique to higher considerations, and the entire freedom from any sort of artifice were the things that counted. It may be that Chopin has yet to yield up all his secrets to this young artist. But there was much in her playing of the Preludes that revealed an instinctive feeling for poetic expression—witness her treatment, for example, of those in A major, F sharp major, and D flat. There was real character, too, in her performance of the work in G sharp minor, while in the B flat minor her fine sense of rhythm was invaluable It is to be hoped Miss Novaes will give another recital, and that, if so, the music being [illegible]

not fail to make a note of the fact.

There was so much that was unfamiliar in the programme Madame D'Onyszkiewicz submitted at Bechstein Hall last night that it really did not matter if certain songs, never before sung in London, were reserved till the end of the concert. The singer is a Polish artist who has not previously been heard in England, and it was very natural that she should choose for her first appearance here a long list of numbers by her compatriots. Among the composers represented was Kavol Szymanowski, whose talents were discussed quite recently in these columns. His songs, "In Wreathing Mists," was both pleasing and plaintive, resembling in the latter respect further Slavonic numbers by Moniuszko, Karlowicz, and other Polish musicians, all practically unknown in this country. The quality of pathos in the music lost nothing in the interpretations of Madame D'Onyszkiewicz. Her voice is a soprano of wide range, showing some signs of wear, but still capable of much variety in expression. In moments of stress the quality is sometimes strained, but by way of compensation the singer can at will produce some very delicate mezzo voce effects. In all that she did she owed a good deal to the intensely tactful accompaniments of Mr. Richard Epstein.

MISS GUIOMAR NOVAES'S RECITAL.

The deep impression which the playing of this young pianist created when she first appeared a few months ago brought a large audience of musical people to her recital at Bechstein Hall yesterday afternoon.

She began with a prelude and fugue from the "Wohltemperirtes Klavier" (Book I., No. 3), and the way in which she placed herself completely under the control of Bach's rhythm and marched unswervingly up to the final cadences assured every one at once that there could be no question of having to revise the opinions formed earlier. In the pieces of her first group by Bach, Couperin, Daquin, and Mozart (the Sonata in A major represented the last named) the unerring precision of detail, the purity of touch in rapid passages, particularly in Daquin's "L'Hirondelle," and the fact that she was never decoyed into sacrificing the outline in order to impress a point upon her hearers, were the things which proved again the maturity of her style. But bigger things from the pianist's point of view were to follow in Chopin's 24 preludes and Schumann's "Etudes Symphoniques." May 7 '13

The range of expression in the preludes made them the most entrancing part of her programme. She had a fresh colour for every mood, and one of the most interesting things was to study the differences between her *forte* passages. The immature pianist treats *forte* marks alike long after he has learnt to colour *piano* passages individually, just as the immature writer for the orchestra does. Miss Novaes coloured every *forte* according to the context. She has something to gain in her playing of such big things as the Prelude in B flat minor (No. 16) and the last of all, where the right-hand scale passages require a tremendous tone if they are to override the bass. It is, of course, very largely a question of physique. After a beautiful performance of the "Etudes Symphoniques" her audience could not resist asking for more, and though she was evidently a little tired (it showed extraordinary confidence to let Schumann's *finale* come at the end of the programme) she added a valse by Chopin.

MRS. MEREDITH'S CONCERT.

Mrs. Margaret Meredith gave a choral concert in the Queen's Hall last night, consisting largely of her own compositions. The function took the shape of an anniversary concert in memory of King Edward's death, and her composition "The Passing of King Edward," to words by Owen Seaman, was consequently the central number on the programme; while two further works of a kindred solemn nature, her setting of Kipling's "Recessional" and a vocal piece called "Sursum Corda," served to open and close the list. May 7

Mrs. Meredith has been fitly praised for the loftiness of her aims and her technical resource. She seems, moreover, to be an exceedingly fluent composer, who is never at a loss for an idea. One could wish, indeed, that she exercised a greater degree of self-criticism in the latter respect, for a good deal of her music is unfortunately lacking in characteristic expression. She should also beware of a word-for-word illustration of her texts. For instance, in the line of Seaman's poem, "At midnight came the Majesty of Death," she changes the mood from dignity to fear, instead of aiming at breadth of effect by dwelling on the former.

The choral works were sung by the London Choral Society and Miss Nicholls's Farmer-road (Leyton) Choir, under the direction of Mr. Arthur Fagge, while the soloists comprised Miss Ada Forrest, Miss Phyllis Lett, and Mr. Cecil Fanning, as well as Señor Pablo Casals on the violoncello, Miss Edith Penville on the flute, Mr. Charles Draper on the clarinet, and the composer herself at the pianoforte.

QUEEN'S HALL.

May 7 '13

Although the programme of the concert given last night by Mrs Margaret Meredith was miscellaneous in character, it was partly of a commemorative nature, and a place was assigned in it, accordingly, to the choral work composed by the concert-giver, to words of Owen Seaman, and performed in the same hall some time ago, under the title of "The Passing of King Edward VII." It was repeated on

the anniversary of his Majesty's death, "by request," but manifestly no fresh criticism of the work is now called for. There were in the scheme other compositions, previously heard, from the same pen, such as Mrs. Meredith's setting of Kipling's "Recessional," and her "Sursum Corda," a more elaborate effort, as to which, however, for the reason stated, nothing now requires to be said. On the other hand, a song-cycle from her opera, "The Pilgrim's Way," was said to be given for the first time apart from the whole work. An excerpt of this kind is rarely heard to any great advantage in such circumstances, but, even so, we can hardly pretend, with the best will in the world, that the section sung on this occasion inspired in us any fervent desire to hear the whole work. There is no questioning the composer's seriousness, and some of her music is of quite respectable quality, but in this particular example her utterances never rise above the commonplace, either in thought or expression. The solos were sung by Miss Phyllis Lett, Mr. Cecil Fanning, and Miss Ada Forrest, with the composer herself at the piano, and Miss Edith Penville and Mr. Charles Draper to play respectively the flute and clarinet obbligati. The London Choral Society, under Mr. Arthur Fagge, also bore a prominent share in the concert, while very welcome contributions to it were made by Mr. Pablo Casals, who lavished his distinguished art upon Boëllmann's "Variations Symphoniques," and delighted his hearers by playing, as an "encore," a movement from one of Bach's unaccompanied Suites.

RECITAL OF RUSSIAN SONGS.

Mme. d'Onyszkiewicz gave at Bechstein Hall last night a recital of Russian songs. May 7 '13

In a long programme no composer's name appeared, with two exceptions, more than once, and the constant passage from one style to another ended in a certain monotony. To the difficulty of getting any idea of the various little known composers was added the difficulty of following the songs themselves, since the translations only suggested their subjects. A third difficulty, it must be confessed, arose from the very uncertain intonation of the singer, which on more than one occasion made it doubtful which of two notes was intended. There was even a fourth difficulty, in Mr. Richard Epstein's accompaniments, which failed, until towards the end of the evening, to draw the lines of structure with any precision.

The compositions themselves were interesting enough, though they seemed to differ a good deal in importance. Two by Karlowicz and Plotnikov seemed to have very little in them; the first indeed was made up of vulgar tags. Next to Arensky's "Ah, do not make a light" and "But lately in dance," which were on a higher level of fancy than the rest, those by Szymanovski, "In wreathing mists," Rachmaninov, Op. 8, No. 4 (no title given), and Krasin, "The Festal Eve," had most character, and Borodin's "The False Note" probably gave most pleasure. The most distinctive were two of three Siberian Exiles' songs by Harteveld, a "Prison Song" and a "Siberian Fugitive's Song": the first, in a minor key with a flat second, and the second, with a vigorous rhythm and sung with energy, were thoroughly enjoyable.

ÆOLIAN HALL.

Two recitals were given in the Æolian Hall yesterday—one in the afternoon by Mr. Ernest Groom, and the other in the evening by Mr. F. S. Kelly, the first by a vocalist who has acquired some reputation as a singer of contemporary "ballads," and the second by a pianist whose achievements as an earsman are pretty widely known. Mr. Groom was, one felt, rather out of his essential métier in attempting songs such as Schumann's "Dein Angesicht" and "Frühlingsnacht" and Richard Strauss's "Morgen" and "Heimliche Aufforderung." In each of these there is an inherent romanticism which would seem to be somewhat in opposition to the temperamental qualities of the singer. "Frühlingsnacht" was restless and uneven, and the divine "Morgen" was played and sung with apparently little realisation of the breadth and the sincerity and the dignity of its composition. "Morgen" requires, too, a very legato style of singing, and the artist's vibrato production—in this song, at any rate—hardly seemed appropriate. "A Lover's Garland" of Hubert Parry was a happier choice but even here a calmer method of vocalisation and a closer regard for the composer's phrasing would surely have been wiser. In excerpts from a song cycle of Mr. C. A. Lidgey the vocalist was more perfectly suited, and his singing of "The Wind on the Wold" was commendable for its sense of mood. Miss Adela Verne was solo pianist at this recital, and Mr. Sydney Stoeger accompanist. May 7 '13

Mr. Kelly's programme was a thing of even greater variety. Scriabine, Rachmaninow, Dvorak, Percy Grainger, Debussy, Grieg, and Ravel constitute a strange assortment of creative genius in one group. Into such a galère Mr. Kelly himself entered as composer with a "Study in C sharp minor," performed for the first time in London, while Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms also found honoured places by themselves. But the miscellaneous group undoubtedly was the most interesting from the audience's point of view, for in this Mr. Kelly had more opportunity to give free rein to his own sense of style untrammelled by "tradition." His "Study" proved to be a brilliant but not over-elaborated composition, chiefly composed of arpeggios that wander from one key to another. The piece was encored. In the Bach one felt the pianist's manner rather cold and unilluminating: in the Beethoven, too, rather chary of colour. In the little pieces, however, Mr. Kelly's playing was charming, and the recital, on the whole, will no doubt add to his reputation.

ROYAL OPERA.

May 7 '13

GÖTTERDÄMMERUNG.

Herr Nikisch conducted a wonderful performance of *Götterdämmerung* at Covent Garden last night. It is difficult to say how the great conductors of Wagner are able to lead the orchestra from climax to climax of massive sound without ever overwhelming the voices on the stage; but two or three of them—Dr. Richter and Herr Nikisch pre-eminently—possess the secret, and the rest do not. That, perhaps, was the main difference between last night's rendering and last week's; but there was also a striking improvement in the *ensemble* of chorus and orchestra in the second act, and this time the horns were faultless in their sunrise hymn. Nor was there ever the slightest tendency within the orchestra itself to blur the main effect with promiscuous enthusiasm—a difference particularly noticeable in the beautiful rendering of Sieglinde's air by the violins as the curtain falls at the end.

The singers were all, or nearly all, as good as an imperfect world will allow. Herr Hensel does not play Siegfried in quite the grand manner, but his acting is full of intelligence and life, and his voice, if never commanding, is well in control and always true. Hagen was again admirably played by Herr Föuss, whose interpretation is equal to the best we have heard: Gunther by Herr Engel; and Gutrune by Fräulein Perard-Petzl. Waltraute's scene in the first act was not quite the same thing without the perfect singing of Mme. Kirkby Lunn, but Miss Kathleen Howard, who took her place, has a fine voice and used it well, though her acting was a little stiff. The Rhinemaidens, for their part, sang much better than before, though the contralto amongst them had not quite overcome her tendency to go flat.

But when all due praise has been given to the rest of the performance, the superlatives must remain for Fräulein Kappel's Brünnhilde. The repose and dignity of her acting remind one of Fräulein Ternina at her best; and her singing, always beautiful, is perhaps most moving when it is absolutely quiet and still. To look back over her performance is to remember passage after passage perfectly interpreted and sung. If one is to be chosen rather than another, it should perhaps be her rendering of "Ruhe, ruhe, du Gott" and the lines immediately preceding it towards the very end. One wonders what the *Ring* would be like if all singers could attain her extraordinary success, her quietness and economy of gesture, and her unfailing beauty of tone.

SENOR MANÉN'S RECITAL.

The Spanish violinist, Señor Joan Manén, gave a recital in the Bechstein Hall last night. This is an artist who can already do much, and seems likely to accomplish more. Without at any time suggesting that he is deeply inspired, he nevertheless presides so superbly over the lower levels of music that whatever he plays easily wins the interest and admiration of the hearer. The beautiful liquid tone, the absolute purity of intonation, whether in double-stopping or high positions, the delicacy and refinement of phrasing—all these are qualities that distinguish his playing to a high degree. May 8 1913

Less satisfactory was the programme he presented, for, besides the "Scottish Fantasia" of Bruch, it only contained short pieces, arranged in two groups. Admitted that the two Bach movements, the Gluck-Manén "Ballet" and the Daquin-Manén "Cuckoo," were quite admirably played; that the exquisite harmonics, used in the last-named piece for the bird-call, had a magic effect: such sugared dainties ought to have been reserved for the end of the programme. The mind of the hearer was still too fresh to be satisfied with trifles that make a minimum demand on the intellect.

Miss Rina Franco-Zuffelato, who accompanied him, also played some solo pieces on the pianoforte with success. Her tone lapses into hardness at times, but it was delightfully soft and velvety in Scarlatti's "Pastorale and Capriccio," where the shakes in thirds sounded like the liquid notes of flutes.

THE ROYAL OPERA.

May 8 1913

"TRISTAN UND ISOLDE."

Notwithstanding the fact that "Tristan und Isolde" was heard quite a short time ago during the Beecham season, there was quite a good audience at Covent Garden last night, when the opera was added to the present repertory. Which, in this the Wagner Centenary year, is satisfactory enough. The performance had some good features without being in any way especially notable, save, of course, for the presence of Herr Van Rooy in the cast and the always satisfying singing of Brangane's music by Mme. Kirkby Lunn. She was particularly good on this occasion. The Isolde of Mme. Saltzmann-Stevens does not seem to grow with her increased experience. Always smooth and polished, correct, graceful, and vocally very pure, the impersonation still leaves one cold; it is art, one feels, without emotion to give it the convincing colouring. Herr Cornelius sang and acted with his usual forceful personal note. His Tristan may not be so attractive as his Siegfried; if only because the latter part gives his robust method more scope, but it is a vital, commanding figure. It is the more unfortunate that the singing is so lacking in musical charm; especially does one notice this in an opera which is so essentially lyrical. There results the fact that, while the climaxes are delivered with real fervour, a good deal of the effect of contrast is lost owing to the want of true, pure singing in quieter moments. Mme. Saltzmann-Stevens, on the other hand, conveys more of the reversed impression. Her singing is at its best when there is no weighty emotional impulse to be conveyed. The duets in both the first and second acts were therefore ill-balanced in this respect. The other rôles, including Herr Willy Bader's Marke and Herr Peter Unkel's Melot, were capably filled. Herr Rottenberg conducted, giving a sound reading of the score, if not one characterised by very great breadth of style or exceptional clarity in the playing of the orchestra.

ROYAL OPERA.

"TRISTAN UND ISOLDE."

Tristan	Herr Peter Cornelius
Kurwenal	Herr Anton van Rooy
Marke	Herr Willy Bader
Brangäne ..	Mme. Kirkby Lunn
Isolde	Mme. Saltzmann-Stevens

May 8 1913

Conductor—Dr. Rottenberg

Although *Tristan* was given last night at Covent Garden for the first time this season, it has thrown its shadow before it more than once during the last few weeks. The last act of *Siegfried* and the whole of *Götterdämmerung* were written after the interval during which *Tristan* and *Die Meistersinger* were composed, and by contrast with the earlier parts of the *Ring* they show the influence of Wagner's maturer thought both in the closeness of the thematic texture and in the richer orchestration. *Tannhäuser* too, in the version that is now played, shows the influence of *Tristan* in the new ballet music which was inserted two years after the completion of the later opera, for it was only when he had his head full of *Tristan*, as he told Frau Wesendonck in one of his letters, that he felt he had sufficient power to rewrite the bacchanal as he wanted it to be. *Tristan*, however, stands apart from the *Ring* and *Tannhäuser*, and indeed from all the rest of Wagner's works, in so far as the drama is simpler and more concentrated and the musical material more homogeneous than in any of the other operas. But these special beauties also involve their own difficulties, for anything that is not in the picture and not musically consistent stands out from the frame far more than is the case with the operas that are more episodic. That is why the long suspension of the dramatic action for King Mark's soliloquy seems more of a blot than any of Wotan's equally lengthy interruptions in the *Ring*.

As Mme. Saltzmann-Stevens and Herr Cornelius were once more the protagonists last night, it is unnecessary to make detailed comment on their performances. Mme. Saltzmann-Stevens, as usual, brought out the pathetic side of Isolde's character and did not try to insist on her turbulence and passion; Herr Cornelius was blunt and straightforward, as one who had long observed and admired the methods of Kurwenal. He was in good voice last night, and did not seem to be fatigued even in the third act, but both he and Isolde sang a little flat in the duet in the second. They both also had to exert themselves to be heard at the end of the first act and elsewhere at the climaxes; but although in this respect Dr. Rottenberg challenges comparison with Herr Nikisch, he obtained an admirable performance otherwise, working the orchestral effects up with more freedom and greater suppleness than he had shown earlier in the season. As to the rest of the characters, Mme. Kirkby Lunn and Herr van Rooy repeated their familiar performances of the parts of Brangäne and Kurwenal, and Herr Willy Bader made an impressive figure of the sententious King. The promontory and flight of steps which glided into view as the ship approached land in the first act is, we fancy, a new device. It would no doubt have been approved of by Wagner, who liked attempts at realism on the stage.

ORPHEUS CHORAL SOCIETY

DR. DAVIES'S "EVERYMAN," AT HAMPSTEAD.

May 9 1913

Last night, at the Hampstead Conservatoire, Dr. Walford Davies's "Everyman" was performed by the Orpheus Choral and Orchestral Society. This is an organization which may not be well known in central London, but it does none the less good work for that. Indeed, a choir which can hold a challenge cup open to all societies in the United Kingdon obviously must be one of considerable attainments. The acoustic properties of the hall at the Conservatoire are not of the best, and the singing undoubtedly suffered last night from this defect. There was too much resonance, for instance, for the words to be heard distinctly or the finer shades of expression in quiet moments. When

he orchestra was silent, however, one had a better idea of the choir's skill. The conductor, Mr. Claud Powell, is evidently a musician who understands what to expect from a choir and has the authority to extract it. One could not help being much struck with the range of expression in the singing, and the uniformly pure and well-balanced quality of tone.

In selecting Dr. Davies's cantata for performance Mr. Powell afforded music-lovers an opportunity of hearing once again an interesting, if not wholly satisfying, composition. The text was extraordinarily difficult to set effectively owing to its archaic character and its all-pervading sombre mood. Clever as Dr. Davies's music is, it does not overcome the obstacle of avoiding the monotonous. This is chiefly owing to the want of really strong individuality in the score; the composer's style here is too indefinite, and sometimes one feels the influence of Elgar, at others of Brahms. But there are some very effective pages, and the treatment of the solo music is often extremely happy and pleasing. The soloists were Miss Ada Forrest, Miss Lydia John, Mr. Hubert Eisdell, and Mr. Thorpe Bates, the last-named being especially successful in infusing fervency into the delivery of Everyman's strains.

The concert began with a capital performance of the "Magic Flute" overture.

may 9, 1913

"EVERYMAN."

It is some time since Dr. Walford Davies's cantata *Everyman* has been heard in London, and the Orpheus Choral and Orchestral Society did well to give it at the Hampstead Conservatoire last night, and did still better in giving it as they did—that is to say, in a way which showed that the choir had studied the music until they knew it so well that it was easy to them to sing it with conviction and meaning. The thorough knowledge of the choir was invaluable, for the orchestral playing, especially in such intricate numbers as the choruses of "Kindred," "Fellowship," and "Riches," was often clumsy and uncertain. This was not altogether the fault of the players, for Dr. Davies's orchestration at the time he wrote *Everyman* was experimental and immature compared with his choral writing, and that is bound to show in a performance largely undertaken by amateurs. Moreover, Mr. Claud Powell, the conductor, showed far more grip of the singers, whom he has taught with admirable devotion and skill, than of the orchestra, which is always more apt to test a conductor's powers at the moment of performance. The work of Mr. Thorpe Bates, who sang the part of "Everyman," was on a much higher level than that of the other three solo singers, none of whom seemed to understand the music thoroughly. Miss Ada Forrest made a bad mistake at a crucial point, the entrance of "Good Deeds" at the climax of the prayer, and generally her voice sounded hard and shrill. Neither Miss Lydia John (Knowledge) nor Mr. Hubert Eisdell (Death) were strong enough to be very effective. So the most successful numbers were those in which Mr. Thorpe Bates and the choir together took command of the situation, and among these the beautiful *finale* to the first part stood out as an unusually sympathetic interpretation of a most moving piece of music.

MISS HELEN FAYREBANKES.

This American soprano gave at Bechstein Hall last night a recital which was very well worth hearing. She was accompanied by Miss Ellen Tuckfield.

Miss Fayrebankes has a strong voice of a sufficient range, and she has obviously taken great pains with her songs and knows them thoroughly. This enabled her to feel at ease in any music which asked for great physical effort: the greater the demand, the more she seemed to rise to it. Thus in Strauss's "Cäcilie," Schubert's "Erlkönig," or Debussy's "Air de Lia" there was never any fear that she could not meet all liabilities. But what more particularly distinguishes her singing is the artistic temperament which welds the song together and offers it as a complete whole. She found as if by instinct, though it was art, the right mood for Liszt's "Liebestraum" and Debussy's "Fantoches"; and Schubert's "Wohin" was on the right lines, though it would have been improved if a little more had been made of the last verse. may 9-13

Miss Fayrebankes was admirably accompanied by Miss Tuckfield, who seemed to understand completely both the singer and each individual song.

CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.

may 10-13

MOZART AT THE CORONET.

It is only a day or two since one lamented in these columns the neglect of Schumann's symphonies. When the Royal Carl Rosa Opera Company gave their first performance of "The Magic Flute" at the Coronet Theatre last night one was once more reminded how dreadfully we have neglected that most extraordinary opera of the immortal Mozart. Seldom indeed has that once much-discussed work been performed in England during the last thirty or forty years. A few years ago the pupils of the Royal College of Music gave, if memory serves us aright, a matinée performance at a West-end theatre; a most interesting production in English (in Mr. Dent's splendid translation) took place a year ago or so at Cambridge, and drew experts and connoisseurs from all parts of the country; and its first appearance last night in the répertoire of the Carl Rosa company was therefore an event of more than usual interest.

History tells us that Mozart experienced many artistic vicissitudes in the making of this opera, and that the finished article was extremely unlike the original design. Everybody concerned had, to use a vulgarism, a "look in." In any case, its almost weird mixture of political and masonic and esoteric symbolism of a foreign society in the eighteenth century must always trouble the average music-lover who wants to get at the meaning of a libretto. Mozart's libretto has troubled many people before now, but his music remains, and, despite one or two exceptional passages for the "Queen of the Night" (most creditably sung last night by Miss Beatrice Miranda), it is a thing for all time. How delicious the padlock scene in the first act and the quintet which follows, and, later, the mutual fright of Papageno and Monostatos! These were capitally done, and the chorus work was generally good. The opera was conducted by Mr. Walter van Noorden, and when the orchestra has got into its stride even better results may be expected. The Papageno was Miss Dorothy Lawson Taylor; the three Genii were the Misses Winifred Geverdiug, Gladys Deane, and Janet Hemsley; the Tamino, Mr. Hedmondt; the Sarastro, Mr. Winckworth; the Papageno, Mr. Frederick Clendon; the Monostatos, Mr. Charles Neville; the first and second priests, Messrs. Samuel Lansdale and William O'Connor; and the Pamina, Miss Elizabeth Burgess. There was a large audience—mostly, it could be observed, of people who reverence and love their Mozart.

THE ROYAL OPERA.

"DER FLIEGENDE HOLLÄNDER."

It is some years since the Grand Opera Syndicate mounted "Der Fliegende Holländer," and its revival at Covent Garden on Saturday was welcome, particularly as forming part of the special attention to Wagner's works in this the centenary year of his birth. Unfortunately, we were not given a very stimulating performance. Just exactly the one quality needed to make the composer's early manner tell, very strong vitality of rhythm, was not felt, and apart from the obvious high lights, the spinning chorus (though that might well have had a little more crispness), Senta's ballad, or the Dutchman's opening scena, things went tamely.

* * *

The occasion, however, was notable for one thing, the reappearance of no less distinguished a singer than Mlle. Destinn. The rounds of applause at the close of the second act were a measure of the affection and esteem with which this fine artist is rightly regarded by the opera-going public. She sang with all her accustomed intensity and vocal beauty, so that at any rate here one had distinction. That some disappointment was experienced at the Dutchman of Herr Hofbauer was due seemingly to the feeling that the part is not one which really suits him. His personality, all the same, came through, but it could not colour the characterisation quite convincingly. One needed more weight and authority of manner. Herr Fönss succeeded well as Daland, and did not exaggerate his effects. He sang very well and sonorously. Herr Hensel was a satisfactory Erik. Dr. Rottenberg infused too little enthusiasm into his conducting, and here lay chiefly the reason for the general impression of the performance being so indecisive in its effect. Early Wagner, indeed, can be dull unless given with great verve, breadth, and control of climax.

may 12-13

ROYAL OPERA.

DER FLIEGENDE HOLLÄNDER.

Der Holländer	Herr Hofbauer
Daland	Herr Fönss
Erik	Herr Hensel
Steuermann	Mr. Furness Williams
Mary	Miss Kathleen Howard
Senta	Mlle. Destinn

Conductor—Dr. Rottenberg

Der Fliegende Holländer was given on Saturday night for the first time in a summer season since 1908, but it has not been altogether neglected in the interval, since Mr. Beecham gave some admirable performances of it in his winter season of 1910. It lives, in spite of its obvious inconsistencies, because of the strength of Wagner's characterization in the parts which really appealed to him. One does not therefore feel it to be immature in the same way that *Tannhäuser* is immature. There, apart from the scenes which he rewrote, one generally feels that he is trying to express things which he was not really ready to express naturally. But he had visualized the chief characters of *Der Fliegende Holländer* so clearly and felt the main motives of the story so deeply that wherever he could isolate them from the surroundings he wrote music for them which is as genuinely his own as anything he wrote later. The Dutchman's theme, the storm music, his soliloquy on first reaching land, Senta's ballad, and the meeting of the Dutchman and Senta are things which he could have left untouched with complete confidence if he had taken up the opera for revision late in life. They could not have been said better at any time. Apart from them, there are many things which are delightful to hear in the music of Daland and Erik, the spinning chorus and the steersman's song, but Wagner had not found out how to keep secondary matter in its place. Where it is interesting it leaps into the foreground; where it is not it becomes trivial.

In Saturday's performance the essential things were made peculiarly vital by the two chief characters. Mlle. Destinn, who was making her first appearance of this season, has every resource at command which can make the character of Senta felt. From the first moment when she hummed the theme of the ballad to herself up to the moment of resolution, "Ich sei's, die dich durch ihre Treu' erlöse," she made one feel through her voice the intense absorption of the character; and later it was not only by her magnificent singing but by every detail of her acting, even to the nervous movements of her hands as she listened to Erik's appeal, that she obtained an ideal representation of the part. Herr Hofbauer, too, sang very finely, though early in the soliloquy, "Dich frage ich, gepriesner Engel Gottes," there was a moment where his intonation was not quite certain. Generally, however, his voice told easily without signs of effort, and his dignity of manner gave everything that was wanted in appearance. Herr Hensel is suited by the comparatively slight part of Erik, and his duet with Mlle. Destinn in the second act was admirably done on his part as on hers. Herr Fönss acted and sang the rather irritatingly obtrusive part of Daland with excellent judgment, from which Mr. Furness Williams, his steersman, might learn a useful lesson. The spinning chorus might have been smoother and more in character given with fewer voices, the best ones picked out of the large choir, but most of the *ensemble*, and especially the orchestral playing, was of a high order.

ROYAL OPERA.

"THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

At Dresden three-score years and ten ago there was produced "Der Fliegende Holländer," an opera that had already been refused by more than one opera house. For seven and twenty subsequent years it lay unsung in England. Then came the historical performance at Drury Lane in 1870, when the opera was called "L'Olandese dannato"; the performance by the Carl Rosa company at the Lyceum in 1876, when the work was described as "The Flying Dutchman": and, finally, the production at Covent Garden in 1877, when the title was "Il Vascello fantasma." Nowadays we call it "Der Fliegende Holländer," and include it in the German portion of our grand opera season. Probably it signifies nothing to a large section of the British public in what language the opera is sung or its title is written, for have not most of us of older growth been familiar with the music and the story from infancy? And it seems that this familiarity is still with us, and that the younger generation, following in its ancestors' steps, is also determined to know its "Dutchman," for Covent Garden was crowded from stalls to gallery slips on Saturday night, when the opera was presented for the first time in the grand season for some five or six years. Further, the reception given it was of the most cordial description. may 12-13

This fact gives one pause, and induces the thought that as yet the new generation does not know its "Dutchman," at any rate more than superficially, for had it had a wider experience it would have known that this performance was in reality not one over which to lose one's head in wild delirium of enthusiasm. No doubt there was much in it to admire—for instance, the beautiful mezza-voce singing of Miss Destinn, who as Senta now made her first appearance for this season, or the warmth of Mr. Hensel's portrayal of the rôle of Erik. But there was much else that was not of the highest order of merit, or at least in which we did not see eye to eye with the singers. Firstly, there was Mr. Hofbauer's representation of the Dutchman. The miserable, ill-fated wanderer had, of course, a great weight of woe to bear, but we do not recollect in former representations that he was made to appear a rather mean, cringing, even mawkish man of no particular character, which seems to have been Mr. Hofbauer's view. Moreover, Mr Hofbauer was not in good voice, and he sang woefully off the key in the (even now) fine scene "Die Frist ist um." It may be that he, like his colleagues Mr. Van Rooy and Mr. Putnam Griswold, was somewhat under the weather, for he is usually a fine artist, and has shown on more than one occasion this year that he is also a distinguished singer; but the fact remains that his Dutchman was quite an ordinary impersonation. The versatile Mr. Fönss was a very amiable and rather sentimental Daland, and Miss Howard did well as Mary; but Mr. Furness Williams left almost everything to be desired as the Steersman. The Sailors' chorus, which seemed to have been cut about a good deal, was roughly sung, but that of Senta's companions went very well. Dr. Rottenberg was the conductor, and, by a persistent dragging of the tempo, took much of the life out of the performance.

"FLYING DUTCHMAN."

MLLE. DESTINN'S RETURN TO COVENT GARDEN.

The chief feature of the revival of "Der Fliegende Hollander" at Covent Garden on Saturday evening was the reappearance this season of Mlle. Destinn, who took the role of Senta.

Mlle. Destinn has now firmly established herself as a first favourite at Covent Garden, and her welcome back, from the large audience, was a very enthusiastic one, with many calls after the second act.

Mlle. Destinn was in very fine voice, and sang with great vocal beauty as well as dramatic intensity. Her rendering of the familiar ballade was thrilling in effect, and the whole of her big scene in the second act was a crescendo of dramatic and vocal interest. May 12 '13

As the Dutchman, Herr Hofbauer proved almost equally convincing. There is no mistaking the very great gifts of this artist, who is perhaps even greater as an actor than as a singer. But his singing is always pleasing to the ear, and in dramatic significance it is quite wonderful. Herr Hofbauer, indeed, made the best that can be made out of the over-long passages which the Dutchman has to sing.

Another excellent piece of work was that of Herr Foess—another artist for whom one's admiration constantly grows—as Daland. His fine sonorous voice and quiet dignity on the stage made his work very effective. The Erik of the occasion was Herr Hensel, who sang with his usual facility and lyric finish.

Herr Rottenberg conducted the performance carefully, the orchestral playing being good without being in any way inspiring

May 14 '13

ROYAL OPERA.

"LOHENGRIN."

Elsa	Frl. PERARD-PETZL
Ortrud	Mme. KIRKBY LUNN
Heinrich der Vogler ..	Herr WILLY BADER
Telramund	Herr AUGUST KIESS
Heerrufer	Mr. JAMES GODDARD
Lohengrin	Herr HEINRICH HENSEL

Conductor—Dr. ROTTENBERG

Though *Lohengrin* was postponed for nearly a fortnight on account of Herr Jadlowker's illness, it had eventually to be given without him, and Herr Hensel took the part last night. If he is not entirely an ideal Lohengrin—one is inclined to ask who is—his voice was exceedingly effective whenever he had the stage to himself. In the *ensemble* of the first act he forced his voice, producing a hard, unpleasant tone, and indeed it was difficult to believe that it was the same voice which in quieter passages had such a mellow quality and ease of expression.

Since *Lohengrin* is the last of Wagner's spectacular operas, a great deal of its life depends upon the *ensembles* between the solo voices and the chorus, and these were the weak part of last night's performance. The chorus singing was generally rather slack and untidy, and the intonation was sometimes untrue. In contrast to the shortcomings of the big scenes, that between Elsa and Ortrud in the second act was intensely enjoyable. The singing of Frl. Perard-Petzl and Mme. Kirkby Lunn was thoroughly musical, the one exquisitely delicate, the other true and strong. Herr Kiess was a bold and vigorous Telramund. The hard edge to his notes is an advantage in the part, and his declamation in the first scene was extraordinarily incisive. Herr Willy Bader's voice, on the other hand, had not quite sufficient natural command for the part of the Landgrave, and he seemed to be straining it upon the high notes. Mr. Goddard sang the part of the Herald finely.

JULIA CULP SINGS AT GARDEN CONCERT

First of a Series of Popular Priced Sunday Recitals Brings Out Large Audience.

The first of a series of Sunday night concerts at popular prices was given at Madison Square Garden last night by a large orchestra conducted by David Mannes. Mme. Julia Culp, the Dutch lieder singer, was the soloist. The prices for these concerts ranged from 15 cents to $1. May 19 '13

The programme included Beethoven's Fifth Symphony and the third "Leonore" overture, Wagner's "Rienzi" overture, the introduction to the third act and the bridal chorus from "Lohengrin," the fire [illegible] and the ride of the Valkyries from "Walkuere," the procession of the [illegible] of the Holy Grail from "Par[illegible]" the prelude to "Die Meistersinger."

Mme. Culp sang Beethoven's "Adelaide," Schubert's "Ave Maria," Liszt's "Angiolin dal biondo crin," Lully's "Bois Epais," a Welsh song arranged by Beethoven, Reichardt's "Phyllis und die Mutter," and Catherine Van Rennes's "Wiegenliedje." Coenraad Von Bos played her accompaniments.

There was a large and enthusiastic audience.

A Sunday Night Concert.

The first of the series of popular concerts planned to be given in Madison Square Garden took place last night, and although the orchestral programme was an attractive one and had the great reinforcement of Madame Julia Culp, the audience looked small in the vast spaces of the Garden. The orchestra of about 100 musicians was placed on a platform in the middle of the Garden, and chairs were arranged on all four sides, but last night only the seats on the south were used. The people filled this side, including the boxes, pretty well up to the top gallery. It was noticeable that the long line of ticket buyers was at the window of the higher-priced seats, and the dollar seats of the arena boxes and most of the seventy-five-cent seats were taken, while the lower-priced seats on the floor were vacant.

David Mannes conducted the orchestra, which played the "Leonore" overture No. 3 and Fifth Symphony of Beethoven, the "Rienzi" overture, selections from "Lohengrin" and "Die Walküre," the "Parsifal" knights' processional, and the "Meistersinger" prelude with zeal and precision; but the acoustics of the Garden were poor, and some of the more delicate shadings were as lost as if played in the open air.

Madame Culp's voice, however, surmounted all disadvantages, and her clear strong notes rang through the Garden with as much apparent fulness as in a more favorable hall. She sang Beethoven's "Adelaide" and Schubert's "Ave Maria," with orchestral accompaniment, and a group of songs with Coenraad V. Bos at the piano. This group, with one exception, however, was not the one on the printed programme, and Mme. Culp had apparently looked over her audience and chosen what she thought they would like. She sang "Schubert's Serenade" and "Du bist die Ruh"; Beethoven's arrangement of the Welsh song, "The Cottage Maid"; "Long, Long Ago," and for an encore gave "Robin Adair."

Those who remember the final concerts which Theodore Thomas gave in Madison Square Garden will recall that the orchestra was placed at the Fourth Avenue end, with seats for those who came to hear immediately in front, the remainder of the floor being occupied with tables at which refreshments were served. The latter would not be possible at Sunday night concerts, but the orchestra could be heard with better effect if its platform were at the end. The great unoccupied space would then also be less apparent.

MELBA IN LONDON.

May 19

RETURN TO COVENT GARDEN.

TWO ANNIVERSARIES.

May 19 '13

To-day all the world wishes Nellie Melba "Many happy returns." It is her birthday, and on Thursday evening, in "La Bohème," she celebrates the twenty-fifth anniversary of her first appearance at Covent Garden. May 22, 1888, was also a Thursday, and on that evening the famous prima donna made her début in "Lucia di Lammermoor," under Sir Augustus Harris. "They seem to have forgotten poor old Augustus Harris," she said; "he was a dear, and he did such a lot for me."

For Madame Melba this is a week, indeed, that will evoke memories. Last night she returned from Paris, where she has just given two concerts at the newly-built Théâtre Astruc. "Twenty-five years' hard labour" was the way she summed up her career—and her luggage had not yet arrived, nor her maid. One's principal impression, in talking to the great singer, (writes a correspondent) is that one is in the presence of a personality to whom hard work is as the breath of life. Her energy and enthusiasm are a part of her temperament—qualities that must surely infect every collaborateur with whom she comes in contact. For ten months in the year Madame Melba is working, August and September allowing her a just-sufficient respite from the excitement and vicissitudes and worries and triumphs of opera "seasons" and concert tours.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

On Thursday the audience at Covent Garden will surely welcome, with more than its usual enthusiasm, the return of one who has done more than her share in contributing to the pleasure of a generation of opera-goers. "I find audiences pretty much the same everywhere," she replied in answer to a question; "the differences between them are only slightly temperamental. The Italians may snap their fingers and cry "Basta, basta!" if they don't like something, and the French may be a little more voluble than our Britishers one way or the other; but I love a London audience, and to-day it seems to me to be more than ever generous and enthusiastic. Twenty-five years ago we travelled less than we do now, and perhaps that makes a difference."

With delightful simplicity Madame Melba talked about the various landmarks in her brilliant career. I had asked her what she considered the greatest triumph, the apex, of her career. "My return to Melbourne," she said, "after sixteen years. That was the most deeply emotional experience in my professional life, and I shall never forget it. I was coming home, you know, and—well, you know what I mean. Then there was the first night at the Grand Opera in Paris in '89, when I sang in 'Hamlet,' and the first night at La Scala, in Milan, four or five years later. Those were things I can't easily forget."

MELBOURNE AND MELBA.

At her first operatic appearance in London Madame Melba was described as a "new light soprano, who had been winning laurels at the Brussels Monnaie." Previously she had sung at a concert in the Prince's Hall, under her own name of Mrs. Nellie Armstrong, but the professional necessity of the time—a necessity now practically non-existent—demanded a stage-name, with an un-English "ring" about it, and, as most people know, the prima donna hit haphazard upon the topographical pseudonym of Melba from her native city of Melbourne. To-day, she assured me, if she had her career to begin again, she would certainly sing under her own name. Surely a word of advice to scores of ambitious singers!

At the moment it is not quite decided how many of the operas in Madame Melba's répertoire will be heard during the next few weeks. "Rigoletto," "Traviata," "Faust," and "Romeo and Juliet" are on the tapis, in addition to "La Bohème." Possibly they will all be heard. Madame Melba herself has no preference. "I never sing," she said, "in an opera I don't like. I haven't got a favourite opera. But I'm always nervous. I'm quite unbearable, quite unfit for decent society for hours before the performance. After the first act I feel better."

A PRIMA DONNA'S APPRECIATIONS.

The tremendous esteem in which the prima donna is held may be guessed from the fact that within one hour of the first announcement of the performance on Thursday evening next every seat in the house was sold, and at eleven o'clock in the morning there was a queue of 300 or 400 people outside the box-office, waiting their turn to buy seats that could not be sold.

Such is fame. But Madame Melba bears her honours modestly, and is always anxious to praise other people. Nikisch, for example, who has played her pianoforte accompaniments at the Gewandhaus in Leipzig, as she said, "divinely," and Henry J. Wood, of whom she could only speak in terms of superlative admiration. Her overwhelming success at a special Sunday concert in the Albert Hall a fortnight ago, which she shared with Mr. Kubelik, may possibly result in an "overflow" concert in June. This, however, is still sub judice, but for the sake of the six thousand people who were refused admission one may well hope for a favourable verdict. At her concerts in Paris she sang Dupare's superb "Phydilé" and the "Chanson Triste," as well as the "Mad Scene" from "Hamlet" and a Mozart aria in which Mr. Kubelik played the obbligato.

"A fried sole at five o'clock and a glass of hot water is my meal before the opera, and when I come home I have a raw apple for supper. And I'm so glad you like Duparc. Au revoir!"

MR. DAREWSKI'S CONCERT.

Mr. Darewski gave an orchestral concert at Queen's Hall last night with Mr. Landon Ronald and the New Symphony Orchestra, in which he played the solo part in two piano concertos, Beethoven's in C minor and Saint-Saëns's in G minor. May 20 '13

He is an exceedingly clever player and, except for a few places (the first announcement of the theme of Beethoven's Concerto was one of them), where the loud tone became a little coarse, there was no doubt but that everything had the effect which he intended it to have. His phrasing was extraordinarily clean and crisp in both works, and in the slow movement of Beethoven's Concerto there was beauty of tone, yet the certainty that the player was doing just what he wanted to do was in some respects a drawback. Mr. Darewski seemed to let us see a little too much of the prose side of artistic performance, the study and preparation of results, and he just failed to give the feeling of spontaneity which counts for so much to the hearer. There are some players who can play a work in substantially the same way a hundred times and yet make one feel that they come to it fresh the hundred and first time. Without this capacity the bloom is bound to be brushed away from such a delicate movement as the Scherzo in Saint-Saëns's Concerto in G minor, and no amount of cleanness and

crispness will restore it. It was done with remarkable brilliance by both the pianist and the conductor, but one would have willingly sacrificed a little of the neatness for just a little more swing in its second theme. The *finale* was taken at a very fast *tempo*, and Mr. Darewski seemed to revel in showing with what unfailing exactitude he could bring off the most trying passages at a high speed. Between the two concertos Mr. Landon Ronald and his orchestra played the "Siegfried Idyll," and here again the music seemed too much subordinated to the conductor's virtuosity. But it was less successful than the pianist's display, for the players, particularly the horns and clarinets, did not always respond neatly to his demands.

MISS MUNTHE-KAAS'S RECITAL.

Miss Munthe-Kaas, the Norwegian soprano, gave a recital, chiefly of German and Norwegian songs, at Æolian Hall last night. She was assisted by Miss Mary Barratt (pianist). The accompaniments were in the hands of Mr. Richard Epstein.

This is one of those refreshing voices which inspire immediate confidence both by their simplicity and directness and by the feeling they give that, however great the demand upon them, there will be plenty to meet it. The careful training which the singer shows at all points has not tired the voice in the least; there is no sense of effort: and though, of course, notes will come out less well in some contexts than in others, there is an air of confident light-heartedness which accepts little difficulties as all in the day's work, and sings away over them. The songs improved as the evening went on; Schumann's went better than Beethoven's, and Strauss's "Ständchen" still better. There was no harm in including Rosina's Cavatina from *The Barber of Seville* in case there should be any in the room who doubted the flexibility and the compass of her voice; but Miss Munthe-Kaas gave even greater pleasure with songs of Sinding and Grieg, especially "Den Jungfru gik" of the former and "Verdens Gang" of the latter.

Miss Barratt was similarly at her best with the music of her own countrymen. Her playing of Liszt's E major Polonaise showed honest work and a musical perception; the coarse parts were played without any pretence that they were good music, and the filagree work with great delicacy. But the real flavour of her playing was to be tasted in the music of Grieg and Sinding and Sgambati's "Tarrata." She earned special words of thanks for her effective and accurate use of the pedal, and for giving us for once a holiday from Chopin.

TWO FRENCH ARTISTS.

The first of two joint vocal and violin recitals was given in the Bechstein Hall last night by Mme. Renée Feutray, of the Lamoureux Concerts, and M. Marcel Bonnemain. The former, who made her debut in London on this occasion, has a fine mezzo-soprano voice, strong in volume, rich in quality, and wide in range. She is also endowed with a fund of dramatic insight, enabling her to use it with good effect. In an air from Paisiello's "Proserpine" and the Beethoven series "An die entfernte Geliebte" she had no difficulty in winning a favourable reception from her hearers. It may be remarked that both these numbers were sung in her own language, French, and not in Italian or German. How dearly one wishes that our native singers would follow such an admirable example! That they elect to shroud their interpretative powers in a foreign medium marks our musical culture as no further than that of Vienna in Mozart's day.

The violinist, M. Bonnemain, was heard in a Nardini sonata and one by Guillaume Lekeu (1870—1894). He showed plenty of artistic talent, and albeit his phrasing was too little polished and his tone became hard at times, the soft and silky effect of his piano playing was undeniable. The sonata by Lekeu, in which he was assisted by Miss Dorü Bernich, proved an interesting, ambitious work. The dates tell their own tale, and undoubtedly Lekeu had considerable creative powers. While not unconditionally accepting all the harmonic features of the three movements, one realised the presence of thought and maturity, and would be glad to hear the work again.

SIGNOR TAMINI'S CONCERT.

Signor Tamini gave an orchestral concert with the London Symphony Orchestra at Queen's Hall last night, Signor Serafin, of Milan, conducting. Signor Tamini's own share in the programme was not a very large one. He sang an aria from Halevy's *La Juive* in Italian, the "Lenzlied" from *Die Walküre* in German, and a small group of songs with piano accompaniment, including one in English. It was sufficient to show his audience that his musical culture is wider than that of many Italian tenors. But his singing of Schubert's "Erstarrung" and Dvorák's "Wird doch die Liebe" was marred by the inferior tradition of the opera, which dwells upon effective notes and lingers over cadences for the sake of getting the maximum amount of tone. Moreover, the quality of Signor Tamini's tone is still very unequal. Sometimes it was hard and coarse, but in the middle section of the song from *Die Walküre* it came with a freedom and richness which was surprisingly fine.

The programme was made more interesting than such concerts generally are by the unusual choice of the orchestral pieces. Signor Serafin's treatment of Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel" seemed unnecessarily noisy and heavy-handed, but he also gave Moussorgsky's Fantasia, "Une nuit sur le Mont Chauve," a striking piece of imaginative programme music which has not often been heard since Mr. Kussewitzky introduced it four years ago, a Nocturne by Martucci, and Sinigaglia's brilliant Overture, "Le Baruffe Chiozzotte." The nocturne had not been played in England before. It is full of suave and pleasantly sentimental melody. Signor Serafin's sympathetic performance of the two Italian pieces was particularly enjoyable.

A HARP AND VOCAL RECITAL.

Miss Gwendolen Mason (harp) and Mr. Percy Heming (baritone) gave a joint recital at Æolian Hall on Tuesday afternoon. Miss Mason played Ravel's Introduction and Allegro for Harp with the assistance of a string quartet led by Mr. Wynn Reeves, a flute (Miss Penville), a clarinet (Mr. Draper), and percussion (Mr. Quaife), besides several solo pieces. Miss Mason sang four of Dr. Ethel Smyth's songs to the accompaniment of the same combination of instruments, which were conducted by the composer, and a catholic programme of other songs which included "Si tra i ceppi," Brahms's "So willst du des Armen," Weingartner's "Post im Walde," and some Hebridean Folk-songs.

In Ravel's music Miss Mason showed excellent command of her instrument and a thorough knowledge of her part in this interesting combination, in which the clarinet justified its name and sounded at times like a trumpet, and the mellow notes of the flute's low octave had opportunities which do not often occur in the orchestra. That the music was as beautiful as it was interesting seemed to be the result of the skill and extreme care of all the performers, and of the pains they had been at to get at its true meaning. They were not so well suited, however, for the accompaniment of a rich baritone voice in Dr. Ethel Smyth's songs, owing to the lack of bass; the harp has enough to do to supply its own bass, and a single violoncello was not enough to weld the whole together. The words of the songs were ill suited for music; they were treated in the manner of Moussorgsky, with whom the voice takes the part of a Greek chorus and comments on the situations and the progress of the music. Mr. Heming found more scope for his undoubted powers in Handel's song, which, with Mr. Liddle's irresistible accompaniment, was a stirring performance.

SIGNOR TAMINI'S CONCERT.

After a lengthy absence, Signor Tamini, the dramatic tenor, made his reappearance in London last night at an orchestral concert given in the Queen's Hall. He was heard in two operatic selections, the aria, "Rachele, allor che Iddio," from Halévy's "L'Ebrea," and Siegmund's "Liebeslied," out of "Die Walküre," as well as in several songs. He has improved considerably since he was last heard in this country, and is undoubtedly a fine singer of considerable achievements. The quality of his tones was rather hard and fibrous at first in forte passages, but as the evening wore on he got more at his ease, and "Winterstürme" was beautifully given in this respect. The advantages, too, of clear, expressive diction and perfect platform assurance considerably enhanced the strength of his appeal. Only in the matter of suggestion does he as yet fail to satisfy. The vocal contrasts were too much mere physical alternatives of forte and piano, and, however well-considered the climaxes and other effects might be, they lacked the deep conviction of a poetical interpretation.

The London Symphony Orchestra, which supplied the accompaniments, also contributed various pieces under the bâton of Signor Tullio Serafin, from La Scala, Milan, who made his first appearance in this country as a conductor. "Till Eulenspiegel" was the chief number, and of this Signor Serafin gave a remarkably vigorous reading. All the freakish and turbulent passages were brought out in a highly-characteristic manner, even if the music as a whole lacked finish. The same qualities of strength and impetuosity secured still finer performances of the Berlioz "Marche Hongroise" and the overture to Smetana's "Bartered Bride," which fully established Signor Serafin's claim to recognition. In a "Nocturne" of Martucci, performed for the first time in England, he failed, however, to suggest the tender qualities inherent in that type of music.

ROYAL OPERA.

"LA TOSCA."

Floria Tosca ..	Mlle. EMMY DESTINN
Mario Cavaradossi ..	Signor GIOVANNI MARTINELLI
Il Barone Scarpia ..	Signor ANTONIO SCOTTI

Conductor.—Signor GIORGIO POLACCO

This year's Italian season seems to be the occasion for renewing old acquaintances. On Tuesday night Signor Caruso and Miss Alice Nielsen returned after a long absence from Covent Garden, and last night the crowded audience welcomed back Signor Scotti, who has not sung here for years.

As Scarpia, too, he reappeared in one of his most familiar *rôles*—one which gives him opportunities not only for using his voice but for expressing his personality in his acting. The very moment he breaks through the chattering acolytes and sends his police agents scurrying down the cathedral aisles in search of evidence of Angelotti he dominates the stage, and even at the end, when the voices of the crowd rise above the organ and the booming of the cannon at the gates, Scarpia remains the central figure. Signor Scotti, who was very warmly received by the house, sang with the same splendidly resonant tone and clear diction that one associates with him, and both in the church scene and in that of the torture acted with all his old distinction, combining finesse with breadth and vigour. Mlle. Destinn in the familiar part of Tosca played up to Signor Scotti with fine conviction, and, as she was in remarkably fresh voice, a very full-blooded performance was given of the second act. Signor Martinelli does not act less stiffly than he did last year, but he sang out easily and with a fine resonant tone; a little less tone, however, would have been an improvement in the song before the picture (which is on its way to becoming an old master) and would have kept the whole scene lighter. In a different way, too, the Sacrestan of Signor Malatesta and the Police Agent of Signor Zucchi were too heavy, the detail being too minute and exaggerated. It only remains to add that the orchestral playing under Signor Polacco was very vigorous and clean.

THE ROYAL OPERA.

PUCCINI'S "LA TOSCA."

The present week sees Italian opera well established at Covent Garden. Last night we had the first performance this season of Puccini's "La Tosca"; to-night the same composer's "La Bohème" is due, to-morrow "I Giojelli della Madonna" of Wolf-Ferrari, and "Aïda" on Saturday. If all go with a similar swing to "La Tosca," opera-goers will have no cause for complaint. Not only was there a fine cast last night, but the new conductor, Signor Giorgio Polacco proved to be a great acquisition. His tempi are full of vitality, his rhythms strong, while in addition he has a decided feeling for orchestral effect. Puccini's score, in fact, has surely never before been heard to greater advantage than on the present occasion. One always realised the composer's skill as an orchestrator, but somehow the full significance of "La Tosca" in this respect has not been made patent hitherto. The point is that there is just the difference between making the music sound well and giving it the additional character of atmospheric suggestiveness. Signor Polacco brought out many a touch of the kind, yet the playing was so clear that no one could legitimately complain of the singers being overweighted in the climaxes.

On the stage there was the admirable heroine of Mlle. Destinn with her skilful study of the character and her wonderfully beautiful singing. Then the return of Signor Scotti to his old familiar rôle of Scarpia gave us once again an impersonation of real distinction. Not perhaps quite in his best voice, he yet acted with splendid force and conviction. Signor Martinelli, who made so successful a début last year in the same part, appeared as Cavaradossi, and was once again admirable in every respect. His singing is marked by breadth of style, ease of delivery, and real power. With all the smaller parts well filled, including Signor Malatesta's Sacristan and Signor Zucchi's Spoletta, it will be seen that the whole performance reached a very high level. Nothing more spirited, incisive, or determined has been heard for a long time than the whole of the second act, and its note of cruel tragedy came out with telling force. There was present a large and very appreciative audience.

BECHSTEIN HALL.

Miss Ruby Holland's playing at her pianoforte recital at the Bechstein Hall yesterday afternoon was calculated to give real pleasure, though, perhaps, it did not quite produce those thrills down the spine which, after all, only the playing of the really great can command. She is, however, a clever executant and a capable artist, and there was a distinct measure of strength in her performance of Beethoven's Sonata in F minor, Op. 57, and of poetry in her readings of Chopin's Nocturne in C sharp minor, the Scherzo in the same key, two of the studies and the Impromptu in F sharp. Mozart's Fantasia in C minor and two of Scarlatti's sonatas were also very pleasantly played, while she ended her programme with a couple of Liszt's Legends.

A native of Vienna and a pupil of Godowsky, Mr. Hans Ebell is a pianist who has won so much praise abroad that his first London audience expected great things from him at Bechstein Hall last night. From the very outset it was plain, from his manner of attacking a well-constructed programme, that none of his hearers would be disappointed. He elected to begin his recital with Schumann's ever-welcome "Carneval," and he showed almost in the first bar that a want of temperament was the last fault to be attributed to him. At first, indeed, he was so energetic and fiery that it seemed for a space as if discretion must be swallowed up in enthusiasm. But Mr. Ebell is not a creature of one mood. He has plenty of imagination, and is by no means inclined to revel in his own technical powers at the expense of the music he is interpreting. His supple skill and well-directed judgment resulted in a performance that was sufficiently picturesque and buoyant to satisfy the most exacting taste, and to arouse high hopes for Mr. Ebell's future. No good purpose would be served by going in detail through a programme which contained Brahms's F minor Sonata, as well as transcriptions, by Liszt and Godowsky, of Schubert and Strauss. It is enough to say that Mr. Ebell is a player of distinction, and to add that he will be heard again in London before the end of the month.

THE ROYAL OPERA.

MME. MELBA'S REAPPEARANCE

Knowing that it is twenty-five years ago this May since Mme. Melba first sang at Covent Garden, every one was expecting to see scenes of enthusiasm at the theatre last night on the occasion of her reappearance this season; but could hardly have been prepared for what actually happened. Indeed, the whole thing was quite beyond the experiences of opera-goers. Great popular demonstrations are heard often enough at Covent Garden, but the beauty and touching nature of the tribute paid to Mme. Melba at the close of the third act of "La Bohème" was as notable as it was unique. After repeated recalls the curtains were again parted, and the distinguished singer suddenly found herself besieged by members of the chorus bearing baskets of flowers and bouquets in such profusion that the stage was quickly transformed into the semblance of a summer garden. It was the prettiest sight imaginable. Mme. Melba was obviously much moved by the extent and the charm of this demonstration, and, holding out a hand for silence, said, simply, it was impossible for her to find words to express her thanks.

* * *

The musical meaning of this, if one may so put it, is a recognition of the fact that Mme. Melba's singing remains as ever unparalleled in its style and perfection of method. Twenty-five years and more can never destroy that which was properly acquired in the first instance. Are we so careful nowadays? Do our singers, in the ever-increasing stress for place and fame, really realise what has been half the reason for such distinction as has fallen to the lot of Mme. Melba? It is no less when one comes to a modern work like Puccini's "La Bohème" than in those of the old-fashioned type that really good singing tells. Time after time last night Mimi's music was made to stand out from the orchestral tone, as it should, because of the singer's consummate art, colour control, perfect attack, and the greatest refinement of phrasing.

* * *

The rest of the performance was undoubtedly on an admirable level, for although Mr. John McCormack has not yet got rid of an occasional "throatiness," he sings now with an increasing sense of freedom and ease, and acts with real impulse. MM. Dinh Gilly, Aquistapace, and Malatesta completed the excellent quartet of Bohemians. Miss Lenora Sparkes was a capital Musetta, and Signor Zucchi doubled the rôles of Benoit and Alcindoro successfully. Signor Panizza conducted, and the whole performance had a good deal of vigour and liveliness.

STEINWAY HALL.

May 23, 1913

Though Mr. Percy Sherwood is well known and held in high esteem in Germany, where he holds a professorship at the Dresden Conservatoire, up to the present but little of his music has found its way into English concert programmes. That it deserves a better fate was clearly shown at the Steinway Hall last night, when, with Mr. Hans Neumann, he gave a concert of his own compositions. While there is nothing in his music that betrays the mind of a musical pioneer, there is much that is interesting and much that is very pleasing. The first movement of his pianoforte trio in F sharp minor, for example, contains some particularly bold and strong writing, the Coda being remarkably striking. The Andante is pleasant enough in a not very unusual way, but the Scherzo, with its delightful Trio, is an excellent movement, and there are a freshness and a melodic charm in the clever Finale which are most ingratiating. It was capitally played by the composer, Mr. Neumann and Mr. Percy Such. In addition, Mr. Sherwood played a graceful and most excellently written Barcarolle for pianoforte from his own pen. Mr. Joseph Ireland sang a number of his songs, of which "Colin" proved especially good, and the programme ended with his Sonata in G for pianoforte and violin.

New Orchestra Has Mussy Night for Its Debut

Italian Orchestral Society Braves the Weather and Plays Some New and Familiar Music.

May 23 1913

Besides being very late in the season, it was a muggy, depressing night for a new orchestra to begin its career, but the Italian Orchestral Society of New York braved all dangers last night and gave its first concert at Carnegie Hall. Originally it had been arranged to give the concert six weeks ago, but it was postponed.

One of the original reasons for forming the new society was to bring out symphonic music by Italian composers otherwise neglected. The programme was satisfying in this respect, for there was some new as well as familiar music. Next season the society hopes to continue along the same lines and give a series of such concerts.

Last night the orchestra included several players whose faces are familiar. It looked as though the forces had been recruited from established New York orchestras. It scarcely was a typical Italian orchestra. The conductor was Mr. Cesare Sodero, formerly of the Manhattan Opera House orchestra. He appeared to be a routine leader, but displayed little finesse in his conducting.

Cherubini's "Anacreon" overture was played with spirit. Then came a symphony by G. Martucci, the first movement of which was by far the best, since after that tedium set in. Orchestral compositions by Sinigaglia, Bolzoni and Mr. Sodero followed. The soloists were Mr. Giuseppe Gaudenzi, a tenor of the Chicago Opera Company, who sang temperamentally, and Mme. Gina Ciaparelli Viafora, a soprano, who has been heard here frequently. The audience was not large, but there was vociferous applause after almost every number. But it was a very warm night for a symphonic concert.

Italian Orchestra in Concert.

The Italian Orchestral Society of New York held its inaugural concert at Carnegie Hall last evening. The audience was enthusiastic and the programme, entirely of Italian music, was warmly received. There was applause and a bouquet for Conductor Cesare Sodero after the first number, overture to "Anacreon," by Cherubini, and more applause and more bouquets for the soloists, Mme. Gina Ciaparelli Viafora, soprano, and Signor Giuseppe Gaudenzi, tenor. The closing number on the programme was a "Suite Romantique," composed by Conductor Sodero.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL.

WAGNER CENTENARY CONCERT

May 23-13

Thirty-six years ago, in this very month, Richard Wagner came to London—his third visit it was to our capital—to conduct at the Royal Albert Hall the Festival Concerts which had been organised with a view to paying off part of the debt incurred by the inauguration of the Bayreuth Theatre in the previous summer. That festival made history, even though it yielded but a beggarly sum, compared with what had been expected, towards the liquidation of the Bayreuth deficit. Everybody knows, or is supposed to know, what happened at those concerts—how the "master's" nerves failed him at the final rehearsal, and how the decision was come to that he should delegate the main burden of the conducting to his friend and ally, Hans Richter, contenting himself—if not the audiences attending the subsequent concerts—with directing one or two works and, for the remainder of the proceedings, sitting on the platform in an armchair facing the public. A "small and select" circle in those days, compared with the number of his detractors, were the real Wagner devotees—those who worshipped reverently at his shrine, and accepted his later music-dramas with the same enthusiasm as they had accepted the earlier works from his pen. London, it is true, had still to wait a few years before witnessing the Nibelungen dramas, but excerpts therefrom were performed at the Festival concerts, and we know what the anti-Wagnerites thought—and unhesitatingly said—of the music.

We are all Wagnerites now, and in the present year of grace—that of the centenary of the composer's birth—we simply cannot do enough in the direction of rendering homage to his memory. As was remarked in these columns a few days ago, perhaps the best way, after all, is to play his works and go to hear them played. And at the Albert Hall last night this was the method adopted. The date appointed by Messrs. Schulz Curtius and Powell for the centenary concert was happily chosen, for was it not on May 22, 1813, that Richard Wagner came into this world? Moreover, the programme framed for the celebration may be reckoned a sufficiently representative one. To carry it out there was the London Symphony Orchestra—specially augmented for the occasion—with one of the most distinguished conductors of the day, Mr. Mengelberg, to take command, and for soloist we had Mr. John Coates, whose stage experience in the composer's works has, of course, been by no means inconsiderable. Can it really be necessary to say how the very familiar things from the Wagner storehouse that figured in the scheme fared at the hands of Mengelberg and the London Symphonists? Surely it will be enough that under his strong, nervous beat the orchestra played magnificently; and that the programme ranged from the "Kaisermarsch"—which Wagner himself conducted in this hall in 1877—to the "Walkürenritt," embracing in between such cherished extracts as the "Tristan" Prelude and Liebestod, the "Trauermarsch," the Prelude to "Parsifal," and the "Meistersinger" Overture. Mr. Coates was heard in the "Preislied," from the opera last-named, which he sang with beauty of tone and admirable clearness of diction, and in the Forging song from "Siegfried."

During the interval, Mr. Louis N. Parker, who is president of the Wagner Society, delivered a brief, but eloquent, address, in which he voiced very happily the deep affection and gratitude that music lovers the wide world over feel for the composer whose genius bequeathed to them so many imperishable treasures.

MISS MAGGIE TEYTE'S RECITAL.

May 23-13

Miss Maggie Teyte's song recital at Queen's Hall yesterday afternoon was barely an hour long, and that hour contained two intervals of about five minutes each. The shortness would not be a real ground for complaint—one would always want more of Miss Maggie Teyte's singing—if the time had been all spent upon real music. Half of it, however, was wasted upon paltry songs by American composers, amongst which there was not one which deserved to be heard anywhere but in a ballad concert.

The fact that Miss Teyte's singing of them was exquisite in itself was only an aggravation of the offence. It was the old story over again of the singer deluding the taste of the public by singing bad music as though it were good music. These songs were for the most part disqualified for musical treatment by the silliness of their words about moonlight and roses, "An Open Secret," and "Ferry me across the Water," and when the composers had hit upon good words they had not sufficient musical force or even common appreciation of them to be able to make a song worth singing. Whitman's lines beginning "Shine, shine, shine," from "Sea-drift," give a composer a genuine opportunity; Mr. Marshall Kernochan could do no more than set them to a characterless tune in which the line "Singing all time, minding no time" was so accentuated that the essential words "all" and "no," which make the sense, were indistinguishable.

So the only moments in which Miss Teyte's art could be thoroughly enjoyed were in "Caro mio ben" and Schindler's dainty "La Colomba" at the beginning and the group of Debussy's songs in the middle of the programme. Each one of these was perfectly sung. The group included "Qui pleure mon enfant," from D'Annunzio's "Le Martyr de Saint Sébastien," and "C'est l'extase langoureuse"; the popular "Fantôches" had to be repeated, and it seemed surprising that the audience let her go away without demanding an encore after her spirited singing of "Femmes de Paris." Between these two came "La chevelure," which more than anything else showed the depth and sympathy of expression which her singing has gained in the last few years. Mr. Sydney Stoeger was a skilful accompanist.

A NEW STRING QUARTET

May 24— 1913

Yesterday afternoon at the Bechstein Hall a concert was given by the London String Quartet, the feature of the programme being a quartet by Dr. Ethel Smyth, which was performed for the first time—at least in its complete form, if we remember rightly, for surely the first two movements were introduced some time ago by the Society of Women Musicians. The whole is a very characteristic example of the composer's art; it is also eminently string quartet music, written with great freedom and independent treatment of the instruments. The movements are not, perhaps, very well constructed; that is to say, the placing of the high lights, the climaxes, seems a little indefinite from the point of view of balance in the design, and this makes the purport of the music rather difficult to follow, and also raises a query as to its complete conviction. The material, however, is exceedingly interesting, fanciful, and at times wholly charming. It might be objected that there is too much similarity of mood throughout, too much of the almost freakish, scherzo-like element which leaves one without a strong enough sense of contrast between the four movements. Still, there is so much intrinsically attractive music that one would really be glad to hear the work again. The London String Quartet displayed a full measure of its accustomed wealth of tone if the playing would have been better for more incisiveness of attack.

BECHSTEIN HALL.

"First performances" always have an interest, particularly when the novelty happens to come from any composer who "counts." Strictly speaking, the legend attached to Dr. Ethel Smyth's Quartet in E minor in the programme of the concert given yesterday afternoon by the London String Quartet should have been "first complete performance." But that, perhaps, is a detail. Yet it is of interest to recall that Miss Smyth—she had not then attained to the dignity of the other prefix—wrote the first two movements of this composition about a decade ago, and they were played, under the auspices of the Society of Women Musicians, some time last year, when the interpreters were those who introduced the Quartet, as completed, yesterday. Probably nobody listening to it would suspect that so long a period divided the second from the first half of the work. But, as all know, the composer's technique was fully developed more years ago than ten, and, as she always expressed herself in a modern idiom, there is no reason why the first two movements of the Quartet heard yesterday should "date." The workmanship is not its least admirable feature, and one feels almost throughout that the composer had not only a good deal to say, but that she knew exactly how she meant to say it. Save at the beginning of the Adagio—one of the two

new movements—she has likewise been better inspired, perhaps, than in the second section (Allegro leggiero), for which real fancy and freshness may be claimed, and in this movement, moreover, Dr. Smyth has resisted a certain tendency to prolixity that marks not a few other pages in her work. The Adagio contains some beautiful music, though the inspiration of its opening phrases is hardly sustained to the end. But the whole work teems with clever ideas, dexterously handled, and the London String Quartet, who, on the whole, acquitted themselves very well in it, must be cordially thanked for giving it a hearing. The composer was warmly complimented upon taking a "call."

MR. HADLEY'S COMPOSITIONS.

The London Symphony Orchestra gave an extra Symphony Concert in the Queen's Hall last night, at which Mr. Henry Hadley, the American composer and conductor of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, was the guest of the evening. Of the four numbers on the programme, three were from Mr. Hadley's own pen, all of them receiving their first performance in England, and consisting of an Overture (Op. 28), a Symphony (Op. 30), and a Symphonic Fantasie (Op. 46). May 24

The latest of these dates from 1904, and a more recent example of Mr. Hadley's powers has already been heard in London in the shape of his fourth symphony. All these earlier works seem to possess similar merits and weaknesses. Each showed a great ease of expression, but too little originality of idea, and too little coherence of the constructive schemes, which the brilliant orchestral writing could hardly replace. Thus the symphony, which depicts "The Four Seasons," has in the third movement, representing "Summer," an extended gradation and subsidence that might almost have been modelled, bar for bar, on "The Death of Aase" in the first "Peer Gynt" Suite. Again, in the Overture, which bears the name "In Bohemia," the turbulence of the first subject seems to stand in no organic relation to the second theme, with its melancholy vein. Nor could we reconcile ourselves to the conjunction of a "Destiny Motive" with "The Death" of a hunting party. The canvas seemed either too large or too small for both ideas. Nevertheless, there is no denying a healthy freshness and vigour in Mr. Hadley's work that is not without appeal. The soloist of the evening was Miss Tina Lerner, who played the Grieg Pianoforte Concerto in the strong and pellucid manner that makes her performances so delightful.

AN AMERICAN COMPOSER.

A concert was given by the London Symphony Orchestra at Queen's Hall last night for the purpose of introducing some compositions by Mr. Henry Hadley, who is conductor of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Hadley conducted this concert, which contained an Overture, "In Bohemia," a Symphony (Op. 30), and a Symphonic Fantasia (Op. 46). May 24 '13

The symphony is called "The Four Seasons"; the first *allegro* represents winter, the *scherzo* spring; then there is a slow movement for summer, and a final *andante* with *allegro* episodes is called "The Death of the Leaves." It is not an original idea, but that would not matter if it brought us some original music. We would not say that it has brought none, but there is certainly not enough to justify a symphony in four movements. We have an impression that what Mr. Hadley had material for was a slender little tone poem about autumn, and that, having thought of this, it seemed to him a pity not to fit out each season with a movement. All the first three movements seemed to be merely skilful artifice of the kind which would naturally occur to the mind of a man who knows the orchestra and the things written for it from the standpoint of the conductor's desk. There is more individuality and even a touch of poetic feeling in the design of the *finale*. The symphonic fantasia gave the same impression as was given by the greater part of the symphony. It is cleverly put together with a view to effective contrasts, but it says very little. Between these two works Miss Tina Lerner gave a refreshingly purposeful performance of Grieg's piano concerto.

QUEEN'S HALL.

Mr. Henry Hadley, the San Francisco composer and conductor, who, with the aid of the London Symphony Orchestra, gave a concert of his own music at the Queen's Hall last night, is, of course, no stranger to London, for two years ago he gave a similar concert here, when he produced a number of his works, among them his Symphony in B minor. His programme last night was rather curiously arranged, for the Overture, "In Bohemia," with which it opened, was written in 1900; the Symphony in F minor in 1901, when it won two prizes in America; and the Symphonic Fantasia in E flat in 1904. Now, in those days Mr. Hadley was obviously an extremely devout worshipper at the shrines of the great masters, apparently dividing his homage, with admirable impartiality, between Tschaikowsky, Wagner, Mendelssohn, Strauss, and Grieg. So obvious, indeed, is the influence of these writers upon his score that it is impossible, with the best will in the world, to deny the perfect fidelity of the doubtless unconscious allusions to the operas of Wagner, the symphonies of Tschaikowsky, the symphonic poems of Strauss, the pianoforte concerto of Grieg, which figured in the same programme, and, at the beginning of the finale of the Symphony, to the "Midsummer Night's Dream" music of Mendelssohn. May 24 '13

When Mr. Hadley wrote these works, however, he was still a very young man; had he not been so, indeed, it is hard to believe that he would have seriously entertained the idea of writing a Symphony about the Four Seasons, which form the poetic basis of the movements of that played last night, for the subject is one on which there is surely nothing more to be said. Though his music has the faults of youth, however, it also has the merits, among them freshness and joy of life, qualities that are especially in evidence in the Overture, which, though the earliest, was really by far the most attractive of the works performed last night. The solo in the Concerto was very deftly played by Miss Tina Lerner, while Mr. Hadley conducted throughout so well that one could not but wish to hear him in a programme designed on rather broader lines.

ROYAL OPERA.

"I GIOJELLI DELLA MADONNA."

Maliella ..	Mme. EDVINA
Carmela	Mme. A. L. BÉRAT
Gennaro ..	Signor GIOVANNI MARTINELLI
Rafaele	Signor MARIO SAMMARCO

Conductor—Signor ETTORE PANIZZA

Want of space prevents us from discussing in any detail the performance of Signor Wolf-Ferrari's opera *The Jewels of the Madonna*, which was revived last night at Covent Garden.

From the reception it had when it was produced in London last year it was fairly clear that it would be retained in the repertory for at least another season. For many people who go to see "grand opera" when it is in Italian do not demand more than an exciting melodramatic play, and if they can get not only melodrama but spectacular drama as well they are quite content. *The Jewels of the Madonna* provides plenty of both. The story of the young woman with her two lovers—the hot-blooded, disreputable one who boasts that he will steal the jewels for her, and the apparently cold and respectable one who actually does commit the sacrilege—gives several good opportunities for effective theatrical situations, and the local Neapolitan colour is laid on with a thick brush both as a background and as a means of filling up the blank spaces between the central episodes. But the musician is not very much considered in all this. During a good deal of the time he merely has to write incidental music, and in this particular case when the moments for musical expression do arrive they are either ignored or else are taken with very little individual conviction by the composer. One air sounds very much like another, all are easy and no doubt attractive to sing, but they do not bear the impress of strong character—either of the composer or of the person on the stage whom he is voicing for the moment.

The cast was much the same as last year. It will be sufficient here to say that Signor Martinelli and Signor Sammarco gave vigorous and full-bodied interpretation to the parts of the two lovers, while Mme. Edvina, though effective at moments, was too cold, too *sec*, for such music. She was also at times rather out of tune. Mme. Bérat ought to be mentioned for her careful study of Gennaro's mother and for the beautiful way in which she took her share in the duet with him in the first act—a duet which has more melodic distinction than almost anything else in the opera. It only remains to add that the *mise-en-scène* was thoroughly picturesque and that the orchestra played with the right kind of cloying sweetness under Signor Panizza.

Wolf-Ferrari's "I Giojelli della Madonna" was revived at Covent Garden last night. Its popular success last year made one the more curious to hear it again, but in the result the original impression remains, if it is not strengthened. That is to say, at bottom it is poor stuff, a sordid, disagreeable story about tiresome, disagreeable people, treated dramatically in very unconvincing style, and musically with hardly any originality and very little charm beyond a cloying type of melody and harmony alternating with somewhat pretentious effects of ensemble. But there is a surface impression of achievement, there are vigour and vitality of a kind, variety, and even a sort of brilliance to carry the whole thing off if one is not too particular. Doubtless the clamour of the street scene makes some appeal, and the procession scene likewise, and the dancing; but surely no one can really feel that the intended daring of the situation at the close of the second act is much short of the ridiculous. Perhaps if the stage directions as indicated in the libretto were carried out more faithfully the effect might not be so unconvincing. Even so, however, it is doubtful whether it is the sort of thing which can be done on the stage. May 24 '13

The performance last night under Signor Panizza's direction had some good features. The singing of Signor Martinelli stood out, and the acting of Signor Sammarco in the part of the sensual Rafaele. Mme. Edvina's Maliella lacks subtlety; her method is just a little obvious, and all the time one has a feeling that the note is being forced. But it is a difficult and thankless part to have to play. Her singing was decidedly dramatic when required, if the vocal quality was not always quite pure.

THE ROYAL OPERA.

"AÏDA"; A FINE PERFORMANCE

The performance of "Aïda" on Saturday at Covent Garden was a triumph for every one concerned, not excluding Signor Giorgio Polacco. Indeed, in this musician the management have undoubtedly secured a conductor of very exceptional power. One felt about the whole interpretation of the work, and to a remarkable degree, that it was imbued with the essence of the Verdi musico-dramatic art. It is in "Aïda" that the composer first rose to great heights of expression on a sustained scale. There are powerful enough pages in the earlier operas, but nothing approaching the continued grip as shown, for example, in the third act, on the banks of the Nile. The flow of fine melody is there just as ever, but it is bound together with a stronger perception of the possibilities of dramatic design. Earlier in the opera, it is true, the "squareness" of the texture, the sort of thing against which it was part of Wagner's life-work to fight, is much in evidence, but, even so, it is wonderfully coloured by a certain breadth, as though Verdi had seen all the time in his imagination stately scenes of spacious halls and temples, and had realised that boldness of outline was imperative. Thus, also, the element of almost vulgar barbarity of rhythm seems in keeping.

* * *

Signor Polacco, while preserving the details, as one observed he was able to do so extraordinarily well in "La Tosca" a few days previously, also maintained a fine grip over the rhythmic swing of the music, and as the cast was quite superb we had a more stimulating and enlightening performance than Covent Garden has witnessed for many a long day. Mlle. Destinn does nothing better than her Aïda; she is incomparable in the part. The distinctive quality of her voice, so absolutely unlike any other dramatic soprano, with its tones suggesting cold steel in the shining, penetrating ring, gives the music a peculiarly fascinating expression. She sang the splendid third act aria quite superbly; it was here, too, that one had a magnificent outburst from Signor Caruso, whose Radames is also as fine a part for him as any he undertakes. Signor Scotti's Amenasro, charged with great vocal and dramatic power, completed the picture. Earlier the famous ensemble at the Gate of Thebes had a wonderful sonority of effect. The other soloists, Mme. Kirkby Lunn, as Amneris, in perfect voice, M. Huberdeau, as the King, and Mr. James Goddard, as Ramfis, helped to build up the massive structure of tone. If the chorus at times sang with some stiffness in the expression, this seemed to be due to an excess of care; the singers, likely enough, are not yet quite at home with the new conductor.

SIG. CARUSO AS RADAMES.

BRILLIANT PERFORMANCE AT COVENT GARDEN.

The King ..	M. GUSTAVE HUBERDEAU
Amneris	Mme. KIRKBY LUNN
Aida ..	Mlle. DESTINN
Radames	Signor CARUSO
Ramfis	Mr. JAMES GODDARD
Amonasro	Signor SCOTTI
A Messenger	Signor ZUCCHI
The Priestess	Miss LENORA SPARKES

May 26 1913

Première Danseuse—Mlle. FELYNE VERBIST

Conductor—Signor POLACCO.

For sheer luxury of entertainment Verdi's *Aïda* is unrivalled. It has succeeded to the position which *Gli Ugonotti* used to hold, and though it has no *coloratur* soprano part it has other advantages which compensate generously for that loss. Few composers have gauged their opportunities as accurately as Verdi did when he undertook to write for the opening of the opera-house at Cairo. The lover of emotional tunes has his ears deluged with them; they are poured out in an unceasing stream through four acts. Then the priests' chorus in the Temple, with its ringing entries of voice upon voice crowned at their height by the tenor and bass solo voices, and the trumpet marches in the triumph scene are masterly pieces of spectacular music; the ballet and the descriptive music by the Nile at night and in the Temple carry out the vivid scenic contrasts to perfection, and not only are there five first-rate singing parts, and two, the King and the priestess, which are quite good in the second rank, but they are so disposed that in the course of the evening one gets them in almost every possible combination of twos and threes. Everybody on the stage gets a good chance; everybody in the audience gets a good show according to his taste, except, of course, the artistic ascetic, for whom luxury cannot cater.

Saturday's performance at Covent Garden spread out these luxuries in the most tempting way. With a magnificent cast of singers, each one at his or her very best, and with every detail of the stage effect admirably arranged, the whole presentation was the most brilliant that could be desired. As it was a

"Caruso night," with Caruso prices, of course particular attention and particular enthusiasm was directed towards him, but he did not, as on Tuesday, accept more than his share. His voice was splendid at the climaxes, but the two women, Mlle. Destinn and Mme. Kirkby Lunn, gave us greater musical pleasure because of the consistency with which they treated every musical phrase. Signor Caruso had his tremendous moments and between them passages where one felt he was getting ready for the next moment, and was even a little careless of his tone and style meantime; they never dropped below their best. So the cream of the whole thing seemed to come in Aïda's monologue at the end of the first scene, in the duet of the two women in the second act and in Amneris's scene as she listened to the trial of Radames, and with them the final scene of all in which Signor Caruso's singing had a more persuasive quality because he exerted less physical force than before.

Signor Scotti's vivid representation of the half-savage Amonasro and his fine singing were invaluable in the third act. Mr. Goddard, who last year sang the part of the King when M. Marcoux was the Ramfis, had evidently learnt much from the latter's example; he had the same inflexible dignity of manner. His singing, too, stood the test of being placed beside that of Signor Caruso and of Mme. Kirkby Lunn, and showed him to be an artist who is going on to much bigger things than his early appearances in German opera led us to expect of him.

ROYAL OPERA.

REVIVAL OF "AÏDA."

May 26-13

MAGNIFICENT SPECTACLE.

A few days ago one expressed a desire to know what might be the real climax of the opening week of the Italian and French part of the "grand" season at Covent Garden. Now the week's work is completed, and there can be no doubt in the minds of any who have followed its course as to the climax.

We have heard Madame Melba singing gloriously as she sang in years gone by, but not as she sang in her last previous season. In "Bohème" the other night Madame Melba sang as if she had been resting instead of putting a girdle round the world during the last two years, so fresh was her voice. More than that, we have seen her honoured as we have never seen a prima donna honoured before in the same place, by the amazing presentation of flowers that filled the stage, which drew from the singer a sentence or two of heartfelt thanks. We have seen the reappearance of Caruso, and, incidentally, we have heard in the foyer a great many criticisms of his voice, criticisms characteristic of to-day, when so many people go out not to enjoy the artistry of a performance, but to compare the voice with the voice of six years ago. However, that need not worry Caruso, for he is an incomparably finer artist now than he ever was before, and as such he will always find an army of admirers of his art. We have seen, also, the unbounded success of a newcomer in Mr. Polacco, the conductor from the Metropolitan Opera in New York, a conductor whom we placed at once in Italian opera on a level with the greater gods of the German opera. Further, we have seen brilliant performances of "Bohème," of "Pagliacci," of "The Jewels of the Madonna," of "Tosca," and on Saturday of "Aïda."

CARUSO'S TRIUMPH.

Can anyone who has followed the course of the week feel other than that the climax unquestionably was reached in this last-named performance? Surely not. For some of the older frequenters of Covent Garden the evening's performance took back the memory through the years to the day when such brilliance of performance was no unusual thing. But times are changed. Where are the singers of those days that are gone? Many of them are no longer singing, but their places still remain to be filled, for the world does not produce Melbas and Carusos to follow automatically in their predecessors' footsteps. On Saturday we heard a cast that could hardly have been equalled a decade ago, and even then only by those singers who now took part in the revival.

It would have been interesting to hear at the close of the opera the opinions on the subject of Caruso's voice and general accomplishment of those critics referred to above who after the second act found the voice to have become baritone, a little "woolly," to have lost its clearness and brilliance, and so on. Was there one who can easily forget the beauty and power of the singing of Caruso in the last two acts, who can fail to see the extraordinary—among tenors unique—power of his acting; who can fail to give him the greatest possible credit for that mastery over himself which now prevents him from emerging, as in days gone by, from the picture to make a superficial effect upon the "gallery"? Caruso's interpretation of Radames's rôle was a performance of genius, there is no other word to describe it; and if the years have taken away a scintilla of metallic brilliance from the voice they have given the singer, by way of compensation, a suavity and richness, a restraint and a command over himself that were there only in an embryonic state when Caruso was younger. The artistic gain cannot be denied. Small wonder that the house rose at the great singer whenever opportunity served.

THE CAST AND THE CONDUCTOR.

And with Caruso sang Madame Kirkby Lunn, as Amneris, Miss Destinn as Aïda, and Mr. Scotti as Amonasro, all singers of great distinction, who have often sung these parts before, but never better than now. Mr. Scotti's Amonasro is as wonderful a character study as was his Scarpia, and the singing of the two ladies was of rare beauty. Mr. Huberdeau, moreover, and Mr. Goddard as the King and the High Priest respectively, were splendidly dignified; no opera would seem to be quite complete without Mr. Zucchi, most admirable and useful of minor artists, who was the messenger; and Miss Lenora Sparkes sang the priestess's music charmingly. Nor is this all. The chorus quite surpassed themselves in the variety of their singing, and attained a—for them—unprecedented beauty of tone in the scene in the Temple; the "brass band" on the stage likewise was heard to unusual advantage, because of the dynamic variety of the tone; and the scene on the stage in all cases was extremely brilliant, while Miss Verbist's dancing was very graceful.

Finally, there remains only to add a few words on the subject of the conductor, Mr. Polacco, and his management of the forces under his control. His control was complete. Not for a moment was there any dilly-dallying with the singers with a pet high note, not once was the rhythm broken for the sake of a meretricious effect. Mr. Polacco treated "Aïda" after the manner of a music-drama, and as in "Tosca" the other night, so here again, his masterly control of the orchestra, who played finely, never militated against his management of the crowds or solo singers on the stage. He was the sole master of the situation. He dominated the position. He was relentless, forceful, not to be denied, and his strong sense of rhythm was as marked as before, or even more so. To him unquestionably fell a lion's share of the triumph of a particularly distinguished performance. Unquestionably this was the climax of the opening week of Italian opera.

THE WESSELY QUARTET.

May 26-13

The last of the present season of Chamber Concerts given by the Wessely Quartet took place on Saturday afternoon in the Bechstein Hall with a programme which began with Schubert's well-known work in A minor, and ended with Dvorák's Quartet founded on negro melodies. Both the Quartets have been made thoroughly familiar by these players to their audiences, and there is no need to discuss their performance of them in detail. A word of praise must, however, be given to the clear, crisp way in which the minuet and the second subject of the last movement of Schubert's Quartet were played and to the delicacy of the players' tone in all the soft passages. In a few of the strenuous parts, however, they were somewhat shrill, and the first violin was apt to be heard a little too prominently above the others.

In the middle of the programme came Mr. Friskin's Pianoforte Quintet in C minor, which the Wessely Quartet were not playing for the first time. On the last occasion when they were heard in it the pianoforte part was played by the composer; on Saturday Miss Katharine Goodson undertook it. Her firm, decisive touch and her capacity for phrasing broadly without making things sound too heavy were invaluable in this work, which, in spite of its being the composer's opus 1, sounds as strong a piece of writing as ever. It is on the melodic side and in the way in which the mood of each movement is maintained that Mr. Friskin has shown his chief strength. That the technique should show the strong influence of Brahms was no doubt inevitable. There are few English or German composers who do not show it in their early works. It does not really very much matter as long as they eventually grow up and find not only ideas of their own, but also their own ways of expressing them.

WESSELY STRING QUARTET.

The fourth and last concert of the series given by the Wessely String Quartet took place on Saturday afternoon at the Bechstein Hall. It was very interesting to hear once again Mr. Friskin's pianoforte quintet in C minor, for this is a work of high promise. Considering, indeed, the age of the composer at the time when it was written—under twenty—the music is astonishingly mature and accomplished. Perhaps the most significant feature on the technical side is the insight shown as to the possibilities of the particular combination. The music is really made for pianoforte and string quartet, and the freedom of the writing and its variety of effect are such as are seldom found in the work of far more experienced writers. This quintet, however, is a little more than a technical accomplishment, for many of the themes have real character and charm. It certainly makes one hope for much from Mr. Friskin in the future. The performance, with Miss Katharine Goodson at the pianoforte, was exceedingly good; it was strong, of thoroughly musical tone, and expressive. Messrs. Wessely, Dyke, Tomlinson, and Parker, as a matter of fact, played in this work far better than in Schubert's quartet in A minor, where there was a certain amount of raggedness and not always the most satisfying phrasing.

A second recital of the brilliant young Brazilian pianist, Miss Guiomar Novaes, took place in the Bechstein Hall yesterday afternoon. Her programme on this occasion consisted of the "Waldstein" Sonata of Beethoven, the twenty-four preludes of Chopin (repeated from her former programme), Schumann's "Kinderscenen," and the tenth "Rhapsodie Hongroise" of Liszt.

The attainments of this young artist, who we believe is only seventeen years old, are quite remarkable. In technical control of tone-colour and the power to work up a sonorous volume of sound she can already hold her own with the best, while the discretion she shows in her handling of dynamic contrasts bears witness that her work is none of the mechanical accomplishment of the mere virtuoso. But not only in decision, clearness, and technical ease is she so fine; her cantilenas are smooth and singing—and a delight to the ear.

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These qualities were especially noticeable in the Rondo of the sonata. The turbulent episodes stood out in bold strength against the flowing beauty of the recurring theme, and the rhythmic structure was always firm and secure. So, too, in the second prelude, where the agitated waves came surging up in perfect balance against the crystal melody above.

Nevertheless, the power of interpretation in the highest sense must as yet be denied her, for though Miss Novaes may astonish you with her playing, she does not move. She cannot as yet unlock the deep well-springs of emotion that can only be attained by a certain surrender of strength, whether on the lines of passionate excess or broken resignation. This was evident not only in the sonata, but the fifth prelude, with its infinite pathos, and the great D minor, No. 24, where, nobly as she played it, she failed to reveal the lightnings that seared the composer's soul.

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BECHSTEIN HALL.

"PRELUDES" OF DEBUSSY.

Accompanists, like certain other distinguished beings, are born, not made. For her vocal recital, given at Bechstein's yesterday afternoon, Miss Arnolde Stephenson had the inestimable privilege of Mr. E. R. Schmitz's presence at the piano. One is often tempted to say that nobody can play or sing French music like French people. The statement is a little sweeping, and it would be wiser perhaps to say that only those completely in sympathy with the Gallic spirit can ever hope to interpret Gallic music properly. Despite his name, Mr. Schmitz is French; hence the delightful playing of the French songs in Miss Stephenson's programme. The vocalist's own achievements were somewhat uneven. In the "Vittoria, Vittoria" of Carissimi and in two English songs—Monro's "My lovely Celia" and "I've been roaming"—her intonation was not always pure, her production was frequently "throaty," and—due, maybe, to slight nervousness—her breath control was not quite good. In the group of Debussy songs which followed those defects were almost completely eliminated, and with the exception of an occasional hardness of tone in striking a high note her renderings of these—and especially of the exquisite "Il pleure dans mon cœur"—may be described as very pleasant indeed, and she certainly did not sing her French as one to whom that language is foreign. Her diction was wholly admirable.

After a brilliant performance of Liszt's paraphrase of the great Fantasia and Fugue in G minor, Mr. Schmitz played three of the new "Préludes" of Debussy (second book). Special interest attached to these, as it was their first performance in London, if not in England. They had, as one may safely suppose, the very best chance at the hands of this fine artist, but even his rendering did not conceal the composer's limitations. Two of the "Préludes" played yesterday are too clever for the emotions they express, and one, sub-titled "Bruyère," merely banal and sentimental, without even the saving grace of offering any technical interest. No. 6, "General Lavine," "dans le style et le mouvement d'un Cake-Walk," is in the nature of a joke. There are one or two moments when the shifting tonality of the accompaniment to the tune is amusing enough. But the amusement is not sustained, nor can we regard it as a good cake-walk when the tune itself has no syncopation, that characteristic being rather feebly suggested by the harmonic treatment.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE

"THE PERFECT GENTLEMAN" AND "ARIADNE AUF NAXOS."

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An audience which filled the house in every part assembled in His Majesty's Theatre last night for the first of the eight performances of "The Perfect Gentleman" (Mr. W. Somerset Maugham's adaptation of "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme"), followed by Dr. Richard Strauss's opera. Molière's

farce has certainly never before been so beautifully staged in this country, or with such luxurious and elaborate amenities of scene and costume. Often, indeed, the stage picture was brilliant in the extreme. As to the version of the play, something had to be omitted if there was to be time left for the opera, and the characters of Lucile and Cléonte have gone; with the result that we lose one of the most amusing scenes in the original, that of the marriage of Jourdain's daughter to the man of her heart, disguised as the son of the Grand Turk. We lose also Jourdain's final comic outburst: "I give Nicole to the Dragoman—and my wife to anybody who will have her!"

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That Molière himself attached some importance to the character of Lucile is shown by the fact that he entrusted it to that fascinating actress, his wife. We miss Mlle. Jourdain with regret. However, we had all the comic scenes with the professors of fencing, music, dancing, and philosophy, and the famous passage on prose and verse; and we saw the feast in Dorimène's honour attain to the topmost heights of fantastic splendour. In Sir Herbert Tree, too, we had a Jourdain of a large, exuberant humour, expressed in the general voice and aspect. It was, however, the actor's Jourdain rather than Molière's, and a good deal of the character as we find it in the book was missing—the essential kindness of heart, simplicity of mind, and innate politeness. We cannot, for instance, conceive Molière's Jourdain smelling each dish before it passed to the carver, as Sir Herbert Tree's did last night. Mr. Roy Byford gave an admirably droll performance as the Professor of Philosophy; while the dancing entry of the tailors proved a delightfully funny episode, and Sir Herbert Tree was here immensely amusing.

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"Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" was never one of Molière's best plays, and if any one else had written it, it would, we fancy, have disappeared from the acting repertory of Europe long ago, though passages of it would doubtless have survived as literature in some form or another. When he began it, Molière probably intended to write a comedy; but to please the King he made it a farce, just as, to please the Queen, Shakspeare cheapened his Falstaff. However, the piece has its archæological interest, and at His Majesty's it has a brilliant spectacular quality, while not only the Jourdain of Sir Herbert Tree, but also the Mme. Jourdain of Miss Rose Edouin, the Dorante of Mr. Philip Merivale, the Nicole of Miss Stella St. Audrie, the Dorimene of Miss Neilson-Terry, and the three other professors of Messrs. A. E. George, Ben Field, and Gerald Ames are all rich in a decorated comicality.

THE MUSIC.

Strauss's music falls into two divisions: that which is incidental to the play and the opera itself. The latter, of course, is the most important. "Ariadne in Naxos" has no plot in the ordinary sense: it is a twofold fantasy; in the first place, one has the deserted Ariadne bemoaning her fate and praying for death, with the subsequent consolation afforded by the arrival of Bacchus, and, in the second, sparkling little episodes concerning the amorous fancies of Zerbinetta and her four companions. These last form the troupe of Italian buffoons engaged by M. Jourdain, so that his guests shall not be bored by the other part of the entertainment. The interlapping in the presentation is apparently a sort of musico-dramatic joke. The excuse is that M. Jourdain wishes to save time, so orders both entertainments to be played together. Necessarily a jumble ensues, and, though the whole thing tells in a way, there is a certain measure of pointlessness beyond the mere exhibition of technique.

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But, as a matter of fact, the general impression throughout is more of technique than anything else. Strauss's musical invention once again disappoints in its lack of distinction and its reliance upon a phraseology with a charm that scarcely dips below the surface. Moreover, a certain simplicity of style has evidently been aimed at a good deal; yet, when one examines the melodies and harmonies, how trite, and even unoriginal, much of the effect seems! One rather fancies that the best music is when the composer is in his most fantastic and freakish vein—that concerned with the buffoons, for example, with its highly variegated rhythms, or the dance of tailors in the play, and the wild waltz for the dancer during the dinner scene; while there is a remarkable virility in the music accompanying the fencing lesson. In the opera Ariadne's solo at the beginning has some of that breadth of style one thinks of in certain parts of "Elektra," and the composer's skill in construction just enables it to pass the criticism of undue length. Not so, however, Zerbinetta's coloratura aria; but here the music is so extremely uninteresting in itself that it is not surprising its prolixity becomes painfully apparent. The other "big moment" is, of course, the final duet between Ariadne and Bacchus; here everything is to hand to make a really fine effect, save inspiration. Strauss's acknowledged skill has certainly brought about the creation of some notable passages of sustained vocal and instrumental sound, but they do just fall short of suggesting the right thing; the air of manufacture hangs over the whole like a cloud, and the emotional thrill does not come.

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It has been observed before that the composer has a trick of starting off on some simple little phrase and then jerking away to some fantastic harmony or figuration, as though realising that the initial idea in essence is really rather commonplace. Where directness of style would be advantageous this device is particularly unhappy; for example, Jourdain's minuet or Zerbinetta's rondo. It seems to suggest further that there is an attempt to make too much out of the slender material, and this always causes a certain pretentiousness. However, if one is not over-particular, there are some highly effective moments in "Ariadne," and the manner of the stage presentation makes the most of them.

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Fräulein Eva von der Osten, the brilliant Rosenkavalier in Mr. Beecham's production at Covent Garden, took the part of Ariadne with great success. Her remarkably beautiful voice and fine quality of singing have full scope for the most favourable display, and she seized every opportunity in a highly accomplished style. Fräulein Hermine Bosetti gave a brilliantly finished study of Zerbinetta, acting with delightful grace, and singing the excessively difficult music with great ease. Her big aria, unfortunately, is somewhat over-elaborately accompanied, or else the accompaniment was not carefully enough played. Mr. Beecham, who conducted, is not always steady enough in his rhythms, hence the uncertainty of some of the ensembles last night. One would have liked to hear the vocalisation stand out a little more.

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The Bacchus of Herr Otto Marak had dignity and a good measure of vocal force, if his tenor voice has no exceptional charm of quality. MM. Armster, Esser, Schlembach, and Spivak were excellent as the four buffoons. Najade, Dryade, and Echo are three picturesque figures in the opera whose duty in a sense is to act as Chorus and make comments on the proceedings. The music comprises a difficult trio at the beginning, and one of a suavely melodious type at the end, in which the voices of Mlles. Winternitz-Dorda, Hoffman-Onegin, and Hellensleben did not blend together very well. Strauss has employed a small orchestra, including pianoforte. Occasionally one feels that this has been a mistake, for there is a certain shallowness in the sound. It is something like trying to write chamber music for orchestra. But many effects of fancy and delicacy are possible, and Strauss knows well enough how to obtain these.

IRISH BASSO HEARD.

Mr. Edward O'Mahony Gives Annual Concert in Assembly Hall.

Each year about this time, Mr. Edward O'Mahony, Irish basso, gives a concert in Assembly Hall, Fourth avenue and Twenty-second street, and last night was the occasion of his annual appearance here. There was more than usual interest in the concert, for Mr. O'Mahony will leave for his home in Cork in a few days. Once a member of the Carl Rosa and the American Opera companies, also a soloist at concerts given by the late P. S. Gilmore, Mr. O'Mahony never fails to attract an audience.

He was assisted by Mrs. Genevieve Fanning, soprano; Miss Mary Louise Wallace, mezzo soprano; Mr. Adolf P. Silbernagel, tenor; Misses Gertrude I. Robinson and Vida Standing, harpists, and Mr. Patrick J. Donohue, violinist. Miss Deborah Byrne played the piano accompaniments.

MME. MYSZ-GMEINER'S RECITAL.

A set of five "Kindertotenlieder" by Gustav Mahler were sung by Mme. Mysz-Gmeiner for the first time in London at Bechstein Hall last night. The poems are all of one kind, dismal reflections upon the early death of infants, and so if they were well set the result would necessarily be depressing and monotonous. But the depressing monotony of Mahler's music is not altogether attributable to the subject of the poems. The music has really very little to do with the words, which are set to long and wandering vocal phrases backed by elaborate but irrelevant piano music. Placed as they were beside a group of songs by Hugo Wolf, the inferiority of Mahler's method was obvious. To take a single case in point, Mahler's first song ends with the lines:—

"Ein Lämplein verlosch in meinem Zelt
Heil sei dem Freudenlicht der Welt,"

but the music gives no suggestion of the resolution implied by the last line. Comparison with the first stanza of Wolf's "Der Genesene an die Hoffnung" shows the difference of which we speak. Mahler's vocal phrases leave a singer free to make much or little of them; they never compel her to treat them with any one kind of expression. Mme. Mysz-Gmeiner, whose interpretation is always strongly individual, produced a good deal of effect with them, but the impression created was due to her rather than to the composer.

She was able to move her audience much more strongly with Wolf's songs, where she and the composer worked to one end, and two of them had to be repeated. There was even an attempt to persuade her to repeat the visionary "Wie glänzt der Helle Mond," which she sang with exquisite delicacy, but she was right in refusing to do so. At the beginning she sang several songs by Schubert, and she ended with Richard Strauss. Her splendid voice was nowhere better than in her first song, Schubert's powerful "Der Sieg." Mr. Richard Epstein accompanied the whole programme ably.

A RUSSIAN SINGER.

A vocal recital was given in the Bechstein Hall last night by the Russian singer, Anna Jerebtzova (Mme. Jerebtzoff-Andreef). Of the four groups of songs which comprised her programme the first consisted of old French examples of the eighteenth century, and the remaining three were devoted to the work of Russian composers.

At the outset it may be questioned whether the artist was well advised in presenting songs of Moussorgsky, Dargomijsky, and others of her fellow-countrymen in the original language. The day which Matthew Arnold spoke of when "we shall all be learning Russian" has still to come, and although the first song or two had a charm of novelty, one soon began to regret that the singer was not exhibiting her art in the more familiar medium of French or German, or even English.

Certainly the skill with which she sang the French songs showed that she has a good idea of interpretation. "Viens, Aurore" was given with just the right accent of longing, and hardly less successful was her delivery of the lovely "Ca fait peur aux oiseaux." It is still necessary, however, for Mme. Jerebtzova to give attention to voice production, as her tones are not always well rounded, and her intonation is insecure.

"ARIADNE IN NAXOS."

It used to be said of Richard Strauss that he was so determined to make music represent facts and objects that he would not be content until he could picture for us a knife and fork in musical phraseology. Some of his more daring experiments in materialistic programme music went some way towards justifying the idea that he entertained this strange ambition. Only the other day, at a performance of "Till Eulenspiegel," a member of the audience was heard saying to his companion, "Tell me when the bit comes where he breaks the plates." He wanted to be quite sure of recognizing the objects in the musical picture. In the operas *Salome* and *Elektra* "slippery blood" and "glittering jewels" attracted Strauss's attention on their own account, apart from the context; even in *Der Rosenkavalier* he gave us a series of strange chords to represent the scent of the rose. The "slippery blood" theme is a phrase of sheer nastiness, the scent of the rose is one of sheer niceness; both in their different ways appeal directly to the senses, and to the senses alone. But whereas in the earlier works, whether for the orchestra or the stage, that type of effect was so prominent as to be one of the main foundations of Strauss's popular reputation, latterly he has been outgrowing his fondness for it. It is rather dragged into the second act of *Der Rosenkavalier*, as though Strauss had suddenly recollected that he had a reputation for positive representation to preserve, and did not want to disappoint expectation.

In *Ariadne auf Naxos* and the incidental music to *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* there is scarcely a trace of it. Even in the dinner scene of the comedy the quotations intended to illustrate the *menu* humorously are thrown in perfunctorily, as though he did not really care whether any one recognized them or not. The salmon from the Rhine, accompanied by a hurried reminiscence of the beginning of *Das Rheingold*, the mutton with a phrase from the famous sheep scene in his own "Don Quixote," the thrushes and larks with a quotation of the bird-songs at the beginning of *Der Rosenkavalier*, all alike have to be looked for carefully to be distinguished. One feels that Strauss himself finds them uninteresting compared with the dance tunes which give the real charm to his incidental music. When we come to the opera itself there is not a trace of his old objectivity to be found anywhere. More than that, he apparently cares very little for musical characterization in any close way. While, of course, he keeps his own elaborate technique and uses it for purposes of musical development, his view of opera as *dramma per musica* has gone back behind Wagner and behind Gluck. One could imagine

the Strauss of *Ariadne* saying with Rameau that he could set the *Gazette de Hollande* to music and meaning it in the same sense, that anything would do to set going independently his creative faculty. It is the very opposite of the meaning of the remark about the knife and fork, which was that the most prosaic objects could present to his mind a musical idea essentially associated with themselves. If we look at the duet between Ariadne and Bacchus we realize that the only distinction between their music is that between a soprano and a tenor voice singing different words. There is none of musical phraseology. Bacchus is merely a stage figure who might as well be any other member of the Olympian hierarchy for all the music tells us about him. From first to last Strauss wants nothing more than to go on making music in his own way or ways; and the mixture of classical drama (Ariadne and Bacchus), 17th century opera (the Naiad, Dryad, and Echo), and the Italian intermezzo (Zerbinetta and her crew) just provide him with the necessary means of displaying his musical energies.

When we were discussing the first production of the opera at Stuttgart we asked:—"What is it all done for?" and after seeing it again at His Majesty's Theatre this week we feel this to be the answer to the question. Strauss has undergone a complete reaction from the 19th century ideals of music drama and become absorbed for the time being in the fascinating process of developing his own musical style under cover of the dramatic manners of another age, availing himself greedily of the greater freedom which those manners allowed to the musician. When the opera was in rehearsal at Stuttgart one of the artists engaged upon it gave as his opinion that it was intensely interesting to any one who took part in it, but he doubted whether the audience would find it equally interesting. He spoke as a musician having regard to the fact that an operatic audience does not—indeed, Wagner has, with infinite pains, taught it that it should not—regard an opera from a purely musical standpoint. We may ask then, Is the music good enough to justify its arrogant self-importance in the opera? Of the incidental music to the comedy we need not speak particularly now; its charm and aptness was abundantly evident even in the first English performance, where the manner of interpretation did little to point its charm. We have alluded to the outstanding moments of delight in the music of the opera both in connexion with the Stuttgart and the London performances; but apart from these there are places where the music, lacking the motive power of stage action, has not enough motive power of its own to justify the length to which it is carried. The first trio of the Naiad, Dryad, and Echo is developed with evident difficulty. One cannot feel that their wreathed arabesques come solely from an exuberance which must not be checked, but rather from a wilful determination to do something which is excessively elaborate. Nor in Ariadne's monologue, "Bald aber naht ein Bote," is the "extatischer Bewegung" inherent in the music itself. Too much depends upon the singer. One would not mind the prevalence here of a theme from Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony if what it led to were something glowingly spontaneous. But the more one listens to Ariadne the more conscious one becomes of moments where the spontaneity flags and where Strauss calls in his ingenuity, which never fails him. Since the strength of a chain is that of its weakest link, one leaves it convinced that the opera as a whole has not the permanency which Strauss's earlier operas, however much one may dislike certain features of them, seem likely to have. There is no one characteristic in *Ariadne* quite strong enough to act as a driving force from beginning to end, because the musical impulse on which all depends fails at certain points. Its brilliance is too much a matter of accessories, the ingenious contrast of styles, extraordinarily skilful writing for voices, wonderful combinations of colour got from a few instruments. These things in themselves do not make music anything more than a *petite drôlerie*, as M. Jourdain called it.

MME JEREBTZOFF-ANDREEFF.

A very interesting selection of songs was sung on Thursday in the Bechstein Hall by Mme. Jerebtzoff-Andreeff, a singer who is well known in Russia and Germany, but who has not yet given a recital in London. May 31 '13

With the exception of four 18th-century French songs which came at the beginning, the programme was made up entirely of Russian songs, all of which were sung in Russian. The first group began with two very beautiful songs of Moussorgsky—"Calistrate" and "Over the Don," and ended with Tchaikovsky's "The Sun Set." This song and Rimsky-Korsakov's "The Tempestuous Day" made practically the only dull spot on the programme, and it would hardly have been noticeable if the remaining songs in this group had not been on the high level of Arensky's "Valse" and Dargomijsky's "I do not mind." Both of these were given with extreme simplicity and extreme pathos. The singer's art, in fact, left the impression of simplicity in everything she sang, for there was no attempt to make points or to do anything but convey the song with directness and the greatest economy of means. Her actual tone, more particularly on high notes, is no doubt not quite what it was, but her art can hardly have been more finished than it is now. The declamation was so clear and apparently spontaneous that words and music seemed to be a single entity to which expression was being found just at the moment of singing.

In her third and fourth groups the most interesting songs were Stravinsky's "Spring in the Convent," Wassilenko's "Tar" (the words of which look as though they had come from the first volume of "The Golden Bough"), Rachmaninov's "She is beautiful as noon," and Gretchaninov's "The Snowdrop," the last of which had to be repeated. In all of these the mood was conveyed in the opening bars, and nothing in the delivery of the song was allowed to break into it. Part of the success with which this was done must, however, be credited to the most skilful and sympathetic accompanist, M. Jovanowitsch, who helped very much to give the impression that each song was an exquisite improvisation.

QUEEN'S HALL.

In the piano-playing of Mr. Herbert Fryer there are a quietness of manner and an absence of affectation which, in these virtuoso days, are particularly refreshing. There is nothing, perhaps, strikingly original in his readings, but one is always conscious that he is seeking to do the best for the composer first, and that his own reputation may follow. And it has—with honour; for yesterday afternoon this still young artist gave, at the Queen's Hall, his fortieth recital in London, and a large audience was present to celebrate the event. Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms for the first group; some compositions from his own pen for the second; and a Chopin group for the third—this was the programme Mr. Fryer offered his hearers. The Brahms "Walzer" set the pianist's interpretative ability in, maybe, the fairest light—if we except his own compositions. At times one felt that he denied to certain waltzes all the sentiment they possess, but in several of the more reflective ones, and in the last especially, he realised their character in a most satisfactory way. There was no attempt to make them more sentimental than they are, and no attempt, in the livelier ones, at any sort of extravagance. As a composer Mr. Fryer has a facile gift. He writes for his instrument, and he writes with a knowledge at first hand of that instrument's best qualities. Nowhere in the five pieces played yesterday did the composer stir one's emotions very deeply, but the music was pleasant to listen to, and if the "Hommage à Tschaikowsky" (played for the first time) was a trifle pretentious as a composition it was very much admired by Mr. Fryer's audience. His playing of Chopin was well within the bounds of good taste. May 31 '13

In the evening the first performance was given of "Res Ultimæ Quattuor," described as an "oratorium symphonicum," the work of the Rev. Dr. Plewka-Plewczynski, who is a native of Warsaw. The composer conducted, and had under his command the London Symphony Orchestra, the Smallwood Metcalfe Choir, and—as soloists—Madame D'Onyszkiewicz (soprano), Mr. Frederick Blamey (tenor), and Mr. Humphrey Bishop (bass). "The Last Four Things," as the work is called in its English translation, is further described in the Argument (presumably written by the composer) as "a great philosophic, musical tetralogy, representing our life." For his text Dr. Plewka-Plewczynski, like so many before him who have achieved or attempted a musical illustration of the same subject, has gone to the Bible and chosen his verses with such care that the four things of which he treats are presented in a lucid way. To form any sort of fair judgment of the music one would have to discard the valuations that have been accepted in the last two centuries or so. One feels really perplexed in front of a score of such naïveté

ÆOLIAN HALL.

May 31 '13

Pianists are so numerous at this season of the year that those who are not well known here, yet who are good players, suffer much the same fate as that which attends the well-known and the bad or indifferent player. It is true that Mr. Charles Anthony, who hails from Boston, had already appeared in London before his recital in Æolian Hall yesterday afternoon; but he cannot be said to be well known. He is a player of the good and interesting kind, and one would have liked to notice a large audience hearing his excellent display. There were seventeen short pieces by twelve composers on his extremely varied programme—a quality which in this weather is in itself pleasant; the winter is the time for Beethoven in his latest mood. May and June are the months for Scarlatti, Brahms's Capriccios, "trifles" suggestive of the Lotus and the Joyous Isle, by Scott and Debussy, and so on. And of such things Mr. Anthony played many, and in nearly all he gave pleasure by the delicacy of his playing, the variety, beauty, and delicate shading of his tone, and his unassuming manner. It was, in point of fact, a delightful and most musical recital for a summer's day. Would that there were more like them. The second recital takes place on June 17.

Composers are queer folk. For while the man has yet to be found who would write a lullaby for a bass voice or a rollicking ditty of the sea for a light soprano, they think nothing whatever of setting Cory's splendid "Heraclitus" for mixed quartet, disregarding entirely the probability that four distinct individuals would lament the dead Heraclitus simultaneously in the same words. The programme given by the Folk-Song Quartet at the Æolian Hall last night was brimful of inconsistencies of this kind, but, on the whole, it was very interesting indeed. The bulk of the new music included in it was provided by Dr. Walford Davies, who once more proved himself a composer of unusual fertility. His settings of "My true love hath my heart," and "Come live with me and be my love," are of great refinement, but they are not improvements on earlier settings of the same words, while his carol, "The Seven Virgins," does little to convince one that our modern writers can compete with those of olden days in their own field. "Magdalen at Michael's Gate," however, is a really charming part song, and the more that Dr. Davies gives us in this vein the better. It was excellently sung by Miss Beatrice Spencer, Miss Florence Oliver, Mr. Louis Godfrey, and Mr. Foxton Ferguson, who also displayed no little humour in their performances of some delightful traditional songs, included in which were "I know where I'm goin'," arranged by Herbert Hughes, and "Dollia" and "Bobby Shafto," which have been recently transcribed by Mr. W. G. Whittaker. The programme was varied by a number of pianoforte solos, among them those of Debussy's Preludes, which were very skilfully played by Dr. Ernest Walker.

A POLISH ORATORIO.

The Rev. Dr. Plewka-Plewczynski conducted the first performance in England of his "Oratorium Symphonicum," "Res Ultimæ Quattuor," in the Queen's Hall last night, the "four last things" being "Death, the Last Judgment, Hell, and Heaven." This is obviously a work of the highest pretensions, and a man must be a musical Milton if he is to rise to "the height of his great argument." That the composer has been particularly successful cannot be asserted, in spite of the musical ability that he undoubtedly possesses. May 31 '13

In the first place he tries to get his effects by pictorial realism, and in clinging to the substance misses the spirit. All kinds of discordant and uncouth noises are drawn upon for the portrayal of the final resurrection from the dead or the torments of the damned in hell, but how can a mere orchestra imitate these tremendous events? Such convulsions and such agonies are the feeblest shadows of the true things, and if realistic copying be the whole scope of art, then it sinks to a mere pastime for children. Structurally, too, the work is very uneven. Thus it opens with a curious stilted fugue, supposed to represent "life in full vitality," but rather suggesting to an English ear the tentative instrumental efforts of Henry Purcell. And what can one say to the employment of a xylophone for the "Requiem Æternam" and the "Lux Perpetua," some of the most touching words in the Christian liturgy?

All the same, although here and elsewhere lacking in sublimity and depth, the music has a pleasing melodiousness in the subjective portions, the soprano solo "Bonum certamen certavi" being especially fine. The composer shows also considerable power for attaining sustained effects. The Smallwood Metcalfe Choir sang the choral parts, the London Symphony Orchestra supplied the accompaniments, and the soloists were Mme. d'Onyszkiewicz, Mr. Frederick Blamey, and Mr. Humphrey Bishop.

NEW IRISH TENOR PLEASES.

James Burke Makes His First Appearance Here in a Concert.

James Burke, the Irish tenor, made his first appearance in this country in a song recital at Aeolian Hall last night. He was well received. Among the songs he sang were Mendelssohn's "Be Thou Faithful Unto Death," Verdi's "O dolore ed io vizza," "Infida il di che brami e questo" from the opera "Attila," and an aria from "La Tosca." June 2 '13

He was assisted by Miss Beatrice Fine, soprano; Miss A. MacLeonard, harpist, and Robert Lewis Gannon, accompanist.

Mr. Burke has appeared in grand opera in Austria and Italy. He came here as a boy a number of years ago and sang in concerts. Then he went into the Northwest and there earned sufficient money to take him to Italy, where he studied six years. His appearance in foreign opera houses has been attended with success.

A NEW RUSSIAN PIANIST.

The laudatory Press notices that have preceded Mr. Hans Ebell, a young Russian pianist, to England were amply justified at the recital which this artist gave in the Bechstein Hall on Saturday afternoon. It is not often that one hears such considered, interesting work from an unknown man. Mr. Ebell at once strikes the note of authority when he begins to play, and easily retains it by the character of his interpretations. His tone is warm and poetical, swelling naturally to a forte of self-reliant power, or subsiding with an easy relaxation of strength. The balance of melody and accompaniment is always admirably adjusted, the predominance of the former never suffering from an insecurity of touch, while where the music disembogues in a general welter of florid passages, a nice employment of constructional accents never fails to conduct the mind in safety across to the narrower waters of the themes. June 2 '13

We heard Mr. Rachmaninov play several of his own preludes when he was last in London,

but certainly the composer failed to make them as interesting as Mr. Ebell did on Saturday. Indeed, it was reserved for the latter to show how much could be done with them, except as regards the C sharp minor, which, for emotional abandon, has a scope worthy of the greatest artists and is as yet beyond his powers.

June 2 1913

A FREAKISH COMEDY.

There are many excellent ingredients in the mixture quaintly named "Yours," produced on Saturday night at the Vaudeville Theatre, and written by Mr. Wilfred T. Coleby and Mr. Sydney Blow. There is humour, with occasional flashes of wit; there is originality in the central idea and in some of the minor incidents; there is sentiment, a little undisciplined and watery, but real enough all the same; and there is some delightful acting. Yet the play, as a whole, is not very satisfying. It is like a well-planned cake that refuses to "riz." Perhaps the explanation lies in the fact that the ingredients are in the wrong proportions. There was so much promise in the central idea that it was with a feeling of disappointment that we left the theatre, in spite of the fact that we had laughed a good deal during the performance and that there was hearty applause at the end.

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The play is written around Jim Wilson, who, when the play opens, has been saved from committing suicide by the prompt action of a "climbing" young politician, who, after providing him with a suit of clothes and a sovereign, thinks he has done his duty by him. But Wilson, an educated man who is a failure in life, resents being brought back to a world he hates, and declares that his life henceforth belongs to his rescuer, and says, to the M.P.'s embarrassment, "I am yours; what are you going to do with me?" It is a clever idea, but, after all, it does not lead to very much. The politician, anxious to be rid of him, buys him a partnership in an animal shop which belongs to his ward, a sweet, unsophisticated little woman, who does not seem to mind having what George Ade would call "a gloomer, to whom every tree is a weeping willow," pressed upon her.

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In the second act, however, Wilson has become such a different person, both in appearance and character, through his love for the animals, and, incidentally, for his business partner, that he has not only become vociferously grateful to the politician for saving his life, but has also been instrumental in securing him the Carnegie Medal for Bravery. Then we become aware, through a blackmailing plot, that the self-advertising politician did not save Wilson's life at all, but, as it were, came in at the finish, and bribed two railway porters to give him the credit and glory. In the last act the M.P. cleverly eludes the blackmailers, escapes from Wilson's parrot cry of "Yours," and secures the biggest advertisement he has yet had. But perhaps excuses should be made for an M.P. who only goes into the House on a recount!

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Jim Wilson, played by that very able actor, Mr. C. M. Hallard, is too complex for our understanding, and the authors have made him more than a little tiresome, with his exaggerated love for the animals in his care which prevents him from effecting any sales. Frankly, we were puzzled a good deal, and thought him not half good enough for dear, practical, but also tender-hearted Jenny Gibson, played with great charm by Miss Hilda Trevelyan. The setting of the second act, which is the animal shop, with an assortment of live stock in cages, and Jenny in a large apron brushing the dogs, is quite delightful. In this act the principal actor was Guppy, the manager of the shop, a shrewd, double-faced, but amusing scamp, capitally played by Mr. Edmund Gwenn.

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Perhaps *the* part of the piece has been allotted to Miss Lottie Venne as Lady Worth, from whom the politician evidently inherited his climbing propensities and flow of language. She was a pure delight to listen to, even though many of her speeches were quite irrelevant. Mr. Ronald Squire, who is making rapid strides forward, was breezy and natural as her son, but his character was insufficiently developed to cause us to feel any interest in his love affairs. It seemed a freakish play with too much of the modern jerky spirit and passion for ellipses, but at the same time showing considerable cleverness and invention. The freakishness gave rise to a good deal of laughter last night, but we should have preferred a little more ordinary human nature, especially when we have two such artists as Mr. Edmund Gwenn and Miss Hilda Trevelyan ready and able to show us real men and women.

P. C.

"YOURS."

MISS HILDA TREVELYAN IN A NEW PLAY.

June 2 1913

A mildly bright and cheerily sentimental little three-act comedy put together by a couple of experienced play-makers, who seem to have got rather tired of it after awhile, and were obviously not prepared to risk an ounce more brainstuff than was absolutely necessary.

This was "Yours," by Wilfred Coleby and Sydney Blow, produced at the Vaudeville on Saturday night. It does not, of course, represent what we always want and so seldom get—the heart's-blood of genius. But it has been allotted a pleasant little selection of notions and characters—just enough to fill out an act and a half. If at the end of the third act one feels like the last customer on early-closing day, with the authors only waiting to round the thing off decently on a safe "curtain" and shut up shop—well, one quite sympathises with them! If the play succeeds, well and good! If it does not, no one will have very much right to grumble.

The chief idea is that an Eton-and-Oxford failure (Mr. C. M. Hallard), who had tried to commit suicide at Clapham Junction, is given another chance as partner in an animal shop. He gets so fond of the animals that he not only determines to go on living, but marries the charming little orphan-spinster (Miss Hilda Trevelyan) who is the other partner.

Then there is a really well-studied, pushful young Member of Parliament, who pretends to have saved the other man's life at Clapham Junction, and makes all possible use of the incident for electioneering purposes. The Cockney assistant at the animal shop (Mr. Edmund Gwenn) gets to know the truth, and joins with the porter who actually did the saving in a sort of blackmailing league. This, however, the pushful young M.P. boldly flouts by openly voluntarily transferring to the porter all credit for the heroic deed. He thus gets a second round of popular applause, and yet more votes by what, less courageously treated, might have proved a disastrous confession. This young M.P. is really cleverly drawn, brilliantly played by Mr. Ronald Squire, and interesting because, in spite of his disgracefully fraudulent self-assertion, he really does win one's sympathy by his unruffled good humour and resource.

The other characters are all more or less out of the mild comedy stock-pot. Miss Lottie Venne played with her usual delicious piquancy as the young M.P.'s mother, and of course Miss Trevelyan is everything that is sweetly intelligent. There are several dogs, a monkey, and a parrot in the shop scene. Indeed, one of the best things in the play is the little moral that comes at the end of the first act, that we should take a lesson from the animals. They never complain of being failures.

S. R. L.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.

"YOURS."

It was quaintly entertaining. There were rabbits and parrots and monkeys and kittens all on the stage together doing their best for it. Mere dogs, like silver in the days of King Solomon, were nothing accounted of amid such profusion. We even heard of a bear, and the presence of a pike and a roach was definitely alleged. Besides all this Noah's Ark, there was Miss Lottie Venne with some things to say perfectly adapted to her unique airs and graces; there was Miss Hilda Trevelyan being deliciously winsome and gentle and pathetic; and Mr. Edmund Gwenn as a gem of rascally oddity. Of course, we came away in the best of humour.

There is (on the stage) something fresh about the atmosphere of an animal shop. Messrs. Wilfred T. Coleby and Sydney Blow deserve our gratitude for having thought of that. The cages made a very engaging piece of decoration, and animals in the strange world of the theatre are always irresistible to persons of sensibility. "Yours" is a play of themes rather than people, and perhaps of incidents rather than themes. There are several others besides the animal shop. The pushfulness of the politician begins the story and ends it, and in between comes the responsibility which you have for the life of the man whom you have saved from committing suicide. Such a blend suggests something whimsical, and its wit and whim are what commend "Yours." It has any number of good lines, though probably not quite so many as the acting made us believe. It has a pleasant freshness of manner and some ingenious turns of invention. But we were never tempted to suppose that any of these amusing people could be real. That did not matter, of course. They never wanted to be. They were quite content to make us laugh, and that they did with pleasant ease. It was altogether a most comfortable evening.

June 2 '13

THE POLITICIAN.

The politician was the mainspring. He was also more like reality than any of the rest of them. He had a further justification for existence in being the son of Lady Worth, who was Miss Lottie Venne. Lady Worth was bewildered by someone else's inconsequence, Lady Worth wanted to get a word in edge-ways, Lady Worth was confronted with the duty of housing a bear, Lady Worth flirted with her young and insinuating secretary, Lady Worth was given a tract with the title "Strike Me on the Box." There is no need to attempt the impossible and describe Miss Lottie Venne in these difficulties. She was herself at her best, and there is no one else quite like that.

But let us by all means return to the plot. When the politician was merely aiming at the L.C.C. he had made friends with the keeper of an animal shop and become trustee of the old fellow's will. Therefore little Jenny Gibson, Miss Hilda Trevelyan with her sweetest manner, came down upon Lady Worth in mourning to explain that grandfather was dead and the trustee's services needed. The politician had had a busy day. He came home with a ragged, woe-begone man whom he had pulled out from suicide under an express. He proposed to telephone particulars of his heroic deed to a news agency, give the victim a sovereign, and send him off.

Now we come to the title. The victim (Eton and New College) would not be so easily abolished. Since he had not been allowed to die he demanded the means to live. "I am yours," he insisted, "yours." The politician did not like this annexation. But as Jenny Gibson was at hand wanting help in her business the victim was provided with capital and turned into her partner.

THE ANIMAL SHOP.

So we arrive among the animals, and a good deal of episodical fun which would vanish in description. The family life of rabbits, the repartees of parrots, the progress of pacificism among fish, all receive illustration. Jim Wilson, the would-be suicide, developed into a cheerful inventor of animal foods, and became so fond of the animals that he could not bear to sell any of them except the snakes. Moreover, they were so fond of him that poor Jenny found herself playing second fiddle at all their cages. And she was as fond of Jim as the dogs were, so of course he thought she loved another.

Perhaps you never believed that the politician was a real hero. Guppy, the guileful man-of-all-work among the animals, found out the truth. The rescue of Jim Wilson was, in fact, the work of a pair of porters. The politician had given them money to hold their tongues while he advertised his heroism. The guileful Guppy proposed to wait till the politician had been publicly presented with a medal from the Carnegie fund, and then blackmail him. But when he tried the pushful politician merely smiled. For Guppy had not been at the presentation. Guppy did not know that the politician, with noble modesty, had disowned the honour for himself, and pinned the medal on the humble breast of Dench, the railway porter. So Guppy went empty away, and the politician was better advertised than ever, and, incidentally, Jenny had her Jim, and that was all.

Something has already been said of the acting. Miss Hilda Trevelyan has no great opportunities, but her Jenny Gibson is all pretty quaintness and charm. Mr. Edmund Gwenn is the live-stock keeper in every inch and every phrase, and his work is full of humour and clever touches of character. There was a very attractive piece of acting by Mr. Ronald Squire as the young politician. He had the manner, a little brazen, a little conceited, altogether brisk and easy, as one to the profession born. He suggested very neatly the amalgam of humbug and shrewdness, the limits to the man's belief in his own poses. It was a clever and interesting performance. Mr. C. M. Hallard was duly in earnest with Jim Wilson, whether in his despair or his exuberance, but the part offers no chance of distinction. Miss Jessie Winter played the politician's lady-love in a pleasant, natural style, and there were two delightful railway porters by Mr William Rokeby and Mr Douglas Munro. The audience obviously liked it all.

June 2 *** 1913

On Wednesday evening Sir George Alexander revives "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" with a very strong company indeed, headed by himself as Tanqueray and Mrs. Patrick Campbell as the ill-starred Paula. Nearly exactly twenty years have passed since it was first acted to an audience of which the present writer, after an hour and a half's wait outside the pit, was one. To be precise, it was on May 27, 1893, that it was produced at the St. James's Theatre, received with a passion of enthusiasm, and at once became what is called "the talk of the town." One critic, and perhaps only one, failed to join in the general chorus of admiration. Mr. Bernard Shaw has left it upon record that he sat up very attentively when he heard Tanqueray say to Paula: "I know what you were at Ellean's age. You hadn't a thought that wasn't a wholesome

one: you didn't an impulse that didn't tend towards good; you never harboured a notion you couldn't have gossiped about to a parcel of children. And this was a very few years ago." And, continued Mr. Shaw:

On the reply to that facetious but not unnatural speech depended the whole question of Mr. Pinero's rank as a dramatist. One can imagine how in a play by a master-hand Paula's reply would have opened Tanqueray's foolish eyes to the fact that a woman of that sort is already the same at three as she is at thirty-three. . . . What reply does Mr. Pinero put into her mouth? Here it is, with the stage directions: "A few—years ago! (*She walks slowly towards the door, then suddenly drops upon the ottoman in a paroxysm of weeping.*) Oh, God! A few years ago!" That is to say, she . . . . betrays the fact that she is a work of prejudiced observation instead of comprehension.

Many will entirely disagree with Mr. Shaw here. At any rate, what a ferocious pessimism it is which would suggest that every Paula Wray is a predestined harlot. A sudden change for the worse in the environment of a woman may bring out evil possibilities that might never otherwise have been heard of; and such, we are justified in concluding was what happened to the young woman who afterwards became Mr. Tanqueray's second wife.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL.

June 2-13

MELBA'S JUBILEE.

At the Albert Hall yesterday afternoon Madame Melba added yet another to her long list of triumphs. It was in celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of her first appearance in London that Messrs. Schulz Curtius arranged the concert which took place on this occasion, and the enthusiasm of the huge audience was sufficient evidence of the high esteem in which the great singer is held. Three times the prima-donna's name appeared on the programme—first, for the Mad Scene from "Lucia di Lammermoor"; second, for the now very popular "Depuis le jour" from Charpentier's "Louise"; and last, for "Caro Nome." The audience, of course, was far from being satisfied with these things; divinely as they were sung, and insisted upon an encore to each. And what is there but praise to offer when Melba sings? After "Depuis le jour"—"Comin' thro' the rye." How inimitably was this rendered, how full of charm, how spirited, how perfect the phrasing! After "Caro Nome"—Tosti's "Good-bye." What a world of meaning the singer put into the words, what pathos, what beauty of tone and—what diction! It was only after the prima-donna had returned many times to the platform to bow her acknowledgments of the applause—and the cheers—which greeted her singing of "Caro Nome" that she was persuaded to sing this last encore. It is impossible that Melba has ever sung that song more beautifully.

Mr. Marcel Moyse (who played the flute obbligato to the Mad Scene perfectly), Mr. Guido Ciccolini, Mr. Percy Grainger, and Mr. Edmund Burke gave distinguished assistance at this memorable concert. Professor Lapierne was the accompanist.

ROYAL OPERA.

June 2-13

"MADAMA BUTTERFLY."

Probably the hardest task that can be set a comparative newcomer to so old-established an institution as Covent Garden Opera is to follow in the footsteps of a singer who has for years been associated with a particular part. Our audiences may, or may not, be very critical; they are often censorious, and for them, or a large part of them, an interpretation is not judged according to its own merits, but according to the standard set up by some favourite singer. In the foyer last week one heard on all hands the question "Is Caruso (or Madame Melba) as good as he (or she) was?" True, these great singers were being judged, if one may use the expression, by the standards they themselves had set up years ago. But the point is that the chief interest seemed to lie, not in the extreme beauty of their singing now, but in the comparison with the singing of a time passed away.

On Saturday night there was a very similar case, for Miss Alice Nielsen was called upon at a late hour to undertake the rôle of Butterfly in the opera "Madama Butterfly," which had been cast for Miss Destinn, who, unhappily, was indisposed. To the average opera goer Madama Butterfly and Miss Destinn are one and the same thing, and presumably this will remain so until in the long years to come Miss Destinn's name is no more to be found in the Covent Garden list, or, what is more probable, until Puccini's opera has ceased to attract! It is a curious state of affairs this, and for obvious reasons the habit is not a good one, for it is neither critical nor fair. It may be that Miss Destinn is the incomparable, the final, Madama Butterfly; but that is no reason either why other accomplished singers should not undertake the rôle, or why these other singers should not be judged by the standard they themselves set up. And so we have no intention whatever of judging Miss Nielsen's by the standard of any other singer, but merely by that she herself set up in the performance under notice.

Miss Nielsen's view of the unhappy Japanese wife who is no wife strikes one at first as being rather on the small side, and also as being a little superficial and wanting in psychology. In the second act, where she awaits the return of her American husband, and in the last act, where he returns, it is true, Miss Nielsen clearly attempted to mark the womanly development that had occurred during the husband's absence. But in the opening act, where first she becomes the wife, her idea seemed entirely occidental and rather theatrical. On the vocal side, too, it was inclined to be small, but it was pretty, and probably on a smaller stage it would have made a greater effect. Mr. McCormack's Pinkerton and Miss Leveroni's Suzuki are already familiar here, and on Saturday they were, as often before, sound and of good effect. As Sharpless, Mr. Dinh Gilly was almost out of the picture now and then by the very beauty of his singing, which was truly "of the grand opera"; Miss Egener was Kate Pinkerton, Mr. Zucchi the admirable Goro of old, Mr. Bertram Binyon Prince Yamadori. There was a great deal of applause during the evening, and at curtain-fall all the principals were called, with Mr. Polacco, who again conducted with the masterly grip we have referred to on several occasions this season. His work at this performance was heavier than usual, or so it seemed, for the orchestra was evidently tired.

THE ROYAL OPERA.

"MADAMA BUTTERFLY."

June 2 — 1913

Puccini's "Madama Butterfly" was performed for the first time this season at Covent Garden on Saturday night. However much we may wince at the calculated poignancy with which the impending tragedy of the poor little heroine is impressed upon the hearer, the titanic power of the music is not to be denied. Often enough Puccini's stage-sense may fail him—witness the numerous cuts that are made in the work—but whenever he gets home with his effects he shakes us to the core. As an instance of this may be cited the last few bars with which the opera closes. All the pent-up misery comes surging forth and swelling up to immeasurable heights of despair, and the curtain falls leaving us stupefied at the sublime grandeur of the emotion that has rent the soul of Cho-Cho-San. It is the ninth wave that has rolled along the weltering surface of the deep, and broken with devastation on the shore.

The title-rôle was taken with much skill and sympathy by Miss Alice Nielsen. It is a trying part for any singer, and she successfully avoided the danger of morbid excess. Mr. John McCormack as Pinkerton and Mlle. Elvira Leveroni as Suzuki were admirable foils, while, as usual, M. Dinh Gilly gave a beautiful impersonation of the foreseeing, friendly Consul. Signor Giorgio Polacco conducted.

"MADAMA BUTTERFLY."

By Giacomo Puccini.

Madama Butterfly	Miss Alice Nielsen
Suzuki	Mlle. Elvira Leveroni
F. B. Pinkerton	Mr. John McCormack
Sharpless	M. Dinh Gilly

Conductor—Signor Giorgio Polacco.

June 2-13

On the orchestral side the performance of *Madama Butterfly*, which was given on Saturday night at Covent Garden, was an interesting one. It was not merely that Signor Polacco, who conducted it, had evidently rehearsed everything carefully and had left nothing to chance or the inspiration of the moment; he had definite views as to the *tempi* in places like the arrival of the women in the first act and the scattering of the flowers at the end of the second, and he was very clear as to the phrasing in the principal airs and duets and insisted on the singers adopting that phrasing. Both precision and unity were gained by this and gained for the whole performance, and not for the orchestral part alone, the orchestra, in fact, being kept well in its place and not allowed to dominate and drown the voices, as sometimes happens in the more modern Italian operas.

It was all the more necessary on this occasion to keep the playing subdued because Miss Alice Nielsen, who sang the part of Madama Butterfly, seldom produced anything but a small tone. At times it sounded as though she were only trying over the part for her own amusement, and the tune she ought to burst into when she rushes to the window at the sound of the cannon was almost inaudible. On the other hand, there was delicacy and youthfulness in her treatment of the part, if there were not many signs of dramatic instinct, and her tone, insufficient though it was, sounded fresh and agreeable. Mr. McCormack tempered his voice with discretion in the duets, and did not try to make up for it by putting additional warmth into his acting. M. Gilly gave distinction to the rather thankless part of Sharpless, and as Suzuki Mlle. Leveroni was sympathetic and efficient.

A NEW "BUTTERFLY" AT COVENT GARDEN.

June 2-13

The title-rôle in "Madama Butterfly" (which was given on Saturday night for the first time this season at the Opera) has been so much associated with one singer, Mlle. Destinn, at Covent Garden, that it was of some interest to hear a fresh artist in the part. In saying this one does not mean that a finer performance could be wished for than that of Mlle. Destinn, but a little variety is always welcome. Miss Alice Nielsen, who was the Butterfly of Saturday's performance, sang and acted intelligently, although her interpretation had its limitations, chiefly vocal. Miss Nielsen's voice is scarcely of sufficient power for a big theatre like Covent Garden, and some of her phrases, in the lower part of the voice, were rather ineffective. However, she sang with a certain amount of emotional warmth in the first act in the duet, and gave a good rendering of "Un bel dì vidremo" in the second act, in which she was much better than in the earlier part of the opera.

Mr. John McCormack, the Pinkerton of the cast, sang with great charm of style, and was very effective throughout the first act. M. Gilly took the rather thankless rôle of the Consul, and sang with his usual breadth and dignity. As Suzuki Mlle. Leveroni gave a well-finished performance, and the smaller rôles were well filled.

Signor Polacco conducted, and obtained some excellent playing from the orchestra.

June 2-13

M. PACHMANN'S RECITAL.

In view perhaps of the fact that he is shortly to give a recital devoted to Chopin, M. Pachmann put only one group of pieces by that composer into his programme on Saturday afternoon in the Queen's Hall. The rest consisted of small miscellaneous works by Liszt, Moszkovsky, Mendelssohn, and others, and of Schumann's Sonata in F sharp minor.

M. Pachmann is essentially an interpreter of small things; he loves detail for its own sake, and he can, when he likes, present music written on a small scale with its surface polished to a state of perfection and yet showing no signs of the labour that has gone to obtain the highly finished result. It is when he attempts large works that we are made aware of the efforts of the pianist standing between the music and ourselves, and fail to feel the music as a whole and as something distinct from the sum of its component parts. There was much in his playing of the Sonata that was beautiful, and it was refreshing to hear it given without the heavy touch and the solid sentimentality that one associates with some performances of Schumann's sonatas. At the same time it was not so much a sonata that M. Pachmann offered as a series of episodes which by some stern and thoughtless decree he found himself obliged to string together into a semblance of sonata form.

In the group of pieces by Chopin, where it was only necessary to concentrate on the emotion of the moment and to convey that by a single impulse to the listener, M. Pachmann did far more justice to the spirit of the music; the Prelude in F major, the studies in G flat and D flat (the second added as an *encore*), and the Valse in C sharp minor all being exquisitely played. In some of the other short pieces, however, the singleness of the mood was interrupted in order that the player might make his explanatory asides to the audience, and in a few of them—the Nocturne in F minor, for instance, and the study in E minor—not only was the thread of the music broken, but the details were forced into too prominent a position, with the result that the pieces as wholes were as scrappy and as laboured as the Sonata.

MR. PACHMANN'S RECITAL.

June 2-13

To state in the conventional phrase that Mr. Pachmann "gave a pianoforte recital" on Saturday afternoon would be wholly inadequate. Shall we say that he gave an "entertainment"? But even that would convey only a faint idea of his doings. The fact is that when a recital-giver combines within himself the functions of a pianist, a lecturer, a comedian, and a pantomimist the mere critic finds himself rather at a loss to describe his performance. And at Queen's Hall on Saturday Mr. Pachmann filled all those rôles, to the immense delight of an audience that was clearly out to enjoy itself. In other words, he was himself—and more than himself. At any rate, it has never been our lot to find him in so exuberant and irrepressible a mood. For how many years have the public not encouraged him in his "winks and nods and gestures," and accorded him all the privileges of the chartered libertine? Is it really necessary, then, when Mr. Pachmann gives a "recital," to say how he played? Does it matter very much, after all, whether he played well or ill, provided his hearers laughed till their sides ached, and had a thoroughly good time? Certainly Saturday's audience could not complain that they went short of their money's worth. For did not their favourite convulse them with mirth, even before he touched the keys of his instrument, by repeating—with fresh elaborations—his old antics with the piano stool? And did he not "annotate" his programme by telling them of the beauties of the pieces he was going to perform, and indulge the most comical of gestures and by-play, and kiss his hands to ladies in the audience, who laughed and applauded him the loudest, and exchange pleasantries with occupants of the platform who were nearest to him?

Why, then, worry about taking the measure of the pianist's actual playing? It may be remarked, however, that he joked and smirked and smiled, with happier results in his Chopin selection than in his playing, at the beginning, of Schumann's Sonata in F sharp minor, the first half of which was marred by frequent distortion of the rhythm. With Chopin, however, it was different, and the complete success of Mr. Pachmann, the comedian, did not interfere with the complete success of Mr. Pachmann the pianist. Exquisite in delicacy, gossamer lightness, suppleness, and rhythmic grace were the A flat Impromptu, the Prelude in F (No. 23), and the G flat Study (Op. 25, No. 9), and after the Waltz in C sharp minor, which ended the group, the pianist was compelled to add an "encore"—the Study on the black keys (played with immense gusto and a glissando at the end). The audience's enthusiasm was tremendous, and no "entertainment" was ever more successful.

June 2 1913

M. PACHMANN'S RECITAL.

After a long absence, M. Pachmann reappeared in London on Saturday afternoon at a highly successful recital in the Queen's Hall. The distinguished pianist was in one of his happiest moods, and for a couple of hours kept his admirers, who nearly filled the hall, in a state of continual enthusiasm. His programme was well adapted for displaying his remarkable powers, containing the Schumann F sharp minor Sonata, Op. 11, a large group of Chopin numbers, and miscellaneous pieces by various composers, such as Liszt, Moskowski, and Dvorák.

It is, of course, on his skill as an exponent of Chopin that M. Pachmann's reputation so largely rests, and his performances under this head were lacking in nothing of their old magic. The pearly lightness of his touch is, indeed, a commonplace of criticism, but although repetition may stale the comparison, the playing itself remains "a thing of beauty and a joy for ever." Not less admirable was the crispness of the "study on auxiliary notes," Op. 25, No. 5. The crystal delicacy with which the small appended sounds were flushed against their melodic supports was a revelation of virtuoso playing. Moreover, the peculiar intimacy of his relation to the audience was as interesting as ever, as when he played a few tantalising bars from a sonata by Godowski, "the finest sonata in the world."

THE IRISH PLAYERS.

"THE MAGNANIMOUS LOVER" AND "THE PLAYBOY OF THE WESTERN WORLD."

June 3 1913

The Irish National Theatre Society opened another season at the Court Theatre last night, when a large audience gave a hearty welcome to Mr. St. John Ervine's one-act play, "The Magnanimous Lover" on its first performance in London, and to Synge's most famous comedy, "The Playboy of the Western World." The company seems practically the same as last year. Miss Sara Allgood, Mr. Fred O'Donovan, Miss Eithne Magee, Mr. J. M. Kerrigan, Mr. Sydney Morgan, Mr. J. A. O'Rourke, Miss Eileen O'Doherty, and Mr. Arthur Sinclair have all returned; and it is pleasant to hear their familiar voices and to see their faces again.

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Mr. Ervine's play shows a North of Ireland girl refusing to marry the man who ten years before had been the father of her child, and who has now come back to her in a highly sanctified condition to carry out what he believes to be the will of God and make her "an honest woman." She refuses because the man not only admits that he does not love her, but denounces her as a bad woman, whose soul, however, may be saved if she will marry him. Her answer is:—

> Henry, you're worse nor I thought you. You're not thinking of me, nor the wrong you did. It's yourself you're thinking of. You're afraid of God, and you want to use me to buy Him off. You can well call yourself a God-fearing man, Henry. I'm nothing to you. The child you're the father of is nothing to you. You're just frightened out of your wits for fear you should go to hell, for all you're "saved." I won't marry you. I'm as good as you are for all I'm not "saved." I'm better nor you are, for I'm not afraid of God!

And she banishes him from her presence for ever. It is all admirably composed; and, on grounds of art, the only fault we have to find with it is that the sanctimoniousness of the man seems a little overdone. Such men as Henry Hinde are to be found in every part of the kingdom. Robert Burns knew one when he conferred a sinister immortality on the hypocritical farmer, William Fisher, by making him the hero of "Holy Willie's Prayer." But Mr. Ervine could have made his man seem as sanctimonious without putting the name of the Creator into almost his every second sentence. The dramatic interest of the play, however, intensifies as it proceeds, and its dénouement sounded nicely right. And it was quite beautifully acted by Miss Allgood, as the young woman, Mr. J. M. Kerrigan (whose pleasant face was quite marvellously disguised), as the sanctimonious lover, Mr. Morgan and Miss Helena Molony as the girl's parents, and Mr. O'Rourke as the young man's father.

As, moreover, some playgoers may imagine that the story has been derived from that of "Hindle Wakes," or "The Eldest Son," it may be mentioned that "The Magnanimous Lover" was written five and a half years ago, that it was submitted to the Afternoon Theatre (then coming to an end), and afterwards (on Mr. F. Whelen's recommendation) to the Stage Society, who, however, were unable to produce it. At Miss Horniman's suggestion, it was then sent to Mr. W. B. Yeats, who accepted it; and for the past two and a half years it has been in the possession of the Irish National Theatre. There can, therefore, be no suggestion of plagiarisation of either of the two pieces we have mentioned.

THE SAINT-SAENS JUBILEE FESTIVAL.

June 3 1913

CONCERT IN THE QUEEN'S HALL

The French composer and pianist, M. Camille Saint-Saëns, was the recipient of both honours and a great demonstration of welcome in the Queen's Hall yesterday afternoon. The occasion was the opening of the "Saint-Saëns Jubilee Anniversary Festival," under the patronage of the Queen and Queen Alexandra, and it took the shape of an orchestral concert, consisting almost exclusively of works from his own pen. The anniversay was the seventy-fifth of his musical career, reckoned from the date when, at the age of two and a half years, he received his first lesson in pianoforte playing. This gave an additional interest to the fact that after the lapse of so much time the veteran musician, now within a month of his seventy-eighth birthday, appeared upon the platform as a soloist.

The works in which he was heard were Mozart's Pianoforte Concerto in B flat (Op. 67, K. 450), a movement each from his own Pianoforte Concertos, Nos. 2 and 5, and his Fantasia, "Africa," for pianoforte and orchestra (Op. 89). It was really remarkable how he acquitted himself of his task. What though his passage-playing lacked the robustness of a man still in the full strength of his prime, the qualities of the accomplished artist were always in evidence. Everything was delightfully fresh and clear, while the performance of the Mozart cantilenas was essentially wholesome and refined. An interesting number on the programme was his Overture in G to an unfinished comic opera. The score is still in manuscript, and was probably written when the composer was nineteen. Light-hearted gaiety reigns supreme throughout the piece, which is the obvious product of free-glowing ideas and an unusual maturity.

During the interval Sir Alexander Mackenzie, at the end of some well-chosen words of welcome, presented M. Saint-Saëns with an address on behalf of the general committee, consisting of a large number of well-known people, and headed by the French Ambassador. The instrumental forces were supplied by the Beecham Symphony Orchestra, under the alert direction of Mr. Thomas Beecham, to whom were further assigned the third Symphony in C minor of Saint-Saëns, for orchestra, organ, and pianoforte duet, the solo parts being allotted to Messrs. Frederick Kiddie, Charlton Keith, and Thomas Chapman respectively.

LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

June 3 — 1913

At last night's symphony concert, in the Queen's Hall, of the London Symphony Orchestra, Miss Tina Lerner was the soloist and Herr Mengelberg again conducted. The purely orchestral works on the programme were Wagner's Overture to "Die Meistersinger," Handel's Concerto Grosso in D for string orchestra, and Tschaikowsky's Symphony in E minor, No. 5; while Miss Lerner played the Pianoforte Concerto in D minor of Haydn Wood.

The latter work comes from a graduate of the Royal College of Music, and was first performed at one of the Patrons' Fund concerts in 1909. Its revival on this occasion proved rather disappointing. While framed on orthodox lines, its æsthetic matter seems already old-fashioned, and in no connection with the work of the younger British school. There is, indeed, a pedagogic touch about the whole, chiefly noticeable in the extreme fussiness of much of the music. The instruments will always be talking, and the ear soon tires of the noise and bluster of the brass. A further weakness is the extreme disconnected character of the various themes. This is the case in each of the three movements, but none more so than in the Andante, where the middle section, with its Spanish, exotic nature, stands in no sort of organic relation to the quiet opening theme allotted to the muted violins. Finally, we would point out how dubious is the introduction of cymbals and stopped horns into a work of purely abstract music. Here the *raison d'être* of an instrument is its euphony, and the deliberate employment of half-euphonious sounds can only be justified by a dramatic objective purpose. Such a purpose is only proper to opera or the pictorial style, such as the symphonic poem, but is rarely admissible in the abstract forms.

Miss Lerner played her part with great spirit, and Herr Mengelberg secured from the orchestra his usual spacious splendour of sound. This was here more appropriate than in the Concerto of Handel, which would have borne a lighter treatment.

ÆOLIAN HALL.

June 3-13

Mr. Whitney Mockridge, who made his reappearance at the Æolian Hall yesterday afternoon, after a good many years' absence from public life, is a tenor who always takes his art thoroughly seriously. At times, it is true, he is somewhat addicted to exaggeration, and this trick was especially in evidence in his performance of Purcell's "I attempt from love's sickness," in which he ranged from a mezzo-voce that was too obviously studied to a strenuous fortissimo, which seemed to breathe an air of angry defiance not at all in keeping with the spirit of the song. Far too vigorous, too, were his performances of Wolf's "Der Gärtner" and Strauss's "Breit über mein Haupt," songs which surely demand the utmost delicacy of treatment. He was more happily suited in Schubert's "Frühlingsglaube" and Barker's "The Manly Heart," both of which he sang well. He was accompanied throughout by Mrs. Whitney Mockridge, while violoncello solos, finely played by Mr. Felix Salmond, afforded a pleasant relief.

THE LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Herr Mengelberg was again the conductor of the London Symphony Orchestra's concert on Monday night in the Queen's Hall, at which the chief orchestral works were Handel's Concerto Grosso in D for string orchestra and Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony.

The conductor's gift of clear exposition of which we spoke last week was strikingly evident in the symphony, every detail of which came out in performance, not as something detached from the context or its own sake but as part of a clear and carefully built-up whole. Some of the details, however, though clear, were not as carefully played as they might have been, the phrasing on the wood-wind being rough at times and the first oboe inclined to be flat. There was some roughness, too, on the part of the concertante instruments in Handel's concerto, but the general tone in the louder passages was very rich and sonorous, and both the third movement and the Finale were vivacious and crisp without being stiff.

June 4 13

The soloist was Miss Tina Lerner, who played with a neat and brilliant but too uniformly dry touch a Pianoforte Concerto in D minor by Mr. Haydn Wood which was first brought out four years ago. Probably it would have been written somewhat differently if it had been composed this year, for it shows in too many places the student's desire to keep the soloist busy with effective passages rather than to think out something which should exactly express the composer's ideas. The technique is very much influenced by Schumann, and in the use of sequences, pedal points, and long scale passages through the orchestra it shows many traces of Tchaikovsky. But the ideas themselves are not at all distinguished, and in the last movement sink into the extremes of commonplace, which is only emphasized by the elaborate and often irrelevant decoration. In the Andante the composer comes to much closer terms with his music, expressing simply what he has felt simply. It is very sentimental, but one feels that the writing is genuine, and as it is not continued after the composer has said what he wanted to say, it sounds much the best movement of the concerto. It must be added that there was warm applause at the end of it, and both Miss Lerner and the composer had to appear several times.

MADAME DONALDA'S CONCERT.

June 4 13

It is not every operatic singer who can accommodate herself to the intimate conditions of a drawing-room concert, but the fact that Madame Donalda can do so without effort gave a peculiar attraction to the "matinée musicale" she gave at 18, Park-lane yesterday afternoon. Her singing of a group of German and French songs was especially pleasing, for the excellence of her diction in each language helped her to make every point tell. The effects she produced depended on means so simple as to sound artless. There was no heavy underlining and no unnecessary emphasis. Indeed, they would have been quite superfluous, for the singer's sense of atmosphere was keen enough to allow her to suggest without effort the emotion she meant to express. Her easy but elusive art was most telling in Debussy's "Fantoches" and Hué's "Mélodie," and it would have been a pleasure to have heard her in more songs of the same kind. In Mr. Paul Bourrillon Madame Donalda had a colleague as skilful as herself. His work was uniformly excellent, and so, too, was that of the artists who, with Mrs. Alfred Holiday to lead them, played Brahms's Pianoforte Quintet in F minor in the middle of the programme. Miss Ellen Tuckfield accompanied the songs.

BECHSTEIN HALL.

June 4 1913

Mr. Gustave Ferrari's concert at the Bechstein Hall yesterday afternoon came as rare and refreshing fruit to those whose palates are rather jaded in this busy season by the fare, only too often little more than mediocre, offered at recitals innumerable. Mr. Ferrari is, of course, a specialist in French chansons, and his programme yesterday afternoon consisted chiefly of his own excellent arrangements of some of the most beautiful of these, delightfully sung in costume by a number of very clever young ladies and Mr. Gordon Cleather. "La Belle au Jardin d'Amour," "Verduroncette," "La Soupe au Lait," "Entre le Bœuf et l'Ane Gris," to name but a few of them, are all songs of singular beauty, and the most delicate shades of feeling so perfectly expressed in them were most happily reproduced by the soloists, who were too many in number to be praised individually, and by the chorus. Then, too, there were two very beautiful songs by Charpentier—"Le Chanson du Chemin" and "Le Jet d'Eau"—the former a duet, in which Miss B. Freeman and Mr. Cleather were associated, and the latter an air with an accompanying chorus, in which Miss Freeman again showed herself an artist of unusual dramatic power. Other novelties were a very fine "Aubade Athenienne," by Reynaldo Hahn, in which Miss Mariette Dulac scored a real triumph, and an Andante and Scherzo, by Henri Rabaud, for flute, violin, and pianoforte, of which the first movement proved particularly fresh and graceful, and which was excellently played by Mr. Louis Fleury, Mr. Alber Cazabon, and Mr. Ferrari. Altogether, the afternoon was one of many delights.

VIOLONCELLO SONATAS.

A recital of duet sonatas for violoncello and piano by Miss Beatrice Harrison and Mr. D'Albert was necessarily an event which aroused a good deal of interest, but one came to it at Bechstein Hall yesterday with a certain feeling of anxiety. One wondered whether Mr. D'Albert's exceedingly masterful style would completely overwhelm the violoncellist, or whether she would hold her own with incongruous results or be strong enough really to combine with him. They played three sonatas together, Beethoven's Op. 69, Brahms's in E minor, and Saint-Saëns's in C minor, and from the very beginning of the Beethoven sonata it was evident that the first catastrophe would be avoided. But in the first movement there was a certain amount of struggle: Miss Harrison seemed to be exerting herself to the utmost to match his forcible way of carving out melodic phrases, and, to name one point of detail, she was so anxious to get a big tone from her low pizzicato notes that they ceased to be musical notes. But the Scherzo was beautifully played by both performers. If Mr. D'Albert was still the ruling power, Miss Harrison made his treatment of it her own, so that the *ensemble* was perfect. Both here and in the Finale his keen perception of rhythm gave a wonderful verve to the whole performance, and he played with remarkable delicacy. June 7/13

Most of the performance of Brahms was less unified than were the later movements of Beethoven. Mr. D'Albert took the Minuet considerably faster than is usual, and, though one felt that as far as his own part was concerned he could justify himself in doing so, it made the violoncello sound heavy. With a little more consideration this movement might have been as complete as the corresponding one in Beethoven's sonata. The Finale was an extraordinarily brilliant performance in every way.

MR. MOCKRIDGE'S RECITAL.

Mr. Mockridge's recital at the Æolian Hall on Monday afternoon showed by means of some modern German and French songs, Purcell's "I attempt from love's sickness," Handel's "Where'er you walk," and others a strong tenor of baritone quality. Mrs. Mockridge played his accompaniments. He was assisted by Mr. Felix Salmond (violoncello). June 4/13

Mr. Whitney Mockridge, who comes from Canada, has several good qualities in his voice. It has plenty of resonance, and there is a certain nobility every now and then in the sustained notes which goes some way to compensate obvious defects. In one or two songs taken *sotto voce*, such as Nevin's "Dites-moi," there was good control, and there were some thoroughly vocal passages in Strauss's "Breit über mein Haupt," which was one of his best songs. His singing is, however, too conscious and over-conscientious. Handel's and Purcell's songs are, it is true, for all time; but it would have been better to forget that for the moment, and to sing them, as they were written, to please a particular audience.

ROYAL OPERA.

"SAMSON ET DALILA."

By CAMILLE SAINT-SAËNS.

(In French.)

Dalila	Mme. KIRKBY LUNN
Samson	M. PAUL FRANZ
Le Grand Prêtre ..	M. DINH GILLY
Abimelech	M. ARMAND CRABBÉ
Un Vieillard Hébreu	M. HUBERDEAU

Première Danseuse—Mlle. VEBBIST.

Conductor—Signor POLACCO.

June 4/13

What we wrote yesterday of the wide popularity in England of M. Saint-Saëns's music is only exemplified in one of his operas, *Samson et Dalila*, which was given at Covent Garden last night for the first time this season. Other operas by him have appeared there at various times, but they have not remained permanently in the repertory. The music of *Samson et Dalila* was well known and appreciated here long before it became possible four years ago to give it on the stage, and from 1909 onwards it has been given several times in each summer season, which is proof of the pleasure which the public finds in it. Last night's performance was announced as a "festival" one, but the chief evidence of festivity was the fact that the composer was present, and when he came forward, at the end of the second act, to acknowledge the applause of the large audience, he had to receive a huge trophy of laurel leaves and red, white, and blue ribbons to add to the collection which he carried away from Queen's Hall on Monday.

The performance itself was, as far as the two principal characters were concerned, the one which has been best known and most admired ever since the opera was first mounted at Covent Garden. Mme. Kirkby Lunn sang the part of Dalila in the first performance there and has sung it with increasing power in each season since. M. Franz did not appear until the following year, but of the Samsons we have seen his is the most convincing. Last night both were at their best in their great scene of the second act, and M. Franz in the prison soliloquy sang with the utmost intensity of feeling. M. Gilly, too, was impressive as the High Priest and his make-up for the part was peculiarly effective. What made this an exceptionally brilliant performance, however, was the skill which Signor Polacco exercised in giving the due effect to all the delicate suggestions of the Orchestra and welding together the big ensembles.

Mme. Melba is suffering from a cold, and will therefore be unable to appear in *La Traviata* at Covent Garden this evening. The performance has been postponed until Tuesday evening, June 10, and *La Bohème* will be given this evening at 8.30, with Miss Alice Neilsen as Mimi, Miss Lenora Sparkes, Musetta, Mr. John McCormack, Rodolfo, and Signor Sammarco, Marcello.

ROYAL OPERA.

June 4/13

"SAMSON ET DALILA."

SAINT-SAËNS' TRIUMPH.

Although Dr. Saint-Saëns owns to some 77 years, during a great many of which he has been one of the most popular composers, yet even he can rarely have enjoyed so enormous a personal triumph as that at Covent Garden last night, when his "sacred drama," "Samson et Dalila," was given for the first time this year. The huge auditorium was crowded, and as one man the whole audience rose when the learned Doctor and most genial of musicians came before the curtain at the close of the second act. Time after time he was called and recalled, all the while he was expressing his heartfelt gratification by his truly French gesticulation. It was a glorious sight this, to see the eminent composer, still, in spite of years (which, after all, are a mere question of mathematics), in the hey-day of life, bowing low and ever lower, while a crowded house stood and cheered and applauded.

HISTORY OF THE OPERA.

And, indeed, well worth the applause was the entertainment. Such a superb performance of this particular opera has not been given before at Covent Garden—an opera whose life-story is of peculiar interest. "Samson et Dalila," is an opera of far more historical interest than is generally supposed. It followed on two other operas, both of which were produced in Paris, where both completely failed. The first performance of the sacred music-drama, as then it was called, took place not in France at all, but at Weimar, Liszt being the conductor, on Dec. 2, 1877; it is, however, only fair to state that the first act had been sung at a Colonne concert in Paris in 1875. In view of the fact that the score was begun before the Franco-German War—the first singer of the rôle of Samson, Henri Regnault, the distinguished painter, was actually killed during the war—it is significant that the production should have taken place on German soil. Moreover, long before the first Paris performance "Samson" had been heard at Hamburg, with Madame Sucher in the chief female part. In 1890 it found its way over the French frontier to Rouen, and in that year it was played at the Eden Theatre in Paris. Thence it made a grand tour of the French provinces, and was heard also in Florence and Geneva.

Ultimately it arrived in London, where a solitary performance was given at Covent Garden Theatre—of course, in concert form, at—mirabile dictu! one of Mr. Sinkins's promenade concerts. That was in 1893. Later it became comparatively popular as a concert work, and was more or less frequently heard in Queen's Hall. About three years ago it came into its kingdom as opera, when it opened a grand season at Covent Garden. Since then it has never looked back, but has increased in popularity, in witness whereof may be cited the very large and enthusiastic audience assembled last night.

A JUSTLY POPULAR WORK.

And who would have it otherwise? The music, it is true, may be deficient in those cacophonous qualities supposed to be so dear and characteristic to-day, but, on the other hand, there are probably more lovers of melodies like the familiar "Mon cœur s'ouvre à ta voix" and "Printemps qui commence" than admirers of the everlastingly strenuous complexities of so much opera of these times. At any rate, you have here the sincere outpouring of a highly-skilled and richly-gifted musician, one who attains his object of contrast by delicacy rather than by force, the springs of whose melodic flow seem unfailing. The "drawing," so to speak, also is of such beautiful proportions, the lines being broad, the perspective well-nigh perfect. Altogether this is an opera that amply justifies the popularity that was made so unmistakably clear again last night.

Happily, we have frequently seen Mr. Paul Franz and Madame Kirkby Lunn in the name-parts, but never have they sung more beautifully. Mr. Franz's voice has gained in roundness and power since last year, and his personal performance was one of great power and vigour. Then Mr. Gilly was a wholly admirable High Priest, as Mr. Huberdean was an excellent Old Hebrew. But for the sheer beauty of the performance quite unusual credit goes to the chorus—a body of singers who have never before been heard to so great advantage, their delicacy and the strength of their ensemble being for once such as to set up an entirely new standard. Mr. Polacco conducted, and yet once more his domination over all that passed was quite magnificent, so that he, too, reaped many laurels in one of the most brilliant evenings for several seasons.

A NEW AIDA.

Monday night's performance of "Aïda" introduced us to a newcomer in the person of Miss Ada Cassuto, who then appeared in the title-part. The stranger brought to her task some excellent qualities. Her voice, it is true, is somewhat lacking in warmth and "body," but the high notes have an effective ring, and there was never any attempt on the singer's part to force them, even in Verdi's most strenuous climaxes. Her acting, moreover, was not deficient in a certain appealing quality, suited to the part, and so well-considered was her "make-up" that she may be said to have looked Amonasro's unhappy daughter to the life. The Amneris on this occasion was Miss Jane Bourgeois, an artist who was seen in the same rôle a year ago. Her best work was accomplished in "Ohimè! morir mi sento," which she sang with unforced dramatic expression. It is only necessary to add that Mr. Caruso was in magnificent voice, and that Mr. Polacco conducted with enthusiasm, tempered by discretion.

June 5. 1913

THE LONDON TRIO.

This trio (Mme. Amina Goodwin, MM. Péczkai and Whitehouse) completed what has been described as their "Schumann season" yesterday afternoon at Æolian Hall with a programme which contained, besides a group of Schumann's songs sung by Miss Clara Simons, his Quintet for piano and strings (Op. 44). The plan of tracing one composer's work through a series of concerts links the programmes with a consecutive interest, and no more representative work than the quintet could have been chosen to complete the cycle of Schumann's music. The members of the trio were joined by Mr. Eugene Goossens (second violin) and Mr. Ernest Tomlinson (viola) in its performance. The other concerted work in this programme was Smetana's Trio in G minor, which was thoroughly well played at the beginning of the programme. The charm of the melodies, their spontaneity and the variety of ideas contained in the work, far outweigh the disadvantages of those passages where the strings are treated as though they represented an orchestral mass instead of being two solo players. The performers excelled in the lyrical parts of the work, and the only blemish was a tendency to scratchiness of tone in the more carelessly written string parts, a fault which could not altogether be laid to the charge of the players. The brilliancy of the Finale and the contrasts obtained from the different versions of the main theme were excellently realized. Mme. Amina Goodwin played some piano solos which were much appreciated by her audience.

MR. LOUIS EDGER'S RECITAL.

Considering the importance of other social entertainments yesterday afternoon, a large audience was not to be expected at the Steinway Hall to hear Mr. Louis Edger give his piano recital, though he is now well-known to London audiences as a sound musician. The programme was not a particularly interesting one in itself, but showed up Mr. Edger's strong points, both in temperament and technique, which are dignified reserve and minute delicacy of touch. The former was apparent in his Chopin group, which included the Nocturne in G major and the Valse in A flat: the latter throughout the early portion of the programme. The rhythmic clearness of the Gavottes and Bourrées from the Bach Partita in B minor, as well as in the first movement and Scherzo of the early Beethoven Sonata in A major, was most refreshing. A Pastorale and Capriccio arranged by Tausig from Scarlatti were also remarkable for an extreme neatness of execution. The recital, which ended with Liszt's Second Rhapsody, was perhaps in the circumstances a little too long and too poor in contrasted styles. June 5/13

MME. ADA CROSSLEY ON TOUR

After a short and much-needed holiday, Mr. Basil Hindenburg and his orchestra are again playing at the Pavilion, Torquay, and yesterday two concerts were given there, at

th of which Mme. Ada Crossley sang. The ternoon programme included Tschaikvsky's "Capriccio Italien," the "Valse ente" and "Marche Russe" from uigini's "Ballet Russe," "Ein Albumatt," by Wagner, and, finally, the "Welsh hapsody," by Mr. Edward German, an inpiriting composition which has been heard ore than once, and always appreciatively, at e Pavilion.

June 5-13

Mme. Crossley sang Handel's "Ombra ai fu," Hatton's "Enchantress," and two ongs by Coleridge-Taylor, "Unmindful of he Roses" and "Big Lady Moon," the rchestra accompanying each in their usual ympathetic and careful way. She also gave hree encores, including, as she smilingly anounced from the platform, "just a little song called 'You'll get heaps o' licken's,'" and "The Rosary," with violin obligato—thrust suddenly on the leading fiddler, much to his surprise.

MR. BORIS HAMBOURG'S RECITAL.

June 5 1913

Mr. Boris Hambourg divided the programme of his second recital at Æolian Hall last night into three parts separated from one another by groups of songs from Miss Celia Klein. The first part consisted of music of the time of Handel and contained a Sonata (F major) by Benedetto Marcello, a Minuet and Gavotte by Pasqualino di Marzis and Stefano Galeotti respectively, and one little movement by Handel himself, the *adagio* from his Sonata for viola da gamba. The second place was occupied by a Concerto in E minor by Hermann Grädener, and the third by various little pieces by Boëllmann, Schumann, Popper, and others. The first part was the most important, for, though it was stated that Grädener's Concerto had not been heard in England before, its production now did not make one wonder that it should have been passed over. Rather one wondered that Mr. Hambourg should have thought it worth while to add it to his repertory and that he could succeed in memorizing a work made up of such feeble tunes strung together with such inconsequent bravura passages. Violoncellists complain with some justice of the small range of music written for their instrument, but their repertory is not so small as to make it necessary to fall back upon rubbish of this kind. The older works were on the whole finely played, but a few tricks, such as the sudden quickening or the sudden dragging of the time in Marcello's sonata and the interpolation of a high cadence at the end of the second movement, were out of keeping with the prevailing style of the music and vulgarized the effect. There was no suggestion of this, however, in the smaller pieces. Miss Klein's singing of modern French songs was singularly insipid and technically weak.

MISS KATHARINE GOODSON'S RECITAL.

June 6-13

At any other time of year the performance of so well-known and excellent a pianist as Miss Goodson would necessarily attract a far larger audience than that which came to her "only recital this season" at Bechstein Hall yesterday afternoon. Not only was the audience a thin one, but those who did come hardly seemed to realize the distinction of her playing, and it was not until late in the programme, when she gave a group of well-known pieces by Chopin and substituted the Etude in G flat for one less generally popular, that the audience was roused to genuine enthusiasm and made her repeat it. Beautiful as her playing of this and other works by Chopin was, it was less distinctive than what had gone before. There are many pianists who can charm their hearers equally with these things; few can, or at any rate do, play the three Intermezzi and the Rhapsody in E flat which together make up Brahms's Op. 119, and which Miss Goodson placed at the beginning of her programme. Here her remarkable control of delicate rhythmic effects told at its full value. The two Intermezzi in B minor and E minor are so finely poised that they must be perfectly outlined or they miss their mark altogether. The exquisite one in C major does not leave quite so much to its interpreter, but it has to be handled very lightly. Miss Goodson made each one stand out with complete identity, though, or rather because, she never tried to force the distinctive characteristics upon her hearers' attention. She also gave a very fine performance of Beethoven's Sonata in A flat, Op. 110, in which the pure tone of the first *cantabile* theme, the reflective phrasing of the *adagio*, and the cumulative power of the fugal development were outstanding features.

TWO VIOLONCELLISTS.

Two violoncellists were to be heard on Wednesday at the Bechstein Hall—Professor Georg Wille, of Dresden, in the afternoon, and Mr. Arnold Trowell in the evening.

Herr Wille played Beethoven's Op. 69, Bach's Third Suite, and Tchaikovsky's Variations on a Rococo Theme, besides some interesting arrangements. The feature of his playing was the large volume of sound—too large indeed for the hall—which was brilliant but not heavy. It gave a feeling of strength and virility to the music in the way that a cheery voice makes a difference to a word of command. But it was used with discretion and effect. It was felt rather than heard in Beethoven's Adagio and the light-hearted Finale; and the piquancy of a cento of Schubert beginning with a "Moment Musical" depended in some measure on the thought of what was being kept in reserve. Dr. Latzko, his accompanist, has a really delightful touch, and was of the greatest assistance throughout.

June 6-13

The strength of Mr. Trowell's playing lies not in the tone or the technique—though neither of these was in any sense to be disparaged—not in fact in any one thing, but in all those touches and hints which a real musician can put into whatever he plays, and which keep the music alive from first to last. He had an excellent programme: Saint-Saëns's Second Concerto and Bach's Suite in D minor, a really lovely Sonata of Veracini, a graceful Siciliano by Cervetto, and a prattling Allegro by Lanzetti. Players are few who can rise above the difficulties of Bach's suite enough to think what the music means and whither it is tending. Yet each of these movements had a real centre of gravity with the details in true poise. A cadenza on the violoncello is sometimes a thing to be endured; in the concerto we were made to feel sorry that it was so short. Mr. Charlton Keith accompanied.

June 6 1913

Failing one consumptive heroine the operatic repertory can always supply another. So it came about that on Wednesday evening, when "La Traviata" was postponed on account of Madame Melba's inability, in consequence of a cold, to appear therein, "La Bohème" went into the bill, and in place of Violetta we had Mimi, whose case would have required a similar diagnosis. Murger's ill-fated heroine was embodied on this occasion by Miss Alice Nielsen, and very pleasant was the impression she made in the part. It was rather a pity the artist saw fit to wear so very unbecoming a wig, thus robbing Mimi of her fair share of attractions. But more important, after all, is the fact that the music suited her admirably, and revealed the pure, fresh quality of her voice to the highest advantage. If one should cite one instance more than another, it would be her performance in the third act, for in "Addio senza rancore" the artist sang with true feeling and turned her voice to most expressive and sympathetic account. Miss Nielsen's acting, it should be added, if never particularly striking, had at least the merit of unaffected simplicity. As Rodolfo Mr. John McCormack again sang beautifully, and Mr. Sammarco, taking up his old part of Marcello, did it and himself all possible justice. Mr. Panizza conducted ably, but with none too great consideration at times for the singers.

M. EUGEN D'ALBERT'S CONCERT.

M. d'Albert's programme at the Queen's Hall yesterday afternoon began with Bach's Passacaglia and Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 57, and travelled through Schumann's Carneval and some Chopin and Schubert to a Scherzo of his own and Liszt's *Don Juan* Fantasie.

One who would listen to M. d'Albert with whole-hearted pleasure must listen without prejudice, for his playing is likely to upset preconceived notions of the way the music should go. He has a masterful manner of dragging his audience along the way he wishes to go, and compelling rather than courting their adhesion to his view. A first impression could not make much of the thunders of the Passacaglia beyond a feat of endurance. Second thoughts suggested that all this pitiless insistence of tone and tempo was there to give value later on to a more yielding mood and more persuasive methods. But the thought that remained at the end was that his way was the right way.

June 6-13

Again, the usual conception of Schumann's Carneval consists in a nice contrast of manly and feminine moods, an analysis of temperament. With M. d'Albert we were never allowed to forget that it was a carnival, the very opposite of all this, a scene of irresponsible riot and jollity, a moment for living life to the full and not for asking questions. The essential thing was the crowd with its fortuitous flashes of colour, its broken utterances, and an exhilarating undercurrent of sound, now a hum, now a roar; and the actors in the scene—those temperaments—were there not so much for their own sake as to reinforce the idea of the hurly-burly by a definition and an individuality which it lacked.

It was the same with other things. Many people can play a nocturne with plaintive, lyric sentiment, but few can give it the real dreamy feeling, too delicious to lose but too delightful to last. Many, too, can get the reckless spontaneity which suits a fantasia, but few can at the same time hold it in the firm rhythmical grip which lifts it above the vagueness of a mere fancy.

ROYAL OPERA.

June 6-13

"LA TOSCA."

Tosca ..	.. ..	Mlle. DESTINN
Cavaradossi ..	..	Signor CARUSO
Scarpia ..	..	Signor SCOTTI

Conductor—Signor POLACCO.

The four artists named above were mainly responsible last night for one of the finest performances of *La Tosca* which has ever been given at Covent Garden. Mlle. Destinn and Signor Scotti are at the very height of their powers in the parts of Tosca and Scarpia, and their treatment together of the second act makes it the most fascinatingly horrible scene in modern opera. Their performance, however, has been seen before during this season and the difference between this and the first performance was that last night Signor Caruso was heard as Cavaradossi. Though as an actor he cannot equal the other two great artists (his tendency to over-act with fussy and sometimes undignified movements seems to have increased, and was prominent in the first act, where Cavaradossi is anxious to get Tosca to leave the Cathedral), his singing made one forget whatever was incongruous in his appearance. He seemed to be relying less upon the moments of intensity and more upon sustained beauty of sound than before. So while his cry of victory in the second act and the climax of the song "Elucevan le stelle," in the third, had all the ringing power of his wonderful voice, the quieter parts of the first act and the duet following this song in the third had great richness without any sign of effort. But while these three gave everything that could be wished in song, a great deal of the effect of the opera was due to Signor Polacco's vivid handling of the orchestra. He insisted upon the importance of the orchestral music quite rightly and without interfering unduly with the voices. He brought home the musical importance of places where the voices are silent, especially in those moments of the second act where both Tosca and Scarpia are plotting each to outwit the other, and in the scene on the battlements which pictures the still hour before the dawn. Puccini's skill in commenting upon the details of a dramatic story in orchestral music is nowhere more brilliantly shown than in *La Tosca*, and Signor Polacco has realized the possibilities of this in a very remarkable way.

ÆOLIAN HALL.

June 7-13

There are only a few artists—and George Henschel, perhaps, the most famous among them—who could essay such a programme as that performed by Mr. Arthur Alexander at the Æolian Hall last night. It is, if we are not mistaken, about a couple of years since Mr. Alexander last gave a recital in London, and after listening to his singing last night one hopes fervently it will not be another two years before he appears again on the same platform. For his programme last night was completely delightful. Mr. Alexander, like Henschel, plays his own accompaniments. Like Henschel, too, he has (shall we call it?) the knack of taking his audience into his confidence when he sings. Apart from the fact that he is blessed with a tenor voice of rare beauty, and that his equipment as a pianist is good, he plays and sings like a musician to whom the music makes the most intimate appeal. And he sings only beautiful songs. Giordani's "Caro mio ben" is possibly sung too often; so is Carissimi's "Vittoria, Vittoria!" But last night one listened to those fine songs with all the surprise one experiences when hearing, say, the Pastoral Symphony played by a first-rate orchestra. There is always something new to be observed in the most familiar passage. In the middle of his programme Mr. Alexander placed the "Dichterliebe" of Schumann, and when one has said that the interpretation was worthy of the music one has surely paid the highest compliment possible? Again we must express the hope that it will not be two years before Mr. Alexander's next recital in town.

STEINWAY HALL.

June 7-13

Time was when the unfortunate harpist who wished publicly to display his skill upon the concert platform could only do so through the medium of a number of doubtless well-meant, but terribly uninspired, pieces by John Thomas or Parrish Alvars. Times, fortunately, are changing, thanks largely to the efforts of the younger French composers, with whom to write for the harp is becoming rather fashionable, and Mr. Alfred Kastner showed at Steinway Hall last night that it is now possible to arrange an exceedingly interesting programme of music for the harp, either by itself or in combination with other instruments. The Arabesque by York Bowen and "Le Jardin Mouillé," by Jacques de la Presle, for example, both of which he played most beautifully, are really delightful little pieces, the latter, in particular, being an admirable study in atmosphere somewhat in the manner of Debussy. Very charming, too, are a couple of Preludes by Marcel Tournier and a Scherzo Fantasie by Henriette Renié for harp and violin, in which he had the valuable assistance of Miss Dorothy Bridson, and a "Danse Grecque" for harp and flute, which Mr. Kastner and Mr. Fransella played so well that they had to repeat it. In addition there were songs with harp accompaniment, among them Wolf's "Gesang Weylas," which was originally written in this form. These were effectively sung by Miss Evelyn Althaus, while an orchestra of Mr. Kastner's pupils accompanied Mr. Horace Perry, playing the organ, in a transcription of Mozart's "Ave Maria," and also gave a very good account of a Gavotte of Godard. Altogether it was an unusually successful concert.

ROYAL OPERA.

June 7 1913

"LOUISE."

To those who follow the trend of musical affairs there was an especial interest in the performance last night at Covent Garden, the first of the season, of "Louise," for it is only a few days ago that there was given a complete account of its successor, "Julien," in the columns of *The Daily Telegraph* on its production in Paris. Whether or not the career of Julien, the artist, subsequent to that we know who know our "Louise," will prove as interesting as the opening chapters of it cannot now be said. But it must not be forgotten that even "Louise" itself, like "Carmen" and "Faust," proved by no means abnormally attractive at first.

In any case "Louise" most certainly loses nothing of interest, beauty, and charm as the years roll by, and last night Charpentier's score seemed almost more beautiful and more interesting than usual. That, we take it, is one proof, if proof were required, of real greatness in the music, that no matter how familiar one may be with it, it yet unfolds its complete fascinations only after years. Another fact that is of assistance in this matter is that at Covent Garden one may see year after year the development of the same exponents of the chief rôles.

Mr. Paul Franz, for example, has set the standard for Julien himself, and a very lofty standard it is. We ask no better, either vocally or histrionically. And who shall show such increasing development

on right lines as Madame Edvina shows as Louise? Each season this accomplished singer has grown in "technique," until now her Louise is a genuine achievement. Madame Bérat's incomparable Mother has been praised times without number; it is a performance of rarest beauty, and at times almost brutal humanness, and the Father of Mr. Aquistapace is an entirely sympathetic study. Where one sees so comparatively little opera as here it is not easy to forget that great and glorious artist, Gilibert; but this is not to say that this accomplished new-comer is not also a worthy Père. For the rest, the cast was quite admirable, but far too numerous to mention in detail; and Mr. Polacco conducted with characteristic mastery aliko over the subtleties and the obviousnesses of this amazing and beautiful opera.

"LOUISE" AT COVENT GARDEN.

June 7.'13

As the majority of the principal characters were represented by artists who have been heard and seen in former years, last night's performance of Charpentier's *Louise* at Covent Garden does not require any very detailed comment. Mme. Edvina and M. Franz alike sang beautifully, and wherever music was the chief consideration the performance was all that could be wished, not only as regards the principals but in the smaller parts, and particularly in the chorus of workgirls. The prevailing defect was a tendency to over-emphasize details of declamation and action. One was conscious of it at the end of the first act, when Mme. Edvina, instead of being taken unawares by the words "Paris tout en fête," seemed to be leading up to them and impressing them upon the audience, and too many of the passers-by, who contribute to the wonderfully devised scene on Montmartre, tried to be realistic at the expense of reality.

BECHSTEIN HALL.

June 9.'13

Without exception or qualification of any kind the recital given by Mr. Sven Scholander at Bechstein's on Saturday afternoon was delightful from beginning to end. It is several years since that accomplished Swedish artist last sang to us in the same hall, accompanying himself so perfectly on an old lute. On Saturday he was joined by his daughter Lisa, who bids fair to become an artist of equal standing. The programme contained a most interesting variety of Swedish and German folk-songs, as well as a number of old songs in French and English. With inimitable humour and finesse father and daughter sang some duets together, such things as the "Ronde Villageoise," a chanson populaire of 1750, and Pauline Viardot's excellent arrangement of "Ladinderindine," a song which dates from the fifteenth century, giving us (as we have already said of the whole recital) unqualified delight, and one mentions specially those two things as they happen to remain more vividly in the memory of a programme that was royal in its opulence. For Mr. Scholander is no niggard in his recital; he seems to enjoy singing as much as his audience enjoys listening, and encores were freely given on this occasion. One cannot imagine "The brave cabin-boy"—the famous old ballad about the Golden Vanity—being sung by an English countryside singer as Scholander sang it on Saturday. It would make its effect largely through its monotony and its drawled-out phrases. But this was a distinctly "temperamental" reading, full of colour and passion—and even excitement; while at the third verse, where the perfidious captain promises silver and gold and his own daughter if the brave cabin-boy will "swim alongside of the Spanish enemy," the character-painting was quite extraordinarily intense—one had almost said malevolent. It was no longer an English ballad; but in its new guise it was certainly a living thing. The audience was by no means as numerous as it should have been.

A LUTE RECITAL.

June 9.'13

An unusually interesting recital took place in the Bechstein Hall on Saturday afternoon. This was a song-and-duet recital given by the Swede, Mr. Sven Scholander, and his daughter, Miss Lisa, the accompaniments to all the numbers being supplied by the former on an old Swedish lute.

Their programme was composed of songs and duets, both grave and gay, all of which were delivered with no little charm. Not only did the unusual accompaniment furnish an element of artistic novelty, but Mr. Scholander's use of his instrument in the support of his ideas was equally novel and original. Thus in an old German duet, entitled "Die Glocke," and built on one unchanging chord, he swung his instrument backwards and forwards in a wide sweep while playing it, and so presented a visual simulation of the bell with striking effect.

Perhaps this clever pair achieved their greatest successes in numbers in humorous vein, Planquette's "Rentrons bras d'ssus bras d'ssous" by the father, and Lecoc's "Lettre d'une cousine à son cousin" by the daughter, being masterpieces of light delineation. Admirable, too, was "Der alte Troubadour," as Mr. Scholander styled himself, in a Swedish song, "Return of the regiment from manœuvres," the officers and men, etc., being suggested with no little spirit and humour. We hope this talented pair may soon be heard again in London.

M. AND MLLE. SCHOLANDER.

It is some years now since M. Sven Scholander has been heard in London, singing Swedish folk-songs and accompanying himself on his 18th-century Swedish lute, and it was a pleasure to renew acquaintance with him and his music on Saturday afternoon in the Bechstein Hall. June 9.'13

There were two features which distinguished this recital from those of previous years. There were more German, French, and English songs and fewer Swedish, and M. Scholander shared the burden of the recital with his daughter. She proved to be an apt pupil of her father. She did not pretend, that is to say, that she was a singer singing for purely musical purposes; she only used her voice as a means of conveying the words, adding a few very slight gestures and taking just the necessary liberties with the time for the sake of emphasizing the declamation without dropping into any exaggerations either of diction or manner. M. Scholander accompanied her on his lute both in her solos and in her duets with him, and in everything he did proved to be as fine and delicate an artist as ever. We only wish he had included more Swedish songs in his programme. He sang "The Golden Vanity" and a song by Planquette admirably, and the German and French folk-songs which they sang as duets suited their style very well, but others too can do this sort of thing, whereas in his native songs M. Scholander has the field to himself. However, he added to the four Swedish songs which were down in the programme by his encores, and delighted the audience with the one about the soldiers marching into the town—a song which was largely responsible for the reputation he gained when he gave his first recital in this country.

HERR VON DOHNÁNYI'S RECITAL.

June 9.'13

Herr von Dohnányi gave the first of two piano recitals at Æolian Hall on Saturday afternoon (the second follows next Saturday), in which he played Bach's English Suite in G minor, Beethoven's last Piano Sonata (Op. 111), Schumann's "Kinderscenen," and Chopin's Sonata in B minor. The great delight of his playing came in certain moments of beauty, of delicate sentiment, and of overwhelming power, which seemed to carry him, and his audience with him, beyond the level, always a high one, which one expects from an artist of such penetrating perception as he is. For example, in Bach's Suite, after three movements finely chiselled in every detail, the Sarabande brought in a deeper touch of romantic expression, and the passage from it to the Gavotte was effected in a wonderful way, which seemed to carry on the romance of the slow dance into the lighter movement of the quick one. Instead of placing the two in direct opposition to one another, the latter became the natural corollary of the former. The turbulence of Beethoven's first movement was balanced by the impressive reticence with which much of the *finale* was treated, and particularly the modulation into the key of E flat which comes just before the last variation. This passage, so often forced by pianists, was played perfectly naturally by Herr von Dohnányi; he made one feel the intense significance of the shakes mounting up and culminating in the fragment of the melody by sheer perfection of phrasing, and not by emphasis of tone. It is the most salient example of the soft climax in the whole range of piano music. After the sonata the "Kinderscenen" came as a most enjoyable relief; each tiny miniature was exquisitely finished, and again there was a moment of surprise, like that which occurred in his playing of Bach's sarabande, in the deeper feeling of "Der Dichter spricht." The *finale* of Chopin's Sonata, too, gave us something new, for in the almost unbroken torrent of tone there was not a moment of noise; every note and phrase was real music.

A NEW ENGLISH SOPRANO.

There appear to be great possibilities in the future of a young soprano who appeared at the Palladium last night. Miss May Talbot is only seventeen years of age. Her duties as a typist at a West End post office scarcely encouraged her in the idea that she was likely to become a vocalist of exceptional ability, but, singing being one of the delights of her spare moments, she joined the choir of girl workers that has lately been formed by Mme. Amy Sherwin. It was soon discovered that Miss Talbot was the lucky possessor of talents quite out of the common, and a course of careful training has launched her into a career that promises to make her a singer worthy of the most generous consideration. June 9.'1913

If the enthusiasm of the audience at last night's concert is any criterion, she has already become a popular artist. Her pure voice and natural, clean vocalisation of items familiar to the repertoire of the fully experienced prima donna, and a modestly reticent, but prettily convincing, temperamental expression, easily caught the fancy of her public, and double encores after her numbers scarcely satisfied the demands for more. Miss Talbot will be heard again to-night at the Bechstein Hall, in conjunction with Mr. Fraser Gange.

MR. MISCHA ELMAN.

A large audience gathered in the Queen's Hall on Saturday afternoon, when Mr. Mischa Elman made his reappearance in London after his visit to America, the occasion being his only recital for the season. With the assistance of Mr. Percy B. Kahn he opened his programme with the lovely Sonata in F major for Violin and Pianoforte, Op. 24, of Beethoven. The work belongs to the composer's early style but is one of the happiest examples. Nothing could exceed the exquisite singing beauty of the allegro, the light, airy charm of the scherzo, with its delightful treatment of the violin, always one beat behind, and the gracious, untroubled flow of the rondo that concludes the work. The slow movement is less distinguished in character, but as though in compensation, a graver note is struck in the C minor episode of the first movement, which has an indescribably tender pathos where the iterated detached notes merge into a "dying fall." June 9.'1913

Of this classic masterpiece Messrs. Elman and Kahn gave a highly acceptable interpretation. The beautiful tone of the violinist could not have been more happily displayed than in dealing with the cantilenas, and the adagio was one pure stream of soft, idyllic sound. Perhaps his staccato notes were rather too angular, and more lightness of touch would have been advisable in the scherzo, but it would be ungrateful to cavil unduly at divergent views of interpretation. Mr. Kahn proved a valuable assistant, and the applause which greeted their performance was well deserved.

MISCHA ELMAN'S CONCERT.

At the Queen's Hall on Saturday afternoon Mischa Elman played Beethoven's Sonata in F, Ernst's Concerto in F sharp minor, Handel's Sonata in E, and a plentiful supply of short popular pieces. Mr. Percy Kahn's accompaniments were ideal.

Mischa Elman is a species of conjurer. One continually finds oneself asking "How is it done?" The illusions that are often practised on the eye next door to the Queen's Hall were here being practised on our ears, and with the same appearance of innocence. The first hint that all was not as it seemed came in the scherzo of Beethoven's Sonata. This piece of mischief sandwiched into a full-dress performance was too much for the audience, and they broke into audible laughter at the end of it. Similar *espièglerie*s were the salvation of Ernst's mid-Victorian Concerto. They came by their full rights in Paganini's Etude and the Hungarian Dance (Brahms-Joachim). If he did not learn this art of deceiving people for their own good on the other side of the Atlantic, he has at least perfected it there. June 9.'13

But, of course, he is a great deal more than that; he is an artist through and through. He takes hold of an ancient idiom, like that of Handel's Sonata, and without doing violence to it or modernizing it in the least makes it speak to us in a language we all understand. He is content to let whole pages of Beethoven speak for themselves without the least attempt to foist a meaning of his own upon them. He can play you a folksong (Lithuanian, was it?) or an air from an opera, exactly as the peasant or the actor would sing it, so that you can guess the subject at least, and almost hear the words; and then dash off into those lightning jests which violinists, and their audiences, love, as if they were the easiest and most natural things in the world.

MR. ALEXANDER'S VOCAL RECITAL.

June 9.'13

A very successful recital was given by Mr. Alexander, a tenor of considerable power, on Friday night at the Æolian Hall. In a group of Italian songs by 18th century composers Mr. Alexander displayed a pleasant quality of voice and a musicianly method, which was again shown to advantage in Schumann's *Dichterliebe*, which formed the second group. The interest was sustained throughout, in spite of the fact that Mr. Alexander was playing his own accompaniments, which at times, as for instance, in "Das ist ein Flöten," tend to make voice production somewhat defective. However, the advantage of this method was on the whole justified. The last group was devoted to modern French songs, which were hardly so successfully sung on account of a tendency to force high notes, as in Widor's "Le Plongeur." Mr. Alexander has also to guard against the habit of destroying the *tempo* in order to catch additional means of expression. This was especially noticeable in Schumann's "Ich hab' im Traum geweinet," where the *tempo* of the silences as well as of the voice part needs to be so strict. Mr. Alexander had to give several encores.

MISS ISOLDE MENGES'S CONCERT.

June 9.'13

Miss Menges played at the Queen's Hall on Friday afternoon Handel's Sonata in E major, Brahms's in D minor, Bach's Chaconne, and two groups of smaller pieces. Mr. Hamilton Harty was at the piano.

Handel's sonata served to bring from Miss Menges's instrument plenty of graceful phrasing and suave tone, but it was on the whole a tame performance. The formal lines of the music seemed rather to check her inspiration than to provide a field for her musical invention. In Brahms's sonata, which followed, she played from notes, and whether from this cause or because the pianoforte was open, or because the pianist did not here use quite his habitual judgment, she was often inaudible and seldom convincing.

But things altered completely with Bach's Chaconne; from that point to the end of the concert her real self seemed to come out. There was a wonderful display of quick and accurate changes of bowing which gave extraordinary life to the whole thing, and there were so many resources of phrasing at her command that a sense of freshness and vigour pervaded it from beginning to end.

In the minor pieces, too, the understanding between the two players was complete; good instances of this were Brahms's Hungarian Dances, especially the second of them, and Kreisler's "Tambourin Chinois."

ROYAL OPERA.

June 10.'13

"LA TOSCA."

Puccini's *La Tosca*, which was given again at Covent Garden last night under Signor Polacco, is an opera which is usually given several times

a season with changes in the cast. Scarpia a *rôle* all good baritones like to play, no self-respecting Italian tenor can go through his operatic career without taking the part of Cavaradossi, and Sardou's heroine gives enviable chances to a dramatic soprano. Mme. Edvina, who took this part last night, brings youth and freshness to bear on what she does, and her voice, if not powerful enough for the climaxes and not varied enough in colour to avoid monotony, is, at any rate, clear and pleasant in quality in the quieter moments. But she is not dramatic, and without vivid acting and a capacity for really holding the stage much of the second act loses its horror. Her gestures here were graceful and were well timed with the music, but they always looked like gestures acquired to fit the situation instead of seeming the inevitable expression of the emotion of the moment. This is, of course, judging Mme. Edvina by a higher standard than one can expect to have satisfied in the average Italian opera; but then *La Tosca* is just one of those works where significant acting as well as good singing is absolutely essential. Signor Scotti once more made a superb figure of Scarpia, and Signor Caruso, though not in quite his best voice, was a sufficiently fervent lover and phrased in the way that has helped to make his name famous.

ROYAL OPERA.

MELBA IN "TRAVIATA."

In some respects, no doubt, operatic fashions change. But, where tradition is concerned, history is a wonderful way of repeating itself, and so it comes about that a "Melba night" in the present year of grace is strangely like a "Melba night" in any number of seasons past. As a matter of course, then, one looked for a brilliant house at Covent Garden last night, and the aspect it presented was exactly what the experienced habitué expected. For it was a "Melba night," and so what mattered it if the evening had nothing fresher to offer us than "La Traviata"? It seems that the present season is to bring forth no further performances of Verdi's time-worn work, and possibly, therefore, among the older generation of opera-lovers, there may have been some present who thought that it behoved them to pay a special tribute to poor Violetta and her companions. In any case, there was plenty of enthusiasm, and presumably, therefore, there are still those who can derive an unsophisticated pleasure from the simple tunes penned by Verdi away back in the fifties. June 11-13

But, as was only natural, a goodly part of the enthusiasm referred to was called forth by the "star" of the cast. Can there really be any necessity to say how Madame Melba acquitted herself of so familiar a task as fell to her on this occasion? In detail, clearly, there is little enough to be said. As on countless evenings in the past, "Ah! fors e lui" roved on the diva's lips a triumph of easy, fluent vocalisation, and if, at this still early stage of the performance, one derived the impression that the cold which kept Madame Melba from appearing last week had not left her voice wholly unaffected, the admiration compelled by the purity and beauty of her phrasing and the other graces of her style was as great as ever. So it was, too, in the scene with old Germont, wherein the tenderness of the artist's singing and her command of "colour" made their due effect. For the rest, everything was as familiar as possible. Mr. John McCormack, although one has heard him in better voice, sang his share of the faded music as though it really meant something to him, and in Mr. Sammarco we had again a Germont who certainly could not be improved upon. Mr. Panizza conducted with all due vigilance.

By her performance in "La Tosca" on Monday evening Madame Edvina added considerably to her artistic stature. A year ago, when she first essayed the rôle of Sardou's heroine at Covent Garden, it was a pleasure to acknowledge her success in a character calling for greater dramatic powers than any she had previously undertaken. But there need be no hesitation in saying that the artist's performance on Monday marked a decided advance upon her earlier efforts in the same part. While never seeking to exaggerate the horror of the situation in which Floria Tosca finds herself, Madame Edvina wisely recognised that the opera is of those that hardly admit of any under-acting, and she ranged over the whole gamut of fear, anguish, repugnance, anger, loathing, and the rest with complete conviction, and a full sense of her dramatic—or should one say, melodramatic?—opportunities. On the vocal side, it is true, one has heard more compelling Toscas, but certainly Madame Edvina sang the music with no little cleverness and sympathy, and in "Vissi d'arte" the note of piteous distress rang true. The orchestral playing, under Mr. Polacco, was wonderfully vivid, but at one or two of the climaxes rather over-vehement.

ROYAL OPERA.

"LA TRAVIATA." June 11 1913

Violetta .. .. .. Mme. MELBA
Giorgio Germont .. Signor MARIO SAMMARCO
Alfredo .. .. .. Mr. JOHN MCCORMACK
Conductor—Signor ETTORE PANIZZA

The chief reason why any management puts on Verdi's *Traviata* at this time of day is, of course, to enable a popular prima donna to show off her runs and her high notes in "Ah fors' è lui," and (for those who did not arrive in time) in the finale at the party in the third act and the death scene at the end. As Mme. Melba not only took the part of Violetta last night at Covent Garden, but was also in very good voice, those who simply came to hear her sing no doubt went away satisfied. In spite of tell-tale anniversaries she threw off the florid phrases with exquisite ease and precision; and only for a moment, at the end of the interview with Germont *père*, did her voice sound like the voice of one who has been through that farewell too often to be moved; elsewhere it was fresh and untired and admirably round, more especially in the quiet and pathetic passages. Germont as played by Signor Sammarco is always a picturesque and sympathetic figure who can give his son lessons in good breeding by example as well as by sermons, and Mr. McCormack as Alfredo was by turns the impassioned and indignant lover with the same vocal methods and the same gestures to suit all occasions. Still "Dè miei" was a good piece of singing, and his voice blended well in the duets with Mme. Melba and Signor Sammarco. The orchestra under Signor Panizza had evidently been well rehearsed, and the choral guests at the two parties were nothing if not strenuous.

THE ROYAL OPERA.

MME. MELBA IN "LA TRAVIATA." June 11-13

Mme. Melba made her only appearance this season in "La Traviata" of Verdi, at Covent Garden, last night, being supported by Mme. A. L. Bérat as Annina, Mr. John McCormack as Alfredo, and Signor Sammarco in the rôle of Giorgio Germont. The passing of the years seems to leave the voice of this great primâ donna untouched. The crystal purity and freshness of her tones is a source of perennial delight to the opera-goer, and the large audience that filled the house last night had every reason to be satisfied.

It is not easy to beat up an interest in the work performed, partly because the old-fashioned style of writing places it at a great disadvantage alongside of the swift dramatic methods of Puccini to which we are now accustomed, and partly because musically the opera is very uneven. Moreover, the puppets of the libretto who move about the stage would be a dead-weight to the best of music. We are compelled to fall back on the isolated numbers that are allotted to the singers for our entertainment, and, of course, Mme. Melba knows how to make use of them to the best service of her art from "Ah! fors è lui" in the first act to "Parigi, O cara" in the fourth. This last duet was beautifully sung by her and Mr. McCormack, whose voice was full of warmth and sweetness. Signor Sammarco sang "Di Provenza il mar" with becoming dignity, but neither he nor the other artists could do much towards making their parts live. Signor Ettore Panizza conducted.

THE LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

The Leeds Philharmonic Society joined the London Symphony Orchestra last night in the first of the three symphony concerts which Herr Arthur Nikisch is conducting at Queen's Hall. Choir and orchestra were heard together in Sir Edward Elgar's cantata *The Music Makers*, and Beethoven's ninth Symphony and the "Coriolan" overture began the programme. Sir Edward Elgar conducted his own work, and Miss Muriel Foster sang the contralto solo. June 10, 1913

The Music Makers does not improve upon acquaintance; it was easy to do justice to its moments of obvious beauty, and its charm of orchestral and vocal colouring when it was first heard at Birmingham. As it grows more familiar the general weakness of design, the part-song style in which the words are treated, and the self-consciousness with which at each critical moment Elgar reminds us of his earlier works force themselves upon one more painfully. The fact that last night he had at his disposal a magnificent choir ready to carry out every direction to the full was not altogether an unmixed blessing. Sir Edward Elgar indulged in sudden emphasis upon effective words, sudden softenings of tone in the middle of a phrase, long pauses upon telling notes, in a way which made the work sound singularly unreal. In only one respect the choir was imperfect, and that was an important one; the words were very indistinct, even in passages where one part sings alone. This made the clearness of Miss Muriel Foster's diction stand out with peculiar force, and her performance was altogether a fine one.

Herr Nikisch's wonderful control was felt throughout the Choral Symphony, generally to the immense advantage of the music, but sometimes to its disadvantage. The Scherzo gave the chief instance of the latter. As a piece of virtuosity it was extraordinarily finely played, but one was never allowed to forget the conductor and all the wonderful things he was doing—the skilfully measured crescendos, the quickenings and slackenings of time, the perfect clearness of the trio taken at too fast a pace, the sudden explosions of the drums. At the end of it one was inclined to ask whether Beethoven might not speak as forcibly without such a display of cleverness in interpreting him. One did not ask that about the slow movement or the finale. There always seemed to be plenty of time for instruments and voices to do what they have to do within the space of the conductor's beat, and that gave a majestic calm to the slow movement and saved the *finale* from the breathlessness from which it often suffers. The solo quartet were not perfect. Neither Miss Carrie Tubb nor Mr. Thorpe Bates seemed in the best voice, and the two inner voices, Miss Alice Lakin and Mr. Alfred Heather, were weak; but the choir sang beautifully and the contrasts of tone, the breadth and spaciousness in the stanza "Seid umschlungen, Millionen," made one realize what a wealth of possibilities over and above mere sustaining power the great *finale* contains. There is one difficulty about English performances of the Choral Symphony which ought to be settled before long, and that is the translation. There are two in common use. One was printed in last night's programme and the other was sung. Neither is satisfactory. It is high time that one, and that a good one, should be provided and gain general acceptance.

FRÄULEIN GERHARDT'S RECITAL

Fräulein Elena Gerhardt gave one of her welcome vocal recitals in the Queen's Hall last night, accompanied, as on former occasions, by Herr Arthur Nikisch. Her programme was divided into three groups, and the inclusion of one in English was a graceful deference to the wider, more general, public on whose support she can now rely. Moreover, her pronunciation was so remarkably pure and her diction so clear that an additional fund of enjoyment must have been experienced by those of her hearers not acquainted with German. June 11-13

Of the writings of Robert Schumann she sang "Provençalisches Lied" with a wealth of stately grandeur, while the girlish pride in her soldier-lover that animates "Die Soldatenbraut" and the exultant strength of proud self-reliant youth in "Des Knaben Berglied" were equally happily conveyed. With "Der arme Peter" of the same composer there is the difficulty of an invertebrate feminism inherent in the text, but her treatment was admirable for its reticence and style. Other examples of her beautiful singing were Beethoven's "Wonne der Wehmut," Spohr's "Rose, wie bist du reizend," perfectly vocalised, and "A Pastoral" by Carey, which was a masterpiece for freshness and charm. Herr Nikisch accompanied as he alone knows how.

BRIDGEWATER HOUSE. June 11, 1913

In the famous picture-gallery of Bridgewater House a very happily-arranged concert was given yesterday afternoon by the Hon. Mrs. Julian Clifford. Happy, that is, in the sense that the music was calculated to appeal to many tastes, and was interpreted by artists of reputation. Mrs. Clifford's own programme was confined to music of a not-too-"serious" kind, such, for example, as Percy Fletcher's admirable valse-song—"The Smile of Spring"—played by a string orchestra, with the composer at the piano, and sung by the concert-giver in her own best style. Madame Ada Crossley's list included songs by composers so widely apart in style as Poldowski and Guy d'Hardelot. Then there were Mr. Robert Radford, responsible for songs by Koenemann and Sir Frederic Cowen; Miss Margaret Cooper with songs of the kind she has made famous; and the orchestra (conducted by Mr. Julian Clifford), with a suite of Bach, the pretty "Sérénade" of Gabriel Pierné, Percy Grainger's "Molly on the Shore," and Paganini's "Moto Perpetuo," arranged with the solo-part for the violins. Those artists already mentioned will, one feels, forgive a word of special praise directed towards the singing of Mr. Manitto Klitgaard, whose reputation is not, as yet, so firmly established as theirs. This young singer has a bass voice of more than ordinary power and beauty, and his reading of the two songs for which he was held accountable was intelligent and refined to a degree. The accompanist was Miss May Walker.

MISS KITTY CHEATHAM.

It is a curious fact that although America claims such an advanced position with regard to the status of women, yet so many reciters of that sex who come to us from across the Atlantic should have as limited and helpless an outlook on life as any Oriental dame confined within the precincts of the purdah or the harem. To listen to them one would think the world was made of milk and roses, and was peopled by angelic infants, just naughty enough to be amusing, "childlike but not childish" old gentlemen of ninety—beautiful babies who never grew up. June 11-13

Miss Kitty Cheatham, the American diseuse, who gave the first of two recitals in the Little Theatre yesterday afternoon, unduly emphasised this aspect of life, and it was all the more to be regretted, as it by no means showed her best artistic powers. Her talk, with illustrations, on negro folk-songs and tales, which comprised the second part of her programme, was given in London at her recital last year, but was none the less welcome on this occasion. Not only has she got together a fine collection of old negro melodies, but she sings them with consummate skill. The religious ecstacy of "Swing low, sweet chariot," "I'm seeking for the city, Hallelujah!" "When I lose my way," and "Don't let this harvest pass," was magnetic in its appeal, and, indeed, a performance of the highest artistic value. In her comprehension of the American negro evolving from savagery through slavedom to something higher, Miss Cheatham has undoubtedly a very rare asset.

MISS IRENE ST. CLAIR.

The contralto singer Miss Irene St. Clair is already known in London to concert-goers, and those who attended her recital in the Æolian Hall on Monday afternoon once more enjoyed greatly the rich tones of her ample voice. There is still in her singing a slight sense of strain in taking the highest notes of her range, and, although the tones are well equalised with the lower registers, they are not always in perfect intonation. Moreover, there is too great obscurity of diction, the reason for this being apparently due to a yet imperfect dramatic sense, her readings being in general of too reticent and indeterminate a nature. June 11-13

Among her best performances must be reckoned "Près des flots," from "La Montagne-Noire" of Augusta Holmès, which was sung by request, and had to be repeated. The slumberous nature of the piece just suited the vocalist, and she was also successful in "Le Chevalier Belle-Etoile," from "Les Contes de Fées" by the same composer.

A SONATA AND SONG RECITAL.

June 11-1913

The last of the set of three concerts given by Mrs. George Swinton, Mr. Paul Kochanski, and Mr. Hamilton Harty took place in the Bechstein Hall yesterday afternoon. The sonatas were Brahms's in A major for violin and piano and Beethoven's "Kreutzer" Sonata. Between these Mrs. George Swinton sang a group of songs by Brahms and some English songs. She had chosen the former well to include several beautiful things, such as "Am jüngsten Tag" and "Auf die Nacht in der Spinnstuben," which are not often sung in public, with others better known. Though taken from different sets, they were appropriately grouped together under the title of "Mädchenlieder." They were gracefully sung, though Mrs. Swinton has hardly enough intensity and variety of tone-colour for the vigorous "Mädchenfluch," and "Das Mädchen spricht" was wanting in crispness. Her voice was at its best later in Dowland's "Adieu, sweet Amaryllis" and in Mr. Harty's impressive setting of Whitman's "By the bivouac's fitful flame." The two instrumentalists played with excellent understanding of one another and of the music. Mr. Kochanski's strong and pure tone was delightful to listen to in the broad melodies of Brahms's sonata, and Mr. Harty's sound musical sense helped to secure an excellently balanced performance.

MISS RAYMONDE AMY'S RECITAL.

The first of two vocal recitals was given yesterday afternoon in the Æolian Hall by Miss Raymonde Amy, a soprano singer who has had operatic experience with the Moody-Manners Company. Her programme was made up of groups of songs by Brahms, Schumann, Fauré, and also included some poor examples of English and American composers and a couple of airs from *La Bohème* and Thomas's *Hamlet*. June 11-13

In these operatic airs, as might have been expected, Miss Amy showed that she knew how to seize on the most emphatic moment and make it effective. In the songs she was less successful, for in many of them she left the impression that she was hurrying through them as quickly as possible and was thinking of the words rather than of the music. Her diction was not very clear, but the music was sacrificed to the words in such songs a Schumann's "Waldesgesprach" and "Frühlingsnacht," and in Fauré's lovely song "Dans les ruines d'une abbaye," all of which she took with exaggerated *rubato* and with a tendency to clip the phrases at the ends of a musical period. However, she was better in these lighter songs, and in Brahms's "Das Madchen spricht," where her quiet tone was agreeable in quality, than in Fauré's "Au Cimetière" and the bigger examples, which put a strain upon her voice and made her tone monotonous in colour. It was a pity she could not have obtained a better accompanist.

MISS ELENA GERHARDT'S RECITAL.

Few singers have sufficient confidence to give a song recital in Queen's Hall without assistance, and few of those who do so can have the consciousness, which Miss Gerhardt must have had on Tuesday night, of having given an evening of pleasure to a large number of people. Her audience was a large one and evidently genuine in its enthusiasm. Of course, though Miss Gerhardt undertook the whole programme, she had one most valuable assistant in Herr Arthur Nikisch, on whom depends a great part of the charm of her interpretation. He is as much the conductor when he is seated at the piano as when he holds the baton. June 12-13

Instead of singing only German songs or songs in German, Miss Gerhardt put a group of English songs into the middle of her programme. When foreign singers do this they very rarely know where to look for the best material, and on this occasion the selection was not a remarkably interesting one. There is a good deal to enjoy in hearing such things as Carey's "Pastorale" and "My lovely Celia" sung with the perfect smoothness of quality which Miss Gerhardt commands, and the audience would have liked to have had both repeated and did secure a repetition of the latter; but we must hope that Miss Gerhardt will not make many excursions into songs of the type represented by H. C. Gilmour's "Slumber Song." For our part we would rather hear her sing over and over again the things in which she excels, such as the group of Schumann's songs earlier in her programme. She sang the little set about "Der arme Peter" exquisitely, and in "Des Knaben Berglied" her voice had a trumpet-like resonance which was genuinely exhilarating.

M. DE PACHMANN'S CHOPIN RECITAL.

M. de Pachmann gave yesterday afternoon one of those composite entertainments which always draw a large audience, and a still larger crowd of spectators, to Queen's Hall. The spectators got even more than their usual reward; the listeners had to suffer a good deal of interruption to their enjoyment; but granting that these recitals are a composite entertainment, and not intended to be solely a musical performance, the musical listener certainly got his share of pleasure among the other interests. June 12-13

One feels that some time long ago M. de Pachmann discovered the whole truth about Chopin, and that ever since he has only had to sit and play without any conscious effort, either mental or physical, in order to express the whole truth to his hearers. When he begins to think about the music or his playing, to lecture upon Chopin's harmonic progressions or hold forth upon the muscular development of his own hands and arms, distortions are apt to come in; but he can think and talk about other subjects without disturbing the music. Yesterday's programme contained only the most hackneyed pieces—the Funeral March Sonata, a few Preludes, the Impromptu in F sharp, the Ballade in A flat, the Nocturne in D flat, and the Scherzo in C sharp minor, with a few other things; but whenever M. de Pachmann played naturally his interpretation gave them the delicious freshness of perfection. The difference between the effect of the trio to the scherzo of the sonata and the funeral march itself was extraordinary; he tried to explain the former with over-emphasis, but the latter was so simply treated that one could forget its histrionic associations and listen to it for once merely as a beautifully lyrical slow movement in a sonata. We need not dwell upon the details of the performance, since everything which fell short of the faultless standard was the result of a moment's caprice or a sudden misplaced interest in the detail. After the official programme M. de Pachmann launched out into an unofficial one, and with his audience crowding round the platform he indulged his fancy rather at the expense of the music in the Prelude in F major and the Etude in E major.

"MADAMA BUTTERFLY."

June 12-13

Madama Butterfly was given again last night at Covent Garden with a cast which differed from that of last week only in the case of the title *rôle*, which was played this time by Mme. Destinn. Other singers may take the part, and take it well, but it is difficult, at any rate for opera-goers in London, to think of any one but Mme. Destinn in it, for it was she who created it here in the summer of 1905 and has identified herself with it ever since. She sang it last night as beautifully as ever, her voice sounding splendidly rich and full in the climaxes and exceedingly delicate in *pianissimo* passages, while her acting, in spite of the number of times she has played the part, was neither casual nor over-studied.

ÆOLIAN HALL.

A joint recital was given at the Æolian Hall yesterday by Madame Mary Boyer and Mr. Jan Ehrhard, neither of whom had been heard in London before. Madame Boyer is a singer with a sound method and a sense of style gained, no doubt, in the course of her experience at the Opera Comique in Paris. It was a little odd to hear her sing, "Voi che sapete" and "Ombra mai fu" in French; and, indeed, the awkwardness of the translations rather lessened the listener's pleasure in the singer's merits. Later on, however, Madame Boyer showed in Duparc's "Chanson Triste" and Debussy's "Air de Lia" that she possessed a voice of even quality and appealing character. Her diction was above reproach, her sense for atmospheric effects was keen, and the truth of her interpretations was not spoilt by too much emphasis. The pianoforte solos Mr. Ehrhard had chosen were too simple to show the full extent of his talents; but they will probably be revealed in the two further recitals he and his associate are to give later in the month. In two sonatas for violin and pianoforte he was laudably considerate towards Mr. Johannes Wolff, who assisted him. The latter of the two, a new work by Duteil d'Ozanne, was well constructed, but not at all startling, either, in matter or in manner. June 12 1913

For her pianoforte recital in Æolian Hall last night Miss Kate Friskin chose a conventional programme, such as one is accustomed to hear many times in a London year. As this was, we presume, the pianist's first appearance as a recital-giver here, and as she has youth on her side, it would be unfair to demand of her the highest standard of interpretation known in such things as Bach's Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue, Beethoven's Opus III., the "Davidsbündler" of Schumann, and certain immortal compositions of Chopin. Those masters were represented in her programme last night, and their works were played with all due reverence and strict avoidance of anything in the nature of virtuoso treatment. There is a certain grace and charm in Miss Friskin's playing, and if her reserved performance of the Prelude and Fugue and the aforesaid Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue hardly gave us the spacious Bach we know and love, it gave us a point of view as interesting as it was dainty and refined. The Beethoven was regarded in much the same fashion, deficient in power and in passionate human interest, and never offending any of the canons of good taste. Lighter works of romantic character are better suited to Miss Friskin's style. We should like, however, to hear her play some esoteric things of Claude Debussy.

THE ENGLISH STRING QUARTET.

The English String Quartet (consisting of Messrs. T. F. Morris, Herbert Kinze, Frank Bridge, and Ivor James) gave the first of two concerts yesterday afternoon in the Bechstein Hall. The programme opened with Mozart's Quartet in G major (the 12th in Peters's edition) and ended with Schumann's lovely work in A major, the two being separated by Ravel's solitary contribution to chamber music for strings. June 12-13

The playing of the quartet in works of the German school is sufficiently well known to make it unnecessary to refer in detail to their treatment of the Mozart and Schumann. It need only be said that their attack was firm and the balance between the parts excellent, the fugue in the last movement of Mozart's quartet being given with a justness of *ensemble* which enabled the expression to be distributed over the whole and not merely concentrated on the entry of each successive voice. The quartet by Ravel was played unevenly. The first and last movements were very fluent, and the clearly defined rhythms were well marked without being insisted upon, but in the second movement the phrases were not given with a sharp enough edge and in some places lost their coherence in consequence. The players were, in fact, inclined to treat the music too much in the German spirit—too much from the point of view of the harmonic structure; and for the same reason the Adagio did not move clearly and slowly step by step, but halted at the full closes and, in contrast with the quick movements, which were played with conviction, seemed hesitating and laboured.

AN ENGLISH QUARTET.

BECHSTEIN HALL CONCERT.

June 12 1913

Messrs. Thomas F. Morris, Herbert Kinze, Frank Bridge, and Ivor James, who form the excellent organization known as "The English String Quartet," gave the first of two chamber-music concerts in the Bechstein Hall yesterday afternoon. The three quartets down for performance were Mozart's Quartet in G major (No. XII., Peters), Ravel's Quartet in F major, and the Schumann Quartet in A major. The ensemble playing of these excellent artists proved to be admirably qualified for the work they had in hand.

The Ravel quartet was given with great lucidity, and the hearer was enabled to easily grasp the peculiarities of this interesting work. For all its striking effects, it is undoubtedly built on a false artistic basis. The frequent use of pizzicato and muted effects, the lapses into rhapsodical passages, and the characteristic specialisation of the different registers, are all efforts to exploit the colour resources of quartet instruments, rather than to express abstract musical ideas by these means. We also find many dissonances unacceptable to the pure intonation of the strings, however quaint their effect might be on an orchestra. The quartet represents, in fact, the intrusion of programme ideas into the abstract forms.

ROYAL OPERA.

"PELLÉAS ET MÉLISANDE."

(By CLAUDE DEBUSSY (In French).

June 13 1913

Arkel	M. HUBERDEAU
Geneviève	Mme. J. ROYER
Pelléas	M. MAGUENAT
Golaud	M. BOURBON
Mélisande	Mme. EDVINA
Yniold	Miss FRANCES ROEDER
Conductor	M. ANDRÉ CAPLET

Debussy's wonderful success in finding the right music for Maeterlinck's *Pelléas et Mélisande* is not to be accounted for by any process of technical analysis, but since his technical method is completely the outcome of his own attitude of mind it shows the extraordinary affinity existing between him and Maeterlinck. In the early scenes of the play Maeterlinck places before us certain incidents which he makes no attempt to reason about. He cannot tell us why things happen as they do, and like Arkel he refuses to pass judgment upon them. "Je suis très vieux," Arkel says, "et cependant je n'ai pas encore vu clair, un instant, en moi-même; commeut voulez-vous que je juge ce que d'autres ont fait?" And Debussy equally refuses to show us, even if he could, the logic of his musical thought. His is the very opposite of Wagner's method, which would justify each point by recalling the circumstances which have led up to it. Only as the work progresses does he make one feel the truth of his music and become conscious that there is system of thought and feeling underlying what at first seemed to be the impulse of a moment. The orchestral interludes between the scenes are the parts of Debussy's work which help one most to that consciousness, and most of all the intensely beautiful passage which links the two crises of the play, and expands, as only music of the highest kind could do, the exclamation of Arkel, "Si j'étais Dieu, j'aurais pitié du cœur des hommes!"

For an ideal performance of *Pelléas et Mélisande* it is essential that all the characters should make one realize that they are led by circumstances, and the one fault in last night's performance seemed to be a certain positiveness in the singing and acting, as though the characters knew from the first what the outcome would be. Mme. Edvina had not quite the dreamy inconsequence of Mélisande, and M. Bourbon, instead of being moved to violence by his jealous love for Mélisande, seemed to work himself up to the action of the fourth act. Though it came

short of the ideal presentation, it was, however, an exceedingly good performance from the musical point of view. Mme. Edvina sang with great delicacy and M. Bourbon with remarkable power. M. Maguenat, though his voice was rather too robust and sometimes came near to baritone quality, sang with great earnestness as Pelléas, and M. Huberdeau was finely dignified as Arkel. But this part, which gives the key to the whole mood of the work, requires not only dignity and fine singing, but the power of expressing in voice and pose the attitude of one who is merely looking on at life and musing about it. M. Huberdeau has not quite reached that yet. The orchestra under M. Caplet played very beautifully, and the interludes of which we have spoken had remarkable eloquence in his treatment of them.

THE ROYAL OPERA.

"PELLÉAS ET MÉLISANDE."

June 13/13

Debussy's opera, "Pelléas et Mélisande," was produced for the first time this season at Covent Garden last night. The name parts were taken by M. Maguenat and Mme. Edvina respectively, M. Bourbon was Goland, and M. Gustave Huberdeau was Arkel. The conductor was M. André Caplet, who made his first London appearance on this occasion.

These artists secured a very fine performance of this strange opera, and the scanty opportunities afforded them by the composer were utilised to the full. The "pauvre petit être mystérieux" was admirably suggested by Mme. Edvina. Indeed, the rôle is a dangerous rival to that of "Louise," in which she so excels. The window-scene, the discovery, and the death-scene were each of them masterpieces of representation. M. Maguenat seconded her well as Pelléas, but his part was naturally overshadowed by that of the jealous Goland. All the slow torments of suspicion that are so marvellously delineated by Maeterlinck received masterly treatment at the hands of M. Bourbon, who succeeded in making an ungrateful part thoroughly natural and sympathetic. It was a moment of real tragedy when the unfortunate man implored his dying wife to tell him the truth about her lover, and then could not believe her when she had done so.

But, indeed, the whole play is real art from start to finish. What a relief one experienced to get away from the theatrical puppets of Verdi and Puccini and visit a world where the characters, if shadowy in part, are, at any rate, genuine creations! This, and the moving and lovely scenes in which it is enacted, form the real spell of "Pelléas et Mélisande." The musician is there, but what can one say to a king who has abdicated his throne? He gives us the atmosphere, it is true; but there is more than atmosphere in Maeterlinck's play, and it is hardly going too far to say that not a single emotion is ever suggested by the composer.

The smaller rôles were all well taken, that of Geneviève being played by Mme. J. Royer, that of Yniold by Miss Frances Roeder, and the doctor's part by Mr. Gaston Sargeant.

ROYAL OPERA.

June 13-13

"PELLEAS ET MELISANDE."

There was something of especial interest in the revival, at Covent Garden last night, of "Pelléas et Mélisande," an opera which, though once much talked about, has yet been out of the repertory here for two seasons. It is this fact that helped to lend the special interest, for in the last two years a good deal more of Debussy's music has been heard in London than before, and one, therefore, naturally lent a willing ear last night to the older work if only to learn if, in view of a wider knowledge, it might still maintain its quondam position. Undoubtedly it holds it. Last night's performance, a particularly good one, at once confirmed the earlier impression, and served to show that since the opera, or "lyric drama," was performed here first some four years ago its composer has sent nothing to England to compare with, or, at any rate, to equal, it. Its wondrous poesy and fragrant charm, its pathos and tragedy, all maintain their old-time appeal—their "music that is of a twilight beauty and glamour, music that persuades and insinuates, that persistently enslaves the mind." It is very beautiful and very simple, and was beautifully offered.

In point of fact it is not easy to call to mind so admirable a performance as this latest. To Madame Edvina once more fell the rôle of Mélisande, and of her individual representation it is not easy to say what has not often been said before. But as the years pass Madame Edvina undoubtedly grows in operatic wisdom, and she adorns no rôle more truly than this. Mr. Bourbon's Golaud, too, is an old familiar friend, and his return is very welcome. But Mr. Baguenat's Pelléas is new here, and is, if memory plays no trick, the most completely satisfying of them all. His voice is superb, and his diction almost exaggerated, or sophisticated, in its marvellous clarity. Indeed, the whole performance provided an object-lesson in the art of diction. Madame Royer made an excellent, clear-voiced Geneviève, and Mr. Huberdeau a capital Arkel, while Miss Roeder was an effective Yniold.

One word more. Mr. André Caplet, who made his first appearance here as conductor, made with it an entirely good impression. Perhaps another rehearsal or two would have been of use, but in spite of a little raggedness now and then the playing was admirable under his authoritative direction. It is to be regretted that the uproar on the stage cannot be mitigated so that the exquisite entr'acte music might be heard undisturbed. It is clearly of no use to rail at the chatterers among the audience—so much was done quite ineffectually years ago.

Such superbly beautiful singing as that of Miss Destinn as Madama Butterfly on Wednesday evening should certainly not pass unrecorded. Indeed, it was of so great a superiority as to put quite into the shade the singing either of Mr. McCormack or Mr. Gilly, admirably as these two sang their familiar rôles. Miss Destinn's voice just now is almost more lovely to hear than ever before. The house was very full, and it is only on the rarest occasions that "Madama Butterfly" is received with such outward show of enthusiasm as on this occasion. At the end of every act the singers were called and recalled, but there was in every case a separate and distinct call for the heroine of the evening. Mr. Polacco, who likewise was repeatedly called, secured a fine orchestral performance, the second act in particular being unusually impressive.

MISS HARVEY'S CONCERT.

June 1, 1913

Miss Isoline Harvey appeared in a double rôle at the Queen's Hall last night, where she gave an orchestral concert, as violinist and singer. In the former capacity she has been heard before; her performance of Mendelssohn's concerto, however, did not suggest that she has advanced in her art since that occasion. Again one observed the lack of finish, the uncertainty of intonation, the unsteadiness of rhythm. That Miss Harvey has some instinct for musical expression may be advanced in her favour, but in these days of high accomplishment it is absolutely necessary to support it with a sound technique. It was not possible to judge of Miss Harvey's singing, for she was unfortunate enough to be suffering from a cold. The concert was conducted by Professor Hans Winderstein, of Leipzig, who secured a musicianly reading of Beethoven's "Leonora" overture, No. 3. The orchestra was the London Symphony, in reduced numbers, but the playing was none the worse for that.

QUEEN'S HALL.

The young generation had things nearly all their own way at Queen's Hall yesterday afternoon, for although the giver of the musical feast was Miss Mathilde Verne, who appeared herself in the second part of the programme, most of the afternoon's work was done by pupils of that accomplished pianist. The youngest of them—on the distaff side—was surely Miss Stella Williams, whose age one would have guessed to be about 14, and who, with all the sang froid of extreme youth, entered light-heartedly upon the task of playing D'Albert's Concerto in E, with the Queen's Hall Orchestra, under Mr. Nikisch, to support her. In some respects, perhaps, a solo work would have afforded a clearer test of her powers, and in any case the instrument upon which the little débutante played was rather badly placed from the point of view of a nicely adjusted balance of tone. But no one who heard the youthful pianist will deny that she is exceptionally gifted, and that she overcame her by no means easy task with astonishing fluency. It must always be place aux dames, even where the adolescent are concerned, and so one may record here that the three movements of Mozart's rarely-heard Concerto in E flat (for two pianofortes) were played in turn by Miss Lois Garton and Miss Jessie Evans; Miss D. Lawrence Smith and Miss Marjorie Tate; Miss Rosalind Hedley and Miss Evelina Stagg, none of whom did her teacher any discredit, and, furthermore, that in the Chopin-Liszt "Chant Polonais" Miss Florence Pauly revealed a crisp touch and real musical feeling.

June 13-13

But the clou of the afternoon, when all's said, was the performance of that diminutive pianist, Solomon, as he is called tout court, in Mendelssohn's "Rondo Brillant" (Op. 29), for pianoforte and orchestra. The boy had already made more than one public appearance, so that we are not speaking of his abnormally-developed gifts for the first time. A notable feature of his playing yesterday was his own obvious enjoyment of it, with the result that it seemed the most natural thing in the world for him to be playing rapid scale passages with crystalline clearness, and compassing with the utmost ease Mendelssohn's brilliant arabesques. Solomon's sense of rhythm is as wonderful as his utter lack of self-consciousness is delightful, and certainly he is a prodigy of prodigies. At the end of a very long programme Miss Mathilde Verne was heard in Schumann's always welcome Concerto.

Not many years ago there was in London a very versatile young lady who used to sing the Bach-Gounod "Ave Maria," playing her own obbligato the while upon the violin. Miss Isoline Harvey did not attempt this precise feat at her concert at Queen's Hall last night, but the task which she set herself was even more arduous, for, appearing first in her familiar rôle of violinist, she played Mendelssohn's Concerto; then, as a singer—a new development this—she gave Saint-Saëns's "Mon cœur s'ouvre à ta voix," following this with Tartini's Violin Concerto in D minor and a couple more songs, one of them from her own pen. The occasion would be trying to the strongest nerves, and Miss Harvey was further handicapped last night by an obviously severe cold. If, therefore, she was not quite at her best as a violinist, she had every excuse; while, as to her powers as a singer, it was impossible to form any real opinion as to what they may be, and judgment is, therefore, best deferred. She had the support of the London Symphony Orchestra, under Professor Hans Winderstein, a conductor from Leipsiz, who by his excellent readings of Beethoven's third Leonora Overture and Strauss's "Tod und Verklärung" made it very clear that he is a man of powers much above the average.

MISS WATERSTON'S RECITAL.

June 13, 1913

It is quite evident, to judge from her recital in Æolian Hall last night, that Miss Jean Waterston is going to take an honourable place among the professional singers of her generation. In the space of a year or so her progress in the art of interpretation has been so sure that already one is constrained to place her very near the top. Only very rarely does one hear Schubert's "Wohin?" sung (and played) as it was last night. Phrasing may be acquired, and breath control, and diction, and—in a sort of way—interpretation; but the "mood" of a song is a thing that cannot always be learnt like A B C, and temperament, that priceless attribute of the musician, is the gift of the gods only. All the technique in the world would hardly have made Hugo Wolf's "Der Feuerreiter" as deeply moving as it was in the rendering of this singer; every phase of the ghastly story was related with a proper sense of its relation to the whole, and every line was illuminating. This is high praise, we know, the sort of praise one only uses in discussing the work of a vocalist who happens also to be an artist. The only point of criticism one has to offer is in regard to the French songs. Miss Waterston had chosen the erotic "Chansons de Bilitis" of Debussy, and, although these were very charmingly sung—if not so charmingly played as the German group—and the atmosphere of the songs well suggested, there is an indescribable precision in the best French diction which Miss Waterston has not yet quite achieved. (How many first-rate British singers have?) However, it only remains to be said that it is a great pleasure to listen to such an artist, and even in a middling good song like Coleridge-Taylor's "O what comes over the sea?" her natural sympathy of expression was absolutely convincing. Miss Louie Heath was the accompanist of a programme which was a model of arrangement, even if we regret that the interesting English group was placed at the end.

ÆOLIAN HALL.

June 13 1913

Three times within the last fortnight or so we have been permitted to hear in public several of Debussy's new "Préludes" for pianoforte. Yesterday afternoon for the first time the complete set of the second book was played by Mr. Walter Morse Rummel at his recital in Æolian Hall, the preliminary announcement of which attracted a fairly large audience of the French composer's admirers. Let us begin by saying that no pianist among those who have visited these shores in recent years—not even excluding those who have adorned the meetings of the Société des Concerts Français—is more triumphantly en rapport with the French movement in general, and the spirit of Debussy's music in particular, than Morse Rummel, himself a composer of considerable individuality. Yesterday his programme consisted of three things—Schumann's C major "Fantasie," the twelve "Préludes" already mentioned, and the F minor Sonata of Brahms—and one had only to hear the beautiful, characteristic "Fantasie" to realise how completely, how intimately, the young cosmopolitan American understands his Schumann. Occasionally in the louder passages, and in the majestic third movement in particular, there was a hardness of tone, which, however, taking everything else into consideration, might easily be explained as an accident of enthusiasm. The point is that we had a very romantic and at the same time very manly Schumann, an achievement not easily to be expected of one steeped in the best and worst of modern French music.

But to the "Préludes." It was clear to anyone who knows the score of these compositions that Mr. Rummel understands them thoroughly, and although more than once a liberty was taken with the text, it was most obviously justified, and possibly permitted by the composer himself, with whom, we understand, the pianist has studied the pieces. They were quite wonderfully played—which means a great deal more than saying a Liszt Rhapsody or a set of Brahms's Variations were wonderfully played; for in Debussy, and in several of these Préludes particularly, the technique required is a technique of a very recent growth. The accepted rules of dynamics receive a new interpretation; the sustaining pedal is made to do things it never did before. Taken as a whole, however, we find the intrinsic value of this book indifferent. The best things in it—"La Puerta del Vino," "La terrasse des audiences du clair de Lune," "Ondine," and "Les tierces alternées"—clever and brilliant as they are, leave one cold.

MR. W. M. RUMMEL'S RECITAL.

June 13-13

Some delightful playing was heard yesterday afternoon in the Æolian Hall, where Mr. Walter Morse Rummel gave a pianoforte recital with a programme which was made up of Schumann's Fantasia in C major, Brahms's Sonata in F minor, and the set of Debussy's new Preludes, several of which have already been heard in London, though the 12 of them have not been given before.

We discussed these preludes at some length when they were first published and need not consider them in detail again. The general effect of hearing the 12 together was very monotonous, in spite of the

great delicacy and sympathy with which they were played by Mr. Rummel, who, we understand, has studied them with M. Debussy himself. The impressionistic preludes all sounded very much alike except the last one, "Feux d'Artifice," which is one of the composer's most brilliant contributions to pianoforte music, and those which aim at light comedy, like "Général Lavine" and the one in honour of Mr. Pickwick, seemed to need literary rather than musical expression to illustrate the point of view from which they are written.

MR. LLOYD-POWELL'S CONCERT.

With the London Symphony Orchestra under M. Safonoff, Mr. Lloyd-Powell played two concertos, Beethoven's fifth and Rachmaninoff's second, in C minor, at Queen's Hall on Wednesday night. Other pieces were the Overture to *Oberon* and the Peer Gynt Suite. June 13-13

The last two showed how music which has been played so often that one would think it was beyond the power of conductor or players to put new life into it can still come fresh to the ear if it receives faithful treatment and detailed care. The truth is, we never get tired of the old things. What we tire of is hearing them played in a slipshod or perfunctory manner. To play them as if they did not much matter is to make them matter very little. They were not played so. The strong rhythm of *Oberon* was meant, every word of it, and so was the magnificent *fortissimo* on muted strings in Ase's Tod.

Mr. Lloyd-Powell played Beethoven with modesty and reverence. He has a delightful power of varying and graduating the amount of tone over passages of some length, and he seldom extracts an ugly sound from the keys. The whole thing is in keeping and well proportioned. His rhythm and technique are at present not what they might be. With less able conducting than the orchestra had there would have been more awkward joins with the solo instrument than there actually were. The finger work is not strong; scale passages and trills are apt to be ragged, and climaxes ineffective for lack of the power and conviction that should lead up to them. But these things are only a matter of hard work; the musical gift is there.

BECHSTEIN HALL.

It is not to be wondered at that a teacher of singing who can number Miss Leila Duart, Mr. Gervase Elwes, Mr Theodore Byard, and Mr. Hubert Eisdell among his pupils should invoke their aid when he comes forward as a concert-giver. But, after all, these singers are familiar, and as the others, who assisted Mr. Victor Beigel at Bechstein Hall yesterday afternoon, are still some way from maturity, the main interest of the programme centred in the songs Mr Beigel himself contributed to it. These embraced enough styles and periods to show that Mr. Beigel is an exceedingly versatile artist. All his interpretations carried weight and conviction, for his diction was irreproachable, his phrasing was uncommonly smooth, and, while his mezza-voce tone was above criticism, he made his points without the slightest appearance of effort. It was a real pleasure to listen to such delicate and polished singing, and the audience showed their appreciation of Mr. Beigel's work by insisting on his adding an extra song. A new song-cycle by Mr. Emerson Whithorne was hardly worthy of the composer's growing reputation. Called "Songs of Sappho," and set to lyrics by Bliss Carman, it revealed an intense desire to create an atmosphere, and succeeded in suggesting two or three, but none which had any special reference to Sappho herself. The cycle was intelligently sung by Miss Rhéa, Miss Dawnay, Mr. John Adams, and Mr. Henry Rabke. June 13-13

At the same hall in the evening Miss Helen Sealy and Mr. Safonoff gave a recital of violin and pianoforte Sonatas. Beethoven was the only composer drawn upon, and he was represented by the D major Sonata (Op. 12), the G major (Op. 96), and the "Kreutzer." With Mr. Safonoff at the pianoforte it was only to be expected that the interpretations of these works should be decisive; but the authority they had did not owe very much to the violinist. Miss Sealy's tone was rather slender and her intonation was not always above reproach. Yet the quality was pleasant, and much care had clearly been spent on such points as phrasing and expression. Thanks to Mr. Safonoff's discretion, the balance was uniformly good, for which reason the playing of the two partners easily found favour with a fairly numerous audience.

SONGS AND DUETS.

June 14 1913

The song and duet recital given by Fräulein Elena Gerhardt and Herr Paul Reimers at the Bechstein Hall last night was very enjoyable. Not that there were not one or two small points to which some criticism might be advanced. For instance, the voices of the two artists did not really balance well, and there is no doubting the fact that the tenor's actual production leaves something to be desired on the score of purity of tone. Against such things one has to set the remarkably finished style of the joint interpretation. Indeed, some delightful duets of Dvořák, undeservedly neglected, were really charmingly sung, and it was not surprising to find that in two instances encores were necessary. Both singers were heard alone. Fräulein Gerhardt was unfortunately in one of her dragging moods, and, in consequence, the graceful lyricism attending the pure musical expression in Schubert's "Du bist die Ruh," the lovely "Rosamunde" song, and "An die Musik," this given as an encore, was sadly marred. All three songs are on the slow side, but that is no reason why they should be held back in tempo until the natural rhythm is almost lost altogether. However, the singer's art is such that the beautiful tones of her voice come through the most sustained passages with no flaw as regards colour control. Herr Reimers sang French songs, of Fauré, Debussy, and Dalcroze, and the recital ended with a group of Brahms' duets. The accompanist was Mr. Theodore Flint.

THE BECHSTEIN HALL.

June 14-13

Miss Daisy Kennedy and Mr. Hans Ebell gave a concert yesterday afternoon in the Bechstein Hall, at which they played three sonatas for violin and pianoforte—Bach's in E major came at the beginning of the programme and Mr. Cyril Scott's Op. 59 at the end, the two being separated by Richard Strauss's early work in E flat major.

The combination of these two players, both of whom have been heard before, though not, so far as we know, together, was an excellent one. They seemed to be fully in sympathy both with the music and each other, and the result was complete unanimity, which was all the more striking owing to the marked differences in style in the three works. Strauss's sonata needs a very firm grip of the keyboard and strong, flexible bowing on the part of the violinist; otherwise the music is likely to run away with the players, or at least to become rough and noisy. There was neither roughness nor noise in yesterday's well-balanced performance, and consequently the essentially virile and rhapsodical character of the music came out without having to be insisted on. Mr. Scott is also rhapsodical in his sonata, bnt he has not the structural sense of Strauss, and his music, instead of moving from point to point and growing to a climax, seems to be in a perpetual fussy agitation, without ever giving vent to one decisive statement. Both Miss Kennedy and Mr Ebell played with fine technical accomplishment, and they made the Scherzo—the one movement in which there is no repetition—attractively trivial, fantastic, and graceful; but they could not prevent the three larger movements from wearying with their constant reiteration of the same harmonic progressions and the unbroken monotony of their mood.

THE LITTLE THEATRE.

June 14 1913

It was a delightful recital that Mr. Chester Fentress gave at the Little Theatre yesterday afternoon. The programme consisted almost entirely of French music—ancient and modern songs, and old pieces for the clavecin by Couperin, Rameau, Handel, and Scarlatti. Mr. Fentress's tenor voice is not robust, but of sweet and delicate quality; his diction is as perfect as any diction can be; his phrasing immaculate. And when it happens that these qualities are possessed by an artist of sensitive temperament it must follow that the singing is of some account. Mr. Fentress is one of those rare beings who know their own limitations, and so it happened that the old songs of Charles d'Orléans (1415), François Ier (1520), Clément Marot (1532), Marie Stuart (1560), Lefévre (1613), and others were completely enjoyable, and the accompaniments, as played on the clavecin by Miss Marguerite Delcourt, fastidiously beautiful. Mr. Fentress's humour is hardly broad enough to give point to "Margoton va-t-a l'eau" or whimsical enough to make "L'amour au mois de Mai" what is called convincing; but the plaintive, anonymous "Musette" of the fifteenth century and Marie Stuart's "Las! en mon doux printemps" were exquisitely sung. So, too, was "My lovely Celia" given as an encore to an aria of Mozart. Mr. Fentress is an artist of whom one would fain hear more, especially in an atmosphere so "intime" as that of the Little Theatre. Miss Delcourt's playing of the clavecin was a delight, and the contributions of Mr. Paul Leyssac—a most accomplished diseur—gave pleasant variety to a unique programme. Mrs. Clarence Lucas accompanied the modern songs very sympathetically.

QUEEN'S HALL.

June 14 1913

At Queen's Hall last night the first of two concerts was given by the famous Finnish Choir, "Suomen Laulu"—which, being interpreted, means "The song of Finland." He would have been indeed a dullard who, being present at the concert, did not recognise at once that he was in the presence of a choir of the highest rank, and that the conductor had reduced his singers to the finest point of obedience. But in venturing to England the "Suomen Laulu" challenges comparison—comparisons may be odious enough, but they are sometimes inevitable—with the best choirs of a country where the technique of choral singing has been cultivated to excess. Offhand one might name half a dozen towns in the North and Midlands of England—London is, of course, out of the running in this matter—where singing as good as, and occasionally better than, that of the Finnish Choir may be heard quite frequently.

But it is churlish to boast like this before our guests, and to make amends it must be admitted that the mezzo-forte, mezzo-voce, and pianissimo singing of this choir is as good as anything we have heard from our own organisations. The "Adoremus te . . ." Motet of Corsi (1670) and Klemetti's "The day is declining" were particularly good examples of harmonious performance. Madame Maikki Järnefelt, accompanied by Mr. Selim Palmgren, made the happiest impression by her singing of songs by Melartin, Järnefelt, and Sibelius.

A FINNISH CHOIR.

June 14-1913

BEAUTIFUL SINGING AT THE QUEEN'S HALL.

The Finnish Choir, "Soumen Laulu" ("The Song of Finland"), made their first apearance in England at the Queen's Hall last night. Their programme was divided into two parts, the first sacred, the second secular, and under the accomplished direction of their conductor, Mr. Heikki Klemetti, they made the best possible impression on their hearers. It is unfortunately hardly going too far to say that for unaccompanied singing we have no choir in London who can seriously compete with them. First, as regards the quality of the voices, the sopranos are especially fine, their highest notes sounding full and clear without the slightest sense of strain, while the basses range down to D below the stave with a rich and massive weight. Then, again, for precision of attack, steadiness of tone, ease of dynamic gradations, tremendous conviction of fortissimos, and sensitive refinement of mezza-voce singing, one has to go to our own Northern choirs for a parallel.

The eight-part motet, "Crucifixus," of A. Lotti (1667-1740) was exquisitely sung. The balance and weaving of the parts, the growth of the music to a great outburst of expressive singing, and then the subsidence of the sounds to a quiet close were features that rightly led to a repetition of the number. In the motet "Adoramus te" of Corsi the voices entered and moved with the surety and sustained power of organ pipes.

We were less satisfied, indeed, with the interpretations adopted for some of the secular numbers. Morley's five-part ballet, "My bonny lass, she smileth," sung in Finnish, was given in too boisterous and spasmodic a manner, and the same remark applies to a madrigal of Arcadelt.

The soloist of the evening was Mme. Maikki Järnefelt, who made a good impression in Swedish and Finnish songs. Her soprano voice is well trained, and she has an excellent command of tone colour. Her singing would, however, be more effective if she adopted a more restrained style of interpretation.

THE FINNISH CHOIR.

"Suomen Laulu" (the song of Finland) seems to be exactly the right name for the distinguished Finnish choir who gave their first English concert at Queen's Hall last night. Their performance delighted the large audience, because it made one feel that they have a musical tradition of their own, a song to sing which has moulded their style of singing. Their technique, which is highly finished on its own lines, is perfectly suited to their own folk melody and to music by modern Finnish composers, Sibelius, Palmgren, and their able conductor, Dr. Klemetti. Its rhythm and its melody seem to belong to them and they to it. One realized this particularly when they sang a Finnish translation of Thomas Morley's ballet "My bonnie lass," for here the emphasis of the rhythm and the very quality of tone seemed out of keeping with the musical style, though as far as organization was concerned the thing was perfectly done. June 14-13

Besides their own music they gave some Latin Church music, including Lotti's eight-part "Crucifixus" and Bruckner's "Ave Maria." Here the beauty of tone, the perfect balance of parts, and the splendid certainty of pitch were specially enjoyable. But though these things were admirable, we look forward to their further concerts chiefly in order to increase acquaintance with the music of Finland, which these singers interpret with wonderful spontaneity and buoyancy.

In the middle of the programme Mme. Maikki Järnefelt sang a number of songs chiefly by Järnefelt and Sibelius. She is a singer of great distinction, whose beautiful soprano voice is at its best in songs like Järnefelt's "Lullaby" and "Titania" and Sibelius's "Säf, säf, susa," which do not tempt the singer to exert her full power. Once or twice in big climaxes of tone her voice showed signs of strain, but in these lighter things her skill as an interpreter was wonderfully exemplified. At the end of the concert the choir returned to pay a graceful compliment to their audience by singing a verse of "God Save the King" in English.

BEECHAM SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

A NEW SOPRANO.

June 14 1913

The concert given by the Beecham Symphony Orchestra at the Queen's Hall yesterday afternoon was largely concerned with the début of a coloratura soprano, Miss Florence Macbeth. This was attended with quite a fair measure of success, for the singing was of a decidedly finished and accomplished order. As is often the case with voices of high range and extensive compass, the dynamic power of the lower register is rather weak, and it may be that the upper has only been developed at the expense of real æsthetic charm. Certainly Miss Macbeth's voice was at its prettiest in a mezzo-voce. She sang "Una voce, poco fà," "Caro Nome" (an encore), and Mozart's "Martern aller Arten" with skill and confidence, and her interpretations won much favour with the audience. More clearness of diction would be desirable, and more expression of personality, too; in the latter respect Miss Mac-

oeth strikes one as being rather cold and unconvincing.

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The purely orchestral part of the programme consisted of Rimsky-Korsakov's "Antar" symphony, a brilliantly-scored work, but poor in material; Debussy's symphonic suite "Printemps," labelled "first performance in London," and Sir Charles Stanford's seventh symphony, in D minor. This last was produced at a Philharmonic Concert in 1912, and it was interesting to hear so characteristic and well-wrought work again. The Debussy suite is apparently an orchestral version of an early work for pianoforte. The substance of the music is not exactly that of the Debussy of "Pelléas et Mélisande," though the treatment suggests it with its qualities of the bizarre, fanciful, unexpected, and highly effective. It need hardly be added that the playing of the orchestra was remarkable for its clarity of tone, or that Mr. Beecham's conducting was not lacking in enthusiasm.

MR. THOMAS BEECHAM'S CONCERT.

The programme given by Mr. Beecham and his orchestra at Queen's Hall yesterday afternoon was one of strongly contrasted interests, which brought back recollections of those symphony concerts by which he first made his reputation as a conductor of strong tastes and vigorous methods several years ago. The orchestral works in this programme were Rimsky-Korsakov's symphonic suite "Antar," one of those pieces of vivid Russian programme music which, now that we have seen *Scheherazade*, seem incomplete without the stage; Debussy's "Printemps," called "suite symphonique," though it contains only two movements; and Sir Charles Stanford's little Symphony in D minor written for the Royal Philharmonic Society last year. "Printemps" is a delightful work, written when Debussy's experiments in harmony and orchestration were still experiments, an entrancing field to be explored rather than a set of mannerisms to be exploited. Perhaps the first movement is the happier of the two; in the second the imagination seems hampered by some rather trite scherzo rhythms, which refuse to merge their identity in the larger design. We wrote fully of Sir Charles Stanford's symphony when it first appeared, but the beauty of its workmanship and the charm of its intentionally slight ideas grow on one with acquaintance. One felt, however, that Mr. Beecham would have done better by it if he had treated it more simply. He was inclined to work at the climaxes in the way which was more appropriate to Rimsky-Korsakov. But this symphony cannot be made exciting; one enjoys it for its quiet charm. June 14-13

Besides the orchestral interest there was that of the first appearance of a singer from whom much may be expected. Miss Florence Macbeth, a *coloratur* soprano, was set down to sing three arias, Rossini's "Una voce," Mozart's "Martern aller Arten" (*Die Entführung*), and the "Bell Song" from *Lakmé*. Her success was great enough to enable her to add other things, including "Caro nome," so that her audience had full opportunity of judging of her powers. There was more in her singing than merely the charm of a young voice carefully trained in the technique of the *coloratura* style. It was not only fresh and true and excellently phrased, but the voice itself has a depth of quality, at any rate in the higher notes, and Miss Macbeth has a capacity for genuine musical expression which is very remarkable. One even welcomed certain signs of inexperience in "Caro nome," because they showed that she had ideas of her own as to how the music should be treated. She took some passages slowly, not because she could not sing them fast, but because she felt them to be right in her way. Her scales in unison with the strings at the end of "Martern aller Arten" were evidence of the perfection of her technique. She almost seemed to be "bowing" them with the violins.

A NEW SINGER.

MISS MACBETH'S DÉBUT.

June 14-13

It is not a particularly easy matter to know precisely where to begin with a description of the remarkable concert given in Queen's Hall yesterday afternoon by Mr. Thomas Beecham and his orchestra. For his share of the programme was throughout of great importance, yet it can hardly be denied that the large audience that assembled came for the purpose of hearing the new soprano, Miss Florence Macbeth, of whom report has spoken so highly. Let us resolve the difficulty by giving the first place to the lady.

About a fortnight ago, and also some months ago, the present writer had an opportunity of hearing Miss Macbeth, and the opinion then formed and expressed in *The Daily Telegraph* needs no fining down now that she has appeared with orchestra for the first time in London. It will be a matter for surprise indeed if the prophecy then uttered with due regard for the inherent dangers of prophecy is not ultimately fulfilled. In years past no soprano has sung in London who has owned a voice of equal flexibility, extraordinary evenness throughout a compass of three octaves, or ease in delivery; and rare indeed are the coloratura voices that have even an approximate warmth of colour. Add to this a real sense of style which as yet is perhaps only in embryo, and a vocal technique that recognizes no difficulties, and obviously you have a singer far out of the common. Such a singer is Miss Macbeth, a young artist barely out of her teens, who has begun a career which must lead to the very highest pinnacles of the singer's fame.

From the point of view of the public it is to be regretted that Miss Macbeth's voice yesterday was not in quite so nearly perfect a state as on the previous occasions referred to; nerves were clearly "visible" in her singing of "Una Voce," which Mr. Beecham took somewhat slowly, and frankly we prefer at least one other version of the numerous cadenzas to the version sung on this occasion. But if one realise the conditions, a young singer at the opening of her career undertaking and conquering some of the masterpieces of coloratura associated with the mistresses of song for half a century and more, the performance was beautiful to a degree because the voice was so warm and the stylo so unaffected. After the applause that followed the aria had subsided, there came a delicious performance of Oscar's air from the fourth act of "Un Ballo in Maschera," sung with ridiculous ease, while later again Miss Macbeth sang with most delicate charm and exquisite purity the bell song from "Lakmé," and, we regret to say, a quite unimpressive ditty about roses for an encore.

But before this there was offered a rendering of the great air, "Martern aller Arten" from "Il Seraglio," that had it been as well accompanied as it was wonderfully sung, would have created furore among Mozart lovers. Even so, however, the fact must not be lost sight of that this already accomplished and richly-endowed singer has something to learn; it lies in the direction of acquiring the Mozart habit, if one may use a convenient expression. Mozart requires at least as much from his interpreter as any or all of the moderns. Miss Macbeth has conquered the modern masters of coloratura. Let her see to the conquering of the greatest of all masters of music—Mozart. She can accomplish it, and then the musical world is at her feet. After the Mozart aria was sung "Caro Nome" with all the same ease, the same perfect scale, the same neatness of execution.

Besides conducting these vocal numbers, Mr. Beecham obtained quite admirable performances of Stanford's latest Symphony, the fine work of which we dealt with in detail on its production about eighteen months ago, and of Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Antar." In between he produced, it is said for the first time here, Debussy's "Printemps," in the performance of which he was aided by two unnamed pianists. This work (we are quite ignorant as to its date) bears out what was said a day or two ago, that Debussy has sent us little to compare with "Pelléas" since he sent us that beautiful opera. This is more massive, more sonorous, but less subtle, less markedly individual; but it was pleasant to hear, and Mr. Beecham gave us a fine performance. Surely in view of all this it is easy to see that the concert was of very exceptional interest.

CONCERT IN HONOUR OF M. SAINT-SAËNS.

June 3-13

Preliminary announcements of the concert which was given at Queen's Hall yesterday afternoon spoke of it as celebrating "the seventy-fifth anniversary of the musical career of Dr. Camille Saint-Saëns," and no doubt many people wondered in what sense his career was to be considered as having begun just seventy-five years ago. Every one knows that M. Saint-Saëns was born in 1835 and is now in his seventy-eighth year, and most people know that he made his first public appearance as a pianist in 1846. The admirable little biography in the programme written by Mr. Hermann Klein, however, told those who had not discovered the facts beforehand that this concert actually commemorated the seventy-fifth anniversary of M. Saint-Saëns's first lesson at the piano. At that date, when he was two and a-half years old, he began to learn the art in which he has secured as great distinction as he has by his composition. Perhaps his distinction as a pianist is even greater than as a composer, for while he is undoubtedly a pianist of the first rank one would hesitate, because of the greatness of others, to speak of him as a composer of the first rank. Sir Alexander Mackenzie, in presenting him with an illuminated address signed by the committee responsible for this celebration, summed up M. Saint-Saëns's position as a composer with the utmost fairness when, having spoken of the delightful qualities of his music, the happy combination of grace, wit, and learning contained in it, he declared him to be a popular composer in the very highest sense. "His popularity," he said, "is nowhere stronger than in England, and it is a popularity which has never been cheapened or abused."

Except for the little "Overture in G to an Unfinished Comedy," which began yesterday's concert, the programme contained chiefly the works on which that great popularity has been founded. There was the Symphony in C minor for orchestra, organ, and piano, admirably played by Mr. Thomas Beecham and his orchestra, and M. Saint-Saëns played the solo part in the Scherzo from his Concerto in G minor (probably the most popular movement in his works of the kind), the brilliant *finale* of his fifth Piano Concerto (in F), and his Fantasia "Africa." There was a special reason for including this last. It was the work which M. Saint-Saëns offered as his "exercise" when in 1893 the University of Cambridge presented him with the degree of Doctor of Music *honoris causa*, and it was performed for the first time on that occasion, the composer playing the piano part and Sir Charles Stanford conducting. So its performance yesterday commemorated the fact that England has long delighted to honour M. Saint-Saëns, and the warm reception of each work, the ringing applause which greeted him on each appearance, and the enthusiasm when the presentation was made showed that the delight in honouring a great artist is not one of which the British public tires.

Another work which had a special meaning was the only one in the programme which was not M. Saint-Saëns's composition—Mozart's Concerto in B flat (Koechel 450). He played this Concerto at that first public concert in 1846, but its inclusion in this programme had a still more important meaning for the present audience. For M. Saint-Saëns is known as one of the finest interpreters of Mozart at the present day, and the masterly performances of the whole series of Mozart's concertos which he gave at Bechstein Hall a few years ago are still fresh in the memory of London concert-goers. The great thing about his interpretation of Mozart (and yesterday it appeared as clearly as before) is that M. Saint-Saëns neither tries to put into him qualities which belong to modern music nor denies him the broader qualities which do belong to him. M. Saint-Saëns neither vulgarizes the music nor treats it like a precious curio. We get from him an impression of the virile personality of Mozart. It is not necessary to write at length of his own music contained in this programme, for, as has been said, all of it is well known except the overture at the beginning, a graceful piece of boyish writing accomplished when he was about 19 years old. It shows one quality which has characterized the whole of M. Saint-Saëns's large output during his long career, and that is his unerring instinct for the right instrument to express his idea at each point, which gives him such easy command of the orchestra. One never feels that what he has to say might have been better said in some other way. It is always so well said that every one must grasp the intention at once. It is that power which has made him pre-eminently a popular composer.

MR. D'ALBERT'S RECITAL.

June 1, 1913

A GLORIOUS PERFORMANCE OF THE "APPASSIONATA."

Magnificent is the epithet that can be most fitly applied to the Beethoven playing of Mr. Eugen d'Albert. At his recital given in the Queen's Hall yesterday afternoon, and his only appearance for nearly two years, his performance of the F minor Sonata (Appassionata) proved yet again on how sound a basis his reputation as an interpreter of Beethoven rests. There is probably no living pianist who can so adequately disclose the volcanic fire and sublime grandeur of emotion that permeates the masterpieces of this master mind. Many other performers may approximate more or less to an understanding of these supreme qualities, but to our thinking it is Mr. d'Albert alone, whose playing has the full amplitude of passion called for by the music, who can follow the swing of this gigantic pendulum from one extreme to the other—in a word, who can make us realise what the dead notes of the pianoforte score really imply. It is impossible to convey in idle words how he made the opening "Allegro assai" and concluding "Allegro ma non troppo" rush on their tempestuous courses. The mere employment of bald phrases, such as "passion," "strength," and so on, are in this case hopelessly inadequate. If words are to be employed for the task they must be combined with the skill of a poet if they are to arouse commensurate impressions on the reader.

Whether Mr. d'Albert can interpret Beethoven in all his moods is, however, another matter. In the central "Andante con moto" the mighty ocean of sound sinks to a condition of comparative calm. An undulation of its unfathomable depths is felt from time to time, but its general condition is one of repose. We hold that the pianist took the sforzatos and other marks of expression too literally. They are but crude indications of a composer's intentions, and a greater measure of restraint would have placed the movement in better contrast to the others. On another point Mr. d'Albert is a dangerous model to the pianistic aspirant. Where, as notably in the first movement, the phrase-rhythms become complicated, his rubato reaches the point of rhapsody. It is a noble rubato, and from Mr. d'Albert we accept it without a murmur, but all the same it is at the expense of the constructional clarity.

"I GIOJELLI DELLA MADONNA."

I Giojelli della Madonna was given at Covent Garden on Saturday night with Mme. Carmen Melis as Maliella.

Her vivid presentation of the part gave the necessary motive power to the action of the whole opera, and did away with the feeling of artificiality which clogs its progress when Maliella is represented in any more conventional way. As we said in describing the first performance of *I Giojelli della Madonna* last year, everything depends upon its seeming true, and the first condition is that Maliella should be such a girl as might make one man protest everything and another dare everything to win her. Mme. Melis, coquetting with the contemptible little Biaso (extraordinarily cleverly played by Signor Zucchi), stabbing wildly at Rafaele at one moment, and being fascinated by his swaggering personality at the next, flouting Gennaro, and falling into his arms under the spell of the stolen jewels, and finally throwing herself at the feet of the lover who disowns

her in superstitious terror, is altogether convincing. She plays the part to the full and gives us all its romance and savagery, its blind longing for every unknown experience. June 16 '913

As a dramatic performance nothing could be more complete; as a musical one there was something missing. Her voice was apt to sound curiously pale by comparison with the vividness of personality. There were a few moments of uncertain intonation, but she was not alone in that. Signor Martinelli in the duet with Mme. Bérat was once seriously out of tune, and other members of the company had similar moments of failure. Even Signor Sammarco was not quite above suspicion. Mme. Melis's singing was generally true; it had great range of expression, varying from moments of intense excitement, such as the one in the second act when she rushes out (the voice rising to the top C in place of the expected B), to the quiet, dreamlike tone which she used at the end of the same act, while she decked herself in the jewels. What one missed was the power of conveying fervour without effort. Her voice seemed to want natural warmth of quality, but everything else which could help to make up for that want was supplied in her fine performance.

THE ROYAL OPERA

June 16 1913

The performance of "I Giojelli della Madonna" on Saturday night at Covent Garden needs a few words, as we had a new exponent of the part of Maliella in Mme. Carmen Melis. The character, like the others in this melodramatic work, is so uninteresting that it is difficult to portray satisfactorily. Mme. Melis acted quite skilfully, and her attractive appearance naturally helped her greatly. One could have wished for more warmth of colour in the singing, though the resonance of her voice told well enough in the climaxes. Signor Martinelli repeated his clever impersonation of Gennaro, singing better in the second act than in the first, where for once he was somewhat out of tune at times. Signor Sammarco was the Rafaele.

ROYAL OPERA

June 16 1913

Although there was very little "snap" in the performance as a whole of "The Jewels of the Madonna" at Covent Garden on Saturday night, there were at least two individual things worth noticing. Of these pride of place belongs to Madame Carmen Melis's first appearance here as Maliella. Hitherto one has seen only Madame Edvina's representation of this character. It was interesting, therefore, to see another side of it, for between the two is a wide gulf. In Madame Edvina's case, for example, there is a perfect consistency: in the other Maliella is ever changing, developing until she becomes a good deal of a fiend, and magnificently did Madame Melis portray this side. In point of fact, Madame Melis acted throughout with wonderful versatility and "devil," so that her Maliella was the perfect companion of Mr. Sammarco's gloriously swaggering Rafaele, a part quite his own, which he has never presented better than on Saturday.

Vocally Madame Melis is not so successful as histrionically in this rôle, for her voice is not very powerful; but there is no question of the power of her acting, which, especially in the second and third acts, was on a very high level indeed. These were outstanding performances. By no means so exalted was Mr. Martinelli's Gennaro, a part he has played each time the opera has been given in London, if memory serves, and played and sung in a manner that has drawn forth unstinted praise. On Saturday, however his lovely voice had very little in it of the great quality we are accustomed to, and frequently he touched the edges of the notes, as it were, and failed to hit the middle point of them—a defect that surely must be entirely transitory, since there has never previously been noticed a suspicion of this. Madame Bérat's Carmela is as thoroughly charming as is all her work. Mr. Panizza conducted. What happened, by the by, to the first verse of the Serenade?

On Friday "Aida" was repeated before what is said to have been the most crowded house in the syndicate's tenure of the Opera House. The performance was again notable for the wonderful singing of Caruso, Madame Kirkby Lunn, Miss Destinn, and Mr. Gilly. But for some reason Caruso's Radames seemed somewhat less dignified than usual. Mr. Polacco conducted, and pursues his evident desire (which has been previously noted) to emphasise the fact that "Aida" is a complete and consecutive music-drama, and not merely a collection of beautiful situations, beautiful songs, and choruses interspersed with dances. It was a most spirited performance in consequence.

MISS VALENTINA CRESPI.

A violonist of unusual ability gave a concert in the Bechstein Hall on Saturday afternoon in the person of Miss Valentina Crespi. Her programme opened with the Max Bruch Violin Concerto in G minor, and this beautiful work was played with no little fund of romantic warmth and sustained expression. The cantilenas stood out full and strong, while the breadth with which the "Adagio" was performed gave evidence of much maturity of style. June 16 '13

Certainly from the technical side Miss Crespi has still to learn, her intonation in rapid passages, as in the Finale to the Concerto, being rather insecure, and the general performance of that section lacking in steadiness. These defects were still more noticeable in the Paganini-Wilhelmj Violin Concerto in D major, which is, of course, only designed for virtuoso display. Miss Crespi might well have dispensed with this work, as the most flawless performance can give but little artistic satisfaction, and in her case it came rather as an anti-climax to the other. A Handel sonata which succeeded, however, again reminded the hearer what admirable musical qualities the artist possesses.

HERR ERNST VON DOHNÁNYI'S RECITAL.

The second of Herr von Dohnányi's two pianoforte recitals was given on Saturday afternoon in the Æolian Hall with a programme which contained two large works in F minor—Beethoven's "Appassionata" Sonata and Brahms's Op. 5—and a set of short pieces of his own called "Winterreigen," and numbered Op. 13. June 16 1913

It is not the Opus number alone which shows that these pieces were written some time ago; the style of them at once tells one that the composer wrote them before he had quite found an idiom of his own. The opening number, "Widmung," the "Postludium," and the "Marsch der lustigen Brüder" might, as their titles indicate, have come from a drawer of unpublished fragments by Schumann, and "Sphärenmusik" sounds like a slow movement from Brahms rejected at the last moment for being too "mannered." But the Mazurka, the "Valse aimable," and the fantasia "Tolle Gesellschaft" show the composer's gift for using dance rhythms—a gift which he has developed considerably in his recent Pantomime; and the third piece, "An Ada," has considerable charm and individuality, which are drawn out rather than cramped by the fact that the whole piece is built up on a single phrase of two notes.

Herr Dohnányi played them with the natural sympathy of a composer for his own work and with a vividness which set the character of each small piece in a strong though not exaggerated light. It was this combination of vivid presentation with restraint and a sense of proportion that made his playing of the two sonatas memorable. In the Andante of Brahms's he was a little too emphatic in his use of rubato and made the music sound more restless than the nature of the movement seems to justify, but nowhere else was this tendency noticeable, and the Finale of the same sonata, like the rest, was given very simply and at a swinging pace that prevented any of it from sounding pompous, as it is sometimes apt to do. In Beethoven's sonata the player's command of big masses as well as his care of detail were most striking, and the ends of both quick movements were worked up to superb climaxes.

THE TEACHING OF MUSIC.

June 16, 913

Mr. Jacques-Dalcroze has, in several public and semi-public demonstrations made some months ago, pointed out to us the efficacy of a rhythmic method in the teaching of music. It cannot, of course, be claimed that the method is original—it must, indeed, be as old as civilisation itself. But as an accepted "system" the rhythmic method is new enough, and although it has been brought into some prominence by the results of Mr. Dalcroze—which is as much as the public generally knows about it—it has been for some years past a significant feature of the teaching of Dr. Yorke-Trotter at the London Academy of Music. If it had been necessary to prove that the system is a successful way of teaching music the practical demonstration following on Dr. Yorke-Trotter's admirable lecture at Æolian Hall on Saturday evening certainly proved it up to the hilt. There are so many aspects of the method, simple as the method itself is, that it is impossible to discuss the subject comprehensively here, but, roughly, it might be stated that the grammar of music is learnt through music itself, and that all the drudgery of "pot-hooks" is practically unknown. In his lecture Dr. Yorke-Trotter pointed out that the adherents of the old methods of education claim that the teaching of strict counterpoint is useful as showing how concords can follow each other in the best way in the diatonic style. But every pupil of the rhythmic method gains this knowledge in the first harmony lessons, in which much time is spent in impressing by ear the best progressions of common chords, and in accustoming students to gain the power of writing melodic passages above such chords. On Saturday various tests were set by Mr. Safonoff, the distinguished conductor, and in every instance the results were nothing short of amazing—at any rate, to those unacquainted with this method. A number of boy and girl students took down melodies at dictation and harmonised them at sight; whole passages of music were analysed offhand; and when Mr. Safonoff had written out half a melody each student not only completed the melody in his or her own way, but added another tune in counterpoint and played the finished composition a few minutes afterwards. The sureness of the whole thing was astounding. Have we not here the beginning of a revolution in the teaching of music?

ROYAL ALBERT HALL.

To the list of singers that the present season has brought for the first time to London must now be added the name of Miss Alma Gluck, of the Metropolitan Opera House, who made her first appearance in England at the Albert Hall yesterday afternoon. The songs she chose were hardly what one would have expected from a prima donna; and, indeed, in the first group the only sign of operatic experience was the astonishing ease with which Miss Gluck made her voice carry. Her singing of a Russian peasant song, by Rachmaninoff, was inimitable in its delicacy and discretion, for the warm quality of the voice was never spoilt by being forced, and while the singer's diction and rhythm were alike perfect, her mezza-voce was absolutely delightful. She sang the Hindoo song from Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Sadko," with captivating grace; and, after as dainty a version of "La Bergere aux Champs" as any of Weckerlin's songs has ever received in London, she made a gracious concession to her audience by singing a group of English songs, or rather—since three of them were by American composers—of songs in English. Miss Gluck scored a success that was as well deserved as it was instantaneous. She owed it to a winning and ingratiating personality, a peculiarly intimate style of interpretation, and a perfect mastery of the technical side of her art. June 16 '1913

The rest of a programme which was nothing like long enough to satisfy the audience was provided by Messrs. Kreisler and Pachmann, of whom the former alternated between his most tender and most joyous moods, while the latter showed more than his usual freedom in making confidential asides to explain his ecstatic joy in the music of Chopin.

STEINWAY HALL

June 17 1913

In the making of "light-hearted ditties" of a certain type Mr. Frank Lambert has surely few rivals to-day. Sometimes the light-heartedness is wistful enough; mostly, of course, it is sentimental; but even in the gloomiest we are not asked to plumb the depths of feeling totally. For it is not the Lambertian manner to tear passion into tatters and leave us exhausted at the end of a two-verse lyric. We are asked to control ourselves, to regard the grief and melancholy of these dainty measures in the same debonnair, detached way the aristocrats of the French Revolution received their commands to the guillotine. Even in "She is far from the land," probably the best and most moving of Mr. Lambert's songs, there is a note of aloofness which, paradoxical as it may seem, is not really out of place in the intimacy of the drawing-room. And Mr. Lambert was wise to select (as he has done on occasions before) the Steinway Hall for his concert yesterday afternoon. Not that his songs are ineffective in larger halls, but their best qualities are brought to light in a room of the Steinway dimensions, which fact the numerous audience present testified by enthusiastic appreciation and the usual demand for encores. "The night has a thousand eyes," "A Barque at Midnight," two of Mr. Lambert's best-known songs, were sung by Miss Alice Hollander, and (among others) "See, love, I bring thee flowers," by Mr. W. Pitt Chatham. Mr. Hayden Coffin, Miss Mary Grey, Mr. Hubert Eisdell, Mr. George Bealby, Mr. John Francis (harp), Mr. John Francis, jun. ('cello), and Mr. Maurice Farkoa further contributed to the well-arranged programme, the last-named—inimitable artist that he is—singing a capital new song, named "There's one in a million like you." He was accompanied by Mr. Victor Marmont, Mr. Lambert himself playing for the other artists.

ÆOLIAN HALL

1913 June 17

Miss Ella McKenzie gave what one presumes was her first pianoforte recital before a London audience in the Æolian Hall last night. A certain amount of self-consciousness was evident in the performance of the conventional Bach-Beethoven-Chopin-Liszt programme; but signs were not wanting that Miss McKenzie has a deep appreciation of the music she has studied. Busoni's arrangement of the Bach Chromatic Fantasie and Fugue is, of course, far from easy to play, and while the pianist's performance of the Fugue was neat enough in places, in others it was blurred, and in others rather slack where it requires a firmer, sterner hold of the rhythm. Of the "Moonlight" Sonata—by its very simplicity one of the supremest tests of interpretation in the whole literature of pianoforte music—Miss McKenzie gave a pretty, but not very well-informed rendering. In the first movement the tempo was not strict enough, and it was gradually drawn out to a largo of very tedious proportions. The second movement was just a shade too quick, and suggested a jauntiness rather foreign to it and foreign, too, no doubt, to the pianist's own intentions. Miss Beryl Freeman assisted the pianist in her recital by singing a number of well-chosen songs, of which four by the delightful Gabriel Grovlez—charmingly sung otherwise—were rather marred by careless diction. Miss Josephine Smith was the accompanist.

ROYAL OPERA

June 17 1913

Last night's performance of "Madama Butterfly" introduced us to a new Lieutenant Pinkerton in the person of Mr. Martinelli, who is understood never to have sung the part before, either in London or elsewhere. It cannot be called much of a rôle, seeing that the very unheroic "hero" almost disappears for good after the first act. But that act relies not a little for its full effect upon the success, vocal and otherwise, of the artist who plays Butterfly's lover, and of Mr. Martinelli's success last evening there was never a doubt. One has seen, it may be, more impassioned acting in the part; but Mr. Martinelli not only looked the character, but bore himself with unaffected ease and grace, and his freedom from anything like excessive gesture showed that he never allowed himself to forget Pinkerton's nationality. With the part in the hands of a singer of such engaging personality one was willing for once to ascribe the officer's treatment of poor Cio-Cio-San to the thoughtlessness of youth, and not condemn it in stronger terms. One must add that the artist's voice sounded fresh and unforced; the quality was, as always, charmingly sympathetic, and in the touching duet that brings the first act to a close it blended admirably with that of Miss Destinn. Throughout the performance of the artist last-named was of transcendent beauty. A word must be added for the excellent and thoroughly sympathetic Sharpless of Mr. Sammarco. Mr. Polacco conducted.

"MADAMA BUTTERFLY."

Puccini's opera, "Madama Butterfly," was given again at Covent Garden, last night, with two changes in the cast, Signor Giovanni Martinelli taking the part of Pinkerton, and Signor Mario Sammarco that of the friendly consul, Sharpless. The part of the hero-tenor is a relatively small one, and this is all the more to be regretted since it is largely due to a radical defect in the construction of the libretto. Every well-made play should have a beginning, a middle and an end, and, paradoxical as it may seem, "Madama Butterfly" has only the first and last of these requirements. Instead of a central section which should occupy Act II., and develop the relations of Pinkerton and Madama Butterfly to some crucial situation, the catastrophe sets in at that point, and is prolonged at desperate length both through this and the last act. The result is that our power of tragic enjoyment is gradually exhausted, and we are no longer properly receptive for the deep poignancy of Cio-Cio-San's end when the final scene is reached.

In the first act, however, the tenor receives his due share of the plot, and Signor Martinelli sang and acted admirably in conjunction with both Sharpless and Butterfly. The conversation of the two men was given by him and Signor Sammarco with great naturalness, while their trio in the third act with Suzuki (Mlle. Elvira Leveroni) was one of the finest moments of the evening for dramatic intensity of expression. June 17 13

Mdlle. Emmy Destinn represented Butterfly in her usual brilliant manner, and Signor Giorgio Polacco as conductor lost no opportunity of bringing out the full meaning of the music.

LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Paderewski and Nikisch shared the honours of the concert given by the London Symphony Orchestra at Queen's Hall last night, and of these two the former scored a great personal and the latter a great musical triumph. For it is really useless to pretend that the plaudits which were showered on Paderewski at the close of his performance of Beethoven's Emperor Concerto, and which ultimately resulted in his playing two encores, were earned by the truth of his interpretation to the feeling of Beethoven's music. In point of fact, it would be easy to name half a dozen pianists at least whose readings of this Concerto are, musically, far more satisfying than his. To take but one or two of the many points which could not but force themselves upon the attention last night, in his playing of the slow movement linked sweetness was altogether too long drawn out, and had Chopin written the music instead of Beethoven it would have seemed over-sentimentalised, just as did his interpretation of the latter's Prelude in A flat, the first of his two encores. There were moments, too, both in the first and the last movements when he treated the music in a dreamy, far-away manner, but little in keeping with the Beethoven spirit, while his rhythms in the Finale bore but a faint family resemblance to those to which one is accustomed, and which, truth to tell, are infinitely the most satisfactory. June 17 1913

For there is in Mr. Paderewski's personality that peculiar and quite indefinable magnetism which holds an audience, and the lack of which has proved the downfall of many a very gifted pianist. However little one might sympathise with his views upon the subject of the Emperor Concerto, one could not but feel it last night, and while it was impossible to concur with his ideas, it was equally impossible not to marvel at his personality or to admire the beautiful technique of his pianoforte playing.

Nikisch's triumph was of a different order. The performances which he secured from the London Symphony Orchestra of the "Egmont" Overture and the "Eroica" Symphony were, indeed, marvels of power and vitality. Here the true Beethoven lover could find his full measure of delight, for readings conceived on so grand and so virile a scale it is seldom one's good fortune to hear.

M. PADEREWSKI.

THE "EMPEROR" CONCERTO AT QUEEN'S HALL.

June 17 1913

A large audience was present at the Queen's Hall last night, where took place the penultimate concert of the series given by the London Symphony Orchestra. The feature of the evening's music was the reappearance of M. Paderewski, who was heard in the solo part of Beethoven's "Emperor" concerto. It was fine to hear such masterly playing once again. Opinions may differ as to the emotional value of this distinguished artist's interpretation of Beethoven, but there can be no doubt about the position he occupies as an executive giant and striking personality. And one says this without forgetting the fact that his method is not so flawless that he does not give us wrong notes at times, for somehow when M. Paderewski makes a slip it seems to matter less than with any one else. As a matter of fact, he was playing last night with great accuracy, and it was only in the rondo of the concerto that mistakes were heard of any consequence. But, as said, this does not matter; the whole effect is so glitteringly easy and magnetic. One still feels the lack of a warmer tone, especially in a forte, though at the other end of the dynamic range there is nothing more delicate than M. Paderewski's touch. The beauty of this individual quality was well heard in the slow movement. Another great feature is his wonderful command over tone-gradation. This altogether brilliant, if rather cold, performance was followed by numerous recalls, which led eventually to a couple of encores. Mention should be made of the skilful effects of pedalling in the playing of the familiar A flat prelude of Chopin. The rest of the programme consisted of two works, also by Beethoven, the "Egmont" overture and the "Eroica" symphony.

MISS MYRA JERNINGHAM'S RECITAL.

A pianoforte recital was given yesterday afternoon in the Æolian Hall by Miss Myra Jerningham with a programme which included, amongst other things, some arrangements of Bach, Beethoven's Sonata in D minor from op. 31, and miscellaneous pieces by Mendelssohn, Brahms, and Chopin. June 18 13

On the technical side Miss Jerningham did not show any particular proficiency; many mistakes, in fact, were heard in the course of the recital, and some of the pieces were too ambitious for her to have undertaken. On the other hand, Mendelssohn's Characterstück in E and other small works were played with a sympathy for their musical style and each piece was given a certain unity of its own, though it was on a small scale. The rest of the programme was provided by Miss Marjorie Hayward, who was heard in several solos, and who joined Miss Jerningham in Mr. Nicholas Gatty's Sonata for violin and pianoforte. It was pleasant to renew acquaintance with this work once again, for, although the performance was not as well balanced as it might have been (Miss Jerningham showing less understanding of the composer's style than Miss Hayward did), one felt the clear, decided character of the music, and one could admire Mr. Gatty's capacity for creating and maintaining a consistent atmosphere in each of the four movements.

A SONATA RECITAL.

Mr. and Mrs. David Mannes, two accomplished musicians from New York, gave the first of three recitals at Bechstein Hall yesterday, all of which are to be devoted chiefly to Sonatas for violin and piano. This programme contained Brahms's Sonata in G, one by Mozart in the same key, and César Franck's Sonata. The second will be a Beethoven programme, and the third will venture upon less well-known music. June 18 - 1913

Mr. Mannes is the violinist, Mrs. Mannes the pianist. In some details her playing struck one as more finished than his; there were moments in the last movement of Brahms and the second of César Franck where his bowing had not quite the crispness of her phrasing on the piano. But apart from such momentary things, what made their playing really enjoyable was the general unanimity of view, which is the result of consistent study and experience together. One may often hear more eventful performances of Brahms and Franck, but one rarely meets with two players who have so thorough an understanding of what they mean to convey through the music. In Mozart's delicate work the same thing was shown in a number of small details, particularly in the variations which form the *finale*. For example, the piano plays the theme of the variations, the violin supplying an inner part, and Mr. Mannes was able to make that part blend with, and stand second to, the piano melody in a way which could not be obtained without sure knowledge of the exact quality to be used by the pianist.

SIGNOR AND SIGNORINA PARISOTTI.

The programme of the vocal recital given last night in the Bechstein Hall by Signor and Signorina Parisotti was too scrappy to have much musical interest, but it was no doubt designed mainly in order to enable the two singers to show off their voices. In this respect it would have been better if Signor Parisotti had omitted his group of German songs, and confined himself to airs from Italian operas and examples of Signor Tosti. For a song like Brahms's "Wie bist du, meine Königin" does not gain by being sung as though it were an air by Bellini—with violent *rubato*, that is to say, and long pauses on the high notes. In Carissimi's "Vittoria," and the airs he gave from *La Bohème* and *L'Elisire d'amore*, Signor Parisotti proved to have true sympathy for the style of the music, and sang with great conviction. Of his tone it would not be right to speak, as an apology was made for it on the score of a cold. June 18 13

Signorina Parisotti was also most at home in the operatic airs, and produced a large and resonant tone, though the effect of it was apt to be spoilt at times through being out of tune. She thoroughly understood how to phrase and her diction was clear, but both phrasing and diction might have been better employed than in "Voi lo sapete" from *Cavalleria Rusticana*, which came in the middle of the programme; still it suited her voice very well.

ÆOLIAN HALL.

June 15 1913

It is with a good deal of pleasure that one notes the appearance from time to time of Mr. Nicholas Gatty's Violin Sonata in G in concert programmes. There is in it so much of a graceful fancy combined with unerring musicianship as to raise it to a level far above that attained by the usual English sonata. Possibly it contains no especial mark of a particularly powerful individuality. But against this it may be said that Mr. Gatty at least knows well how to utter his thoughts and how to make his points, and eloquence, after all, is a rarity to-day. If the Larghetto is romantic only in general terms, the opening Allegro is particularly charming, and we feel sure that there is far more in the vigorous Vivace than was brought to light yesterday by the Misses Marjorie Hayward and Myra Jerningham at the latter's concert in Æolian Hall. Miss Jerningham played also a curiously-mixed variety of music from Bach to Debussy, including Beethoven's 2nd Sonata from Opus 31, and played all in a very feminine way, with a good deal of sympathy and hardly any physical power or contrast.

QUEEN'S HALL.

The programme of the orchestral concert given yesterday afternoon by students of the Royal Academy of Music was well calculated to display budding talent in a variety of styles. Of the four vocal numbers which it contained no fewer than three were excerpts from operas. Mr. Powell Edwards, who sang Hans Sachs's monologue, "Wahn, wahn," from "Die Meistersinger," was not the least successful of the singers, though as yet his command of tone-colour seems rather limited. The orchestra might have treated him more gently at the climaxes. A feature of outstanding merit was Miss Harriet Cohen's performance in Saint-Saëns's Pianoforte Concerto in G minor. A pleasant touch, refinement, and no little fluency were characteristics of her playing. Another young instrumentalist, Miss Edith Abraham, showed promise in two movements from Lalo's "Symphonie Espagnole." The only novelty in the scheme came from the pen of Mr. Eric Grant (a student), who was represented by a "Scherzo" for orchestra. The composition struck one as being somewhat wanting in clearness of design; more lightness of treatment, too, in the scoring would have been to its advantage. Sir Alexander Mackenzie conducted. June 18 - 1913

Mr. Bronislaw Huberman, a young violinist who gave a recital at this hall in the evening, has so often been heard in our midst that the success of his efforts on this occasion may fairly be taken for granted. He is a player of undoubted gifts and graces, and if one feels at times that his interpretations are a little on the "small" side, one must needs admire the invariable neatness and polish of his work and the constant beauty of the tone he produces. These valuable attributes were revealed again last night, both in Beethoven's Sonata in A (Op. 30, No. 1)—in which Mr. Huberman had a quite admirable coadjutor at the piano in Mr. Walter Mey -Radon, a new-comer if we are not mistaken—and in Mendelssohn's Concerto. The certainty and ease of the violinist's technique enabled him to play the last movement of this still popular work with all requisite lightness and rapidity, without sacrificing an iota of clearness. For Miss Alice Hare, who contributed some well-chosen songs to the programme, the audience's indulgence was claimed on the ground of a cold. Possibly this may have accounted for a certain sameness in her singing.

THE AEOLIAN HALL.

1913

TWO PIANOFORTE RECITALS.

June 18

The Æolian Hall was given up to pianoforte recitals yesterday, Miss Myra Jerningham appearing there in the afternoon and Mr. Charles Anthony at night. The former artist had no lack of variety in her programme, since it began with Bach, ranged through Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Brahms, and Chopin, and ended with Debussy. All composers were represented in characteristic fashion, and although Miss Jerningham was not equally well at home in the several styles, she never failed to display musicianly feeling. Technically, perhaps, the best playing was heard in the slow movement of Beethoven's Sonata in D minor. Here the execution was uniformly neat and clear. Some lack of grip was noticeable in Bach's organ toccata and fugue in D minor; nor was the theme made to stand out decisively enough in the same master's beautiful choral vorspiel "Wachet auf." While one has heard stronger interpretations of Brahms's E flat minor intermezzo, Miss Jerningham kept well inside the smaller frame, so to speak, in which she had placed her reading of this fine work. The violin playing of Miss Marjorie Hayward as heard in some pieces of Bach, Schumann, and Pugnani-Kreisler was a source of genuine pleasure on the score of its refinement and complete sympathy. She was also joined by the concert-giver in a performance of Mr. Nicolas Gatty's sonata in G major.

We were not able to hear Mr. Anthony on the occasion of his first recital the other day; it was, therefore, the more unfortunate that he was so overcome by the heat last night that he had to break off in the middle of his performance of Schumann's "Etudes Symphoniques." Recovering, however, he returned to the platform and continued the recital, but one felt that it was not fair to consider him equal to his best. This being so, it must suffice to say that his playing generally seemed to be of a decidedly accomplished order, and one could detect a good deal of easy fluency of technique and a sympathetic tone. The style of expression as revealed in the slow movement of Chopin's B minor sonata had a quiet charm of its own.

MR. BRONISLAW HUBERMAN.

A large number of admirers visited the Queen's Hall last night for the concert of the violinist, Mr. Bronislaw Huberman. We have frequently had occasion to comment on the qualities of this artist, who is well in the running for a place in the front rank. His programme on this occasion comprised Beethoven's Violin Sonata in A major, Op. 30, No. 1, in which the pianoforte part was played by Mr. Walter Meyer-Radon, and the Mendelssohn Violin Concerto in E minor. Either of them makes the highest interpretative demands on the player. Nevertheless, Mr. Huberman found scope enough for the display of his distinctive gifts. The keen incisive staccato, the wholly admirable rhythmic precision, the long drawn-out sweetness of his silvery tone in the slow movements, were all features demanding appreciative recognition from the hearer. At times his playing becomes uninteresting, and then he seems to try and recommend it by a sudden spurt of vitality, but it is never long before he recovers his grip of the music and carries it successfully forward.

The soprano, Miss Alice Hare, also assisted at the concert, and although only just recovered from a bad cold made the best impression on the audience. The tendency, at one time noticeable, to strain the production in the highest register, has now been entirely got rid of, and her beautiful tones have their full effects. She is quite at home in the music of balanced emotions, and sang "Zweignung" by Strauss with much charm. Pu ne 18-1913

OLD ARIAS AND SONGS.

The attractive scheme of old-world music presented by Miss Marietta Amstad at the Bechstein Hall on Monday afternoon only needed better singing on her part to have been completely successful. It is a well-known fact that the simple style of writing of the old composers shows up flaws of technique only too clearly. Such music seems easy to perform, when really it is exceedingly difficult. Miss Amstad has a very pretty soprano voice, but its production leaves the tone rather "throaty" in quality, while the general control is weak, there not being enough reserve. If these failings could be set right her singing would be very pleasing in its natural and sincere style of delivery. It is doubtless owing to the deficiencies mentioned that the timbre at present strikes one as being somewhat monotonous. The programme included some delightful French seventeenth and eighteenth century chansons, which were accompanied by Mr. Reginald Clarke on the spinet. This was a very pretty group, and the well-known "Menuet d'exaudet" had to be repeated, although surely Miss Amstad sang it much too quickly. Examples of Rameau and Grétry were , ven, and the lovely "Non so più" from "Figaro," besides other Italian and English songs of the period. Mr. Clarke also played some little spinet solos. June 18-13

THE ENGLISH STRING QUARTET.

At their second concert, given at Bechstein Hall last night, this admirable quartet played Beethoven's Quartet in C major (Op. 59, No. 3) and Dvorák's in F major (Op. 96), and between them was placed a new Sextet by Mr. Frank Bridge, in which the additional parts were supplied by Mr. Ernest Tomlinson (viola) and Mr. Felix Salmond (violoncello). June 19, 1913

Mr. Frank Bridge has devoted himself more assiduously to the composition of instrumental chamber music than have most of his contemporaries among English composers, and his experience both as a composer and a performer has given him remarkable facility in writing what one feels at once to be genuine chamber music. His effects are always telling, his contrasts obtained without appearance of labour, and his work always strikes one as that of a man who thinks in sound. This sextet is larger and more purposeful than his earlier works. The sonorous opening of the first Allegro convinces the hearer at once that this is music which means something, not, of course, in the vulgar "programme" sense, but in its own right. Moreover, the meaning becomes clearer and the interest grows as the work progresses, at any rate through the first two movements. We make this reservation because at a first hearing the *finale*, built on a vigorous theme and leading to the conventional kind of vigorous climax, seemed less interesting than what had gone before. In the first movement (there are three altogether) the way in which certain episodes, apparently remarks by the way, wove themselves into the texture and became more significant and more beautiful as the scheme developed was most striking. The second movement, an *Andante* with a central *Allegro*, is more direct than the first. A dropping figure of four notes forms a persistent motive throughout the *Andante* and is enriched with melodies wreathed around it and becoming more complex when the return is made. The contrast of the middle section, full of incisive rhythm and brilliant colouring, is exceedingly strong.

STEINWAY HALL June 19-13

As there are hundreds of good English songs, both old and new, available for the singer, it is only reasonable to suppose that an artist who announces a "recital of songs in English" will deal mainly in home products. Consequently it was a little disappointing to find that only about half the vocal numbers in Miss Patricia Plowman's concert at Steinway Hall last night were by English composers, the remainder being either of American origin or translated versions of well-known songs by David, Mozart, Schubert, Schumann, and Dvorák. It was, however, an interesting and well-constructed programme, and, presumably, Miss Plowman's idea was to show other English singers that they could sing with more ease and authority in their own tongue than in alien and imperfectly-understood languages. If that was her object, she had one invaluable asset in her favour; for her diction was supremely good. In other respects her singing suffered from a rather tight production; but the tone was warm and the phrasing smooth, while the interpretations were marked by much intelligence. Miss Plowman was assisted by Mr. Fransella, Mr. Ivor Foster, and Mr. Charles Compton. Mr. Orton Bradley accompanied.

THE BECHSTEIN HALL.

MR. FRANK BRIDGE'S SEXTET.

An interesting new piece of chamber music was performed in the Bechstein Hall last night in the second Chamber Concert of the English String Quartet. This was a string sextet by the viola player of the organization, Mr. Frank Bridge, who, with his colleagues, Messrs. Thomas F. Morris, Herbert Kinze, and Ivor James, introduced the work to an appreciative audience, the additional parts being taken by Mr. Ernest Tomlinson as second viola player and Mr. Felix Salmond as second violoncellist. June 19-1913

Mr. Bridge's sextet is in E flat, and in three movements only. It opens with an "Allegro moderato" in a mood of appealing emotional strain yielding to well-judged contrasts of repose. The second movement, however, "Andante con moto," is the one that most strikes the attention, at any rate on a first hearing, and this not only on account of its relative simplicity of form. The composer now writes in a vein of rich melancholy, with descending sequences, moulded out of exotic harmonies, and soft intermittent phrases on the violin. There is a Slavonic flavour about it, and this is still more noticeable in a wild and tumultuous central section, "Allegro," that is marked by high iterated notes and rhapsodical phrases, recalling the "Danses polovtsiennes" in Borodin's "Prince Igor." This subsides to a reprise of the "Andante" that in its turn dies away on the muted strings. Fine writing this, whatever the source may be.

The question may perhaps be raised whether the six instruments are entirely judiciously employed. The full volume of tone seems to be insufficiently relieved, nor are the available contrasts of registers adequately exploited. The suspicion at times arises that the extra instruments are merely "passengers." The general success is, however, undoubted.

Miss Enid Brandt, who made her London début at the Bechstein Hall yesterday afternoon, is a pianist from Germany, and she is certainly nothing if not original. Unfortunately, however, while her interpretation of Brahms's Sonata in F minor differed entirely from that of any other pianist whom we have ever heard, those differences lay chiefly in eccentricities of rhythm and accent, which were at times so marked as to destroy the character of the music altogether. In Mendelssohn's Variations Sérieuses her methods were rather less wayward, and her performance was correspondingly more satisfactory. Indeed, in this she showed that she can be a pianist with a fluent execution and a pleasant touch. Pieces by Chopin, Algernon Ashton, and Liszt also figured in her programme. June 19-13

To say that Mr. Frank Bridge has never written a work that is finer, as a whole, than his string sextet in E flat, which was produced by the English String Quartet at their concert at the Bechstein Hall last night, would be, perhaps, an exaggeration, but to say that he has never written anything more beautiful than the second movement is no more than the truth. It is, indeed, a slow movement of a very uncommon poetry and charm, rich in real imagination, and with a contrasting Allegro for its middle section, which, setting off as it does the delicate fancy of the opening and closing passages, is little less than an inspiration. The same unusually high level is hardly maintained in the first and last movements, but the rare, none the less, full of good ideas, which are handled, at times, it is true, with a certain prolixity, but always with great skill. In it the English String Quartet, which consists of Messrs. T. F. Morris, Herbert Kinze, Frank Bridge, and Ivor James, were joined by Mr. Ernest Tomlinson and Mr. Felix Salmond, while the programme also included fine performances of Beethoven's Quartet in C and that by Dvorák in F major.

ÆOLIAN HALL June 19-13

In making up the programme of her concert at Æolian Hall last night—a concert in which a number of the popular singer's pupils took part—Miss Lucie Johnstone showed a generous outlook which, combined with a certain fastidiousness of taste, is sound to have only the best effect upon untrained musical minds. Not that everything was of unimpeachable value—several songs of the so-called "drawing-room" type crept into the scheme; but famous examples of the song-writing of such masters as Schumann, Brahms, Hugo Wolf, Grieg, Debussy, as well as our own Roger Quilter, Granville Bantock, and Walford Davies, were to be heard during the evening. Such beautiful things as "Verborgenheit" and "Die Lotosblume," in German; "Si mes vers" and "Debussy's "Recit et Air de Lia," from "L'Enfant Prodigue," in French; Bantock's "Lament of Isis" and Quilter's "A Secret," in English, were sung with evident care and understanding, and reflected much credit upon Miss Johnstone and her method. At no moment was one conscious of any straining after effect, and the impression made upon the listener was, as a rule, distinctly "musical" and refined. Miss Johnstone herself contributed some songs to the programme, and she was further assisted—delightfully, of course—by Miss May Mukle and Mr. Frederick Ranalow, and by Mr. Carl Budden-Morris, who played several pianoforte solos very neatly. The accompanists were Miss Anne Mukle and Mr. Reginald Clarke, the playing of the latter being somewhat unequal in quality.

BECHSTEIN HALL June 19 1913

Miss Marietta Amstad's singing at her recital at the Bechstein Hall yesterday afternoon was often extremely good, so good, indeed, that it was impossible not to experience some regret that it was not still better. For Miss Amstad has a pretty voice, most excellent taste, a sense of style, and personal charm; and the combination of these qualities made her interpretations of a number of old French chansons, in which she was accompanied on the spinet by Mr. Reginald Clarke, very delightful indeed. The "Menuet d'Exaudet," which she had to repeat, "Ma Fille, veux-tu un Bouquet," and "Lison dormait" were particularly well sung, and if her success in a number of old Italian and French arias was less pronounced, it was merely because she has not sufficiently developed her technique to meet the demands of such airs as Cimarosa's "Quel soave" and Grétry's "Ah! si parlois." This, however, is a failing easily capable of correction, and Miss Amstad is so clever a singer that she should find it well worth her while to put the finishing touches to her art. In addition to playing the accompaniments, Mr. Clarke contributed a couple of groups of spinet solos with decided skill.

"SUOMEN LAULU."

Dr. H. Klemetti and his fine choir gave us another refreshing evening of unaccompanied choral music at Queen's Hall last night. It was refreshing, partly because pure *a cappella* singing is a musical experience of which we get little in London, though it flourishes elsewhere in England, and partly because this choir brings us music which is unknown here—the music of Finland. June 19-1913

After hearing two concerts we can speak more confidently of it from this point of view than at first. Last night's programme began with Palestrina's motet, "Ad te levavi," but the greater part of the programme was devoted to traditional melodies and modern part-songs by Finnish composers. Dr. Klemetti has harmonized a number of traditional songs, some ecclesiastical, some secular; there were two beautiful ones with Latin words in this programme, "Ave maris Stella," in which fine effect is produced by supporting the melody upon pure, cold chords, and "Cerne quid es," a song which has that characteristic of many old carols that it succeeds in treating solemn words fitly while preserving a gracious, almost lilting, melodic outline. In these and others of the same type the choir was at its best, for the singers excel in the expression of pure rhythmic melody in which there is no touch of the self-consciousness which contrapuntal design is apt to bring. In the same way among the modern music two part-songs by Selim Palmgren struck us as peculiarly happily poised both in the musical conception and in the interpretation by the choir. One, "Sorrow," was heard at the first concert, the other, "In the Wilderness," was given last night, and like many other things was given twice. In both it is the melody that counts most, but it is given point by certain subtle suggestions of harmony. The second, with its delicate question in the last stanza is a perfect little poem. Sibelius's "Boat-song," given in both programmes with its stronger rhythm and more positive design, is another beautiful thing in their repertory. The part-songs by Madetoja and Kuula, the latter more elaborately written than any of the other Finnish pieces, are much less distinctive. Dr. Klemetti's arrangement of an old country song, "The stars are shining," for soprano solo and choir deserves special mention, both because of its charm and because it was the only number in which Mme. Maikki Järnefelt was heard with the choir. In the middle of the programme she sang a number of solo songs, all of them by Finnish composers.

TWO AMERICAN ARTISTS.

An interesting sonata recital was given in the Bechstein Hall on Tuesday afternoon by Mr. and Mrs. David Mannes, from New York. The former on the violin and the latter on the pianoforte offered a programme of sound musical quality, comprising the Brahms Violin Sonata in G major, Op. 78, Mozart's Violin Sonata in the same key, No. 11, and that of César Franck in A major. June 19-13

The two artists quickly got on to good terms with their hearers, presenting the works of their choice in a manner at once spirited and refined. It may be admitted that any special note of individuality or authority was hardly observable, and there seemed at times a fluctuation of dynamic

power not always in harmony with the ideas. Apart from this, however, one gladly recognised a pleasing warmth of delivery, a free rhythmic flow, and a general good sense of interpretation. The tone of the violinist is always sympathetic, while his wife, Clara Mannes, has a touch particularly fresh and clear. Two further recitals to be given by these talented artists will be awaited with interest.

ROYAL OPERA.

The delightful, breezy freshness over the performance of "La Bohème" at Covent Garden last night reminded one very pleasantly of olden days, when Caruso and Sammarco were incidents in as complete a cast as well could be desired. Here they were again, Caruso in a somewhat lighter-coloured wig, if we are not in error, Sammarco in the fearful and wonderful check trousers that must have been much admired in the days when they were de rigueur. And how they sang! It was glorious—glorious in its effect and in the manner in which the effect was produced. There are those who declare Caruso's voice to be not what it was. It certainly is unique still, and none other at Covent Garden has an equal command of the mezzo voce, and for ourselves his great art suffices. Of the Colline of Mr. Aquistapace and the Schaunard of Mr. Malatesta we spoke a week or two ago. They completed a jovial quartet with great success. June 19-13

But Madame Carmen Melis's Mimi is new to us, and let us say at once it is a thoroughly effective and good impersonation. Indeed, she has not achieved so much before in London or attained so high a level of artistry. Her "flirtatious" attitude in the opening act was, if somewhat dangerous as an experiment, admirable, in that it came off so well, and towards the close her singing was on a par with her acting, and that left nothing to be desired. Miss Lenora Sparkes was a most brief Musetta, and, for the rest, Mr. Panizza conducted a thoroughly enjoyable performance before a crowded and enthusiastic audience.

June 19 CARUSO AS RODOLFO. 1913

A few words are due about the performance of "La Bohème" at Covent Garden last night because of Signor Caruso's first appearance this season in the part of Rodolfo. It is one of his happiest impersonations, and his singing on this occasion was as splendidly strong and sonorous as ever, while always marked by the usual ease and assurance of style and phrasing. He was well supported by the three other Bohemians of MM. Sammarco, Aquistapace, and Malatesta. Mme. Carmen Melis was a duly vivacious Mimi, if her singing might have been a little warmer in feeling with advantage. Still, the whole effect of the first and second acts was very spirited, and it certainly delighted the large audience present.

ROYAL OPERA. June 19, 1913

LA BOHÈME.

La Bohème was given again at Covent Garden last night with Mme. Carmen Melis in the part of Mimi, supported by Signor Caruso, Signor Sammarco, and a cast which otherwise was the same as that of the first performance of the opera earlier in the season.

Mme. Melis, as on previous occasions, put a great deal into her acting without, however, becoming fussy and sacrificing her singing to movement and gesture. In the earlier scenes she was spontaneously gay and vivacious, and in the latter she was pathetic with a pathos which was all the more effective for being simple. Her voice was at its best in the climaxes when she sang out with a full volume; at the very beginning it sounded a little weak and at times there were slight faults in intonation, but in the duet and quartet in the third act she held her own with the tenor and baritone, and left a very favourable impression by the freshness and purity of her tone. Signor Caruso, too, was best in the impassioned moments, for which he seemed to be reserving himself throughout the opera. In the ensembles of the first and second acts he was in fact sometimes hardly audible, and some of the quieter moments he let go by as though he were not interested in them, but "Che gelida manina" was exquisitely sung, and the tone he produced in the quartet at the end of the third act ought to have satisfied his admirers in all parts of the house. Signor Sammarco gave, as usual, a most finished performance of the part of Marcello, and the rest of the Bohemians supported each other well, but the orchestra did not by any means play as smoothly as it might have done in the early part of the evening, though in this respect they improved as the performance went on.

ÆOLIAN HALL. June 20-1913

At the Æolian Hall, yesterday afternoon, the second concert organised by the Professional Musicians' Début Society took place before an audience at once deeply interested and sympathetic. The raison-d'être of the society is, as we have pointed out before, entirely admirable. It seeks to give the best of chances to young artists of talent, prepared for a professional career, but without sufficient "backing," to venture forth by themselves. The society is, in other words, a kind of foster-mother or guardian, and to carry out its propaganda it has elected to itself a committee of very well known musicians and music lovers. Unfortunately, as at the first concert given some months ago, one felt that the society has not justified its existence—speaking from a strictly artistic point of view. Not one of the young musicians who made their first appearance yesterday is what we would call properly equipped; in each case a further course of study is imperative. The problem of one violinist, a young lady still in her early 'teens might be taken as typical. Here was a musician blessed by the gods with a temperament beyond price, grappling with the first movement of Brahms's great Violin Concerto in D, giving proof of a highly-developed rhythmic sense, imperfect in technique, adolescent in ideas, innocent of any feeling for form—and withal a musician to her finger-tips. A few years more and the young lady will be ready. But not now. It is sincerely to be hoped that the society will be better guided in its next selection of young people willing to face the footlights.

Contrast as a fine art was carried to an extreme at the recital given in the same hall last night by Miss Christian Keay and Miss Dorothy Varick. The former is a singer (of whom as yet the London public knows little) whose taste in songs is of the finest, who sings beautiful songs beautifully, and who depends for her effect upon the sincerity and "musicalness" of her interpretations. The latter is—if we may put it like that—half diseuse and half singer, whose répertoire runs an extended gamut of style and mood, from low comedy to the finest flights of poetry and rhetoric, but last night chiefly concerned with comic or semi-comic subjects. Between Brahms's "Zigeunerlieder" and "The Cat and Canary" of Adrian Ross, there is of course a world of difference, and so it occurred at this recital that we found ourselves wafted or buffeted or driven—whichever you please—between one mood and another, and the time passed so quickly that before we knew the recital was at an end. It was, indeed, very enjoyable. Miss Keay has a charming mezzo-soprano voice which she uses most intelligently—in light songs like Weckerlin's fascinating "Verdurette" and emotional songs like Debussy's "Air de Lia" equally well. Miss Varick's talents are more widely known to the public, and it is unnecessary to recount her various successes in this hall last night. One might wish, perhaps, for a quieter, more controlled manner occasionally—as, for example, in "Little Boy Blue" and Austin Dobson's "Before Sedan," both of which tended rather towards the melodramatic. But Miss Varick has undoubtedly a style of her own, and in these crowded days that is an achievement worth recording. Miss Ethel Robinson accompanied particularly well.

Queen's Hall.

The first of the concerts of Slavonic music, conducted by M. Emil Mlynarski, which took place yesterday evening, was highly interesting. Of the four items in the programme, three were played for the first time here, the fourth being the conductor's own interesting symphony, which was heard in London a season or so ago. June 20 1913

The new works were by composers whose names are quite unfamiliar here. The first, an overture, "Marya" by Statkovski (a professor at the Warsaw Conservatoire), proved a work of some picturesqueness; it seems to be influenced slightly by Tchaikovsky, but there is a good deal which shows independence of thought and fine musicianship.

A symphonic poem, "Anbelli," by Rozycki (a Polish musician), proved even more attractive. This is a mood picture inspired by an exile's thoughts in Siberia, and the music has a great deal of atmosphere. The opening is mysteriously impressive, and there is a fine outburst of passionate despair in the central section of the work.

Perhaps the finest thing of the evening was a violin concerto by Karlowicz, a charmingly-written piece of music with themes of striking beauty and workmanship of uncommon merit. It was very finely played by M. Paul Kochanski.

M. Mylnarski conducted throughout the evening with great ability.

A POLISH CONCERT.

The Polish conductor, Mr. Emil Mlynarski, gave the first of three orchestral concerts devoted to the works of Slavonic composers in the Queen's Hall last night. The instrumentalists were supplied by the London Symphony Orchestra, and the soloist was the Polish violinist, Mr. Paul Kochanski.

Yesterday evening's programme was made up of works by Polish composers, three of which were heard for the first time in London. These were the overture to Statkowski's tragic opera "Marya," Rózycki's symphonic Poem "Anhelli," and a violin Concerto in A major (Op. 8) of Karlowicz, a young composer, whose promising career was cut short by an accident while ski-ing in the Carpathian Mountains.

Judging by these examples, Polish music is gliding on an orthodox course, untouched by the Western influences of Debussy or Strauss. The first one is full of warm emotionalism, but does not strike the note of tragedy one would have expected, and is rendered heavy by continual preparatory passages of long time-values that lead nowhere. The symphonic poem, depicting the life and thoughts of a Siberian exile, is picturesquely scored, but the melodic ideas are cramped and too much confined to a limited range of three or four notes. The prevailing sequential treatment also makes for monotony, besides affording too little intellectual interest for the attentive hearer. There is, however, a striking section, "Andante, con dolore," where the violins are accompanied by muted double-basses, divided and playing sustained chords in seven parts. The concerto, the solo part of which was admirably played by Mr. Kochanski, is much cleverer, but less imaginative. The central "Romanza" has an expressive theme, which would be more effective had not the second subject of the first movement already given practically the same idea. The Finale is very vivacious and bright. June 20 1913

Mr. Mlynarski conducted with zeal, and his Symphony in F major (Op. 14), already heard in London, completed the programme.

A POLISH PROGRAMME.

M. Mlynarski, the well-known conductor, began his series of three concerts of Slavonic music at Queen's Hall last night with a programme of modern compositions from his own country, Poland. All the works except his own symphony, which he played here a year or two ago (then, as now, with the London Symphony Orchestra), were new to this country, and the names of two of the composers, Statkovski and Rózycki, are probably unknown to most people. An overture, "Marya," by the one, and a symphonic poem, "Anhelli," by the other were played, and followed by a Violin Concerto in A by Karlowicz, who is already known here by a few songs, if by nothing else. June 20 1913

It must be confessed that no one of these works is of peculiar importance, and that the programme gave the impression that there must be a good many composers in Poland who are very busily at work without having very much to say. It is not necessary to go as far as Poland to find that kind of music. Statkovski's overture "Marya" belongs to an opera about a man who got his daughter drowned in order to annoy her lover. The lover took the obvious course of committing suicide. The composer also took the obvious course in planning his overture to contain an arresting introduction, a strenuous Allegro, and a solemn Coda. It is effective in the way that these crude stories of violence and passion are effective on the operatic stage. They give an opportunity for any amount of noisy excitement, the unfailing resource of composers who are not carried forward by any strong imaginative impulse.

There is too much noisy excitement in all this music from Poland, not even excluding M. Mlynarski's symphony, which contains much more real stuff than the overture does. Rózycki's symphonic poem on "the life and thoughts of a Polish exile in Siberia" has the same fault, but is redeemed by some good passages and one really appealing tune. Karlowicz's violin concerto, which was beautifully played by M. Paul Kochanski with a smooth silky tone and great ease of execution, has plenty of tune of a kind, though of rather a weak kind. Its middle movement, a Romance, is the weakest; the first movement has a theme which sounds bold when it is harmonized at first on the four strings of the solo violin and becomes rather cheap when it is played by the full orchestra. The Finale has plenty of brilliance and point in its chief ideas, but between them the composer takes refuge in passages of a stock pattern that one has met before in many violin concertos. M. Kochanski was rewarded for his fine playing by long and enthusiastic applause. The orchestral playing throughout the concert, and especially in M. Mlynarski's symphony, was inclined to be rough and clumsy, but that was probably the result of undertaking a programme of unknown music with little rehearsal.

MME. JULIA CULP'S RECITAL.

Mme. Julia Culp gave a song recital yesterday afternoon in the Bechstein Hall with a programme which opened with a group of songs by Schubert and ended with a group by Brahms. Between them came some miscellaneous songs, most of which were less well chosen. Rousseau's "Pauvre Jacques" is as insipid as Wecklerlin's "Mignonette" or the not very "old English" song "Long, long ago," and neither "Faithful Johnnie" nor "The Cottage Maid" has retained its original character in Beethoven's arrangement. These last two were, however, sung with the right kind of simplicity by Mme. Culp, who did not try to make them sound old-fashioned, and at the same time did not treat them as some singers treat traditional songs—as an opportunity for the display of subtle detail. If only she had not relied so persistently on her *mezza voce*, which was barely audible from the back of the hall, she would have made Tchaikovsky's "Pendant le bal" the delightful song to listen to that it ought to be; as it was, the hall seemed to be taking place in the next room. But in Purcell's "When I am laid in earth" she showed to what good uses he could turn her fine voice, and Lully's "Bois Epais" was given with breadth and full firm tone. June 20 1913

In a way it was a pity that the group of Schubert did not contain more songs written at a quick tempo like Brahms's "Botschaft" and "O liebliche Wangen," which came at the end of the programme, for Mme. Culp has a tendency to drag in songs which are slow or sentimental. "Ständchen," "Du bist die Ruh," and "Ave Maria" were drawn out at too great length, but the singer's tone and phrasing were strikingly beautiful in all three of them, and again in "Die Post," which preceded them and which was sung at a better pace. Mr. Coenraad v. Bos made a sympathetic accompanist.

MME. JULIA CULP.

YESTERDAY'S BRILLIANT RECITAL

June 20 — 1913

Great success attended Mme. Julia Culp's only recital of the season, which took place yesterday afternoon at the Bechstein Hall.

She was in splendid voice and, in fact, has never sung better. The emotional beauty of her tones in such lovely songs as Schubert's "Ave Maria" and "Du bist die Ruh," both given with such wonderful breadth and surety of effect that one hesitates in raising the objection that the tempi were on the slow side, was a thing to remember. Mme. Culp possesses the rare gift of being able to impart a remarkable fervour of expression and intensity into her singing without a trace of self-consciousness. Her art at its best, in lyrics which suit the range, colour and quality of her voice, is quite superb; it is then one feels she is the first lieder-singer of the day. In a group of French songs she was equally well at home with the charming "Pauvre Jacques" of Rousseau and Tchaikovsky's pretty "Pendant le bal."

A NEW PIANIST.

Miss Enid Brandt, who gave a pianoforte recital at the Bechstein Hall on Wednesday afternoon, is a newcomer. She has a fair technique, and produces a pleasing tone. She has, however, a good deal to learn yet on the interpretative side. The inevitable Brahms F minor sonata was in the programme, and of this Miss Brandt was only able to give a very tentative and unformed account. It was a performance, but not an interpretation. That is to say, the pianist got through the music and yet failed to make it tell. It is doubtless this immaturity of idea which makes her play with so strong a suggestion of metronomic rigidity of rhythm and excess of accentuation. Mendelssohn's "Variations Serieuses" were treated in a similar fashion. Otherwise, as said, Miss Brandt has some executive fluency, and the technique generally aims at strength and breadth of effect.

MR. AND MRS. DREW'S RECITAL

The art of Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Drew, as revealed at the Bechstein Hall last night, is at present limited. Yet both give indications of latent possibilities. Mrs. Drew, for instance, has a pretty voice, and a natural style of delivery; her gifts may be small, but could undoubtedly be made more of. She makes a mistake in playing her own accompaniments, not being able to control her singing properly with the divided attention. The consequence is unsteadiness in the colour and a tendency to sing out of tune. Mr. Drew has ideas of interpretation; he, too, is a singer, but his vocal method lacks control and finish of style. One is not sure also whether the tone would not be improved in quality with a sounder production. The fact that he puts his heart into his singing, however, is a strong point in his favour. He was not able, all the same, to render convincing a group of songs, "Songs of Sir Trystan," by Elsa Fröbel. The music of these was too undecided in mood, too discursive in style, and altogether too loosely written to be satisfactory. Mrs. Drew sang two new songs by Maurice Besley; these were of no artistic value at all. Another novelty in the programme was a Bohemian Rhapsody for violin and pianoforte by Ondricek. This sounded like a fantasia upon folk-tunes, but spoiled by being treated too much from the point of virtuosity. It was played by Miss Ivy Angove, with plenty of spirit, though only moderate executive control.

STEINWAY HALL.

At her annual recital, in Steinway Hall, yesterday afternoon, Miss Emma Barnett relied more than usual on outside assistance. Still, she contributed enough to the programme to satisfy those many admirers who take pleasure in her refined and sensitive playing. Hers is not a style to appeal very strongly to lovers of excitement, but it is a distinctly refreshing change from the boisterous methods of the many pianists whose love of sensation outweighs their discretion. Miss Barnett gave an eminently thoughtful performance of Beethoven's D minor Sonata (Op. 31), and introduced a new work by her brother, Mr. John Francis Barnett. It is called "By the Fountain," and contains ten "Musical Landscapes," in which various benignant aspects of country life are fluently and gracefully illustrated. Mr. Barnett took an active part in the concert as accompanist to Miss Gertrude Blumenthal and Mr. Webster Millar, each of whom sang some of his songs.

BECHSTEIN HALL.

Miss Augusta Schacht, who gave a vocal recital at the Bechstein Hall, yesterday afternoon, has all the makings of a fine singer, and it only rests with her whether she realises them or not. She has, indeed, the voice, the temperament, and the taste of an artist of the front rank, but she lacks at present the technique to enable her to carry out her ideas. Her programme yesterday was of quite exceptional excellence, and among the many gems which it included were Brahms's "Während des Regens," "Blinde Kuh'," "O komme, holde Sommernacht," and "Erlaube mir, fein s Madchen," Marx's "Hat dich die Liebe berührt," and "Wie einst," and Wolf's "Der Genesene an die Hoffnung" and "Auf einer Wanderung." Moreover, her singing of all of these showed intelligence and a sense of atmosphere of no common order. But it lacked, and, so long as she uses her voice as she uses it at present, it must always lack, musical beauty. The tone was only too often pinched and hard, and the intonation faulty, while smoothness and ease were very frequently conspicuous by their absence. But that she has talent is very clear, and for her to make the most of it rests, as we have said, with herself alone. Mr. Coenraad V. Bos was, as he ever is, the most sympathetic of accompanists.

ROYAL OPERA.

"Faust" was revived at Covent Garden last night for the first time this season, and after a two years' rest attracted a large audience, more especially in the upper (and uppermost) parts of the house. And it is clear that the occupants of those regions enjoyed themselves, for they were not stinting in their generous applause. Yet the performance was one of only mediocre merit. For some reason or other the singers seemed subdued, as if the comparative cold snap had affected their voices, and just as was with the usually unimpeachable Martinelli the other night, so now with Madame Melba, the Marguerite, the brilliance of voice one anticipated was to seek, and the voice itself seemed unusually small in volume. Of course, the old fluency was there, and the scales and passages of the Jewel Song and the rest were sung with all the old ease, but the "ring" was absent. Nor was Mr. Edmund Burke's Mephistopheles an entirely convincing performance: one could admire the new "business" of omitting the old "business" of Mephisto's tapping of the barrel, but Mr. Burke attempted nothing to produce a reason for the ready flow of wine, and his voice was a little unsteady, and his general demeanour conventional throughout. As Faust, Mr. Paul Franz sang finely in his splendidly robust way; but, on the other hand, Mr. Gilly, who appeared as Valentine, was by no means in his best voice. Miss Ruby Heyl made an excellent Siebel; Madame Bérat was capital, as usual, as Martha; and Mr. Panizza conducted with spirit. But there is no denying the fact that his spirit was in the orchestra, and that it was just that spirit that was lacking on the stage.

ÆOLIAN HALL.

One would really rather hear "L'Après-midi d'un Faune" on the orchestra. It was a daring experiment of Mr. Leonard Borwick to make a pianoforte transcription for his recital in Æolian Hall yesterday, but it was little more than that. A note on the advance programme told us that "the performance can only take place by courtesy of the composer and the publisher, M. Eugéne Fromont, whose permission is being sought." Presumably that permission was granted, and presumably, therefore, the arrangement had the benisons of the composer. In Mr. Borwick's defence it must be admitted that the transcription, as such, is extremely clever, and (so far as it can be) effective. And one must also admit that if "L'Après midi" had never been scored we might have found ourselves praising the piece of music heard yesterday afternoon in superlative language. But that wonderful work is now some twenty years old, and we can only think of it in terms of the orchestra; and the effect was something analogous to an engraving of, say, a landscape of Monet. Where the part-writing was bare, or where there was only the solo flute to be heard the transcription was at its best; the more involved contrapuntal passages—all of them, of course, essentially atmospheric—rather showed it up, so to speak. The other Debussy work—"Fêtes"—made a slightly better effect, for the simple reason that it depends less than does "L'Après-midi d'un Faune" upon colour and more upon rhythm. Mr. Borwick's programme was otherwise a severely classical one, Handel, Scarlatti, Bach, and Mozart forming the major portion of it. Needless to say, his performances were polished, as usual, and the large audience was highly appreciative and enthusiastic.

Although some of the pupils, who gave practical proof of Mr. Gerald Allen's powers as a teacher at the Æolian Hall last night, made appearances which could only be described as somewhat premature, the general level maintained was as high as it was reasonable to expect. It was not, however, the quality so much as the quantity of the work done that surprised the hearer, for a teacher who can put fifty pupils on to the platform at one concert is surely a unique specimen of his kind. Possibly Mr. Allen was a little over-confident, in some cases, of the results of his tuition; but, after all, a slight blindness to individual shortcomings is very pardonable when it springs from enthusiasm. Comment on such a programme is, of course, utterly impossible. The main thing is that the audience were pleased with the work of the pupils, and with the assistance supplied by Mrs. Gerald Allen (violin) and Mr. Hugh Campkin (organ). Miss Grace Hawkins accompanied.

MME. BOYER AND M. EHRHARD.

The second of these concerts, given at Æolian Hall on Saturday afternoon, contained sonatas by Mozart and Beethoven for violin and piano neatly played by M. Johannes Wolff and M. Ehrhard, about half-a-dozen songs from Mme. Boyer, and some piano solos played by M. Ehrhard.

Mme. Boyer's share, though the smallest, was the most distinguished part of the concert. She sang entirely in French, and all were French songs except Grieg's "Je t'aime," which, of course, nobody expects to hear in its own language, and Schumann's "Der Nussbaum," which became "Le Noyer." Mme. Boyer not only has a beautiful voice and a finished style, but she has the power of putting the force of conviction into what she sings, so that even such a weak thing as the "Air des larmes" from Massenet's *Werther* had the ring of sincerity as she sang it, and the audience was roused to demand a repetition. By contrast one felt the lack of this power both in the sonata playing of the two instrumentalists and in the solos of M. Ehrhard. He has a pleasant touch and a well-developed technique, but in a gavotte by Rameau and two pieces by Chopin he indulged his fancy in the direction of a rhythmless *rubato* which suggested that he had no other end in view than to make each passage sound pretty. Consequently he was better suited by such things as Stojowsky's "Fileuse" and a "Grand valse de concert" by L. Diemer, tricks which depend only upon musical sleight of hand.

DUCI KÉREKJÁRTÓ'S RECITAL.

Duci Kérekjártó, a small boy, a pupil of Hubay, made his *début* on Saturday afternoon in the Bechstein Hall, and showed by his playing of a programme which included Lalo's Symphonie Espagnole, Beethoven's Romance in G, and several bravura pieces that he possesses real musical instinct as well as a considerably advanced technique.

The Symphonie Espagnole is as good a test as could be found of a player's sense of rhythm, and Duci Kérekjártó came through the test successfully—that is to say, he felt and emphasized the marked rhythms which follow each other throughout the work, but he did not make them rigid nor did he let them run away with him. In this respect the last movement, which is a trap to many players, was admirably played, and the quiet legato passages, too, were bowed freely and broadly. In Wieniawski's "Souvenir de Moscou," there was some hardness in the double-stopping, but the harmonics were beautifully clear, and here too the quiet mezzoforte passages were played with full, soft tone, and were not sentimentalized. Beethoven's Romance, too, was given with unexaggerated feeling and with a quiet confidence which indicated judgment as well as musical instinct.

The rest of the programme was provided by Miss Nora d'Argel, who phrased well and produced an attractive tone in groups of songs which included Duparc's "Chanson Triste" and one of the melodious numbers from Chabrier's opera *Gwendoline*.

LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

There are very few greater pleasures than to hear the authoritative utterance of a really clever person upon a subject which he or she understands from A to Z. Now Dr. Ethel Smyth understands the sea as probably very few other composers of her powers ever have understood it. She has shown us this before in "The Wreckers," and she has now driven the truth home with her "Three moods of the Sea," settings of words by Arthur Symons, for baritone and orchestra, which were produced under Nikisch at the Queen's Hall yesterday evening at the last concert of the London Symphony Orchestra's season. No one who has any intimate acquaintance with or any real love for the sea could well fail to appreciate and to respect the extraordinary fidelity of these very wonderful little tone pictures. The pulsing throb of the ocean portrayed in the first—the mood of the long, unbroken rollers that follow a distant storm—the fierce lash of the squall pictured in the second, and the calm greyness that so often descends on the sea after sunset, which forms the theme of the third, are depicted with the sure touch of a true artist who knows her subject well, and, though Dr. Smyth has given us much on a more ambitious scale, she has given us nothing that is finer. They were splendidly sung by Mr. Herbert Heyner, as, too, was a rather less striking marching tune, "On the Road," while the orchestra, under Nikisch, played the very important orchestral part magnificently. At the close, the composer and the singer had to take many calls.

It is, unfortunately, impossible to write so enthusiastically concerning Mr. Sigismund Stojowski's Pianoforte Concerto in A flat, in which the solo was played by the composer. Save for the form of the first movement, which is described as a Prologue, and which is somewhat rhapsodical in spirit, there is absolutely nothing in it that is unusual. The themes are pleasant enough, and they are treated deftly and, in a conventional way, effectively. But there is little in the concerto to distinguish it from scores of other such works that have been written during the last twenty years or so, and though Mr. Stojowski played the solo very brilliantly, and Nikisch made the most of the orchestral music, it did not create a very deep impression.

The concert opened with Josef Holbrooke's clever, if not very subtle, suite, "Les Hommages," and ended with Tschaikowsky's Fourth Symphony, both of which were brilliantly played.

ROYAL OPERA.

COMMAND PERFORMANCE.

It may have been the presence of the King and Queen at Covent Garden that induced all the singers concerned in the quasi-gala performance of "La Bohème" last night to sing as if inspired. At least they did so sing, and not for many years have the conjoint roles of Mimi and Rodolfo been sung, as now, by Madame Melba and Caruso. At least six years have elapsed since these famous, nay historic, singers have appeared together in Puccini's

opera upon this stage, though in the interim Madame Melba's Mimi has often been heard. But the point is that Madame Melba's Mimi is, in a sense, the complement of Caruso's Rodolfo, just as the converse is true. And last night their singing was indescribably beautiful. Not once before in this season has Madame Melba sung as on this occasion: she was truly inspired, and as for the freshness of the voice, it took one back down a long vista of years.

So also Caruso. Almost precisely the same words apply with equal aptitude. Not once has he shown his almost superhuman qualities to so great advantage. His voice was in glorious order, and, as we have so often said this year, his artistic ability is grown out of all knowledge. A thronged house enthusiastically applauded the pair—and small wonder—and brought them and their admirable colleagues, Messrs. Sammarco, Aquistapace, Malatesta, and Zucchi and the delightful Miss Sparkes (Musetta), back and back again to bow their acknowledgments. Mr. Panizza, too, who conducted, has not done himself such complete justice before in this season.

June 24

A NEW CONTRALTO. 1913

The début of Miss Dora Delise at the Bechstein Hall yesterday afternoon was attended with a good deal of success. Chiefly this because she is the fortunate possessor of a really charming contralto voice, vibrant, sympathetic, and well balanced throughout the register. Her singing, too, is not lacking in good points; if one felt there were failings they seemed to resolve themselves upon analysis into such as were due to the indeterminate nature of the interpretation. Miss Delise seldom "got home" as regards conviction of delivery. It is possible that she tends too much towards thinking of her technique, and, for instance, in what may have been an aiming at the preservation of an even colour she lost the expression, and the result was somewhat monotonous. Or to put it another way, it was not that her voice is naturally limited in colour variety, but that there is not sufficient emotional grip behind the singing to display its full range. The most satisfying interpretations undoubtedly were those given of Gluck's "O del mio dolce ardor" Brahms's "Wiegenlied" (this had to be repeated), and Grieg's "Ein Schwann." In certain others there was an over-measure of emphasis and accentuation which again gave the impression of being caused, not by want of vocal control, but by inexperience in the art of self-expression.

MISS DELISE'S RECITAL.

Miss Dora Delise, a young contralto, who gave a recital yesterday afternoon, has a voice of very pleasing and sympathetic quality, the upper register being particularly effective. Miss Delise sings, too, in an artistic manner, and her interpretations of a varied list of songs showed that she has a good deal of temperament. She created a favourable impression at the beginning of the recital by her simple and unaffected rendering of a charming old fourteenth-century German carol, following this up by singing the familiar aria "Grief for Sin" from Bach's Matthew Passion in a very expressive way.

Steinway Hall. June 24, 1913

A dramatic recital by Miss Delphine Gray yesterday afternoon was interesting, not only because of the artistic intelligence of the reciter, but for the attractive programme. The chief item of this was a set of Roumanian poems, eight in number, which are traditional to a certain district of that country. Their language (as rendered into English) is remarkable for its picturesqueness and dramatic force, and although Miss Gray gave enough weight to some of her phrases her reciting of many of the lines was marked by a strong sense of their poetic beauty. A group of old British ballads and some of Fiona Macleod's "Where the Forest Murmurs" were also recited cleverly by Miss Gray, and Mr. Dettmar Dressel contributed some excellent violin solos.

RUSSIAN OPERA SEASON OPENED.

June 25 1913

"BORIS GODOUNOV" AT DRURY LANE.

FIRST PRODUCTION IN ENGLAND.

Boris	M. Chaliapin
Fedor (his son)	Mlle. Davidova
Xenia (his daughter) ..	Mlle. Brian
A Nurse	Mme. E. Petrenko
Prince Chuisky	M. Nicolas Andreev
Pimene (an old monk) ..	M. Paul Andreev
Grigori (a young monk, afterwards the false Dmitri) ..	M. Damaev
The Hostess of the Inn ..	Mme. Petrenko
Varlaam } Monks	M. Belianin
Missail }	M. Bolchakov
An Idiot Boy	M. Alexandrovitch
Chelkalov (a Noble of the Duma)	M. Dogonadse
A Commissary	M. Zapobojetz
A Noble	M. Alexandrovitch
Two Jesuits	M. Semenov, M. Strobinder

Nobles, Populace, Soldiers.

Conductor .. .. M. Emile Cooper.

At the moment when Moussorgsky's greatest opera, *Boris Godounov*, first comes before an English audience one is tempted to say, Remember that this opera was written more than 40 years ago (its first version was, in fact, completed in 1870) by a man to whom Liszt was the apostle of modern music outside Russia, who had heard next to nothing of Wagner, and who had been brought up on the piano music of Herz. Remember that he had steeped himself in the literature of the Russian nationalists, and that he expected his audience to know Poushkin, or, at any rate, the story which Poushkin tells, as we know the histories of Shakespeare. Remember, in fact, a number of things which there is not the least chance that an audience struggling to follow an opera unknown to them in a language quite unintelligible to them can be expected to remember.

Yet it is only so that we can guard against the two obvious critical mistakes: the astonished discovery that, after all, the music is not daringly "modern" at all, and that the play, moving in a series of more or less detached scenes, presents no consistently developed plot. Of course the music does not sound modern to ears deluged with Debussy and Stravinsky, and the story necessarily seems incomplete to those who know nothing of Russian history or who have just scraped acquaintance with it from books of reference.

But the important question is not whether, remembering his circumstances, we can appreciate the originality of Moussorgsky's genius, but whether *Boris Godounov* can make us forget alike our musical sophistication and our historical ignorance, and so envelop us in its atmosphere that time and circumstances, and even language, are no serious barriers to sympathy. The wonderful performance at Drury Lane last night undoubtedly produced that effect. Each scene was so absorbing that one was immediately caught in the spirit of the thing; it was intensely real, and even the distressingly long pauses between the scenes and the ineptitude of an audience who would insist upon applauding as soon as the curtain fell and before the music was finished did not betray the sense of reality. It is difficult to say how far Moussorgsky, how far the extraordinarily powerful acting of M. Chaliapin and the other principals, the fine singing, and natural action of the crowds, or the beauty of the scenery were responsible for the effect. They were all fused together in the total result.

The Opening Scenes.

The selection given (for much was omitted) began with the prologue, in which the people are urged on to pray that Boris Godounov will assume the Throne. The stage was crowded, too crowded to give what in more conventional opera would be considered good effect; but one got from it the impression of the seething, only half-articulate, mass of humanity which forms the chief motive of action in the drama. Then in sharp contrast came the old monk Pimene writing his history of people in the quiet cell while Gregory, who afterwards became the conspirator against the Tsar, lies asleep. Here we realized how Moussorgsky solved the problem of making the Russian language flow naturally in musical phrases in much the same way as Debussy has made the French language flow in *Pelléas et Mélisande*. The stillness of the scene, the even chant of the old man's voice, the choir singing in the distance, the frenzy of Gregory, whose dreams drive him to seek for power, made striking contrasts. As a stage scene the most gorgeous was the pageant of Boris's coronation which followed. The procession passes between the rows of people in gala dress; the stage is filled with colour, chorus upon chorus of national melodies fill the ears, amongst them the tune which Beethoven used in one of the Rasoumovsky Quartets is prominent and typical.

With this the first act ended, and in the second came the scene in the inn and the one in the palace, again as strong a contrast as could be imagined. In the one we have the hostess, a buxom, careless figure, singing her songs and supplying the dissolute friars with drink; in the other Boris with his children, a scene of tenderness and tragedy. The first supplies a link in the story by showing Gregory narrowly escaping arrest on his flight to the frontier to raise the Poles against the Tsar; the other shows us Boris beset with fears of disaster, conscience-stricken at the thought of the murder by which he gained the throne and striving to inspire his son to become a just and powerful ruler in his place. The third and last act gives us the revolt, another searching picture of the force of the crowd, and lastly the death of Boris after his remorse has driven him to insanity in the presence of the nobles.

Moussorgsky's Music.

We have said that M. Chaliapin's acting is extraordinarily forcible. He is a great artist alike in the dignity of his normal manner and in his moments of frenzy. Of the others in the cast it is impossible to write now in detail. One can only say that every one seemed perfectly in place and that each character stood out in strong relief. The simple crudity of the music is the thing which inpresses one most as far as Moussorgsky is concerned, and if Rimsky-Korsakov has polished the work to some extent he has certainly not deprived it of its directness. Moussorgsky could be tender, especially where children were concerned; he could also be pitiless, and it is the uncompromising reality by which *Boris Godounov* is seen to be a great work of art. He might have made it much more beautiful, but he preferred to make it true.

There is one thing in the performance which should be altered, and that is the force of the orchestra. The orchestra is comparatively unimportant and ought not, as it did in the Coronation scene, to drown the voices of the fine choir. The brass was constantly too noisy. Moussorgsky's orchestra should not, like Wagner's, direct, but merely suggest the development of the ideas which the stage pictures.

FRÄULEIN GERHARDT'S RECITAL

Fräulein Elena Gerhardt gave her last vocal recital of the season in the Queen's Hall last night, and the large and enthusiastic audience keenly appreciated all the varied examples of her interpretative skill which this fine singer had to offer. Encores were numerous throughout the evening. Schumann's "Ich grolle nicht," the lovely "Ständchen" of Brahms, and "Der Schmied," by the same composer, all securing her recall. These three songs, of such contrasted natures, are in themselves sufficient to show how comprehensive is Fräulein Gerhardt's range and what a pastmistress she is in the art of lieder-singing.

Other successful songs of the three types of dramatic pathos, ecstatic repose, and light genre-work were Schubert's "Erlkönig" and "Gretchen am Spinnrad," "Mondnacht" and "Der Nussbaum" of Schumann, and "Storchenbotschaft," by Hugo Wolf. But, indeed, there was no number on her programme that might not be singled out for its excellence of performance. June 25, 1913

The only songs that even Fräulein Gerhardt could hardly recommend were "Die drei Zigeuner" and "Ueber allen Gipfeln" of Liszt. With the best will in the world we failed to respond to the musical pretensions of these compositions. Beyond the fact that they reminded the hearer where Hugo Wolf got his models for the least satisfactory part of his writings, their interest was quite evanescent. The first one, however, enjoys the advantage of a very fine text by the author of the Strauss "Don Juan" tone-poem, Nicolaus Lenau, and one that is well worthy of a more musical setting.

Two English songs, Carey's "Pastorale" and Monro's "My lovely Celia," were repeated from her last programme, and met with the same high favour. Herr Arthur Nikisch again accompanied her in his admirable manner.

In Queen's Hall, yesterday, there appeared two singers of wide repute, one of whom, Miss Elena Gerhardt, stands almost alone among contemporary Lieder singers by reason of the supreme beauty of her art. The other, Miss Alma Gluck, is a newcomer, the whisper of whose reputation has come to us from America, though, be it said, Miss Gluck made a decidedly strong impression on her first appearance at the Albert Hall the other day. In a sense, these two singers stand almost at the parting of the ways. For, whereas Miss Gerhardt, in addition to a beautiful voice, has command over all the arts in its use, Miss Gluck's beautiful natural voice is supported by an art that may be described as almost ingenuous. The voice is of lovely quality, but of little variety, and that is precisely where the gifts of the gods and man clash; and Miss Gluck must learn to infuse a greater variety of tone-colour into her singing ere she can satisfy one completely. For her such things as the airs by Gluck and Hasse she sang are not—not at present at any rate. A setting by Beethoven of "Haiden röslein" was very neatly sung, so was "Meinem Kinde," by Strauss, and "Quand la Hache tombe," by Gretschaninoff, and a couple of amusing but not striking songs by Zimbalist. But where was the note of passion in Weingartner's "Liebesfeier"? The plain truth is that Miss Gluck has very much indeed to learn as Lieder singer, and with her lovely, even luscious, voice, all trouble is well worth while. Zimbalist, the distinguished violinist, set an admirable example to many an eminent pianist by the charm of his pianoforte accompanying. June 25, 1913

ÆOLIAN HALL.

June 26, 1913

Mr. Vernon Warner appeared to be the predominant partner in the joint recital he and Miss Daisy Kennedy gave at the Æolian Hall yesterday afternoon, and in that capacity he contributed a lengthy pianoforte solo to the programme. His choice of Schumann's "Kreisleriana" was a wise one. The work is played none too often nowadays, and in its frequent changes of mood it offers plenty of scope to a player as conscientious and well equipped as Mr. Warner. Unfortunately, however, an inspiring interpretation needs something deeper and more convincing than good intentions, and as he failed to reveal that power of vision which alone makes a pianist's work authoritative, Mr. Warner was not particularly stimulating as an exponent of Schumann. His pleasant touch, neat delivery, and command of well-varied tone stood him in better stead in the works that required the co-operation of Miss Kennedy. Her merits need no fresh eulogy. In Brahms's D minor Sonata, for piano and violin, she was always crisp, and incisive in style, and her manner was neither too lethargic nor too excited. In short, she played like an artist, both in this number and in the César Franck Sonata that followed it.

ATTRACTIVE CONCERTS.

MISS DAISY KENNEDY AT ÆOLIAN HALL.

Two gifted young artists, Miss Daisy Kennedy and Mr. Vernon Warner, gave a very enjoyable concert together at Æolian Hall yesterday afternoon. The programme was almost a piano and violin sonata recital, since César Franck's great Sonata in A and Brahms' Sonata in D minor for these two instruments formed the bulk of the programme. Each work was finely played; both artists possess plenty of temperament in addition to their technique, and they were in perfect sympathy throughout each work. The Brahms sonata in particular was noteworthy for a fine vigour and picturesqueness. Mr. Vernon Warner, who has now taken a place amongst the finest of the younger English pianists, was heard alone in Schumann's delightful "Kreisleriana," a work which he played with the greatest charm and brilliance. June 26. 1913

Bechstein Hall.

An excellent programme was provided yesterday afternoon by a quartet of artists whose names are unfamiliar to London concert-goers—Herr Werrenrath, a baritone; Gutia Casini, a 'cellist; Ernesto Berumen, pianist; and Frank La Forge, composer-pianist. The last-named also acted as accompanist during the afternoon.

Herr Werrenrath is a singer with an excellent voice and an artistic style. In addition to songs by Brahms, Grieg, and Wolf he sang two clever songs by Mr. La Forge, who also provided an excellent little 'cello piece and two well-written piano solos for the programme. M. Pasini, the 'cellist, played the familiar Tchaikovsky variations with fine tone and finish, and was equally good in some smaller pieces. Herr Berumen's playing of a Bach-Liszt fugue showed a sound style and good technique, and one must also mention his rendering of Dohnanyi's graceful Rhapsodie.

IRISH FOLK-SONGS.

At Broadwood's yesterday afternoon the Irish Folk-Song Society held its annual concert. There was some unaccompanied solo singing by Miss Dorothea Webb, but the programme was, as usual, devoted chiefly to arrangements of traditional melodies fitted to modern words. Some of these arrangements, such for example, as Mrs. Milligan Fox's "Waterford Airs for Piano and Violin"—played by Mrs. Fox and Miss Isobel Purdon—were simple to the point of naïveté; others, like "The Irish Trio" of Hubert Bath, for piano, violin, and 'cello, first performed yesterday, elaborate to the point of being regarded definitely as art-music. And what, one wonders, was Mr. Cyril Scott, with his delightful anti-academic ebullitions, doing in such a galère? His brilliant, exotic pianoforte settings of "The Wild Hills of Clare," "Sumer is Icumen in," and "The Poor Irish Boy" came strangely to one's ears after the "March of Brian Boroimhe," played on the harp by Miss Kathleen Purcell, and the sweet simplicity of "My Owu Wicklow Mountains," as arranged by Dr. Charles Wood and sung by Mr. Owen Colyer. "Modern" settings were, indeed, well to the fore. Hamilton Harty's "Three Traditional Ulster Airs" are, of course, widely known, and these were sympathetically sung by the Earl of Shaftesbury, the president of the society. But Frederic Austin's setting of "The Deserter" and Norman O'Neill's setting of "The Inconstant Lover" and "The Sailor's Farewell" are, if we mistake not, recent; they are, at any rate, very fine additions to the literature of Irish music, and, needless to say, Mr. Austin's singing of them was most intelligent and deeply moving. Of the newer things these were the most important. June 26-13

Stanford's arrangements of "Easter Snow" and "The Willow Tree" were charmingly sung by Lady Maud Warrender, but one never hears the latter song without regretting that the word "willow" had been substituted for the original "gallows." The point of the tragic story is, of course, missed through this poetic license of the adapter. A good arrangement by Hubert Bath of "The Seven Rejoices of Mary" was sung by two boys from the choir of Westminster Cathedral. This was described on the programme as an ancient Irish hymn, but in style it has more in common with the later English carols—to which we fear it is not remotely related. The accompanists were Miss Bessie Hawkins, Mr. A. Corbett-Smith, Mr. T. Flint, and others contributing to the programme were Mr. Alan McWhirter, Mr. Dry Corjeag (violin), and Mr. John Mundy ('cello).

QUEEN'S HALL.

Mr. Mlynarski's second programme was devoted to Russian composers. It was played by the London Symphony Orchestra in Queen's Hall last night, and proved of considerable interest. Three new works—or works new to us here—were brought forward, and of these two were of the kind one will gladly hear again. Under its name as given in the programme, "Pskovitianka," probably few of the large audience recognised Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Ivan le Terrible," but so it is; the overture, a most inspiriting piece of orthodox music, that has beauty in it, too, is said to be unknown in our concert-rooms. Wischeu gradski's "Elegy," likewise, is new—a finely dignified creation that, like most Russian music, is very picturesquely scored. Both of these works might well be introduced into the regular repertory; but Wischenegradski's symphonic poem, "La Nonne," now turbulent, now suave and gentle, as it is, is something more of an attempt than an achievement, and though it is full of effect, it does not strike nearly so deep a note as the "Elegy" strikes. That is a very beautiful thing. June 26 1913

For the rest, Kalinnikoff's superb Symphony in G minor was magnificently presented, and Liadow's "Baba-Yaga" so mightily pleased that it had to be repeated. Mr. Mlynarski conducted with the greatest possible success. The third and last concert takes place to-morrow afternoon.

MISS HILDA SAXE'S RECITAL.

June 26 1913

One is always moved to salute with especial respect the musician who can do justice to the pianoforte works of Johannes Brahms. It is almost as though Brahms were under a cloud, so little do we hear of his music nowadays—so little, that is, of the real Brahms. At Bechstein Hall last night Miss Hilda Saxe did something to fill the aching void by playing through an entire programme of Brahms, and playing it with intelligence, with reverence, with a sense of beauty at once comprehensive and subtle. Three of the lovely "Intermezzi," the Capriccio in B minor, the Rhapsody in G minor, the "David" Ballade, the F minor Sonata, and eight of the "Walzer"—such was Miss Saxe's programme, a capitally varied scheme. The great Sonata occupied a place by itself in the middle of the programme, and those who have heard Miss Saxe before do not require to be told that her reading was a most "musical" one. One might have preferred to hear the first and last section of the Ballade played rather less slowly than the pianist took them, but the point of view was interesting enough. Miss Saxe's interpretation of the "Walzer" was individual in some ways, but always sound, and the exquisite little waltz in A flat which closed the group was so beautifully played that it had to be repeated.

MR. SIGISMUND STOJOWSKI

June 26

RECITAL AT THE ÆOLIAN HALL

1913

The Polish pianist and composer, Mr. Sigismund Stojowski, who was heard in a performance of his Pianoforte Concerto, No. 2, in the Queen's Hall on Monday, gave a special concert of his own writings in the Æolian Hall last night. On the former occasion we were favourably impressed by the skill and melodiousness of the work then heard, and this may be said to be the general effect of his further examples. These included Mr. Stojowski's second Violin Sonata in E. major, the violin part of which was played by Mr. Paul Kochanski, two pianoforte soli, "Fantaisie" (Op. 38) and "Poèmes d'Eté" (Op. 36), and a group of songs (Op. 33), which were sung by Miss Elizabeth Munthe-Kaas. In all these numbers the composer himself was at the pianoforte.

The sonata made the best impression, being written with admirable regard for the requirements of the two instruments, and full of pleasant if not very original ideas. The second movement, styled "Intermezzo" and a species of Scherzo, has a theme of three bars ending on the upbeat with a decidedly quaint effect. The most successful section is, however, the third and penultimate one, an "Arietta." This is distinguished by an emotional, flowing melody on the natural minor scale, which is treated with much skill. The pianoforte solos were too facile and indeterminate to make a strong impression. It seemed at times as though the composer-pianist was merely improvising and rambling inconsequently over the keys. With regard to the songs, which were sung to French texts, they have all the advantage of pleasing vocal outlines, and suggest varying feelings of the lighter kind with fair success.

The three executive artists all did justice to their parts.

MR. STOJOWSKI'S CONCERT.

June 26 913

Wherever the pianoforte is played the name of Mr. Sigismund Stojowski is, of course, well known as that of a very clever writer of light and dainty music. It has apparently been Mr. Stojowski's aim to show us during the present week that it is not by these elegant trifles that he wishes to be judged, and that he has it in him to write music of an altogether more serious character. For at the Queen's Hall on Monday evening he introduced a pianoforte concerto from his pen, while at his concert at the Æolian Hall last night he played, with Mr. Paul Kochanski, his sonata in E major for pianoforte and violin. Unfortunately, however, it is impossible to say that on either occasion did he succeed in bringing home the conviction that it is to the higher intellectual needs of musicians that he is destined to minister, or that in electing, for the most part, to give them very pleasant entertainment, he mistook his vocation. The sonata played last night is, like the concerto, founded on ideas too slight for the purpose, developed, not altogether too coherently, at a far greater length than they would reasonably be expected to bear. Put while to work on a large canvas is not his métier, he is certainly a master of miniature. There are delicate fancies and imaginative touches in such pianoforte pieces as "Poèmes d'Eté," which he played very beautifully himself, and such songs as "Si tu étais un lac insondable" and "Comme un luth sonore," which, with others, were charmingly sung by Miss Elizabeth Munthe-Kaas, that give them a distinction and an individuality not often to be found in music of their type. Mr. Stojowski is as a composer most original when he is least ambitious. As a pianist, with his bright yet round tone, and his neat execution, he is always admirable. He played exceedingly well last night, while all praise is also due to Mr. Kochanski for his fine work in the sonata.

MR. PAUL LUDWIG'S CONCERT.

1913 June 27

From the Opus 6 of Richard Strauss—the 'cello and piano Sonata in F—to "Ariadne auf Naxos" what aeons of time! It is a joy of the most refreshing kind to hear this early work, with its Schubert-cum-Beethoven, Mendelssohn-cum-Richard Strauss fancies Probably in the published music of our generation there is no instance more remarkable as pointing the development of a great genius than this. Mr. Paul Ludwig included it in the programme of his annual concert, given at Broadwood's last night, and, together with Miss Agnes Zimmermann, gave a performance in every way worthy of so interesting a work. The mood of the last movement in particular was suggested in the happiest way. Afterwards Miss Zimmermann played a Rhapsody of Brahms and two Schumann pieces as only a musician of fine perception could play them, and—as an encore—the A flat Waltz from the famous set of the former. Mr. Ludwig included the Haydn 'cello Concerto in D in his nicely-arranged programme—a work which, even in piano transcription, we hear all too seldom nowadays. Mr. George Reeves deputised for the orchestra. Miss Eileen Craig and Miss Cicely Chamberlayne assisted the concert-giver in a performance of Popper's "Requiem" for three 'cellos.

ÆOLIAN HALL.

Ernst von Dohnanyi's Sonata (Opus 21) for violin and pianoforte was included in the programme of the recital given in the Æolian Hall yesterday afternoon by Mr. Wladimir Cernikoff, the violin part being played by Madame Beatrice Langley. It is always interesting ~~to listen to a composition~~ from the pen of that distinguished composer, and although as a whole this particular work does not represent Dohnanyi at his best, it is very agreeable music, and should be played a great deal more than it is. The predominant influence is that of Brahms—not in his most recondite manner, but serenely academic, and superbly aloof from the fashionable "isms" of his day. At no moment in this sonata is one's ear arrested or shocked by revolutionary harmonies; it is all plain, perhaps too plain, sailing from beginning to end. The second movement contains much that is light and pleasant in a superficial way, and the second subject of the third movement is good. But throughout its performance one felt that the pianist had not completely grasped its full significance, either in rhythm or in the bigger aspect of design. Nor was Mr. Cernikoff's playing of a number of old pieces earlier in the programme—including the Italian Concerto of Bach—in every way satisfactory. The tone he drew from the piano was almost raucous at times, and fine passages requiring most dexterous execution were occasionally blurred. And surely, if the sustaining pedal is to be used at all in music of a bygone age, it should be used with the utmost scrupulousness? Liszt's great sonata in B minor, and pieces by Léon Moreau, Vasa Suk, Emerson Whithorne, and Leschetizky were also included in Mr. Cernikoff's programme. June 27-1913

BECHSTEIN HALL.

A violinist whose merits deserve a wider recognition than any they have yet received is Miss Dorothy De Vin, who gave a recital at the Bechstein Hall yesterday afternoon, with the assistance of Mr. Lloyd Powell as solo pianist. Her tone is always warm, round, and accurate; and while the range of her expression is wide enough to meet all legitimate demands, her playing is consistently big, broad, and dignified. Dignity, indeed, was a notable feature in her interpretation of Bach's Chaconne. It was finely conceived and finely executed, responsive to every change of mood, and perfectly definite in every detail. Clearly there are no weak places in Miss De Vin's technique, nor is the general decision of her style spoilt by any emotional frigidity. The sonatas

in the programme were those of Brahms in D minor and César Franck in A. They would have been more acceptable if one had not heard them at a similar recital on the previous day, but that was not the fault either of Miss De Vin or Mr. Powell, who took the pianoforte part in each. June 27 1913

THE BECHSTEIN HALL.

PROFESSOR WILLE'S RECITAL.

June 27 1913

Brahms's violoncello sonatas are withou doubt the least satisfactory of his chambe works. This is in part due to their somewha ungrateful writing, and in part to the variabl nature of the subject-matter. There are, how ever, some beautiful pages in both the work in E minor and F major, the latter of whicl headed the programme of Professor Georg Wille's second concert given at the Bechstei Hall last night. This violoncellist is undoubtedly a very accomplished artist, and his playing of the work in question had solidity of style and complete sincerity to recommend it. The execution was not quite as flawless as might have been desired in respect of tonal purity, and it is possible that Mr. Richard Epstein, who was at the pianoforte, might have given a little more support with advantage. Later Professor Wille was heard in one of the Bach unaccompanied suites, No. 6, in D. This is one of the most exacting of the set, but again, although there were a few executive failings, Professor Wille did not fail to display sympathetic phrasing and sentiment of expression.

SONG AND PIANO.

MR. AND MRS. YORK BOWEN'S RECITAL.

June 27 1913

A pleasant musical evening was spent in the Æolian Hall last night on the occasion of the song and pianoforte recital given by Mme. Sylvia and Mr. York Bowen. Neither of these artists has a very dominating personality, but they have ideas of their own that always make their work interesting.

Mme. Sylvia York Brown brought forward two groups of German songs, which were all well chosen, including "An die Musik" of Schubert, "Minnelied," "Feldeinsamkeit," and "Der Schmied" of Brahms, and the charming "Ständchen" by Richard Strauss. Another fine number was Liszt's "Mignon," one of the few songs of that composer which will serve to perpetuate his name. The vocalist disclosed a genuine sympathy for her selections, and gave much pleasure to her hearers. She would be still more successful, however, were she to aim at greater breadth of treatment by discarding some of her smaller points of emphasis.

Mr. York Bowen on the pianoforte was perhaps most happy in an Etude, "Lesghinka" (Op. 11), by S. Liapounouw. This piece has a wayward but unflagging energy that seems like a sort of wild-horse gallop over the steppe, and this the artist realised admirably. Later in the evening he played a new Sonatina (Op. 31) of his own. The three movements, an "Andantino," "Lento," and "Allegro assai," are all in the nature of lyrical pieces, written in the simple ternary form, and it is not quite clear why they should be bracketed together as component parts of a "sonatina." Harmonically, they are more or less studies in dissonances of light emotional import. The work was received with favour.

MISS AUGUSTA COEN'S RECITAL.

A successful first recital was given at Steinway Hall yesterday afternoon by Miss Augusta Coen, a young pianist who comes from Rome. June 28 1913

She has any amount of technical facility, in the sense of being able to play difficult passages as though they were easy ones, and it is only in that higher branch of technique, the power of producing any value of tone at any given moment, that her technique sometimes fails her. In rapid and complicated passages such as those of which Debussy's "Jardins sous la pluie" is made up the notes were played with remarkable accuracy and ease, but she was not able to control the colour or to produce any distinct impression by means of tone. This, however, was seen to be a technical fault rather than a lack of perception, because where she had time to devote to matters of tone, as in a little Barcarolle by Rubinstein, she showed considerable skill and taste, and she played with plenty of variety of sound and showed excellent command of subtle effects gained by use of the pedal. A Nocturne by Chopin, too, was very charmingly played, and several movements by Martini (Mozart's friend and teacher in Italy) were given with a clearness and precision which was thoroughly artistic.

Beethoven's Sonata in E flat, Op. 81A ("Les Adieux"), was the biggest work in her programme, and lay rather beyond her powers of expression. Certain passages in the introduction and the staccato in the slow movement were rather over-phrased, in a way which suggested that she was remembering what she had been told to do, but again others, such as the *coda* of the first movement, were quite spontaneous in effect.

THE ROTTERDAM TRIO.

June 28 1913

The Rotterdam Trio, consisting of Messrs. A Verhey (pianoforte), J. Röntgen, jun. (violin), and J. Mossel (violoncello), were heard for the first time in London last night in the Bechstein Hall, when they gave a programme made up of three pianoforte trios—Beethoven's Op. 97 in B flat, Tchaikovsky's well-known work "dedicated to the memory of a great artist," and a trio by Professor J. Röntgen.

The only thing that made this selection of trios at all monotonous was the fact that in all three of them the slow movement consisted of variations on a theme. Those in Professor Röntgen's work, which came first on the programme, were simple and straightforward, and were based on an attractive theme which in character was not unlike some of the Dutch traditional tunes which the composer has familiarized by his arrangements. The other two movements were crisp and vigorous, and had well-marked rhythms which helped to carry the music along when the melodic interest began to flag, as it did sometimes. There was hardly anything in any of the movements which gave the impression of having been put in to fill up without a definite purpose, so that although the inspiration did not reach a very high water mark and some of the variations were technically reminiscent of Brahms, the whole work carried conviction by the relevance and sincerity of the writing. The composer had to appear on the platform and bow his acknowledgments at the end.

The playing of the trio was sound and well balanced. Some of the best moments in the course of the evening occurred when the two strings were in unison and in soft staccato passages such as are found in the opening Allegro of Beethoven's trio and in some of the quiet variations of Tchaikovsky's, which were very delicately played. At the same time their full tone was round and sonorous and not hard, though it was rough at times and was not sufficiently warm for the opening of Beethoven's trio. In the phrasing of a few of the more emphatic themes the pianist was inclined to be a little too insistent and to make the edges too sharp; in the level stretches he was admirable, and it would have been hard to improve on the *ensemble* obtained in the beautiful andante at the end of the first movement of the trio by Tchaikovsky.

MME. YVETTE GUILBERT'S RECITAL.

June 28 1913

Yesterday afternoon Mme. Yvette Guilbert gave the first of three recitals this season at the Bechstein Hall. Her programme consisted of three Vieilles Légendes, among which was the beautiful piece taken from the works of Françoise Paschal, "Joseph et Marie à Bethléem," and four songs each from Les Chansons des Petits Soupers de Versailles, which were satires of the Paris of Louis XV., Les Chansons Pastorales, giving the infectious, almost irresistible little dialogue between mother and daughter, "Il est pourtant temps de me marier," and Les Refrains Populaires.

It is barely possible now to give fresh expression to the appreciation of Mme. Guilbert's art, the charm she imparts by voice and action to these simple pieces, and the manner in which every point, however slight, is unerringly made without exaggeration; all that can be said is that it is difficult to imagine anything more perfectly or more charmingly done. The counter-attractions of the season exercised an effect upon the size of the audience yesterday, but the reception given to Mme. Guilbert by those who were present showed that there is no waning of enthusiasm. She was ably assisted at the piano by Mr. Daniel Jeisler, and on the flute by Mr. Louis Fleury, who also played an obbligato to Les Chansons Pastorales.

Mme. Guilbert will give two more recitals, the second with Mme. Nine Jaques-Dalcroze on July 1, and the third on July 4.

ÆOLIAN HALL.

June 28 1913

A programme to gladden the hearts of all true musical patriots was that arranged by Miss Gladys Moger for her vocal recital, at the Æolian Hall, yesterday afternoon. Only genuine English songs were admitted into the scheme of the concert, which ranged from the Elizabethan, John Dowland, through Lawes, Purcell, Arne, and Hook, down to such rising lights of the modern musical world as Easthope Martin and Julius Harrison. The last-named composer, who acted as Miss Moger's accompanist, was represented by four new "Songs of Fancy," suave and eminently vocal compositions, neither too deep nor too elaborate for the light and graceful verses they were written to illustrate. The novelties included also characteristic songs by Messrs. Cyril Rootham and Nicholas Gatty, so that no one could complain that Miss Moger's programme was either conventional in design or niggardly in point of length. It would be pleasant to compliment her without reserve on her singing, but it must be owned that her diction was imperfect, and that in underlining too many points she sometimes spoilt the quality of a normally pleasant voice. The implied advice is all the more necessary, because Miss Moger's mezzo-voce was delightful, and her delivery, when not too enthusiastic, was most intelligent.

MR. JAN MULDER'S CONCERT.

Mr. Jan Mulder gave his annual concert in the Queen's (small) Hall on Saturday afternoon, to the general satisfaction of his patrons. The first part of the programme was devoted to his own compositions, and comprised a trio in E minor for Piano, Violin, and Violoncello, a Violin Sonata in D minor, and a Song Cycle for Baritone voice, "Winter," the texts being taken from Shelley. June 30 1913

There is a pleasant lyrical vein in all these compositions, and it is quite evident that Mr. Mulder is steeped in the works of the best models. This, at any rate, keeps him from dangerous paths, if at the expense of originality. His writings would, however, be more effective if he preserved his moods for longer periods. In the last movements of the two chamber pieces "con fuoco" in each case is prescribed, but all too soon abandoned for more lyrical expression.

Mr. Mulder was unable to take part in the chamber music himself, but some capable artists in the persons of Mr. Richard H. Walthew (pianoforte), Mr. Albert Sammons (violin), and Mr. Herbert Withers (violoncello) did justice to that part of the programme, and Mr. Robert Maitland sang the "Cycle" with much expression. Miss Grainger Kerr also gave a very fine performance of the "Zigeunerlieder" (Op. 103), for contralto voice, of Brahms.

MR. HAMBOURG'S PLAYING.

June 30 1913

Mr. Mark Hambourg was not at all at his best on Saturday afternoon at the Queen's Hall, where he presented a Bach-Chopin programme. Indeed, his playing often seemed to suggest so distorted a view of the music that one felt uncomfortable as to what he would do next. Violent effects of contrast and in dynamic range are all very well, and may prove a degree of muscular power, but one does not care to hear great pieces of music subjected to such a treatment unless there is, in addition, some convincing plan at the back. This could not be discovered. There seemed to be no interpretative reason for the pianist's excess of hard hitting; while there were not a few moments of careless execution, such as were noticeable in the B flat minor sonata of Chopin. Two of Bach's "Forty-eight Preludes and Fugues" were given in a modernised version of doubtful value.

SOME RECENT CONCERTS.

Among the concerts of last week which we were unable to notice individually as they occurred were three piano recitals given by Mr. Nino Rossi on Tuesday, Miss Hilda Saxe on Wednesday, who played only Brahms, and Mr. Wladimir Cernikoff, who introduced a Sonata for violin and piano by Dohnanyi. June 30 1913

Mr. Rossi's programme included two of Beethoven's Sonatas—Op. 7 in E flat and Op. 90 in E minor—and a group of five of Chopin's nocturnes. Both the early and the later sonata of Beethoven are quiet and intimate in feeling, and Mr. Rossi did not attempt to do anything more than play them quite quietly and simply. The result was uneventful in a way and even monotonous at times, yet the playing was not lacking in expression; it was only kept within certain limits.

Dohnanyi's recently published sonata for violin and piano (Op. 21) in C sharp minor, in which Mme. Beatrice Langley played the violin part, is in three movements. The first *allegro* is an exceedingly skilful piece of writing, in which a broad melody first played by the violin is submitted to all sorts of subtle developments; a great deal of variety is gained, while almost every bar has some reference to the main melody. A graceful central movement combines the functions of slow movement and *scherzo*, though even the songlike melody with which it begins is marked *allegro ma con tenerezza*, and a *finale* rather less interesting than the first movement but still vigorous and consistent ends the work.

In invention and enterprise the sonata is a long way behind certain of Dohnanyi's recent works, and the strong evidences of Brahms's influence make one suspect that it was written some time before it was published. Still it is well worth playing and we might say it is worth better playing than it got in this performance. Mme. Beatrice Langley indeed played conscientiously, but Mr. Cernikoff gave the impression that he was reading at sight, and reading badly.

A programme exclusively of Brahms's piano works is now common enough to merit the name of popular, a quality which was certainly borne out by Miss Saxe's selection, since the waltzes and intermezzos must now fall on the ears of recital audiences with the familiarity of Shakespearian quotations. This familiarity seemed almost to have bred contempt in Miss Saxe, to judge only by the last group, unless it was sheer exhaustion which showed up some noticeable mistakes and rough rhythms. If the latter is the cause, there is great excuse, coming as they did after the F minor Sonata, which was played with wonderful power and imaginative force. Miss Saxe excels in a beautiful and balanced touch such as comes with loose arm muscles and well-controlled wrists, and makes her take naturally to the interpretation of Brahms.

PROFESSOR CARL FRIEDBERG.

An excellent afternoon's music was provided at the Æolian Hall on Saturday by Professor Friedberg. Any one who possesses the technique to do real justice to Schumann's Symphonic Studies and Liszt's Rhapsody, Carneval de Pesth, and who will allow us to forget that he possesses it while we listen to a charmingly unaffected performance of Schubert's Impromptu in B flat and Chopin's Nocturne in A flat, and a peculiarly gracious exposition of Beethoven's Op. 27, earns a very special word of thanks.

The technique itself was of that thoroughly serviceable kind which inspires confidence. It did not look for difficulties; it simply met them as they came. The player did not allow himself to be betrayed into inaccuracy or tempted into bombast or flurried into noise. There was an overwhelming amount of tone when it was required; and the speed and precision which was ready at a moment's notice was never paraded. These were confined to their proper sphere, that of emphasizing the lines of structure; an excellent instance of this was Chopin's Ballade in G minor, in which the major theme had none of

that pounding effect which one often hears, and the incidental octaves were played without fuss, simply as the parenthesis which they are. There is, by the by, an interesting variant for the last chord of the opening Lento which Klindworth adopts and Scharwenka rejects as "undoubtedly incorrect," which was played with extraordinarily beautiful effect.

All this served as a foil to some very delicate playing of Schubert—the Impromptu and the Ballet music from *Rosamunde*, to which was added the Moment Musical in F minor. Here there was no relaxation of more strenuous effort; only the alertness with which more exacting music had been played was exchanged for a tense vivacity which set the feet dancing and showed the true value of a strong technical equipment.

MISS GLADYS MOGER.

In her recital at Æolian Hall on Friday afternoon Miss Gladys Moger showed great courage in making up her programme entirely of works by British composers, and it says even more for her originality and enterprise that of the 19 songs she sang seven were given for the first time and the remaining 12 have seldom been heard in London.

Miss Moger is rapidly fulfilling the promise she gave at her recital last year. Her voice is a rich and flexible soprano of a pure and carrying quality, and she uses it with a strong sense of colour and rhythm, combined with the power of exactly hitting the centre of each note. Her first group contained Dowland's "Flow not so fast, ye fountains," "About the sweet bag of a bee," by Arne, Purcell's "If love's a sweet passion," from *The Fairy Queen*, Arne's "O ravishing delight, and Hook's dainty "Blackbird," all of which were given with the clear diction and absence of effort that are characteristic of the singer. The coloratura in Arne's song showed what she might do some day with the big arias of Mozart. In the second group, a modern one, the first two songs were easily the best, "Imagination," by Cyril Rootham, and "Sae Early," by Nicholas Gatty. These both received their first performance, and were sung with full perception of their significance. The first one is a particularly able and direct setting of Mary Coleridge's words, and Miss Moger realized admirably the fire of the opening and the sombreness of the remarkably atmospheric close. It would be difficult for anybody to make much of Josef Holbrooke's "A lake and a fairy boat," for it is curiously laboured in treatment, and the composer seems deliberately to have misunderstood the last verse. In any case, no singer ought to be expected to sing the curious words "gossamers dipped in milk" at a quick tempo. The other songs in this group were Delius's charming "Autumn" (sung with a slight tendency to be over-dramatic, but beautifully phrased), Mallinson's "Snowflakes" (the delicacy of which contrasted with the broad manner in which the preceding song had been sung), and four extremely light "Songs of Fancy," by Julius Harrison. This composer was represented later by two more songs of a more elaborate nature and conceived on an undoubtedly higher level. The first, "Thekla's Song," was not as satisfactory as the second, "By a clear well"; this was good, though it was marred by the unnecessarily emphatic treatment of a parenthetic phrase at the close. The words in question would have been better omitted altogether. Cyril Scott's imaginative "Sleep Song" received just the right gentle treatment, and showed that Miss Moger could make us feel exactly the calm atmosphere she wanted without any undue straining after effect. It was followed by a somewhat Frenchified setting of Wordsworth's "Daffodils" by Easthope Martin and "The Enchanted Forest," by Montague Phillips, neither of which attained to the standard of the rest of the programme.

Mr. Herbert Fryer played pieces by Dr. Bull, Arne, Percy Grainger, and Thomas Dunhill, and subsequently three Preludes of his own, a "Dance Sketch" by Stanley Hawley, and a Scherzo by Sydney Rosenbloom, of which the last showed directness and considerable individuality. Mr. Julius Harrison accompanied, generally with skill and sympathy, but occasionally betrayed a tendency to make the subordinate rhythms of the accompaniment too free and over-prominent.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL.

June 30 — 1913

DESTINN'S CONCERT DEBUT.

Yesterday afternoon at the Albert Hall Madame Destinn made her first appearance upon the English concert platform, and it would have been extremely interesting had she seized the opportunity to give us a taste of her quality in music other than operatic. As it was, however, save for the Bach-Gounod "Ave Maria," her selection was drawn entirely from operas, and the chance was missed. Let us hope, however, that now that she has at last been tempted away from the precincts of Covent Garden she will repeat what was certainly an exceedingly successful experiment, and that then she will give us a programme such as we should have liked to see yesterday. A song recital from Madame Destinn would certainly be of rare interest.

Still, her programme was by no means without freshness. She was, of course, almost obliged to include in it the famous air "Un bel di," from "Butterfly," and the no less famous "Visse d'arte" from "Tosca," and to say that she sang them as finely in the concert hall as she sings them on the opera stage is to imply that in them she could not have been surpassed. In addition to these she sang the very beautiful aria, "Liebhoner Mond," from Dvorák's "Rusalka," and the to her unfamiliar "Mon cœur s'ouvre à ta voix" from "Samson et Dalila." The former, in which, as in the "Ave Maria," she was accompanied by Mr. Haydn Wood on the violin, Kliçka on the harp, and Mr. Papi on the piano, she sang perfectly. In the latter, the second verse of which she had to repeat, her phrasing was sometimes at fault; but this was very possibly because it was the first song on her list, and she was not entirely at her ease. On the whole, she showed herself quite as great a concert artist as opera singer, than which no more can be said.

Two other singers contributed to the programme, Mr. Morgan Kingston, whose performance of "E lucevan le stelle" from "Tosca" was one of the best things that he has ever done, and that splendid baritone, Mr. Dinh Gilly, whose interpretation of "Eri tu" from "Un Ballo in Maschera" was admirable in its breadth and its sustained power. Finally, a word of very special praise is due to Kliçka, a harpist who is famous in his native Bohemia, but who has never appeared in England before. In spite of the disadvantages under which he laboured—for the Albert Hall is hardly the place for the harp—he made a very deep impression by the beauty and the variety of his performances of Saint-Saens' Fantasie and a transcription of Smetana's "Vltava," and his playing was throughout that of a master of the instrument.

THE RUSSIAN BALLET.

NEW "SALOME" DANCE.

July 1 — 1913

It was very pleasurable reviving acquaintance at Drury Lane last night with Stravinsky's "Pétrouchka." The Russian Ballet have nothing more extraordinary to offer us than this choreographic story in the bizarre and the macabre. "A little drama in marionettes," the programme synopsis called it. But that description, apt as it may be, hardly conveys a sufficient idea of the remarkable appeal "Pétrouchka" makes to the imagination, with its strange mingling of the grotesque and the firuesome, its blending of the eerie and fantastic, and its wonderful vivacity and exuberant movement. It is possible that you may not wholly admire Stravinsky's singularly unconventional and deliberately cacophonous score. But it is scarcely conceivable that there can be ears that could fail to be impressed by the Russian composer's immense cleverness and his freshness and fertility of resource. What could be more amusing, to point to one detail, than Stravinsky's vivid reproduction in the wood-wind of the sounds emitted by a wheezy hurdy-gurdy, or more ingenious and realistic than the way in which he depicts musically "all the fun of the fair." And, to leave the music, which may surely be allowed to speak for itself, the performance of the work last night was no less fine than that which was seen in London last autumn. As before, the three puppets whom a wicked magician has invested with human attributes were embodied by Madame Karsavina, Mr. Nijinsky, and Mr. Kotchetovsky, whose movements were again extraordinarily like the "real" thing. All three artists, too, managed to convey in a remarkable manner a sense of the uncanny that underlies the whole production, and they well deserved the long-sustained enthusiasm that greeted them on the fall of the curtain.

After "Pétrouchka," with its riot of movement, ending in lurid drama, came the second of the novelties to which the Russian dancers have introduced us during their present visit. "La Tragédie de Salome," its title, naturally suggests another adventure in the domain of the gruesome. But, as events proved, there is nothing particularly horrifying in the affair. The scheme may be outlined in the words of the printed synopsis, which runs thus: "The scene takes place after the execution of the Baptist, whose head is placed by executioners upon a column. Salome dances, and with her a train of slaves intoxicated with the feasting and the horror of the night. Salome's dance is at first frantic and insane; then more proud and sorrowful, more remote and ecstatic. It is the expression and avowal of her sensual torment and of her atonement through the very misery of her unassuageable desire."

"Atonement," perhaps, seems hardly the word. But, on the whole, the description quoted conveys a very fair idea of the novelty unfolded last night. In its setting the production is weird in the fashion characteristic of those to which the Russian Ballet has accustomed us, and "weird," too, one must call Madame Karsavina's make-up and costume as the protagonist. With blanched face, startling in its pallor by contrast with her mop of raven hair, she presents a striking apparition as she descends a steep flight of stairs at the back of the stage, the long train of the cloak she wears completely covering the steps after she has set foot to the ground. Divested of this wonderful robe, Salome proceeds to dance in the manner described, and very remarkable are some of her movements and attitudes, now sinuous, now rigid; at one moment wild in their abandon, at the next suggestive of utter physical collapse. With consummate art Karsavina portrayed the dancer's changing phases of emotion, and her performance was fully worthy the artist's reputation. For the rest, there is nothing very striking about the production, which, indeed, even seemed a little tame by comparison with "Pétrouchka." The music composed for it by Mr. Florent Schmitt, is, as may be supposed, quite modern in feeling and harmonic device, though it sounded at times almost conventional, following as it did on the heels of Stravinsky's freakish score. In the Eastern colouring there is a suggestion here and there of Rimsky-Korsakoff, and, on the whole, the music is appropriate enough, as illustrating the feelings which the "heroine's" contortions and gyrations are intended to express.

The new production of the Russian Ballet, "La Tragedie de Salome," which was given at Drury Lane last night, proved to be disappointing. Apart from the nature of the subject, which many may feel to be offensive, the whole effect is curiously lacking in qualities of subtlety and strength, not to say charm. When one sees Salome dancing round what looks like a sort of garden sundial (on the top of which the head of St. John the Baptist is supposed to be), one feels that for once the limits of sensational inventiveness have been arrived at. Seriously, the thing is preposterously absurd, childish, without any redeeming feature, save the exhibition of Mme. Karsavina's extraordinarily graceful movements, though these hardly expressed what the programme led one to expect, and the sound of some of M. Florent Schmitt's music.

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As to the latter, like the work of M. Stravinsky in "Petrouchka," which was also performed last night, little of it is for the ordinary music-lover who looks to the art to give him or her æsthetic feelings of pleasure. This, however, does not appear to be the intention of the composers. Rather their system of expression deals in sensational and not emotional effect. Hence there is no necessity for the invention of melody or the employment of form; a few phrases and insistent rhythms and the latest devices in orchestral colouring are all that are required. There are few composers who can do this sort of thing really well. Both Stravinsky and Schmitt are master hands. The Russian musician is perhaps the stronger, his rhythms seem more alive; but the Frenchman, on the other hand, is more intelligible in his phraseology. Yet, when it is all over the hearer has received a few acoustical sensations, perhaps, but his emotions are left untouched. This is why, leaving out of consideration the mise-en-scène, such productions seem so empty and so insincere.

N. C. G.

July 1 1913

BECHSTEIN HALL.

Madame Emilia Conti possesses the two indispensable qualities of a good concert singer. She can design an interesting programme and she can interpret it in a way that communicates her own enthusiasm to her audience. To a large extent, the effect she produces is due to the beauty of her diction, but the authority of her singing springs also from the crispness of her delivery and the supple smoothness of her phrasing. All these qualities were evident in the recital she gave at the Bechstein Hall yesterday afternoon; and the only thing which militated against them was that she occasionally allowed her deeper feelings to find expression in a rather hard, emphatic tone. The defect was most noticeable in operatic arias by Gluck and Grétry. It could not be detected in Debussy's "Les Cloches," nor did it spoil a group of Madame Poldowski's most characteristic songs. In these latter the singer's interpretations exactly reflected the composer's intentions. They were atmospheric, inevitable, and consequently charming.

MME. CONTI'S RECITAL.

Mme. Emilia Conti gave a pleasant vocal recital at the Bechstein Hall yesterday afternoon. Her singing may yet show some room for improvement in one or two ways, but there is no doubting the sincerity, and real conviction, too, sometimes, of her general delivery. As regards the technique she is at her best in songs where the expression does not lie very deep. It seems as though when she has to express an emotional phrase she has not quite got the vocal control to keep the colour steady, and to prevent an occasional effect of forced tone. Her impulses, as it were, carry her away. It will thus be seen that she made the best impression on the rarest side, the interpretative, which is greatly in her favour. The programme included a group of French songs of Mme. Poldowski, who accompanied throughout the recital, a beautiful aria of Gluck, and examples of Debussy, Borodine, and Strauss.

July 1 - 1913

CARUSO AT QUEEN'S HALL.

ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION.

It was truly a wonderful concert that which took place at the Queen's Hall yesterday afternoon. Hundreds seeking admission were turned away from the doors, and many earnest entreaties to be allowed to pay "even for standing room" were politely refused. One may hope that the Italian Hospital, which is

open to patients of all nationalities, and other deserving Italian institutions profited handsomely from the proceeds. The great attraction—one had almost said the raison d'être—of the concert was undoubtedly Caruso, who had promised to sing on behalf of the London charities of his fellow-countrymen. Cunningly the management had placed the great tenor's "item" at the very end of the long programme, and the hands of the clock were already pointing in the direction of six before the huge audience had time to consider afternoon tea.

Certainly, those concerned had planned an excellent programme. First came Mr. L. Boni, the accomplished 'cellist, who gave a delightful performance of Saint-Saëns's lovely "Cygne," among other things. Then Sammarco, who was furiously welcomed, and whose singing of "Non più andrai farfallone" resulted, of course, in an encore. Madame Alice Nielsen was next on the list, singing Mimi's song from "La Bohème" with infinite tenderness. In place of Mr. John McCormack, who was unable to appear, Mr. Cristi Solari sang several tenor songs in Italian with capital spirit, but with a suggestion of too much pressure on the higher notes now and then. He, too, was most warmly applauded, and had to sing again. Madame Ada Cassuto, Mr. Paul Kochanski, Madame Marguerite Scialtiel, Mr. Magistretti, and Madame Guerrina Fabbri followed in fairly quick succession, all in their several very personal ways adding to the banquet of music. The harp-playing of Mr. Magistretti deserves a special little tribute all to itself, for his performance of an "Etude de Concert" of Godefroid and the "Spanish Patrol" of Tedeschi was singularly neat and musicianly. Scotti followed, and what is there to be said of his singing of the Prologue to "Pagliacci" that has not been said times out of mind? It was irresistible, and the inevitable encore had to be given. Madame Carmen Melis was next, and "Vissi d'arte," from "Tosca," and the evergreen "Goodbye" of Tosti were rendered with all the esprit she has so finely shown at Covent Garden.

GREAT TENOR'S WELCOME.

Of course the whole programme worked its way up to the climax of Mr. Caruso's appearance. The audience was largely composed of Italian residents in London, whose native enthusiasm had such effect upon the more sedate English that the latter found themselves shouting their welcome to the famous singer as lustily as his own confrères. And what should Caruso sing but "Vesti la giubba," from "Pagliacci"—a song that he has made his own and glorified? All the world knows how he sings this, and it is only necessary to say here that the audience was literally spellbound yesterday, and when the last chord had sounded there was an outburst of applause such as one only hears on the rarest of occasions. Massenet's "Elégie," with the 'cello obbligato played by Mr. Boni, and the pianoforte accompaniment by Mr. Soognamiglio, came after, followed by a similar outburst. But the concert was over; the great tenor could not be persuaded to sing again, and the next time he appeared on the platform it was with silk hat in one hand and walking-stick in the other waving his acknowledgments to an audience worked up to fever point. Messrs. Panizza, Percy Pitt, Baraldi, Denza, Charlier, Papi, Charlton Keith, Tuckfield, and Polacco were among those who, in the office of accompanists, had also volunteered their services to this remarkable concert.

MISS MACBETH'S CONCERT.

July 2 1913

It is unfortunate for the coloratura soprano that her repertory is limited as far as real musical interest in concerned. Miss Florence Macbeth, who gave a concert at the Queen's Hall yesterday afternoon, could do no better than include in her scheme the "Shadow Song" from "Dinorah," "Délibes's "Bell Song," and the "Mad Scene" from "Lucia." The one or two encores given, also displaying technique, helped further to make the general effect of the singing uninspiring. Moreover, Miss Macbeth does not sing with enough verve to carry off successfully a programme of the kind. As a matter of fact, she seemed to have been in better form on the occasion of her first appearance the other day, or else it was that then she had an orchestra with which her quite pretty voice blended well. Yesterday, with the colder tones of the pianoforte, her vocalisation was subjected to a severer test, and it did not pass through the ordeal faultlessly, especially as regards evenness of colour. She was assisted by M. Paul Kochanski, whose skilfully played violin solos pleased the audience greatly.

THE RUSSIAN OPERA SEASON

MOUSSORGSKY'S "KHOVANTCHINA."

July 2 1913

Last night Sir Joseph Beecham gave us at Drury Lane the first performance in England of Moussorgsky's "Khovantchina." Though much inferior to "Boris Godounov" this opera yet contains not a few good instances of the composer's flashes of genius. His choral writing is always extremely strong and characteristic, and as the chorus in this present company is an admirable body of singers, these moments are easily among the best. Not only is the singing extremely good, but each chorister acts with such spirit and understanding. Again there is a good deal of folk-music, or tunes modelled thereon, but throughout the opera there does not seem to be quite the same freshness as in the earlier work. It suffers, too, much more from the nature and treatment of the subject. Moussorgsky and his school could never have solved any operatic problem, one feels sure, simply because the dramatic side of the art was not understood. "Khovantchina" gives us a series of pictures with very little relation to one another of a consecutively dramatic type. Indeed, so loose is the construction, as in the case of "Boris Godounov," that one whole act could be omitted. Another instance of the uncertainty of what to put in and what to leave out is to hand in the fact that M. Ravel has recently scored a song from the original manuscript, and this was performed last night.

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The principal protagonists are Prince Ivan Khovansky and his son, the Streltsy (archers, of whom the Prince is the head), a religious sect called the "Old Believers," with their head, Dositheus, and Marfa, a young mystic, also a member of the sect. The time of the action is during the reign of Peter the Great. Amongst various incidents one gets a clear contrast between the rough brutality of the Streltsy, the young Prince's entanglement with a German girl, after having abandoned Marfa, to whom he had been attached, the old prince's luxuriousness as displayed in the third act, where he amuses himself with the dances of Persian slaves, and the dignified protests and religious fervour of Dositheus and his followers. But behind this there are unseen political activities at work. Khovansky the elder is traitorously slain, and the younger, reconciled to Marfa, goes with her to death by fire, along with other members of the sect.

With regard to the music, mention should certainly be made of the unaccompanied chorus of Streltsy and women at the close of the second act. It is very short, but really beautiful, and was received so enthusiastically that an encore was given. Earlier in this act there was another chorus of a vigorous type which was full of point and character. All this music was splendidly sung. To Khovansky the elder there fall one or two short solos which are built up on expressive phrases. The music of Dositheus and his followers has, of course, a religious note, and is impressive in a quiet way. Marfa is given a plaintive aria, but the solos are inferior to the choruses.

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M. Chaliapine had a rather ungrateful part in that of Dositheus, but his commanding personality carried him through finely. M. Zaporojetz sang the elder Khovansky's music with great sonority and intensity. Mme. Petrenko put plenty of feeling into her impersonation of Marfa. M. Emile Cooper conducted most skilfully. Indeed, of the whole performance one can but express very high praise.

ROYAL OPERA, COVENT GARDEN

July 2, 1913

"Faust" was given again last night at Covent Garden, with some changes in the cast, the parts of Faust, Méphistophélès, and Valentin being taken by Messrs. John McCormack, Marvini, and Rouard respectively. Mr. McCormack's voice was in excellent condition, and he did full musical justice to "Salut! demeure chaste et pure!" in the third act. He also displayed plenty of fervour in the love-scene, and at other moments calling for dramatic efforts. M. Marvini proved to be a thoroughly efficient Méphistophélès, both vocally and histrionically. He was particularly impressive in the church scene, his full voice dominating the situation in convincing style. We were less satisfied with his interpretation of "Vous qui faites l'endormie," which was too subdued to be effective. The Valentin of M. Rouard was well above the average. This singer has a fine voice, and a commanding personality, that roused the attention and retained it. Mme. Melba was again Marguerite, admirable as ever, and Signor Panizza conducted.

MME. YVETTE GUILBERT.

Mme. Yvette Guilbert gave another of her delightful recitals in the Bechstein Hall yesterday afternoon. Her programme was divided into three sections devoted to "Légendes Dorées," "Chansons Pompadour," and "Jolies Chansons de France." It is difficult for one of her admirers to know when he likes Mme. Guilbert best, so excellent is her work in all these styles. A greater contrast can hardly be conceived than between the simple, earnest faith of the first group and the explosive *joie de vivre* of the last, but her versatility is entirely adequate for the demands. July 2 1913

Perhaps "Joseph et Marie à Bethléem" was the most perfect example of her art in the religious songs. The words and music are in themselves so beautiful, and offer such scope to the artist that it is not to be wondered at that Mme. Guilbert soars on them wings to lands far beyond the reach of ordinary singers. The growing anxiety of the houseless twain, rejected everywhere, was suggested with perfect restraint, while the hourly cry of the watchman, sung in a soft but strangely premonitory manner, raised the tension marvellously till "Minuit!" was called, and to the burden of "Noël! Noël!" the whole-hearted, overflowing joy of simple souls at the birth of the Divine Child burst upon us.

The "Legendes Dorées" were succeeded by a Sonata for Flute and Pianoforte by John Stanley, played for the first time by M. Louis Fleury on the flute and M. Daniel Jeisler at the piano. Written in an entirely archaic style, it raised no questions, but the general character of sincerity and dignity made it an excellent selection, for at that moment no more was wanted than a subdued counterfoil to Mme. Guilbert's art. A group of modern French songs was also sung with good effect by Mme. Nina Jaques-Dalcroze.

BECHSTEIN HALL

July 3 1913

For their third and last recital this season of music composed for violin and pianoforte, Mr David Mannes and Mrs. Clara Mannes arranged a characteristically modern programme, at Bechstein's, yesterday afternoon. Previously we have had classic writers from Mozart and Beethoven to César Franck; yesterday music by Max Reger, Debussy, Sibelius, Wolf-Ferrari and Mr. Daniel Gregory Mason filled the bill. As the last-named is American, and the performers themselves are of the same nationality, interest concentrated rather upon Mr. Mason's Sonata in G minor (Opus 5), which had been announced as "first performance in England.' It is a typically Transatlantic composition. The second movement contains an expressive theme enough, but of the kind one might best describe as "composite," it is so replete with reminiscent phrases, and its working-out so much a reflection of better things. The principal subject of the last movement is energetic and vivacious, but not untinged by the commonplace; and the sentimentality of the second subject offers little relief. It is, however, only fair to describe the Sonata as technically very competent. It was played with sympathy and understanding. There appeared to be the completest unanimity between the players, whose "ensemble" has, indeed, been one of the most agreeable features of the present musical season.

MR. AND MRS. MANNES'S RECITAL.

The last of the three programmes by these excellent American artists was given at Bechstein Hall yesterday afternoon, and consisted entirely of music for violin and piano by living composers. They began with a Sonata by their countryman Mr. Daniel Gregory Mason, which was followed by three short pieces, an imaginative slow movement from Wolf-Ferrari's Sonata, op. 10, Sibelius's "Mélisande," and Debussy's well-known "En bâteau," neither of which represents its composer very strongly. At the end Reger's Suite in the old style (op. 93) was played. July 3 1913

Mr. Daniel Gregory Mason is known on this side of the Atlantic as an able writer on musical subjects, and there are no doubt some readers of *The Times* who know his work without knowing his name; but this was probably the first time that any of his music had been heard in London. The Sonata in G minor, op. 5, has the admirable qualities of clear and logical thought combined with pure instrumental writing. Perhaps its composition was a recreation taken when Mr. Mason was writing his book, "From Grieg to Brahms." There are suggestions of both in it, though the influence of the latter is the stronger. But the influences are exerted happily. All three movements are sincere and simple music. The first is the most elaborate, and in it a great deal of material clusters round the broad principal theme. The slow movement contrasts with the first by keeping close to the melodic text announced by the piano. Practically the whole movement is a development of one melody. The finale places two strongly-marked ideas in direct contrast, the first a rhythmic figure, the second a brooding tune in which Brahms is certainly felt, but the two work well together into a very effective movement. The whole Sonata and the pieces which followed it were played with rare sympathy by Mr. and Mrs. Mannes.

"AÏDA" AT COVENT GARDEN.

Aïda was given again at Covent Garden last night, but the attendance was rather thin, probably because a great number of people have expended upon the Caruso performances all that they wish to expend upon *Aïda*. M. Franz was the Radames, and a finely dignified and yet impassioned one. The duet with Mlle. Destinn in the third act was specially beautifully sung by both, and the climax of that scene in which Radames finds that he is entrapped was made peculiarly impressive by the virile quality of M. Franz's singing. M. Gilly was a telling Amonasro, and M. Marvini, who the night before had made his first appearance at Covent Garden as Mephistopheles in Gounod's *Faust*, took the par of the high priest effectively. His voice is not perhaps very striking; sometimes it sounded rather thick where resonance was wanted on the middle notes. Still it was able singing, based upon a careful and artistic study of the part. Mme. Kirkby Lunn repeated her performance as Amneris, and Signor Polacco's skilful management of all the diverse elements which are combined in the triumph scene was exceedingly interesting. July 3 1913

AN AMERICAN COMPOSER

July 3 — 1913

MR. DAVID MANNES' VIOLIN SONATA.

March

The third sonata recital that was given by Mr. and Mrs. David Mannes, of New York, in the Bechstein Hall, yesterday afternoon, served the further purpose of presenting Mr. Mannes in the light of a composer. The programme opened with his Violin Sonata in G Minor (Op. 5), the violin part being taken by the author, and the pianoforte part by Mme. Clara Mannes.

This work, which was written in 1907-8, is based on sound classical models and is a distinctly pleasing if not strikingly original composition. It is characterised by a vein of emotional warmth that immediately appeals to the sympathies. No doubt the mood is too closely retained throughout the work, since when we reach the final "Allegro vivace" we find the tempo and rhythms changed, but not the emotional standpoint. This makes for monotony, especially as the writing is diffuse in places. Apart from this one must praise the skilful employment of resources, high and low registers being well contrasted, double stopping on the violin judiciously introduced, and so on.

The programme further included several short pieces by Wolf-Ferrari, Sibelius, and Debussy, which were performed with much sympathy by the two artists. Mr. and Mrs. Mannes are undoubtedly valuable assets to the musical centres of America.

A NEW ITALIAN OPERA.

CAMUSSI'S "LA DU BARRY."

July 4 1913

Disappointment was felt at Covent Garden last night, where Signor Ezio Camussi's "La Du Barry" was produced for the first time in England. To begin with, after recent new Italian works the general tendency of the music seemed to be somewhat out of the latter-day movement. While not specially objecting to this in itself, the few traces of elaborate technical accomplishment needed to be balanced by a stronger sense of genuine expression. That is to say, if one is to have a comparative simplicity of style, let it at any rate be coloured with the freshness and glow of charm of idea.

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The composer has been unfortunate in his libretto. It sets out to portray four important episodes in the life of the Countess Du Barry. There is very little plot therefore, a but slender thread of continuous dramatic action. There are other successful operas constructed on this principle, but if the ordinary canons of the drama are dispensed with and a series of episodes substituted, those episodes must be made interesting in themselves. From this standpoint "La Du Barry" is extremely weak. In the first tableau we are introduced to the heroine in the height of her power. The chief event of the scene is that Cazotte, a famous novelist, prophesies the fall of the royal house and Du Barry's fate, the gallows. Act II. shows Du Barry with her lover, De Brissac—a love scene, interrupted at the close by the news of the King's fatal illness, suggesting the favourite's decline from power. In the third Du Barry is taken away from the cloisters where she had retired on the king's death by De Brissac, and in the last, twenty years later, her lover is unable to save her from the Sansculottes, he meeting with his death, while she is seized by the mob.

* * *

No one of these scenes has much point from the stage aspect, except in so far as they exhibit the customs, manners, and clothes of an attractive, if artificial, period. They do not help one to become interested in any of the characters from Du Barry herself downwards, and consequently there arises an unsympathetic atmosphere. Had Camussi been able to characterise the various personages in distinctive musical strains, it is possible that the situation might have been saved. Unfortunately his powers in this direction are, as yet, very limited, and he seldom gets beyond a suave melodiousness which has no more than a surface prettiness. This, however, is his first opera, and as he was born in 1883 there is plenty of time for his powers to ripen. But he must be careful to choose a story likely to display his abilities to advantage. At the present stage of his development the lighter and simpler the theme the better. Signor Camussi, in fact, has a decided gift of writing melody, and the traces of the influence of other composers is not necessarily to be counted against him.

Still, "La Du Barry," if showing signs of promise, is far from being a sufficiently interesting work to take up the time and expense involved in its production. One feels that the management did not apply a sufficiently severe musical standard when they selected it for performance. When masterworks of the past are grievously neglected it seems the greater pity. The point is that we are quite ready and anxious to hear operas which are being talked of on the Continent, but there is a difference between real achievement and the immature writings of a beginner. A large audience gave "La Du Barry" a friendly welcome last night, and the composer appeared along with the singers to bow his acknowledgments. There was nothing seriously amiss with the performance. Mme. Edvina in the title-part and Signor Martinelli worked hard to make their scenes successful. M. Crabbé sang very well the music of Jean du Barry, and Signor Sammarco made that of Zamor, Du Barry's Intendant, as effective as possible, all the smaller parts being well filled.

"LA DU BARRY."

A YOUNG COMPOSER'S FIRST OPERA.

July 4, 1913

The new opera, "La Du Barry," which was produced last night at Covent Garden, is the work of a young composer, Ezio Camussi, 30 years of age, whose first opera it is. One had to bear these facts in mind in listening to it, and endeavour to discover a promise for the future rather than any notable achievement in the work itself.

Frankly speaking there are scarcely any germs of genius discernible in "La Du Barry" Technically it is cleverly written: the music flows easily, and is well written for the voices, the scoring is well done, and the composer has a good knowledge of the stock effects of operatic writing. But one listened in vain for any striking phrase, any originality of melody or harmony, or new dramatic style of expression.

Possibly M. Camussi might have done much better with a stronger libretto. The "book" of "La Du Barry" is very insipid and colourless. The idea is that of giving us various pictures showing scenes in the life of the famous courtesan, rather than any continued story or action.

The first act takes place in a pavilion at Luciennes Castle, where Du Barry is giving a reception in honour of Louis XV. There are music and dancing and some fortune-telling by a seer, Cazotte, who prophesies the fall of the Royal house and La du Barry's own tragic end.

The second act provides the conventional love scene—Du Barry meets her lover, the Duc de Brissac, in the woods during the progress of a hunt. The duet is ended by the news of the treachery of Zamor (a negro who is the head of Du Barry's household) and the mortal illness of the King.

AN ANTI-CLIMAX.

Act III. passes at Pont-aux-dames Abbey, where La Du Barry has been "rusticated." The Duc de Brissac arrives, and tells her that her liberty and fortunes are restored once more. They prepare to depart, but an anti-climax is made by the lovers stopping to sing a conventional duet first.

The curtain goes up on the final act, showing Du Barry posing for her portrait. Brissac suddenly arrives, and urges her to fly, as the castle is being attacked by the mob. Du Barry refuses, the people storm the castle, Brissac is killed, and Du Barry herself taken away by the mob.

The performance was a good one, and the staging particularly good. The costumes throughout are striking

Mme. Edvina, who took the part of Du Barry, did not make a very impressive figure of the famous courtesan, neither her singing nor her acting being very forceful. Once or twice, too, she seemed rather ill at ease with the music, her intonation being at times a little uncertain. Signor Martinelli, as her lover, Brissac, sang with much beauty of voice in the duets of the second and third acts, and made a gallant figure on the stage. Signor Sammarco, in a singularly ineffective role, that of a negro major-domo, sang with his usual splendour of voice, and M. Crabbé was excellent as Jean Du Barry. Signor Panizza conducted with skill, and secured a good ensemble.

TIMPANI PLAYING.

Mr. Gabriel G. Cleather gave a performance on the timpani yesterday afternoon at Bridgewater House. He was assisted by Mr. Archy Rosenthal, and Mr. O'Connor Morris took the second pianoforte. Mrs. Stansfield Prior accompanied. Mr. Gordon Cleather sang a set of Landon Ronald's songs, accompanied by the composer, and others, including Stanford's setting of Drake's Drum, to which his father played the side drum. July 4, 1913

Mr. Cleather's programme consisted of adding drum parts to Grieg's Berceuse, Schumann's Sketch in D flat for pedal-piano, Mendelssohn's Marche Funèbre, and Strauss's Burleske for pianoforte and orchestra. Only the second of these could be said to be musically a success, because it really represented the composer's intention. In the others the timpani simply upset the balance without enhancing the interest, not because the timpanist or his helpmates omitted anything that might have contributed to the effect, but because the problem they set themselves was insoluble. There is no way of making an instrument which depends entirely on its context sound well without it. It was quite otherwise with a solo for six timpani (Julius Tausch), which was rhythmically inspiriting and had a clear meaning.

Mr. Cleather spoke well on the subject of his art, and endeavoured to show the desirability of founding a scholarship for timpani-playing. By all means, if he would write over the door, "Let no one who is not a musician enter"; but scholarships are apt to be undiscriminating things. He made a good remark about tuning—that it is either easy or impossible—a dictum which seems to have a wider application than he was for the moment intending.

MME. MARCHESI'S PUPILS.

An exceedingly satisfactory pupils' concert was given in the Queen's Hall yesterday afternoon by Mme. Blanche Marchesi and her Singing Academy. The excellence of the production was only equalled by the beauty of the voices, and both features testified amply to the flourishing condition of the school.

Miss Phylis Archibald, principal contralto of the Carl Rosa Company, has a well-developed dramatic sense that leads one to expect still more from her some day. Miss Leach Lewiss, just returned from a tour in Africa, is frankly popular in her appeal, and is quite an accomplished "ballad singer." Miss Paola Saint Clair, who is engaged for the autumn Tetrazzini tour, has a really beautiful voice, and sang "Allerseelen" of Richard Strauss with much effect. Her performance of "O Rosa Rosa" (Tuscan Stornielli), arranged by Blair Fairchild, was so good that one expected her to have made more of "Vergebliches Ständchen," by Brahms. The coloratura singing of Miss Constance Lait was also quite first rate, while the Misses Jeanne de la Motte, Maude Garnette, Elsa Davis, Viola Murray, Mabel Bryan, Valentine Philow, and Norah Dall all contributed to the pleasure of the afternoon. July 4-1913

Mme. Marchesi herself was announced to sing, but was suffering from a cold, and so only appeared to receive the flowers and friendly welcome of a large gathering. Professor Magistretti contributed solos on the harp in an expert style, and Mr. Louis Fleury was heard to advantage on the flute.

MME. GUILBERT'S RECITAL.

The last of Mme. Yvette Guilbert's three recitals took place yesterday afternoon at the Bechstein Hall. There were some very attractive things in the programme in their highly diversified way. Every one knows now the brilliantly-amusing "Cycle du Vin," and if "Les Rues d'Anjou et de Poitou" is not so familiar, it is equally characteristic. The latter came in the group of chansons of the crinoline period of which "La Fille de Parthenay" and "Les Hussards de la Garde" are other capital examples. In absolutely different vein the sacred "La Passion" and "Joseph et Marie à Bethléem" showed how extraordinarily impressive Mme. Guilbert can be in a serious mood. These two were really given with remarkable fervour, the ecstatic expression of the "Il est né le Divin Enfant" in the last-named being most moving. As on the occasion of the first recital, Mme. Guilbert was assisted by M. Louis Fleury, who played flute solos, amongst them a sonata by Frederick the Great. July 5 '13

July THE RUSSIAN BALLET. 1913

Two additions were made to the Russian Ballet repertory at Drury Lane last night, the inimitable "Carnaval," easily the most successful of the many and various productions, and "Narcisse," of Tcherepnin, or, perhaps, one should say, Bakst and Fokine, for the scenery and choreography are more convincing than the music. It has happened before now that the analysis of some of these works would result in leaving the composer somewhat out in the cold as participator in the general effect. Not, however, that M. Bakst's "poem" in this case is a masterpiece, indeed, it is too slow-moving and of too slight interest for that; but it offers scope for some charming effects of colour, while the dances of Bœotians, at any rate, have some character and vitality. Tcherepnin's music has one merit; it does try and remain what one may call musical; there is hardly any attempt at the modern realism, and it only falls short by reason of the fact that the tunes are not quite good enough. The technique, however, shows plenty of ripe experience, and such touches in the orchestration as when the splashing of water is imitated are done with great skill. M. Nijinsky appeared as Narcisse and Mme. Karsavina as Echo, just as they did when the work was first heard at Covent Garden almost exactly a year ago.

CLEVER BOY VIOLINIST.

July 9 — 1913

A second opportunity was afforded us yesterday afternoon at the Steinway Hall of hearing the clever young Hungarian violinist Duci Kerékjártó. He is undoubtedly a very promising player, already possessing a technique which many older violinists might be glad to have. It is unfortunate that in the case of "prodigies" the artistic result of the performance has always to be judged by a somewhat false standard. "Remarkable,

considering his youth," one may say, or "Of course one must remember he is not yet in his 'teens." The truth is, of course, there is more of the personal than purely artistic element when one is listening to the work of exceptionally young artists. But this does not render the obligation really any the less, if a public appeal is made, to stand or fall by the highest achievements. Therefore, while congratulating young Kerékjártó upon his clever playing of Tartini's "Devil's Trill" and a Paganini concerto yesterday, it has to be admitted that better performances can be heard at the hands of older and more experienced players. During the afternoon songs were contributed to the scheme by Mr. Gordon Cleather, examples of the German and native schools.

DUCI KERÉKJÁRTÓ'S RECITAL.

The young violinist who gave his first recital in London about a fortnight ago gave a second at Steinway Hall yesterday afternoon in which he played a slow movement by Handel, Tartini's "Devil's Trill" Sonata, Paganini's Concerto in D, and other pieces. July 9, 1913

The first, a beautiful Larghetto in B minor, which contains no technical difficulty whatever, was the best thing on that account to show what distinguishes Kerékjártó from the other youngsters who claim from time to time to be what Mozart's father called "prodigies of nature." This boy has that sensitiveness to fine distinctions of musical phrase which only a very few artists, young or old, have, and which gives his playing of the simplest thing a certain appeal which is different from what another would produce. It is not necessarily better, but it is personal. That was what marked out the playing of Mischa Elman when he first appeared as a child of about the same age as Kerékjártó appears to be now, and Kerékjártó's keen musical intuition reminds us of Elman at the same age. Whether anything will come of it, it is of course impossible to say; the announcement that he is to play shortly in a variety theatre suggests that his environment may not be favourable to musical development, but at any rate he at present possesses not only an extraordinary grip of all the means of effect of which the violin is capable, shown repeatedly in his treatment of Paganini's Concerto, but a musical perception and power of expression which is very unusual.

MME. JAQUES-DALCROZE.

At her vocal recital, which took place in the Bechstein Hall yesterday afternoon, Mme. Nina Jaques-Dalcroze proved, to the general satisfaction, what an attractive and accomplished singer she is. Her beautiful soprano voice has been admirably trained, and is a sympathetic medium for the expression of her ideas. These are always artistic and well thought out, so that one never is allowed to forget the presence of a genuine musical nature. July 9 1913

It is true that an unusual power of interpretation cannot as yet be conceded to the singer. Emotional insight is there, and it is always in proper restraint—the two first requisites in this respect. Where Mme. Dalcroze goes astray is rather in an indiscriminate assessment of pathetic values. When a piece is uniformly charged with feeling—even if of a tempered kind—the hearer experiences a growing sense of monotony, and afterwards one of emotional obsession. Apart from this, the singer, who was skilfully accompanied by Professor E. Jaques-Dalcroze, was well at home in such different numbers as Schubert's "Ungeduld," "D'une Prison," by R. Hahn, and "Fantoches" of Debussy.

The programme also included four "Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen," by Gustav Mahler, announced as performed for the first time in London. The texts revive the lyrical sentimentality of Wilhelm Müller, not without skill, it may be admitted, and no doubt Schubert would have made something of them. The settings of Mahler are melodious, but intellectually too slight to make much impression.

NEW RUSSIAN OPERA.

RIMSKY-KORSAKOV'S "IVAN LE TERRIBLE."

July 9 — 1913

The first production in England of the late Rimsky-Korsakov's "Ivan le Terrible" took place last night at Drury Lane, and with great success. It is the composer's first opera, and dates from 1872, but there is little, if any, sense of immaturity, doubtless largely due to the revision made some twenty years later. The most striking features of the work are the brilliant orchestration and the happy use of several melodies which have an obvious folk-song flavour. Rimsky-Korsakov was in the movement of operatic reform, and his score is sufficiently free from the old conventions to have seemed somewhat of a puzzle to opera-goers forty years ago, before Wagnerism was at all widely appreciated. To-day, of course, one regards things differently, and it may be that this work does not strike so "reforming" a note as do the German master's earlier productions. The difficulty of replacing the square aria with something satisfactory varies naturally with the planning of the libretto. In "Ivan le Terrible," just as in "Boris Godounov" and "Khovantchina," the difficulty is in part avoided, since there are few situations where the action depends upon the dramatic conflict of individual emotions. Thus all three operas are weak in construction from this point of view, although, as the story goes, "Ivan le Terrible" has a much more sustained plot, a stronger and clearer thread to hold the whole together. The title of the work, by the way, was originally "Pskovitianka," and its overture was introduced to a London audience at one of M. Mlynarski's concerts of Slavonic music at the Queen's Hall the other day.

The story, briefly, concerns Olga, the "Maid of Pskov," the natural daughter of Ivan the Terrible. When the Tsar discovers her identity he is influenced to promise full amnesty to the city of Pskov. But meanwhile, Toucha, Olga's lover, had placed himself at the head of some of the townsfolk with the idea of offering armed resistance to the Tsar, whose oppressive measures had brought disaster to other cities. A surprise attack is made upon the Tsar's tent. Ivan had promised to save Toucha's life, but when Olga runs out to persuade him to desist in his attack, she is killed, and Toucha himself is also slain in the fray. The most humanly interesting moments in the opera are the two meetings between Olga and the Tsar. The first of these, where she brings him wine and where he recognises the likeness to her mother, is very attractive, and the second has a psychological appeal which is cut short in dramatic fashion by the sounds of Toucha's attack.

In leading up to these situations there is much that is fascinating, but hardly sympathetic from want of clarity of purpose. One whole scene devoted to the arrival of the Tsar has no dramatic value, and depends upon the ingenious musical climax for its effect. The love-duet between Olga and Toucha in the first scene is too brief to make much impression. In the second scene there is a characteristic treatment of the chorus with the appeal of the old prince to receive the Tsar peaceably, but Toucha's contrary plan of resistance offered a situation which the composer failed to make convincing.

It is impossible to ignore the consideration that the scenes with the Tsar owed very much of their impressive effect to the splendidly magnetic, Irvingesque, impersonation of M. Chaliapine. His great dramatic art held the audience spellbound, while his singing, as before, was remarkably beautiful and wonderfully varied in colour. The Olga of Mme. Brian was a charming figure, and her singing was full of musical feeling. The smaller parts were all well taken, although the tenor, M. Damaev, fell somewhat short vocally. Rimsky-Korsakov writes with far greater surety and finish than Moussorgsky, but one does not feel an equal inspiration. The music, generally, may be sounder and better balanced, yet lacks just those flashes of daring genius which make "Boris Godounov" and "Khovantchina" sound so fresh and inspiriting. But, like all Russian music, the rhythms are wonderfully strong, and the colouring most rich and vivid. Mention should be made of M. Emile Cooper's well-controlled conducting and the brilliant qualities of the setting.

"IVAN THE TERRIBLE."

RIMSKY-KORSAKOV'S OPERA AT DRURY LANE.

Tsar Ivan	M. CHALIAPIN
Prince Tokmakov	M. PAUL ANDREEV
Matuta	M. NICOLAS ANDREEV
Prince Viazemsky	M. ZAPOROJETZ
Toucha	M. DAMAEV
Olga	MME. BRIAN
Stiosha	MME. NICOLAEVA
Nurse	MME. PETRENKO

Conductor—M. EMILE COOPER.

July 9 1913

Moussorgsky apparently is paying back at Drury Lane some of the debt which he owes to Rimsky-Korsakov, for whatever may be said against Rimsky-Korsakov's editing, there can be no doubt that he did Moussorgsky great service in popularizing his work. Now Moussorgsky has done Rimsky-Korsakov a little service, for the public, having discovered that something great was going on in time to crowd to the third and last performance of *Boris Godounov*, found it worth while to come in large numbers to the first performance of *Ivan the Terrible*.

Moussorgsky had raised expectation high, but *Ivan the Terrible*, though it has fine opportunities for the striking effects which this company with M. Chaliapin at its head can produce, has not the great qualities which mark the operas of Moussorgsky apart. Rimsky-Korsakov had the power of creating vivid impressions by means of the orchestra which Moussorgsky never had nor wanted; in every situation he is ready with apt musical expression. His wide knowledge of Russian folksong appears in every scene, and fragments of folk melodies are used to point the importance of a particular sentence or phase of feeling, much as Wagner used his *Leit-motiven*. It is largely this use of folksong which gives the feeling of conscious construction to the design of the opera. One is sure that Rimsky-Korsakov knew well what he was about, whereas Moussorgsky worked intuitively.

This opera, appearing under the name of *Pskovitianka* (The Maid of Pskov), was the first of Rimsky-Korsakov's long series of operas. It is the story of Olga who, brought up as the daughter of Prince Tokmakov, is in reality the natural daughter of the Tsar Ivan the Terrible. Tokmakov is chief magistrate of Pskov, a town which claimed a certain amount of freedom from the direct rule of the Tsar. The story turns upon the Tsar's coming to Pskov to overawe the inhabitants, if necessary to suppress their love of freedom with violence. The first scene in the opera is concerned chiefly with the personal history of Olga. It opens with a charming scene in which Olga and a number of other girls are clustered round the nurse, Vlasyevna, who sings them an old romance. Mme. Petrenko, who has a genius for this sort of part, is the nurse, and her performance is very similar to the one in *Boris Godounov*. They are disturbed by the arrival of Toucha, the leader of the party of freedom among the citizens of Pskov, who is in love with and loved by Olga.

In the scene between them we get the only moment in the opera of conventional love-making. These Russians have too much to do in their operas to be able to leave a soprano and a tenor long together elaborating love duets. A scene in which Olga overhears the facts of her history is rather awkwardly brought in. It is followed by the first of the political scenes in the square of the town, when Tokmakov, on the one hand, exhorts the people to bow to the Tsar's authority, and Toucha, on the other, urges resistance. One cannot help contrasting this with the vividness of the first scene in *Boris Godounov* and the one in *Khovanstchina*, where the streltsy appeal to Khovansky. Though it is effective, Rimskykorsakov's treatment of the crowd has nothing like the vitality of Moussorgsky's. In the next act we get the arrival of the Tsar on horseback, the people falling before him. This is a striking picture as it is presented, with M. Chaliapin representing an Ivan debased by cruelty, his attendants brandishing their savage weapons and the people instinctively accepting their fate. When the Tsar comes into Tokmakov's house he is so moved by the beauty of Olga, the more so by her likeness to her mother and the discovery that she is his own daughter, that he promises forgiveness to the town.

The last act is in the tent of the Tsar. After a long orchestral prelude, with a chorus behind the curtain, the scene shows us Ivan seated in a scarlet tent, through the door of which we get a distant view of the town under cover of night. The soliloquy in which he recalls his dreams of a happier reign gives M. Chaliapin his finest opportunity in the whole work, and shows us again his splendid art as an actor and a singer, which is now well known. Olga, captured from Matuta, to whom she had once been affianced, is brought in and she pleads for her lover, Toucha. While they are together there is a noise of arms outside the tent and the voice is heard of Toucha leading a sudden attack upon the Tsar's guards. Olga rushes out to meet her lover and is shot in the doorway. The opera ends with the Tsar crouching over her dead body overcome with grief.

One feels that a better thing could have been made of this ending if the curtain had fallen a few minutes before it actually did. The bringing in of the chorus sums it up conventionally, and that is the weakness, that from time to time one can notice certain things being done and certain pieces of music being added for the sake of rounding off a situation. Nevertheless, the whole work contains much that is strong and individual, and in the hands of such a company as this, with Mme. Brian's beautiful singing as Olga, and all the smaller parts treated with a fine sense of artistic fitness, the impression created is one of considerable power.

HARPISTS AT STEINWAY HALL.

July 10/1913

FINE PERFORMANCE BY AMATEURS.

Yesterday's afternoon concert at Steinway Hall possessed several attractive features, one of which was of unusual interest. This was a performance by eighteen harpists, whose instruments occupied the whole width of the platform. Only for this inevitable limitation there might presumably have been more, for Signor Mario Lorenzi, the concert-giver, would seem to have at his beck and call a

practically unlimited number of capable amateurs. Perhaps wisely, they did not aim too high, though Thomas's arrangement of the "March of the Men of Harlech" is a sufficient test of ensemble playing. It may at once be conceded that they acquitted themselves creditably under the careful leadership of Signori G. and M. Lorenzi. Here and there the attack was a trifle ragged, but on the whole the number was a success. Particularly was this the case when one takes into consideration the tender years of two or three of the performers.

Signor Mario Lorenzi himself contributed five solos on his chosen instrument, and steadfastly resisted an encore until the last, when he gave Gounod's "Quand tu Chantes." His introductory Adagio and Allegretto Affetuoso of John Thomas were more of technical than of musical interest, but in the G minor Fugue of Scarlatti and the Fantasia of Saint-Saëns he proved himself master of two widely different schools. The dignified, melodious formalism of the older composer lost nothing in his admirable interpretation, and the romanticism of the later was presented with a freshness and verve that compelled warm appreciation.

The superb technique of Signorina Fabbri was demonstrated in an excerpt from "Tancredi." It is something more than satisfactory to find that the Rossinian school of vocalism still possesses a fine exponent in Signorina Fabbri, who responded to a deserved encore for her powerfully dramatic rendering of "Ah, se tu dormi svegliati" from Vaccai's "Giulietta e Romeo." For this Signor G. Lorenzi provided the harp obbligato with remarkable taste and skill.

Soprano solos were sung by Signorina Nina Garelli, who chose airs from Boito's "Mefistofele" and from Pergolesi and Gounod. Conte Vittorio Della Piè, who was the tenor vocalist, gave Filippi's "Perchè" with a good deal of power, though his voice is scarcely of first-rate quality and his method somewhat open to criticism. A word of praise is due to Mrs. Bentham and Signor E. Vannuccini, who were responsible for the piano accompaniments.

MME. JAQUES-DALCROZE.

Mme. Nina Jaques-Dalcroze, who was heard the other day in a group of songs at Mme. Yvette Guilbert's second recital, gave a vocal recital on Tuesday afternoon in the Bechstein Hall, at which she had M. Jaques-Dalcroze to accompany her. Her programme contained examples of Brahms, Schubert, Mahler, and modern French composers, as well as a couple of small songs by her husband and a Tuscan folk-song.

The singer has a clear, pure soprano voice, with considerable power on the upper notes. Sometimes it sounded a little hard on and above the high G when the tone was very loud; otherwise it was of an attractive quality, and was produced evenly throughout its range and with an absence of effort. Mme. Jaques-Dalcroze was at her best in the German songs, and she gave an admirable performance of a group of four "Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen," bringing out all the points without insisting on them, and catching exactly the mood of the music. The songs are built on very simple and somewhat sentimental melodic phrases, which are developed with lyrical feeling and without the pompous elaboration that characterizes the composer's orchestral writing. In Castillon's "Renouveau," Hahn's "D'une prison," and two songs of Debussy both singer and accompanist were apt to be heavy in their treatment of the music; Legrand's "La sirène d'or," which, though slightly monotonous, is alive and vigorous, suited her better and was given with strongly-felt rhythm; so was the song "Marinette," which gives a better notion of M. Jaques-Dalcroze's talent than "Avril," though the latter was encored. July 10 - 1913

A "morning concert" was given yesterday afternoon in the Bechstein Hall by M. Hollman, the eminent violoncellist, who took part with M. Kochanski and Mr. Sewell in Dvorák's "Dumky" trio, and was also heard in a number of solos. Of these the most important were Widor's not very inspired Suite in E minor and an Andante and Allegro by the performer himself—a melodious work, which is constructed on conventional lines, but which makes an effective number in a programme owing to the skill with which the writing is adapted to the requirements of the instrument. M. Hollman played with his customary spirit, and even if his intonation was occasionally not quite true, both his full tone and the cleanness and decision of his phrasing might have been envied him by many a younger player.

The rest of the programme was contributed by Miss Joan Reynolds, who sang two groups of songs, including one by M. Hollman with *obbligato* for the violoncello, in which the victory was not with the singer. Her voice had an attractive quality, but it needs more training to bring it out and to give her more confidence in her own powers. July 11 - 1913

MOZART AT COVENT GARDEN

REVIVAL OF "DON GIOVANNI."

A very large audience warmly welcomed the revival of "Don Giovanni" at Covent Garden last night. Under the direction of Signor Polacco the performance was singularly crisp and clear, and the music seemed to ring fresher than ever. "Don Giovanni" may be unequal, but it contains some of Mozart's finest pages, and the wonderful closing scene is really a remarkable bit of music-drama. The pity is that at Covent Garden it should be so spoiled by being shorn of the finale proper, and further disfigured by the disclosing of the churchyard scene and the cheap theatricality of the management. The attempt to do something at this moment proves that there is a need, and why the original ending is not restored it is difficult to see. It is no argument to say that it is not the custom.

The cast was for the most part unfamiliar, but the general result was excellent. Mozart's music is the most difficult of all to sing; how well, though, it repays good singing! Mlle. Destinn was quite superb as Donna Anna, not only in the flexibility of her technique, but in the rare art of infusing dramatic fervour into her phrasing without destroying the melodic lines. "Or sai chi l'onore," for instance, was really magnificently sung in this respect, and the "Non mi dir" showed how beautifully clear and steady her execution of florid passages can be.

The Don of M. Rouard was a little disappointing; he uses his fine voice well, but the impersonation lacked distinction. Mme. Elsa Stralia created a favourable impression as Donna Elvira. She has a very sympathetic, warmly coloured voice, and she sings with freedom and ease. The Zerlina was Mlle. Mignon Nevada, who sang the charming songs very neatly and prettily. Sometimes one felt that her vivacious manner was light in not quite the right way. It is a question, perhaps, of the style that comes from great experience.

Mr. John McCormack won great applause by his finished singing, although the music seemed to accentuate more than usual his tendency towards a veiled quality of tone. The Leporello of Signor Aquistapace and Masetto of Signor Malatesta were good without being notable, and M. Marvini was a satisfactory Commendatore. Mention has been made of the conductor; one must add, though, a word of praise as to his tempi, generally, with spirited results, on the quick side, and to his rhythms, which were always strong and tense.

ROYAL OPERA.

"DON GIOVANNI."

(In Italian.)

Donna Anna..	Mlle. DESTINN
Donna Elvira	Mme. ELSA STRALIA
Zerlina	Mlle. MIGNON NEVADA
Leporello	Signor AQUISTAPACE
Don Ottavio..	Mr. MCCORMACK
Masetto	Signor MALATESTA
Il Commendatore	M. MARVINI
Don Giovanni	M. ROUARD

Conductor—Signor POLACCO.

July 11 1913

Don Giovanni made one of its too rare appearances at Covent Garden last night. It has not been given during a summer season since 1909, but if the size of the audience and its apparent enjoyment count for anything in determining the repertory, we may hope that it will not be laid aside for another four years. The house was very full, and there was a great deal of enthusiasm, expended more upon the singers than upon Mozart, for some of the most delicate orchestral *ritornelli* were smothered beneath the noise of applause, but still hearty enough to show that the performance of the work at least was popular.

The majority of the cast were newcomers or, at any rate, singing the parts for the first time at Covent Garden. If the performance was not of the highest kind, it was on the whole a good one, with certain outstanding features of excellence. The most excellent was Mlle. Destinn, whose singing as Donna Anna was as pure and as majestic as it was when she sang the part four years ago. The aria "Non mi dir" gives an opportunity, found nowhere else among the operas in which she takes part here, of hearing her sing *coloratura*, and it is a wonderful experience to hear her perfect art of phrasing applied to such music. Beside her the singing powers of the two other principal ladies seemed comparatively pale. Mme. Stralia was, we understand, actually making her first appearance on the operatic stage, and the signs of inexperience and nervousness were therefore not to be wondered at. She made no attempt to act, and showed very little capacity for dramatic singing. Her voice was often effective. It has good quality, though it was apt to be unsteady, and both in the aria "Mi tradi" (placed as usual in the first act after the "Catalogue" song) and in the quartet her phrasing was inclined to be unsteady. Mlle. Mignon Nevada looked charming as Zerlina, acted brightly, and sang "Batti, batti" gracefully, though it was all on a small scale. M. Rouard was energetic throughout as the Don. His smooth voice and easy style were always enjoyable to listen to. He kept up the gaiety and irresponsibility in his acting, and particularly in his recitatives with Leporello, until the last scene, where the ineffective arrangement by which he dies in the cemetery instead of being dragged down to hell made it impossible for him to die as effectively as he had lived. He had a very admirable colleague in Signor Aquistapace, whose singing and acting were altogether true to the character of Leporello and whose splendid voice is one of the best acquisitions which this season has brought us. Mr. McCormack, who was allowed both his arias, sang them well, and no more can be expected of a Don Ottavio.

A special word of praise must be given to the orchestra under Signor Polacco, who deserved better treatment from the audience than he got. It was delightful to hear every detail given with the care which he bestowed upon it, and to have the opera played with an artistic sympathy which we expect when we listen to a symphony by Mozart, but cannot always hope for in the case of an opera.

MISS HUSTON'S RECITAL.

Miss Margaret Huston, who has not sung in London for some time, gave a recital yesterday afternoon at the Bechstein Hall. Her method is accomplished in certain ways, but although she sang with intelligence and emphasis, somehow the interpretation did not convince. It was the lack of direct feeling which one missed more than anything. The singer failed to strike the personal note, and the cleverness of the delivery could not suffice of itself. As to the actual vocalisation, Miss Huston did not display enough flexibility for such songs as Wolf's "Nixe Binsefuss" or Debussy's "Fantoches," while more than once she failed in exactness of intonation. In other ways, however, the singing was effective and the vocal tone always of pleasing quality.

July 12 1913

MRS. HENRY BLIGH FORDE.

The vocal recital given by Mrs. Henry Bligh Forde in the Æolian Hall, yesterday afternoon, was full of agreeable artistic features. In the first place the programme had been skilfully put together, never lacking in the proper variety and interest, and also the singer herself showed that she knew what to do with it. Her voice is classed as contralto, but whatever it may be in range, its timbre is distinctly of a light soprano quality. Thoroughly efficient in the manner of production, Mrs. Forde—whose adoption of the English description "Mrs." for "Madame" is a welcome symptom of the musical transitional stage we are living in—happily suggested the moods of such songs as Schubert's "Haiden-Röslein," as well as "Erstes Grün," "Mit Myrthen und Rosen," and "Ich grolle nicht" of Schumann. English work was represented by Roger Quilter's "June" and "Now sleeps the crimson petal." There was an appreciative audience, which also gave a good reception to the violinist, M. Andre de Ribaupierre, heard in the Rondo from Lalo's Symphonie Espagnole. The accompanists were Miss Constance Stockbridge and Miss May Walker.

"LE SACRE DU PRINTEMPS" AT DRURY LANE.

July 12, 1913

London takes both its pleasures and its pains more quietly than Paris. When *Le Sacre du Printemps*, the latest joint product of MM. Nijinsky and Stravinsky, was produced for the first time in England last night at Drury Lane, the applause was measured, but so were the cries of disapproval. Mr. Evans, it is true, was obliged to cut short his preliminary remarks before the curtain, and a certain amount of whistling and half-suppressed laughter was heard during the performance; but that was, perhaps, not very surprising, for Mr. Evans forgot that it was for the ballet and not the lecture that people were there, and there are limits to what an English audience can endure when presented with something quite new, especially when it is not certain whether the oddest features of it are purposely or accidentally grotesque. However, M. Nijinsky had not much to complain of in his reception, and both Mlle. Piltz, upon whom the heaviest burden fell (amongst those on the stage) and M. Monteux, who achieved a miracle of conducting, were very warmly applauded.

Le Sacre du Printemps is on quite different lines from either of M. Stravinsky's former ballets and marks a fresh stage in his musical development. *L'Oiseau de Feu* dealt with the world of spirits and magicians, and was written in an idiom that was unlike any one else's, but was logically developed from Borodin and Ravel. *Pétroushka* dealt with the world of puppets, half toys half human, and was couched in language that was a little further removed from that of contemporary writers, but was still perfectly clear and entirely consistent. In *Le Sacre du Printemps* we go back to the beginning of the world, when men were just ceasing to be animals and were coming into their heritage as human beings, while the music, at any rate on the harmonic side, though again perfectly consistent, has moved so far ahead even of *Pétroushka* that it parts company with anything coming even from Paris that one has heard before. This at least ought to convince Mr. Gordon Craig that even if the Russian ballet belongs, as he has lately been telling us it does, to the theatre of yesterday, the music is not always exactly retrospective. In its relation to the stage, as well as in its own inherent nature, the music of *Le Sacre du Printemps* is on new lines, for it does not condition the action of the stage

as the music conditions the action in the dances in *Prince Igor*, which came at the end of the programme, nor is it conditioned by it as is the case with *Le Pavillon d'Armide* and *Le Lac des Cygnes*, nor again is it used for pure choreography as it is in *Les Sylphides* and *Le Spectre de la Rose*, which were also heard last night. It sounds, in fact, as though it had been written as absolute music conceived in varieties of a single mood rather than as programme music, and as though the incidents on the stage had been roughly fitted together and made to synchronize with the music because they happened to illustrate ideas conceived in a similar mood. This similarity of mood between action and music at once differentiates this ballet from *Jeux* or *L'Après-midi d'un Faune*, in neither of which does the music seem to have any particular relation to what is taking place on the stage.

The incidents in *Le Sacre du Printemps*, such as they are, cannot be called dramatic, for they follow each other without much feeling for rational sequence or climax. When the curtain goes up a stretch of wild hilly country stretches before us, superbly designed by M. Roehrich, who is already known by his scene for *Prince Igor*, and on the grass is visible, by the light of a night in spring, a troupe of young men who first take lessons in sympathetic magic from an old sorceress—more than 300 years old the programme assured us—and then join in dances and games with a troupe of young women. They are very properly followed by their parents and seniors, the oldest of whom goes through the rite of blessing the earth, presumably on the precautionary principles employed by savages. All this part of the ballet, indeed, looks like an illustration of one of the many picturesque examples of primitive magic to be found in *The Golden Bough*. The scene now changes to the crest of the hill, hanging between heaven and earth (also designed by M. Roehrich), on which a religious dance takes place, one of the dancing girls (Mlle. Piltz) going into a trance and thus settling the question as to which of the number is to be sacrificed to the spring. She is not sacrificed alive, for her trance turns into a frenzy, at the height of which she suddenly reels and falls dead. The curtain falls as she is carried out on the shoulders of her friends.

CONVENTIONAL GESTURES.

The gestures of the new ballet, which, like the *scenario*, have been designed by M. Nijinsky, are more consistently conventionalized than those in *Jeux*. Some of them undoubtedly do express emotion in a primitive way—fear, for instance, and joy and religious ecstasy—and the general impression is often the impression given one by children at play; one of the dances even suggests one of M. Jaques-Dalcroze's round games. But most of the time one seems to be looking at marionettes rather than children or savages, and many of the movements seem to be the result of some stern and invisible hand moving the puppets by an inexorable decree, the purport of which is known to the owner of the hand, but has only at certain moments been declared to others.

The music, as we have said, is unlike anything that has been given us either by the Russians or by any one else, though one can trace its origin in much that Stravinsky has already written in *Pétroushka*. Harmonically it is extraordinarily rough and strident; in one place a theme fully harmonized in D minor grates uncompromisingly on a countersubject in D major over an accompaniment played fortissimo in A major on the top of chords of C major with an augmented fourth; in another, chords of the dominant seventh in the key of A flat are hurled against full chords of E major, while another subject is given out "marcato e sempre mf" in E flat major, and so on. There is much that is hideously and cruelly harsh, even to ears accustomed to modern music and much, too, that is exceedingly monotonous. Where the players are at rest or are moving slowly the music is almost consistently dull, but in moments of excitement the composer, with his extraordinary gift for driving home rhythm, carries everything before him. It is this rhythmical energy, in fact, which gives the music its vitality, and that alone so that when it flags the music flags too and sounds merely empty and pretentious. It will be interesting to see what M. Stravinsky's next work will be like. Of one thing, at any rate, one can be fairly certain and that is that it can hardly make severer demands on either performers or listeners than *Le Sacre du Printemps*.

The rest of the evening the audience had it all their own way. The silvery moths fluttering to a series of Chopin's loveliest tunes and the Rose who dances the valse with his Bride of a single night without waiting for the invitation were deliciously cool to watch on a sultry evening, and for those in need of excitement there were the dances from *Prince Igor*, which sound more beautiful than ever, now that the choruses for the women in the background have been restored.

July 12 1913

BALLET PUZZLE.

"LE SACRE DU PRINTEMPS," AT DRURY LANE.

Last night at Drury Lane the Russian ballet added Stravinsky's "Le Sacre du Printemps" to the repertory, the work receiving its first performance in England. It is not possible to write in at all favourable terms of this latest study in musical cacophony and choreographic bizarrerie. Indeed, "La Tragédie de Salomé," introduced the other day, was poor enough; but in the present case that standard of foolishness has been easily surpassed. On the whole, it seems hardly worth while to devote much space to its description; one may say that the plot seeks to illustrate certain rites supposed to be performed in the spring of the year by a primitive race of prehistoric Russia. The curtain rose on a scene calling to mind the "prehistoric peops" of Mr. Punch, and the bearing of the dancers at times recalled that of the inhabitants of Laputa, who held their heads on one side. M. Nijinsky is an acknowledged expert in the exposition of other people's choreography, but, judging by this work, he is hardly to be called a great inventor. The movements of prehistoric people were doubtless different to those of the present day, but that seems hardly a good enough reason for making them so grotesque.

The whole effect was comic if one had not been led to suppose that a serious contribution to the choreographic art had been intended, and, this being so, one came away in a helpless frame of mind. Surely we are not all losing our senses over this Russian craze? A few people in the audience expressed disapproval at the close of the performance.

As to the music, the less said the better. When one calls it cacophonous, that is the simple truth. Stravinsky makes remarkably ingenious noises, and it would puzzle the most experienced orchestrator to say how it is done. Some of the rhythms were quite intelligible, and a few melodic phrases here and there stood out generally supported by unrelated harmonies. This, of course, is the new style, and it defies analysis just as it scorns æsthetic charm. But the greatest disadvantage the score presented was that it never suggested "atmosphere"; it was simply confusion in series.

PUZZLING PRIMEVAL BALLET.

THE CRITICS AND STRAVINSKY'S LATEST PRODUCTION.

PREHISTORIC POSES.

Stravinsky set a new puzzle at Drury Lane last night, when his primeval ballet, "Sacre du Printemps" was placed before an English audience. Few of the critics seem to have found a solution yet. Here are a few attempts to understand it:—

"Hideously Harsh."

The applause was measured, but so were the cries of disapproval. Mr. Evans, it is true, was obliged to cut short his preliminary remarks before the curtain, and a certain amount of whistling and half-suppressed laughter was heard during the performance; but that was, perhaps, not very surprising, for Mr. Evans forget that it was for the ballet and not the lecture that people were there, and there are limits to what an English audience can endure when presented with something quite new, especially when it is not certain whether the oddest features of it are purposely or accidentally grotesque.

There is much that is hideously and cruelly harsh, even to ears accustomed to modern music, and much, too, that is exceedingly monotonous. Where the players are at rest or are moving slowly the music is almost consistentyl dull, but in moments of excitement the composer, with his extraordinary gift for driving home rhythm, carries everything before him. It is this rhythmical energy, in fact, which gives the music its vitality, and that alone, so that when it flags the music flags too and sounds merely empty and pretentious.

It will be interesting to see what M. Stravinsky's next work will be like. Of one thing, at any rate, one can be fairly certain, and that is that it can hardly make severer demands on either performers or listeners than "Le Sacre du Printemps."—*Times*.

Two-year-old Music.

The music is ingenious, since if the composer be more than two years of age he must have carefully suppressed all he knew in order to devise it. Like M. Nijinsky, who is clearly a better dancer than designer of choreography, M. Stravinsky has fallen into the trap of indulging in regular rhythms. To be actual, the whole thing should be formless. But, judging by its reception last night, there does not seem to be any great demand for this sort of elementary business. The management seemed to fear worse, however, and sent Mr. Edwin Evans on before the piece began to explain its object. That object, Mr. Evans did not explain, is the cultivation of the retrograde. Man is supposed to be a progressive individual.—*Morning Post*.

Strauss Outdone.

M. Stravinsky's music would require many hearings to give any definite opinion on its precise meaning and value.

The composer, in audcious methods, has left Strauss, and even Schönberg, behind. His music has apparently no relation whatever to the ordinary rules of harmony. One is inclined to the opinion that he has endeavoured to express, with all the modern resources of the art, the beginnings of musical ideas amongst primitive people, the awkward angular melodies, the experiments in rhythm, and the use of phrases of a primitive emotional kind.—*Daily Chronicle*.

Better Not At All.

Precisely how Miss Piltz "learnt her part," and precisely how Mr. Evans found all he explained in this whirlwind of cacophonous, "primitive" hideousness, it is beyond us to conjecture.

True, the whole affair is intended to be primitive and not romantic, and here Stravinsky has undoubtedly succeeded, for at least his music is not romantic: Whether it is as primitive as it sets out to be we have no notion, for it is so much earlier in date than any music of our acquaintance, or than any examples in any history we have read. There seemed a woeful amount of cry for precious little wool, and we despair of ever ridding our ears of the "primitive" sounds produced in marvellous fashion by that wonderful orchestra. Surely such stuff should be played on primeval instruments or, better, not played at all.—*Daily Telegraph*.

Jack-in-the-Box.

On the whole M. Nijinsky can hardly be surprised if the public refuses to take him seriously. A large section of the audience were not in the mind to do so last night, and they laughed heartily at the Jack-in-the-Box movements by which those on the stage sought to express the habits and manners of the Stone Age.

The first scene recalled memories of one of these comic pictures in which prehistoric man at one time played so prominent a part, and every one was quite disappointed that some fearsome monster of the lizard tribe did not put its head over a rock and end the gambols of all concerned.—*Daily Express*.

Midsummer Madness.

The dancing or miming—or whatever the new manifestation of art should be called—of Mlle. Piltz as the victim is a wonderful piece of work. Except for some remarkable effects of rhythm, the music seems mere midsummer madness.—*Daily News and Leader*.

COVENT GARDEN OPERA.

July 14 1913

"RIGOLETTO" REVIVED.

Apparently the supporters of opera at Covent Garden cannot get through a season without some excursions into the old-time repertory, hence the performance of "Rigoletto" on Saturday night. From the particularist point of view, such retrograde productions need some justification, and perhaps this may be found in the fact that the cheaper parts of the house were crowded by an audience glad to hear yet again a famous singer, Mme. Melba, in a favourite part. Or, had such been the case, a superlatively fine performance would have justified itself. But while Mme. Melba's style still remains unapproachable in its purity, the rest of the cast gave us little more than the smooth and amiable. No special distinction was felt in the case of M. Dinh Gilly's Rigoletto; his fine voice, it is true, was well heard, save for some uncertainty at times in intonation, and a general lack of dramatic colouring, but his conception of the part had no more than ordinary weight and persuasiveness. Mr. John McCormack was the Duke; again some smooth vocalisation without histrionic grip. On the whole, such revivals seem not to be worth while.

THE COLISEUM.

The chief new feature in this week's Coliseum bill is the adaptation by Mr. Max Pemberton of the old story of David Garrick and Adam Ingot, in which Mr. Seymour Hicks and Miss Ellaline Terriss take the principal parts.

The piece was received last night with manifest delight, and so persistent was the applause that Miss Terriss had to come in front of the curtain and express her thanks for the reception. "Garrick" was certainly excellently done, and it was a treat to see both Miss Terriss and Mr. Hicks in parts more worthy of their talents than some which they have played in recent months. They are too good for knockabout farce, and the playgoing public evidently appreciate the fact.

July 15 1913

Mme. Iomelli, a soprano with a remarkably fine voice, was well received, and "Parsifal" is, of course, as popular as ever, though it is a pity that the performance does not come on earlier in the evening. At eleven o'clock at night people are getting too tired to appreciate to the full even Wagner. The Coliseum programme this week is certainly a fine one.

July 16 1913

THE VIOLINIST PRODIGY.

Some very remarkable playing characterised the violin recital given by Master Kerékjártó, the latest youthful prodigy in the violin world, in the London Opera House yesterday afternoon. In the course of an extended programme that the maturest artist need not have scorned, the young performer exhibited all the results of careful, prolonged training and musical intelligence. His tone was remarkably sympathetic throughout, diminishing to a lovely pianissimo, and always preserving its quality. Technical command was well shown in his double-stopping, a perfect intonation being always preserved, and cantilenas in octaves never wanting in fulness of expression. The Wieniawski "Légende" was particularly well performed, but the violin concerto of Mendelssohn and "La Foglia" of Corelli were other notable instances of his power. In

Paganini's "Hexentanz" and Sarasate's "Zapateada," the absence of mature strength naturally showed itself, although the pieces were well enough done on the slighter basis of youth. Master Solomon, the pianist-prodigy, was amongst the audience, and the keen vivacity with which one little fellow followed and applauded the work of the other was an interesting side-feature of the concert.

NEW BRITISH MUSIC.

July 16 1913

Several new works by British composers were played last night at the Queen's Hall at the orchestral concert given by the Patron's Fund of the Royal College of Music. Of the six composers represented three had not been given a hearing at these concerts before, but only one of them was actually a new comer. This was Mr. Ralph Letts, whose scena for voice and orchestra, "Love, Time, and Death," was sung by Mr. Jamieson Dodds. The music suffered by the insufficient appreciation of the ideas of the text, there being too little differentiation in mood for, that is to say, the "durchcomponirt" style attempted. Further, the composer had not realised how to make his voice part effective; it frequently had somewhat of a struggle to penetrate through the complexity of the score.

Mr. Arthur Hinton has already made a mark as a composer by reason of the earnestness of his style; his dramatic romance, "Porphyria's Lover," showed high accomplishment in pictorial illustration. An orchestral rhapsody, "Pan," by Dr. Cyril B. Rootham, the well-known Cambridge musician, was disappointing; it was neatly and effectively written, but seemed rather to skirt round the subject—not an easy one to illustrate in terms of music—and the lack of definitiveness in the material left one with a rather undecided impression.

Mr. A. von Ahn Carse, Mr. Hubert Bath, and Mr. John Greenwood have all been helped by the Patron's Fund before. The first two have done promising work, especially Mr. Bath, with his genuine gift for writing really humorous music. On this occasion he was in serious mood with his "Visions of Hannele." The feature of the music was its complete maturity, but it suffered along with all the rest from a want of individuality. No one of these works suggested an original point of view. Mr. Carse's Variations on a theme in A minor were ingenious. They were not real variations—few people seem to care to tackle a very difficult form thoroughly; they evade the difficulty by only using part of the tune and twisting and turning this into several rhythmic phrases or figures, and building up thereon each separate movement.

Another criticism about much of this new music is that the ideas were not strong enough for the means employed. One need not always write for the orchestra, and it seems a pity to force slender material. Mr. John Greenwood's fantasy was an especially pointed instance of this. Composition becomes a more and more exacting art every day, and it would serve the young composer's purpose best if he moderated his ambitions until he was a surer master of his expression. It may be said that the ambition is worthy, but one may at least learn from the masters of the past, who for the most part have been content to let their intensity of expression grow with the widening of their musical experience. The programme was completed with Gernsheim's violoncello concerto in E minor, the young soloist, Mr. Cedric Sharpe, being warmly applauded for his performance.

ROYAL OPERA.

"CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA."

July 21 1913

Turiddu	Mr. WALTER WHEATLEY
Alfio	M. CRABBÉ
Lola	Mlle. RUBY HEYL
Lucia	Mme. BÉRAT
Santuzza	Mlle. DESTINN

Conductor—Signor POLACCO.

"PAGLIACCI."

Nedda	Miss ALICE NIELSEN
Canio	Signor MARTINELLI
Tonio	Signor SAMMARCO
Beppe	M. VINCENT
Silvio	M. CRABBÉ

Conductor—Signor PANIZZA.

A few years ago *Cavalleria Rusticana* and *Pagliacci* were the Tweedledum and Tweedledee of Covent Garden; neither was to be found without the other. Lately the Russian Ballet and Wolf Ferrari have ousted Tweedledum and provided other partners for Tweedledee, but they came back again with their arms round one another's shoulders on Saturday night, and were hailed with great joy by a crowded gallery. There were two remarkable personalities at work in performing *Cavalleria*. Mlle. Destinn so towered above every one else upon the stage that it is difficult to do justice to the small, but well directed, efforts of Mr. Walter Wheatley, M. Crabbé, and Mlle. Ruby Heyl. She seemed to have come unexpectedly into a hardworking but uninspiring provincial company, amongst whom the only singer who could claim distinction was Mme. Bérat. The other interest was supplied by Signor Polacco, who worked to the bone in the effort to persuade the chorus that they had never sung *Cavalleria* before. He succeeded so far as to persuade his hearers that there is after all something in the very crudity of Mascagni's melodies and disjointed harmonic sequences which is more than mere effect, a plain statement of simple passion. Even the intermezzo meant something as he played it. If he had a stage company as amenable to direction as the orchestra is one can imagine that he would still make something vivid out of the most hackneyed opera in the repertory.

There were two changes in the cast of *Pagliacci* since we last saw it early in the season. Miss Alice Nielsen sang pleasantly as Nedda, but there was nothing forcible in her treatment of the part. She gave the impression that Nedda was a poor child who was chiefly the victim of circumstance, and there was something comical in the way she threatened Signor Sammarco with the whip, as though he had been a naughty lap-dog. Signor Martinelli, singing Canio for the first time, came in for an ovation which rivalled that given to Signor Caruso on his reappearance, and he deserved it. He had studied the part thoroughly and sang it all with intensity and conviction. All that he needs to do in order to make his representation of the character complete is to be able to cover up his intensity with the suavity of the clown, and so carry out the direction "tra il serio e l'ironico" both in his singing and his acting of the song "Un tal gioco." Then the effect of "Vesti la giubba," the really unbridled moment, will be immensely heightened.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

The orchestral concert at the Royal College of Music last night was of unusual interest, for it contained two new English works of considerable dimensions, a Symphony in D minor by Dr. Arthur Somervell, and a Pianoforte Concerto by Mr. Alan Taffs, an ex-scholar of the college and holder of the Mendelssohn Scholarship. July 23 '13

Dr. Somervell's Symphony was played for the first time at one of the London Symphony concerts earlier in the year, and as it was noticed at some length in these columns on that occasion there is no need now to discuss it in detail. It has, however, been considerably modified and curtailed, and has gained something both in conciseness and effect. The subtitle, "Thalassa," merely supplies a text for the four movements, of which the Scherzo is the most successful. It is light and busy in a charming, almost Schubertian way, and is admirably scored. The whole symphony has a pleasant, out-of-door atmosphere, and is treated with a breadth and straightforwardness that we associate with Parry, whose pupil at one time Dr. Somervell was. The slow movement is not, however, quite as effective as it might be, and the sound of the cor-anglais tends to become monotonous when it has to stand out, as it often does, against a background of horn-tone. The last movement, in free rondo form, has a certain interest given to it by a curious jagged theme that occurs in the middle and towards the end.

Mr. Taffs's Pianoforte Concerto, which was performed for the first time, derived additional interest from the fact that the composer played the solo part with great technical skill and sincere feeling. It is a very promising work considering its ambitious nature, and ought to be the forerunner of something really interesting later on. As is only natural, Mr. Taffs is not independent of his authorities, which are drawn upon with considerable freedom; but the concerto showed a real aptitude in dealing with a difficult form. The orchestration is inclined to be heavy in the first movement, and the constant employment of divided strings high up, which at first gives colour, is a little overdone by the time the last movement is reached. It is a good sign that this is in many ways the strongest of the three. There are too many full-closes, however; they constantly bring the musical thought to a standstill, and elaborate and sometimes sham modulations are resorted to in order to cover up the bare places. The slow movement leads off with a well-treated theme of a rather sentimental kind, but loses its character before the end. The concerto as a whole would probably benefit if it were somewhat compressed, but even as it is, there is a good deal of interest in it and a great deal of promise.

THE KING AND QUEEN AT THE OPERA.

July 23 1913

VISIT TO COVENT GARDEN.

The King and Queen were present at Covent Garden last night for the performance of *Roméo et Juliette*. The Queen, who wore a gown of *eau de nil* satin, a diamond necklace and pendant, and a diamond and pearl tiara sat in the King's box, while the King occupied the omnibus box beneath. With the Queen were Princess Victoria, Prince and Princess Alexander of Teck, and Lord Acton and Lord Charles Fitzmaurice. The Duke of Connaught was also present, and later in the evening the Princess Royal came into the King's box, with her being the Duchess of Fife, Princess Maud, and Prince Arthur of Connaught.

"ROMÉO ET JULIETTE."

Juliette	Mme. MELBA
Frere Laurent	M. MARVINI
Mercutio	M. DINH GILLY

Conductor—Signor ETTORE PANIZZA.

Roméo et Juliette, which was given at Covent Garden last night under Signor Panizza, was omitted from the repertory last year, though any one in need of it had only to step across the way to Mr. Hammerstein's opera house. The cast for last night's revival included two names which were in the programme when the opera was given at Covent Garden in 1911—that of Mme. Melba, who was the Juliet, and that of M. Gilly, who took the part of Mercutio. Mr. McCormack as Romeo took the place of M. Franz, and M. Marvini instead of M. Marcoux was Friar Laurence.

It is, after all, the cast that most people look at when they have to make up their minds whether to come or not to an opera of this sort, for it is only by the help of the singers that the sweet, cloying tunes, the recipe for which Gounod knew so well, are kept alive. Without these tunes, without Juliet's valse air in the first act and her cavatina in the second, without the duets in the garden and the vault, what would the opera be? Not much more, surely, than a series of musical platitudes, while even the popular airs and the scene of the brawl in the third act, which contains some of the most virile music in an emasculate score, are only repetitions of what Gounod had already written ten years before in *Faust*.

The singing last night, as far as the principals are concerned, was what one would have expected. Mme. Melba's tone was fresh and pure, and she gave the airs allotted to her with beautiful phrasing. Mr. McCormack, too, phrased well, but both his tone and his gestures were monotonous, and like practically every one, except the leaders of the chorus, he sang without conviction. M. Gilly brought taste and judgment to bear on his treatment of the part of Mercutio; the singers of the other small parts did not show any particular aptitude. M. Marvini as the friar had a certain dignity, but Capulet, Tybalt, and the Duke of Verona did little more than go through their parts, and Stephano hardly did as much as that.

It cannot be expected, perhaps, that fresh scenes should be painted for a work of this sort, but something a little less crude and ugly in colour than the garden scene might surely be devised without much trouble.

July 25 1913

ROYAL OPERA, COVENT GARDEN

Their Majesties the King and Queen, the Duke of Connaught, and other Royalty attended Covent Garden last night, where a crowded house witnessed an excellent performance of Gounod's opera, "Roméo et Juliette." A strange incident occurred during the last scene of the third act, when a man seated in the stalls left his place and stared fixedly into the omnibus pit box on the right in which his Majesty was sitting. Very few persons noticed the occurrence, but his Majesty preserved his composure, and almost immediately afterwards those who were near quickly hurried the individual out of the house. He offered no resistance, but allowed himself to be put into a taxicab and sent to the hotel where he was staying. No explanation was afforded of his improper conduct beyond the statement that he was suffering from a heart affection. He had neither hat nor coat, and it transpired that earlier in the evening he had sought admittance in morning costume, which had, of course, been refused. Various remarks he had volunteered to one or two persons to whom he was unknown suggest that he was mentally deranged.

Fortunately this disagreeable incident had no effect on the general course of the performance, which was of an unusually brilliant nature. "Roméo et Juliette" cannot hope to compete with "Faust" as a work of art, nevertheless in spite of its many conventions and uninspired pages there are scenes of undoubted beauty. If the love-music as a whole is of inferior quality, one must acknowledge a great naïve charm where the lovers are married in Friar Laurence's cell, and there is a strange, simple beauty tinged with wistful pathos in the music associated with the sleeping draught. Curiously enough the only intense note is struck in the opening bars of the opera.

With Mme. Melba as Juliette the success of the performance was naturally ensured, and Mr. John McCormack proved to be in excellent form for Roméo, the quality of his tones being unusually rich and sympathetic. The strong, manly personality of M. Dinh Gilly secured welcome interest in the part of Mercutio, while MM. Gustave Huberdeau (Capulet), Marvini (Frère Laurent), and J. Vincent (Tybalt) combined with Mme. A. L. Bérat (Gertrude), and Miss Frances Roeder (Stéphano) to do full justice to the opera. Signor Ettore Panizza conducted with much spirit.

A BASS FLUTE RECITAL.

Mr. Edward Graeme-Browne gave a bass flute recital—the first of its kind in England—in the Palm Court at Selfridge's yesterday afternoon. This proved a highly interesting affair, as the concert-giver satisfactorily showed the capacities of an instrument that has as yet received but scant attention from native composers, although the Russians have extensively adopted it, and it has been heard here in the music of the Russian ballets. It is built down to G below the middle C, thus giving three extra degrees of the scale lower than the concert flute, and the quality of the bottom octave has a beautiful mellow richness, suggesting in its freedom from any reedy quality a soft, sublimated clarinet. Upwards it ranges to G in altissimo, and although it has been asserted that an equable quality of tone cannot be preserved above B

in alt, Mr. Graeme-Browne sufficiently proved its use throughout the whole extensive range. Certainly a practical difficulty with regard to its introduction lies in the disparity between the sharp pitch still employed in music-halls and elsewhere, and the flat pitch of symphony orchestras, as the pioneer performer has to be prepared for both classes of work, and the instrument cannot be had for much under £40. A sharp-pitch instrument can, however, be adjusted for flat-pitch purposes, at least in the lower part of its range.

The soloist was heard in various numbers, including Buchner's "Grosses Concert in F moll" and a charming "Pastorale" by A. Fransella. Miss Mary Lindsay pleasantly varied the programme with songs.

"ROMÉO ET JULIETTE," AT COVENT GARDEN.

The season at Covent Garden came to a successful end last night with a performance of Gounod's "Roméo et Juliette." On the whole the revival of this erstwhile famous opera must be held to be fully justified. Although much of it dates pretty badly, there still remain scenes of great effectiveness and beauty, and closer consideration reveals the masterly constructive skill of the composer. The work is of great, perhaps undue, length, but Gounod has contrived to maintain considerable variety and meet the demands on his invention. This is no mean achievement, since there are no fewer than four extended love-scenes in the opera which the leisurely nature of music brings into greater prominence than the corresponding episodes of the play. Gounod shows his opera-craft by only striking a lighter note when the lovers first meet in the ballroom, and reserving his powers of more emotional expression for the balcony and subsequent scenes. Certainly we feel no growth to any climax of Shakspearean intensity, and the last act must be considered quite inadequate. Still there are passages of undeniable sensuous beauty both in the balcony and bedroom scenes, such as the rich calm opening and close of the former, and the duet, "Jusqu' à demain."

The fundamental defect of the opera, however, lies in the theatrical insincerity of Gounod to his art form as a whole. Only this can explain the want of style in giving Juliette the shallow "Waltz-song" or writing the part of the page Stéphano for a soprano, the equivalent of Siebel in "Faust." That Roméo, with his breathy fervours, is no more than the conventional stage-tenor may be attributed in part to the librettists, but still Gounod accepted him. All the characters are, indeed, but puppets, expressing no more than the raw physical emotions of humanity, which it is left for the musician to invest with a deeper poetical significance. This is why, judged as works of art by the strictest standard, Gounod's operas, like those of so many more, only come into the second class, while Richard Wagner stands supreme if not alone.

The performance last night was an excellent one on the whole. Mme. Melba and M. Paul Franz as the two protagonists were both admirably disposed, and their beautiful voices delighted the ear. As usual, the palm of the evening for expressive characterisation went to M. Dinh Gilly (Mercutio), but Mme. A. L. Bérat (Gertrude), M. Marvini Frère Laurent), and M. Gustave Huberdeau (Capulet) all gave of their best. Miss Frances Roeder, in the part of Stéphano, has sung better previously, and she has still to learn all that can be done in representing a provocative, high-spirited page. Signor Panizza conducted his orchestra well, but the choruses in the third act rather failed in conviction.

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS.

THE FOLK-TUNE TRANSLATED.

Last night's programme at Queen's Hall began with the overture to *Hänsel and Gretel*, which was followed at intervals by Walford Davies's "Solemn Melody" and Percy Grainger's settings of an Irish and an English tune. Other pieces were Boccherini's Minuet in A, Grieg's Concerto in A minor, Tchaikovsky's "Francesca," and Liszt's "Les Préludes." Miss Aimée Kemball sang Eric Coates's Four Shakespearian Songs, and Mr. Lorne Wallet the Cavatina from Halévy's *La Juive*. Mr. Sydney Rosenbloom played the Concerto.

There was a fine performance of the thunderous and somewhat prolix climaxes of "Francesca," and a dainty edition of Boccherini's Minuet for Strings, in which the muting of the violins only gave the unusual and pleasant effect of prominent viola tone. Mr. Rosenbloom did not quite sufficiently economize his forces, in the cadenza, for instance, or impart that indescribable something to his concluding sentence which tells the orchestra the exact moment of re-entrance; but he has a delightful touch by which the slow movement benefited a good deal.

For the rest the interest centred rather in the music than the performers. Mr. Coates's songs are grateful to sing, and have well-constructed melodies with short symphonies rather to the point, but the arrangements are of the hymnal order, and it is a brave man who will exercise himself upon Shakespeare and pit himself against Schubert. Miss Kemball's distinct enunciation helped to make them please English people.

Mr. Percy Grainger's New Work.

After the success of his "Mock Morris" the audience looked forward to hearing Mr. Grainger's new work. As is well known, he takes great interest in Folk-music, and has collected as much as will fill a volume of the Folksong Society's Journal. He knows when he has got hold of a good tune, and he can never give you enough of it. He seems to feel, in fact, that any development of it would be more or less of an intrusion. The nameless Irish tune, which long ago established its title to fame in musical circles, appears accordingly as a cantofermo for the violoncelli, round which some excellent counterpoint is written, in particular a long, slow descending scale for the trombone which "fits" beautifully. But that is all. It is a strange contrast to Stanford's treatment of the same melody in his first Irish Rhapsody, where it is interwoven with light imaginings and heightened by tantalizing delays. Here it creates regret instead of appetite. The second melody is the infectious Shepherd's Hey, to which we have seen Mr. Cecil Sharp's Morris men dancing. The four bars of this, repeated about a couple of dozen times, with the tune tossed about from the violins to the basses, now on the woodwind, now on the trombones, two octaves below, and ending up with a *glissando* on the xylophone, had the merit of immediate appeal, and was repeated, in response to considerable enthusiasm, with more swing and a better finish.

This translation of folk-song into act-song while you wait is done with more circumspection in Walford Davies's "Solemn Melody." The melody is his own, it is true, but it is in the folk-manner. It is not the method of *Hänsel and Gretel*. Beyond his gift for finding, or making, obvious and beautiful melody, which he shares with these composers. Humperdinck's charm lies in a seductive "busy-ness" of treatment, which derives from his hero, Wagner. He takes Wagner's idiom and applies it in a naive way to the ordinary things of life without sentimentalizing it or belittling it. In so doing he does not so much hold up a theme as such for admiration, as put the listener in the frame of mind in which he can get the most out of it.

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS.

BACH, BRAHMS, AND DEBUSSY.

The Promenade Concert at Queen's Hall last night offered typical specimens in the Second Brandenburg Concerto, the C minor Symphony, and *L'Après-Midi d'un Faune* of their composers. As satellites revolving round those luminaries there were Smetana's Overture to the *Bartered Bride*, Mozart's Cassation No. 1, and Berlioz's Scherzo, "Queen Mab." Miss Mary Lockhart sang Penelope's Aria from Max Bruch's *Odysseus*, and Mr. Thorpe Bates Iago's song from Verdi's *Othello*.

Bach's Concerto is the first of four which are to be played at these concerts, the others being the second, third and fifth. It did not get under way quite at once; the solo violinist for some reason was neither in time nor in tune for half the first movement. He made up for it splendidly afterwards, and the slow movement, which was taken very much on the *adagio* side of *andante*, was a beautiful piece of playing on the part of the three soloists. In the last movement the flutes raced away with their leads, dragging their accompaniment after them at various paces, but the basses soon had a trenchant word to say, and all was right again. It passes the wit of man to imagine, however, why Mr. Kiddle thinks a final blaze on the organ is other than rank blasphemy. If he must have it, could he not omit the reeds or the thirds of the chords? Or could he get a friend to play it so, and come into the audience and judge for himself?

Sir Henry Wood took the first *Allegro* of the Symphony at a very steady kind of *Allegro*, and was undoubtedly right. The whole thing came out beautifully clearly, and was followed by a fine piece of tone in the second movement at the reappearance of the subject. But the playing of Debussy was even finer. Every one knows he is a master of colour; but the more one hears him the more one feels, without quite understanding how, that his perspective is right too.

One does not feel this with Berlioz. There was the more opportunity for judging because the scherzo was quite the best performed piece of the evening, far better than was the case with Mendelssohn's Scherzo on Saturday, when the rhythm was all anyhow. Berlioz seems to miss the main issue; to break the Ten Commandments and keep the eleventh, like Charles II.: to have nothing to say and to say it with infinite grace.

Whatever a "Cassation" means it is a very charming thing. This particular one has just those firm sweeps of the brush which Mozart passed over Attwood's niggling strokes, putting life into the lifeless. It was a piece of demure wit after the humour and jollity of Smetana's Overture, which appears now to be promoted into the first part of the programme, where we hope it will stay, as otherwise some of us have engagements too pressing to allow of our hearing it; and it does a great deal to lighten an evening, and to bring a man "out of his dompe."

Miss Lockhart, a mezzo soprano with some clarinet-like notes, gave a restrained and graceful version of "Ich wob dies Gewand," and Mr. Bates really moved his audience with his "e poi! e poi!" in Iago's ferocious song. It suited him much better than the Toreador song he sang the other night. This performs, we must suppose, some real function, or it would not be in the programme so often; but it will not be long, we are sure, before those of the audience who now testify their approval so vigorously will wonder what they ever found to like in it. Perhaps it is that they like Mr. Bates; there was no doubt about that last night, at any rate.

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS.

LEKEU'S FANTASIA.

Elgar's *Cockaigne*, Strauss's *Don Quixote*, Dr. Ethel Smyth's overture to *The Wreckers*, and Lekeu's Fantasia on two popular airs of Anjou formed the staple of the programme last night. Dvorák's Humoreske was also played; Miss Bessie Jones sang "Caro nome" from *Rigoletto*, and Mr. George Parker "O tu, Palermo" from *I Vespri Siciliani* (Verdi). The orchestra distinguished themselves by fine masses of serried tone and the utmost precision of movement in Elgar's work, and by great delicacy in Dvorák's which immediately followed. This is supplied by Sir Henry Wood with extremely graceful orchestration, solid but quite the reverse of heavy, and was greeted with applause which was not a mere *succès d'estime*, though it was that too.

The novelty at this concert was the Fantasia on Angevin airs. Lekeu was a young Belgian who lived a quarter of a century and died in 1896. He was a pupil of César Franck, and that fact is certainly traceable in his work, though there are few, if any, at all obvious reminiscences of the music that was then in the air to be found in it. It gives, on the contrary, a feeling of spontaneity and independence. It is too long, which is another way of saying that it is the work of youth. It lacks concentration as well as condensation; the various and variously contrasted melodies do not join on to one another as experience might have made them join. They are, moreover, not sufficiently striking as melodies to impress themselves on the memory without a little more help than the composer gives. There are instances in music, like the end of Tchaikovsky's Pathétique, where a soft close kept up over a long period is effective; but they are not many, and this is not one of them. In spite of all this the Fantasia was well worth hearing for the sake of many isolated passages of freshness and charm.

Overture to "The Wreckers."

Dr. Ethel Smyth conducted a work which is singularly free from anything weak either in the build of the melodies or in the manipulation of the material which they supply. The work did not seem to be child's play at all from the performers' point of view. They responded with devotion to a beat which was not altogether easy to follow, and the whole went through without a hitch of any sort. When at the end, however, we were endeavouring to feel the proper mood of awe at the combination of wrecking and religion, which was inculcated by the meeting of the Wreckers' theme and the Revival Hymn, we were disturbed by some hilarity in the audience. During a dramatic pause of one bar's duration in the final climax a voice was heard explaining in a high key that "We fry ours in butter"—or some other domestic detail. Dr. Smyth made her entrance and her exit to a very genuine burst of applause, and for our own part we should have been glad if she had interpreted it as a demand for a repetition of strong music which one does not hear every day.

Strauss's *Don Quixote* was, both by its length and importance, the central point of the evening. The solo part was taken by Mr. Warwick Evans, and such passages as admit of it were played with great eloquence or tenderness, as the context demanded. About the fourth variation the grip which Strauss can, but does not always, put into his music begins to be felt, and a real meaning to come into what has hitherto been a sort of Frith's Derby Day. Amid all the interesting incident with which the canvas is crowded we become distracted, and no real purpose emerges. We get an interest out of it, but not a much higher one than the Squire at Vauxhall got out of "the fellow with a farmyard in his throat," which he preferred to "the harmony of Clayton's score." From the point where the knight begins to talk about Dulcinea the effervescing points of comment begin to combine into something which is greater than themselves, something which might almost be called grand. The work will probably live for another decade for the sake of Don Quixote's dying words; and then a better wind machine will be invented, and it will be shelved.

THE "PROMS."

NOVELTY BY A FRENCH COMPOSER.

A "Fantasia on Two Popular Airs of Anjou," by Guillaume Lekeu, was the novelty brought forward at the Queen's Hall last night, the work being performed for the first time in England. A certain melancholy interest attaches to the piece in that the composer, who was born in 1870, died at the early age of twenty-four. Whether this premature end robbed France of a great composer it would be hard to say, but certainly the "Fantasia" shows considerable maturity and no little emotional force. The old Angevin melodies are not in themselves particularly characteristic, but serve as sufficient pretext for the play of a roving fancy.

In particular, one must recognise a good sense of construction and mood contrast. The

alternations of force and tranquillity are presented in the broadest style, the work opening "vivace joyeux," and closing in a vein of long drawn-out repose. Certainly the orchestral colouring to represent the former is somewhat crude and bald, and the "joy" is of an austere nature, but high praise must be rendered to the instrumental effects and general emotional qualities where calmness and a sense of "lontano" is aimed at. One very beautiful passage in particular lingers in the memory, where a soft diatonic phrase of six notes, repeated continually over a tonic pedal, conveys a feeling of rapt mysticism. This and other original features undoubtedly entitle the work to close regard from conductors.

Other numbers on the programme included Dr. Ethel Smyth's Overture to "The Wreckers," conducted by the composer. One is always glad to hear this fine piece of descriptive music and notable example of our native art. Miss Smyth conducted with skill, but hardly brought out the full effect of her music. "Don Quixote," by Richard Strauss, was also played.

The soloists were Miss Bessie Jones, who made an excellent impression in "Caro nome," out of "Rigoletto," and Mr. George Parker, heard in "O tu, Palermo," from "I Vespri Siciliani."

Aug 29

THE "PROMS." 1913

NEW PIANOFORTE CONCERTO OF GLAZOUNOV.

The novelty figuring in last night's programme of the Promenade Concerts in the Queen's Hall was a Pianoforte Concerto in F minor (op. 92), by Alexander Glazounov. Dedicated to Leopold Godowsky and published last year, it received its first performance in England on this occasion. It must be confessed that it will hardly add to the reputation of its author, for the two movements of which it is composed seem rather to indicate a flagging invention and too much laborious effort to make good this defect.

In one respect, indeed, M. Glazounov deserves well of his audience, for, while adhering to the classical forms, he has contrived to treat his themes with sufficient originality of idea. The first movement, an "Allegro moderato," has an introduction and the usual two contrasting subjects, which are afterwards recalled at the end of the "Tema con variazioni," forming the last half of the work. The arrangement of this material is always so managed as to maintain the interest, while the pianoforte part has received full consideration.

All the more, then, is it to be regretted that where the composer aims at stormy passion he only achieves an indecisive restlessness of but little emotional significance, and where a more graceful flow of melody succeeds it should be so wanting in character. Nor in this respect is he happier in the second movement. The theme is monotonous, despite the employment of two simultaneous rhythms, and it seems to have defied every effort to present it in any manner of spontaneous charm in the variations.

The solo part was well played by Mr. Alfred Quaife, who made his first "Promenade" appearance, the remaining soloists of the concert being Mme. Emilia Conti, who sang "La Fiancée du Timbalier" by Saint-Saëns and Mr. Wilson Thornton, heard in "Rienzi's Prayer." Mr. Julius Harrison also conducted a performance of his own Variation on "Down among the dead men."

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS

Sept 3

A NEW SUITE. 1913

At the Promenade Concert at the Queen's Hall last night Mr. R. Vaughan Williams's suite on his "Wasps" music was performed with real popular success. It was labelled "first performance" in the programme; but this must surely refer to the particular version heard, as a suite of this kind was played at a Patron's Fund concert last year. One fancied that the music had undergone some change. The point is of small importance. What matters is the fact that this work, as it stands, is an extremely agreeable contribution to the English orchestral repertory. It is well made; well, if not exactly brilliantly, scored; and constructed for the most part upon attractive themes. These last are of a recognisably folk-song pattern—the type has been, perhaps, too closely followed for the completest spontaneity of effect, yet their subjection to "modernity" of treatment, generally with some intended point of a humorous nature, is exceedingly clever, and helps largely to give the whole work its air of success. It might be suggested that the overture does not quite hang together, giving the impression of being over-long, and that a more contrasted movement in place of the second entr'acte would have been better. Otherwise the first entr'acte is quite delightful and suggestive, while the march and finale hardly need the stage effects to make them convincing.

The composer was warmly applauded at the close of the performance, which was of a satisfactory nature under Sir H. J. Wood's direction. As to the rest of the programme, mention should be made of the very artistic singing of Miss Palgrave-Turner as heard is an aria of Verdi. The orchestral numbers included the charming introduction to the second act of "Königskinder" and Tchaikovsky's "Hamlet."

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS

Sept 5 1913

STRAVINSKY'S "L'OISEAU DE FEU."

Igor Stravinsky's "L'Oiseau de Feu" ballet music, arranged in the form of a suite for orchestra, was played for the first time in England at the Promenade Concert last night. Heard thus apart from the stage setting the music sounded very poor stuff indeed. How different the descriptive method can be in the hands of a composer with something to say Wagner, for example—and how dull it is when there is no other than the thought of technical accomplishment behind it! Stravinsky's music is a medley of highly ingenious orchestral effects, and doubtless the little jerks and twists, the glissandos, the "stopped" horn notes, and the like, all "illustrate," appropriately enough, some action on the stage. But it is really rather a pity to try and pretend that such music as this is sufficiently good or interesting to hold a place in a concert programme. Here the ear alone is the medium for the art impression, and once one deals with pure sounds then one demands at bottom the attributes of pure music. But the present-day fashion is, apparently, to consider the "programme" of more importance than the setting. Hence it matters not that the music has no intrinsic charm of idea or intelligibility of design. Even so the latest Russian ballet music seems to pass the limit in this direction, as the action is so closely followed. The pages of description necessary to explain the meaning of each successive bar would take far longer to read that the pages of score to play. There was a very large and appreciative audience at the Queen's Hall last night, and Sir H. J. Wood seemed to have obtained a reasonably good performance of what was doubtless very entertaining to conduct.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.

Sept. 8

NEW ORCHESTRAL VARIATIONS 1913

A peculiarly interesting novelty figured on Saturday's programme of the Promenade Concerts in the shape of a set of orchestral "Variations upon a Chinese Theme," by Mr. Eugène Goossens, jun. Mr. Goossens, who is the son of a well-known musician, comes as one of the latest additions to the ranks of composers, having been born as recently as 1893. His music, however, shows an unusual maturity for one so young, especially as regards writing for the orchestra. It is true his "Miniature Fantasy in F minor and major," which was played at a Patron's Fund Concert last March, seemed to overstep the limits of the legitimate in the matter of dissonance, and perhaps the same charge might be brought against the present work, strictly speaking, but what sounds harsh and repellent on the string quartet takes on a very different complexion when clothed in the soft, shimmering robes of the orchestra.

Mr. Goossens is certainly an accomplished colourist. The ancient Chinese tune, which was recorded as long ago as 1776, has been presented in a variety of ways alternately brilliant, quaint, and alluring, whether by means of Oriental touches or the full resources of Western instrumentation. One thinks at times of the Tchaikovsky "Casse-Noisette" suite; at other times, indeed, of Puccini. In this last respect, no doubt the musical texture has something to do with it, one of the variations containing passages that reminded the hearer forcibly of "The Minstrel's Song" out of "La Fanciulla del West."

The variation form offers peculiar difficulties to the composer. As with the sonnet in poetry, where every word is of signal importance, so here there may be no ballast of notes. Every bar has to "tell," and to say the same thing a dozen different ways without becoming monotonous or irrelevant in his endeavour to keep up the interest is a severe test on the author. It may be confessed that some of Mr. Goossens' variations seemed rather too obvious, and others a trifle far-fetched, but there was always the skilful scoring to save the situation and secure the composer, who himself conducted the Queen's Hall Orchestra, an exceedingly friendly reception.

The rest of the programme was of a popular nature, Miss Phyllis Lett and Mr. Herbert Heyner being the vocalists engaged for the occasion.

Sept 9—1913

THE O'MARA OPERA COMPANY.

Mr. Joseph O'Mara is so established a favourite among our operatic tenors that he was bound in time to follow precedent and set up a company of his own. That being the case and his tour in full course, there is no reason why London should fail to endorse the verdict of the provinces, and his reception at Kennington last night in Gounod's "Faust" more than fulfilled probabilities. Mr. O'Mara in the title rôle brought out the lyrical beauty of its arias with all his old ringing quality and tone and all those tender graces associated by tradition with the tenor line. Mr. William Heughan made a dramatic Mephistopheles, with a genuine instinct for the sardonic intention of the part, and, with a deeper range, his bass voice might carry all before it. Miss Rita Wallace invested the part of Marguerite with appropriate sweetness and naturalness. Mr. William Russell, as Valentine, carried off chief honours among the other principals, and the chorus and orchestra deserved the enthusiastic applause and encores they obtained from a well-filled house. The rest of the week's programme includes "The Huguenots," "Tannhäuser," and "Rigoletto."

PROMENADE CONCERTS.

Mr. Dunhill's Orchestral Prelude, "The King's Threshold," which was given a first performance at Queen's Hall last night, represents a compromise between the theatre and the concert-room. It is inspired by a play written for the Irish National Theatre by Mr. W. B. Yeats. The plot deals with the indignities which the bard, Seanchan, suffered at the hands of King Guaire, who, in a rash moment, banished the poet from the royal table. After asserting his rights as a poet, Seanchan submitted, first vowing, however, that he would touch no food until he was reinstated. This anticipation of the modern hunger-strike proved so successful that the King had to do penance and to offer Senchan his crown. For a proposed production of this play by the Pioneer Players Mr. Dunhill was invited to compose the incidental music, but the Prelude he decided to treat as an independent orchestral work. Therefore he forsook the pictorial for the reflective method, and composed an introduction which might, if necessary, precede the play, but could also be given as a normal concert piece. Hence arises some weakness in the music, which is nebulously suggestive without conveying any very definite meaning. There is a fairly strong section representing the pomp and arrogance of the king. Elsewhere one needs the analyst's labels to attach any real significance to the music. Taken as a whole, the Prelude is not quite up to Mr. Dunhill's usual level, either in workmanship or originality of idea. Sep 10 1913

PROMENADE CONCERTS.

Sept 10

A NEW OVERTURE. 1913

Mr. Thomas Dunhill has done much excellent work in the domain of chamber music, and, judging by his prelude for orchestra, "The King's Threshold," produced at the Queen's Hall last night, one rather fancies that the smaller field is the one in which he is best fitted to work. The failings of this new composition lay in two directions—the quality of the material employed and its instrumental handling. It seemed as though Mr. Dunhill's imagination had been, as it were, held back by the thought of the wide canvas he had before him. Further, one may add, there was the "programme" side of the question, too, since the music sought to illustrate certain aspects of a play by Mr. Yeats—and in the result he could only give us mild and characterless themes, and set them forth in a "safe" but unarresting instrumental dress. By far the most significant part of the prelude was the section depicting the isolation of the banished poet; there was the beginning here of an atmosphere which promised well. Unfortunately, this was not maintained, and a certain measure of commonplaceness in outline which attended the chief themes employed later made the hearer feel that the composer had scarcely got into touch with his subject. However, the large audience took kindly to the work, and gave Mr. Dunhill a good reception. The feature of the programme otherwise was Strauss's "Ein Heldenleben," in which Mr. Arthur Catterall played the elaborate violin solo.

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS.

1913 Sept. 10

MR. DUNHILL'S NEW PRELUDE.

The programme at Queen's Hall last night contained the Overture to *Fidelio*, Balfour Gardiner's "Shepherd Fennel's Dance," Mr. T. F. Dunhill's Prelude for Orchestra, "The King's Threshold," and Strauss's "Heldenleben." Miss Mabel Manson sang Landon Ronald's "Adonais" and Mr. Thorpe Bates Maud White's "How do I love thee" and Hatton's "Revenge."

The evening was a curious study in the uses and abuses of melody. There was first Beethoven's way, to remind us what the standard is. Then came three Englishmen. Mr. Balfour Gardiner, as represented by this dance, takes a whole-hearted delight in his tune, and his laughter is infectious; we only want to enjoy it with him and not bother to think whether it means anything or leads anywhere. Mr. Ronald's melody comes in snatches, a tender passage here, a strong one there, a slightly vulgar one somewhere else; it moves in gusts of passion or sentiment; we feel when the feast is finished that we have eaten but are not satisfied. Mr. Dunhill played us in "The King's Threshold" an unkind trick. He wrote upon Mr. Yeats's play, and left out the pathos. He brought before us the "chief poet," Seanchan, of the nation which possesses the largest known store of beautiful melodies, and never gave us one of them, nor even a substitute of his own. It is impossible to say how he would treat a melody if he had one to deal with. He was occupied entirely with contrasting progressions of sound, opposing one detail or one mass to another, and experimenting on bodies in motion. But it will be interesting to see the result of these experiments one day when he has got them into working order.

Then came Strauss. He is a squanderer of melody. He wastes more of it than he uses, because there is plenty more whenever he wants it. But it is not all of the finest quality. The first 16 bars are magnificent. They are flung at us with proud scorn as a thing *hors de concours*. But the main theme of the solo violin contains a curious piece of bathos in the cadence which repels us every time it occurs and makes us doubt whether he really knew a good melody when he heard it. This doubt is increased when we find about three-quarters of the way through quite one of the best isolated pieces of melody suddenly appearing *ff* on the trumpets and violoncellos, and as suddenly cast aside as of no value. Then there are those childish moments that sometimes, though not here, prompt him to incorporate into mature work half-fledged tunes which he has discovered in an old note-book and has not troubled to bring up to date. But good or ill, he can give his melodies a stronger setting than any man living.

THE GLOUCESTER FESTIVAL.

see page 124

"THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS" AND "ELIJAH."

GLOUCESTER, SEPT. 9.

The first move in a Three Choirs Festival is as constant as the move of the King's pawn in a game of chess. We should feel lost without Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, not because any one is pining to hear it, but because it is the acknowledged opening which every one expects and understands. We do not mean to contend that *Elijah* no longer appeals widely to English people; its appeal is evidently still strong and wide, but there are now plenty of other works which would compete with it successfully if it were not for its privileged position.

People come on the first morning wondering what the Festival is going to be both musically and socially. They do not want music which requires any great intellectual effort, as a new or very modern work would, or music which stirs them very deeply. In the circumstances *Elijah* meets all requirements, and to-day's performance was satisfactory. No doubt there were some who remembered an Elijah with a greater capacity for tenderness than Mr. Dalton Baker showed in such passages as the words "Give me thy son," but on the other hand, "Is not His word like a fire?" has rarely been sung, in recent years at any rate, with anything like the physical energy which he put into it. His treatment of the part was forcible, but he relied too much upon force of expression to be wholly satisfying. His singing of "It is enough" was colourless until the tremendous *stringendo* with which he and Dr. Brewer led up to the more exciting middle section. Miss Ruth Vincent went to the opposite extreme. She was inclined to treat all her music as though a contemplative pathos were the one kind of expression legitimate in oratorio. Perhaps she was afraid of being accused of bringing operatic methods into the Cathedral. One missed the rhythmic pulse and the ringing confidence with which the great sopranos from Mme. Jenny Lind onwards have thrilled their hearers in "Hear ye, Israel." Not only here but even at the end of the *terzetto* "Lift thine eyes" she could not get her high notes free from the pathetic wail which may be appropriate to the widow, but is quite inappropriate to the Angel of the Lord. Mme. Ada Crossley was the contralto, Mr. Gervase Elwes the tenor, in the principal quartet, and both were splendidly reliable. If all the singers could have thrown their words to the far corners of the Cathedral with the certainty of Mr. Elwes we should have had a unique treatment of the text, and if pitch and quality had been everywhere as steady as were those qualities in Mme. Ada Crossley's voice, it would have been a wonderful performance. The beautiful balance obtained by the principal quartet in "Cast thy burden" deserves special notice, and good work was done by the subsidiary singers, Miss Dorothy Silk, Miss Alys Gear, Messrs. Booth, Saunderson, and Finch in the double quartet and elsewhere.

This year's choir is a strong and capable body of singers. We got their full force in the majestic "Help, Lord!" of the first chorus, and all the big outbursts of tone were exceedingly fine. Dr. Brewer was evidently determined not to be thought humdrum or conventional. But though the quick *tempi* were often a musical advantage, there were times where the vigour might have been better expressed by the choir with less speed, times when the words or even the musical phrases could not tell in the resonant Cathedral at the pace they were taken.

BRAHMS'S SECOND SYMPHONY.

Both orchestra and choir had a great opportunity of showing the best that was in them in the evening programme, which consisted of Brahms's Second Symphony, followed by *The Dream of Gerontius*. The latter was conducted by Sir Edward Elgar. The Symphony, under Dr. Brewer, was surprisingly clear in detail, though the acoustics of the Cathedral had a curious effect upon some features of Brahms's orchestration. For example, in the first movement, where a single flute answers the first violins, the flute sounded more than usually weak. On the other hand, the beautiful horn passages had an added mellowness. There were places where the phrasing might have been neater, and the *portamenti* of the violoncellos in the theme of the slow movement became exaggerated in effect, but the Allegretto went beautifully from the first note to the last. The finale, like some choruses of *Elijah* in the morning, was taken too quickly for decisive effect in the resonant building.

Except for some tendency to flatness and vagueness in the semi-chorus, all the choral work in *The Dream of Gerontius* was of a high order. Not only were the big climaxes effective, but many of the more intimate passages, such as the "O generous love" in the angelic hymn, had wonderfully clear and convincing effect. Mr. John Coates sang the part of Gerontius with all the earnestness and intensity which has made his reading famous ever since he sang it at Worcester in 1902. But since then his reading has acquired some features which are regrettable. He has a tendency to make much of certain points and phrases, such as "In Thine Own agony," "Another marvel," and so on. His lower notes were sometimes lost, and as if to make up for that he dwelt to excess on the high climaxes. These things give an unpleasant suggestion of artificiality. Miss Phyllis Lett's voice sounded very beautiful as the Angel, and if her diction were equal to her voice there would be nothing to complain of. But sometimes, especially in the story of St. Francis, it was nearly impossible to discover what words she was singing. Mr. Dalton Baker ended a day of strenuous work with some finely dignified singing of the bass part. The whole performance indeed, morning and evening, may be considered a most propitious opening of the Festival.

THE SCALA CHORUS.

On Monday, September 15, the Scala Chorus, consisting of one hundred specially picked Italian choristers, open a short engagement at the London Hippodrome. This engagement is unique in the history of the variety theatre, and it comes opportunely when the musical world is interested in the Verdi and Wagner centenaries. 1913

During the past few months the work of organizing the chorus has been going on, and the choosing of the members took the impresarios all over Italy. Choristers from the famous Scala Theatre of Milan, the Fenice Theatre in Venice, the Sancarlo Theatre in Naples, form the bulk of the hundred, but there are singers from no less than sixteen of the first Italian opera houses.

The répertoire has not yet been decided definitely, but it has been arranged that various famous choral numbers from the masterpieces of the immortals Verdi and Wagner, will be included.

AN ITALIAN CHORUS AT THE HIPPODROME.

Sept. 16

An Italian chorus of over one hundred singers made their first appearance in England at the Hippodrome yesterday. This was "The Scala Chorus," which has been recruited from the Scala Theatre, Milan, the Fenice Theatre, Venice, the San Carlo Theatre, Naples, and other opera-houses in Italy. The programme that they gave was drawn entirely from the opera repertory, and no doubt thereby enabled them to do greater justice to their powers than if it had been composed of pure choral music. It must be admitted, however, that opera choruses sound very crude and garish when performed away from their proper surroundings. Just those effects that are so telling on the stage, such as the simple musical form, the frequent singing of all parts in unison, and so on, furnish too little food for the intelligent hearer when there is no scenic spectacle to claim half his attention.

Nevertheless, judged as an opera chorus pure and simple, the Italian choristers are deserving of high praise. Precision, dramatic fire, and unflagging spirit carried the pieces on with a rare swing, while the quality of the voices proved excellent. The sopranos in particular have beautiful tones in the upper register, crystal clear and dazzling without being piercing, suggesting a humanised piccolo.

The programme opened with "The Soldiers' March" from "Faust," and also included the "Finale" of the third act of Verdi's "Ernani," when Signor Ernesto Caronna sang the baritone solo with much fervour. The latter also was heard in the "Night Song" from Leoncavallo's "Gipsies." Signor Gino Puccetti conducted. The chorus master was Signor Terragnolo.

THE "PROMS."

NOVELTY BY AN AMERICAN COMPOSER.

Sept. 17 — 1913

A new work was played for the first time at the Promenade Concert in the Queen's Hall last night by the American composer, Blair Fairchild. This was an "Esquisse pour orchestre" entitled "Tamineh," and dealing with the Persian legend that is familiar to us in Matthew Arnold's poem, "Rustum and Sohrab." As a matter of fact, it forms a sort of musical prelude to the latter, since the conflict of father and son is not presented, and we are given a series of pictures bearing the headings "Songe d'Amour," "Les Jardins de Tamineh," "Paysage," and "La Jeunesse de Sohrab."

Evidently these subjects lend themselves easily to musical treatment, and they have been made to form two contrasted groups of reflective calm and heroic energy. In each case Mr. Fairchild shows a natural musical sympathy for the moods to be expressed, and, moreover, knows how to emphasise them by a skilful use of the orchestra. Unfortunately, in neither of the pairs of linked sections has he brought forward any theme of sufficient distinction to arrest the hearer, while he still shows inexperience on the vital point of thematic development. The result is a sense of uncertainty and groping for expression. Harmonically he has evidently taken Wagner for his master, with occasional excursions into the domain of "atmospheric music," and here, too, the listener failed to detect an individual note. Mr. Fairchild has ability, however, and is still young enough for better work in the future.

The remainder of the programme included Elgar's suite, "The Wand of Youth," and a series of small numbers. The soloists were Miss Ada Forrest and Mr. Peter Dawson.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.

Sept. 17. 1913

AN AMERICAN COMPOSER.

The events of last night, after Weber's *Euryanthe* Overture, which began the programme, had a curious tendency to run in contrasting pairs. There were examples of the very different ways that Hungarian tunes and rhythms have appealed to modern composers in the favourite Hungarian dances of Brahms and the Second Rhapsody of Liszt; there were two strongly opposed aspects of the waltz rhythm in Sibelius's "Valse Triste" and Richard Strauss's specimens from *Der Rosenkavalier*. Purcell was represented in two moods by the poignant lament which ends *Dido and Æneas*, and the tripping merriment of "Nymphs and Shepherds." Miss Ada Forrest, the singer, entered into both and sang them charmingly. The "Wand of Youth" suite (No. 1), too, gives a dual view of its composer, for it is quite easy to pick out the things which represent Elgar at the age of 12 years, and they contrast amusingly with those which occurred to him at about the time of the First Symphony. Mr. Peter Dawson sang "Largo al factotum," and the audience tried hard to get something to pair with it, but Sir Henry Wood's passive resistance proved stronger than their most active efforts, as it generally does.

Amongst all these enjoyable things there was a new work by an American composer, Mr. Blair Fairchild, who has not been represented in London programmes previously by anything more important than a song or two. It is a suite in four movements called "Esquisse for orchestra—Tamineh," a work suggested by some episodes in the story of "Rustum and Sohrab," and presumably by the composer's travels in Persia. The subject has, we think, been rather a hindrance than a source of inspiration. It has induced him to place together three short movements ("Songe d'amour," "Les Jardins de

Taminch, and "Paysage"), regardless of the fact that they are all very much in the same mood, and exploit the same devices of harmony and colour. Any one of the three would make pleasant hearing, but the listener soon begins to long for contrast, and thoughts of Rustum and Taminch, of Persian gardens and landscapes, cannot take the place of musical event. Our hopes centred upon the last movement, "La Jeunesse de Sohrab," but they were not fulfilled. The energy of the principal theme soon evaporates in repetitions of the rhythm of its first bar, which are in no way developments, and when these cease the music continually sinks back into the rather languid mood of the earlier movements. The suite was not a great success, yet it is obviously the work of a man who has learnt to use the orchestral tools, and only wants to have in mind a clearer picture of what he wishes to say in order to produce something worth having.

PROMENADE CONCERT.

Sept. 19 — 1913

Everyone, of course, knows now that most of us have a very warm place in our hearts for Debussy's first set of "Images pour Orchestre." If the second set, which was produced by Sir Henry Wood at the Queen's Hall last night, meets with its deserts, it will be held in an esteem no less high than is its predecessor. For two of these three tone pictures, Debussy has taken subjects less elusive than those which inspired him on the previous occasion. They are, indeed, as their title, "Iberia," suggests, the fruits of a journey to Spain, and in the first he depicts the sights and sounds of streets and roads, in the last the morning of a feast day, while the intervening movement is a very charming Nocturne, called "Perfumes of the Night."

As a master of delicate tone-painting Debussy has, of course, no rival, and in these Images, which, by the way, were written three years ago, he is at his best. The first movement, in particular, will probably grow upon one very rapidly as it becomes more familiar. Indeed, the subtlety and skill with which he suggests the movements of crowds and the sights and scenes of streets and roads are astonishing. The feast day morning is painted in rather bolder colours, and is relieved by little flashes of unexpected humour, but the workmanship is beautifully delicate, and eminently characteristic of Debussy. The Nocturne is less strikingly novel, but while he has painted scenes such as this before, he has never given us one of a more fascinating atmosphere. The Suite was admirably played, and should be sure of a permanent home in Sir Henry Wood's programmes.

For the rest, the only unusual features of the concert were the fine air, "Pace, pace," from Verdi's "La Forza del Destino," which Miss Esta d'Argo sang with a full appreciation of its dramatic power, and Rimsky-Korsakov's pianoforte concerto in C sharp minor, the solo in which was brilliantly played by Miss Eleanor Spencer. Mr. Hardy Williamson also sang.

THE "PROMS."

Sept 17 — 1913

NEW WORK BY DEBUSSY.

Sir Henry J. Wood and the Queen's Hall Orchestra gave the first performance in England of an important work by Debussy in the Queen's Hall last night. This was his second set of pieces bearing the general title of "Images pour Orchestre," its particular name of "Iberia" indicating a Spanish setting for the three sections, "Par les rues et par les chemins," "Les parfums de la nuit," and "Let matin d'un jour de fête." The work dates from 1910, and is a particularly brilliant example of the French composer's style.

It needs not the "programme" background to suggest a comparison with inorganic effects, for the superb mingling of the polychromatic tones of the modern orchestra has an obvious counterpart in "successful" sunrise or some other natural phenomenon. That this has a charm of its own cannot be denied, and, moreover, it must be conceded Debussy that he has an inexhaustible stock of commanding rhythms to carry on the hearer from the first hour to the last, which is more than can be said of some of his disciples.

Nevertheless, they are not employed as real structural components of the work, and show no more traces of organic function than the forms of so many clustering clouds. Hence they stand in the same relation to art as actual clouds do to a painter, while the illogical harmonies only serve to multiply colour-effects and give us plenty of "atmosphere," but no emotion. So it is that, in spite of much charm of detail—as, for instance, the crowing of Chanticleer vividly portrayed on the clarinet—"Iberia" fails to completely satisfy, and we realise that M. Debussy occupies a position apart in the world of music. He forms no landmark of advance, but is himself a strange "natural phenomenon."

The soloists of the evening were the pianist, Miss Eleanor Spencer, and the singers Miss Esta D'Argo and Mr. Hardy Williamson. The former played Rimsky Korsakov's Pianoforte Concerto in C sharp minor with much brilliance, while the two latter were respectively heard in Verdi's "Pace, Pace," from "La Forza del Destino," and the "Preislied" out of "Die Meistersinger."

THE DENHOF OPERA COMPANY.

1913

"PELLEAS AND MELISANDE."

BIRMINGHAM, SEPT. 19.

Few opera companies have launched out upon a provincial tour in this country with so distinguished a repertory as that with which Herr Ernst Denhof has begun his activities in the Prince of Wales' Theatre at Birmingham this week. *Electra*, *The Flying Dutchman*, and *Orpheus* have occupied the first three performances, Debussy's *Pelleas and Melisande* has been heard for the first time in the English language to-night, and *The Rose-bearer* (as Mr. Kalisch has rechristened *Der Rosenkavalier*) will complete the week's work to-morrow. Next week *The Magic Flute*, in the version which Mr. E. J. Dent prepared for the Cambridge performances of December, 1911, will be given, and the scheme is to be completed with *Tristan and Isolda* and *The Mastersingers*. The whole of the repertory is to be repeated at Manchester in the weeks following, with the addition of the *Ring* on October 6, 7, 8, and 10.

Both London and the provinces have enjoyed opportunities, though not enough, of getting to know Wagner in their own language. Robust German art can stand a good deal of knocking about, and practically every one feels that the benefit of translations to audiences far outweighs the harm done to the works themselves in the process. Something must be lost, but more can be gained. With *Pelleas and Melisande* it is different. Debussy might cry out, like Melisande, "Oh! ne me touchez pas," and no one could blame him, because the union between Maeterlinck's prose and his music is part of the very essence of the opera as a work of art.

The translation used was probably as good as a translation fitted to the music could be. The English sounded wonderfully simple; there was a happy absence of high-sounding words and clumsy or inverted sentences. In a way the translator's task was made comparatively easy by the fact that exact syllabic correspondence with the original was not needed. The Debussy chant, like the plain chant, is elastic. Yet the chant inevitably lost its reasonableness, and consequently much of its beauty, for no one would dream of setting English to intonations so thoroughly opposed to its natural expression in speech. The singers were placed in a difficulty and some of them were occasionally in danger of dropping into the heavy style of oratorio recitative. Mr. Walter Hyde (Pelleas) and Miss Maud Santley (Genevieve) showed signs of this now and then, though generally they let the phrases pass in a commendably straightforward way. For purely musical quality these two were the most enjoyable in the cast. The articulation of Miss Beryl Freeman (Melisande) was excellent; but Herr von Pick complicated matters as Golaud by bringing a strong German accent and an inferior German tradition of declamation to bear upon the problem.

On the whole, the production is a remarkably careful one, and the orchestral playing under Herr Schilling Ziemssen was of a high order. If only the interludes had not been spoilt by the delays of the scene-shifters, the orchestral music would have done much to recover the true atmosphere of the drama.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.

AN EVENING WITH BEETHOVEN.

After listening to a first performance of a work by Debussy on Tuesday and Strauss's *Heldenlehen* on Wednesday, the audience at the Queen's Hall had an easy evening last night with a programme devoted almost entirely to Beethoven. The single number in the first part of the programme not by Beethoven was nothing more weighty than "O ruddier than the cherry," from *Acis and Galatea*, which gives only a very partial view of Handel's genius as a song-writer. It was sung by Mr. Peter Dawson with an easy style and with the half-unconscious absence of sincerity which both text and music demand.

Sept. 20 1913

Beethoven was represented by the C minor Symphony and by two works, both of which are connected with the theatre—the Overture "Die Weihe des Hauses" written for the opening of the Josephstadt Theatre in Vienna in 1822, and the Overture to *Egmont*, which by itself at once indicates the atmosphere in which Goethe's drama was conceived and which, for any one who has seen the stage performance of it, recalls the whole course of the play as the music moves from one mood to another, from tragedy to simple pathos and on to the heroics of Egmont's dream of victory. Both these overtures and the Symphony were played last night directly and simply, and the same simplicity combined with virility marked Mme. Elly Ney's playing of the "Emperor" Concerto, which came in the middle of the programme. There were moments in both the first and last movements when she was inclined to make the decorative passages too rigid and some of the chords in the climaxes of the Rondo were rather smudgy, but her playing of most of it was fluent and at the same time robust, while the delicate passages were beautifully crisp, the cadenza in the first movement being particularly admirable in this respect. But one did not really pay much heed to technical features of playing, for throughout the Concerto one felt that Mme. Ney had no thought for anything but the music. The public very much appreciated her treatment of it, and in response to the applause she gave the tiny set of Ecossaises in E flat.

Debussy in English

The Herald spoke last Sunday of "Pelleas et Melisande" as performed in English at Birmingham by Ernst Denhof's company.

The Daily Telegraph of Sept. 22 published a review that is well worthy of consideration, and some of the criticisms may well be applied to performances of other operas in English.

"It cannot be truthfully said that the production of 'Pelleas et Melisande' last night (Sept. 19) was satisfactory.

In none of the 15 scenes of the opera was there anything disturbing to the eye; and if only the costume of Pelleas had been purple or black instead of a sort of pink crimson one might have been quite happy on that score. (For this and other works, by the way, Mr. Fairbairn has under consideration a new scheme of top-lighting by deflected and reflected lights—a device of his own invention.)

"The first and principal trouble of the production was the language. 'Pelleas et Melisande' should, I think, never be sung in English, and having said so, I am aware that I am putting myself in direct opposition to Mr. Denhof's raison-d'etre. The second trouble was the unconsciously antipathetic manner of the English singers. And the third trouble was the choice of a German conductor. I hasten to say that I believe Mr. Schilling-Ziemmssen was far from happy at the conductor's desk, and, indeed, I understand it was rather against his own wish that he consented to direct the performance at all, and that it was only as a stop-gap that he did so. As it was, the orchestral playing (with the exception of one or two exalted moments) was heavy and dull and unimaginative to a degree, so unlike the fine nervous playing in 'Tristan und Isolda' the previous evening, under Mr. Beecham, or the magnificent performance of 'Der Rosenkavalier,' under Mr. Schilling-Ziemmssen himself tonight (Sept. 20).

"When Debussy set out to put music to Maeterlinck's play, he realized that the play was a poem, and that the texture of that poem was of very finished and exquisite workmanship. He realized that his music must not be superimposed, but interwoven; that it must not obliterate one iota of its technical perfection. Every inflection, every cadence, every nuance of the verse itself must be allowed its full intrinsic value; and in achieving this union between poetry and music, this ideal marriage, Claude Debussy accomplished the all-but impossible. In French the poem-play was written; in the idiom of French inflection the music was composed; and in the indescribable pulse of the French temperament the play and music are best expressed. A word-for-word translation of such a play is bound to end in artistic disaster. It is not that in Maeterlinck's own language there are high-falutin' 'poetic' phrases or an imagery that is untranslatable as it is in Baudelaire and Verlaine and even Henri de Regnier; but the very simplicity, the almost domestic simplicity of the words takes quite a quite different complexion when turned into our own tongue. It is difficult to say wherein this extraordinary difference lies, but it is as acute and real as the difference between any two primary colours or between a sharp key and a flat key. There is no special beauty in the line, 'Aie soin d'allumer la lampe des ce soir. Pelleas'; it is fairly matter of fact. 'See that the lamp is put up before dark. Pelleas' is likewise prosaic enough. This simple direction occurs at the end of scene II. in the first act, and is associated with highly suggestive and important music. In French, sung or chanted to Debussy's recitative, it is deeply significant in a dramatic sense, yet never out of its place poetically; in English it is destructive of both drama and poetry. In the beautiful Well scene the quite simple 'Prenez garde! Prenez garde!' is very nearly ludicrous chanted as 'Oh, be careful! Oh, be careful!'

"And yet one cannot blame the translator, and there are not more than two or three really clumsy lines in the whole work. What could any translator write in lieu of: 'It never occurred to me that we ought to have brought a torch or a lantern'? Or * * * 'and here we have perhaps the soundest results of my lifetime; at my age there has grown upon me the belief that one can often rely on events themselves'? Something different might have been found for 'petit pere' than the reiterated 'dearest father, for when the child, Ynold, uses that expression in nearly every sentence he utters in that nerve-racking scene with Golaud it becomes exasperating in, away I am sure neither Maeterlinck nor Debussy intended. No English child says 'dearest father,' and if one did it would certainly deserve to be smacked. But on the whole the translation is as good as it could be. It seems to me that if—and I really don't see the necessity—'Pelleas et Melisande' is to be performed in English at all it should be provided with a text equal in beauty and (and here's the rub) as closely woven with the music as the original. It would have to be an adaptation, and in a dramatic style something after the fashion of Yeats's 'Deirdre.' And it would always be necessary to see that the singers ignore the English oratorio tradition in declaiming their lines. With the possible exception of Miss Beryl Freeman (a charming Melisande), not one of the singers last night appeared to be conscious of Debussy's intentions. Mr. Walter Hyde, a capable and experienced artist, sang the delicate, conversational music with all the aplomb one

associates with, say, the Duke in 'Rigoletto,' a very robust Pelleas indeed. Mr. Ernest von Pick as Gelaud was a little handicapped by an insufficient skill in the pronunciation of English consonants; Miss Margaret Vincent, Miss Maud Santley and Mr. Harrison Cook did well in their respective parts according to their own conceptions. But the 'atmosphere' was not French, and only once or twice—notably in the scene at the castle tower, where Melisande is speaking with Pelleas below—did the performance rise above all considerations of atmosphere or method or anything else and attain something like ecstacy. In that scene Mr. Hyde really lived up to his reputation, and Miss Freeman—a debutante—began hers."

The same insuperable difficulty in translation does not occur in "Der Rosenkavalier," and "The Rose Bearer"—as Mr. Alfred Kalisch has renamed Richard Strauss's opera—is a model of lucidity and singableness. The performance to-night (like "Pelléas," the first in English and the first in the provinces) was greatly enjoyable. Mr. Schilling-Ziemmssen was in his element, and the opera, with its most fascinating parentheses of waltzes, went with a fine swing from beginning to end. It was "produced" by Mr. Hermann Gura, and well cast. Miss Agnes Nicholls was the Princess; Mr. Hans Bechstein, in comparable in his style, the Valzacchi; Miss Caroline Hatchard the Sophia, Mr. Frederic Austin the Faninal, Miss Muriel Terry delightful as Annina, Miss Clytie Hyne the Marianne. But beyond all doubt the surprise and the one outstanding feature of the whole performance was the Baron Ochs of Mr. Arthur Pacyna. This young singer's name is new to English opera, if I am not mistaken, but he comes to us equipped with a bass voice of more than usual power and beauty, with a stage technique quite assured, and, above all, with a temperament and a sense of comedy—broad or low or subtle—which are priceless. His "carrying-on" with his various sweethearts, his duel, his dialogue, his walk—everything was refreshing to a degree. He, like Mr. Frank Mullings in "Tristan," is one of Mr. Denhof's finds." and opera-in-English is all the richer.

Sept. 20 1913

MME. TETRAZZINI'S CONCERT.

Sept 22 — 1913

Prior to starting on her provincial tour Mme. Tetrazzini, with the assistance of Sir Henry J. Wood and the Queen's Hall Orchestra, gave a concert at the Crystal Palace on Saturday afternoon. As this was the only opportunity for London admirers of the popular cantatrice to hear her till next summer there was a large gathering in the central transept, where the concert was given.

The programme, both from the vocal and instrumental side, could not have been better adapted to the needs of the occasion. The larger the audience the more obvious and straightforward must be the fare, and accordingly, although there was practically nothing on the list that could not be called classical, at the same time there was nothing unsuitable for those on the very outskirts of the world of music. The prima-donna herself brought forward the "Jewel Song" from Gounod's "Faust," and the recit. and aria "Ah! fors' è lui," out of "La Traviata," and the vocal waltz "Ah, che assorta" of Venzano, pieces giving full scope for variety of expression, and at the same time for vocal display. The orchestra chose three overtures, not concert-overtures with an intricate intellectual appeal, but opera overtures with fine themes strung together like a series of jewels, intelligible to every one, and brilliantly scored. These were the overtures to "Die Meistersinger," "Tannhäuser," and "William Tell." They also played the first "Peer Gynt" suit of Grieg, another masterpiece of dazzling simplicity.

To say that Mme. Tetrazzini was in excellent form will at once convey an idea of the musical treat provided for her admirers. The pearly perfection of her vocalisation, the flawless finish with which she rounded off her phrases, and the silvery clearance of her tones, were a constant delight to the ear. Needless to say she was repeatedly recalled, Mozart's "Voi che sapete" and "The Last Rose of Summer" being among the additional numbers with which she favoured the house. At the end of the year she starts on an extended tour through Canada and the United States.

Telegraph

CRYSTAL PALACE.

MADAME TETRAZZINI'S CONCERT.

Sept. 22/13

When Madame Tetrazzini is announced to sing it must be a big hall that will comfortably hold all those who will flock to hear her, and, in point of fact, even the central transept at the Crystal Palace proved very little too large for the audience which her concert attracted on Saturday afternoon. Nor, as is only too often the case with singers, did this enormous space prove too big for Madame Tetrazzini. At no time during the afternoon did she seem in the least inconvenienced by its size, and her softest pianissimo carried well and truly to its furthest bounds. She was, indeed, in perfect voice, and she sang the Jewel Song from "Faust," "Ah! fors e lui" from "La Traviata," and Venzano's trivial but very difficult Valse, "Ah! che assorta," with an ease and grace which even she has never surpassed. Naturally enough, her audience were not content with the three songs set down in the programme, and she had to give, as encores, Cowen's "Swallows," Mozart's "Voi che sapete," "The Last Rose of Summer," and "Home, sweet home." She was inclined to make the Mozart air rather unduly sentimental, but otherwise she was at her greatest.

She had the assistance of Sir Henry Wood and the Queen's Hall Orchestra, who not only accompanied her perfectly, but also gave very fine performances of the "Meistersinger," "William Tell," and "Tannhäuser" overtures and the "Peer Gynt" Suite. The Crystal Palace is, it is true, no place for an orchestra which is not reinforced by a great number of extra strings. If, however, there were passages in all of these in which the balance of tone seemed upset the blame must be attached not to the orchestra, which played magnificently, but to the acoustic properties of the building itself.

BANDS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE

Sept. 24

Two hundred bands, with a total of over 6,000 performers, will take part in the Festival to be held at the Crystal Palace on the 27th inst., when nine competitions will be held simultaneously, the principal contest being for the Championship of Great Britain and the Colonies, and the prize winners will become the holders of the 1,000 guinea challenge trophy. The test piece selected is a tone poem, "Labour and Love," by Percy E. Fletcher, a popular British composer. Huge excursions are being run on all the trunk railways, and it is estimated that quite 70,000 people will be present throughout the day.

St. Hilda Colliery, the present holders of the 1,000 guinea trophy, will perform last year's test piece at the evening concert, and will accompany their popular cornet soloist, Mr. Arthur Laycock, in one of his famous cornet solos. The champion boys' band, St. Pancras Schools, who have held their trophy for four years, will also take part in the evening concert. Miss Marie Ladelle, who made her début at the 1912 Festival, will sing the Polonaise from "Mignon," and Mr. J. Henry Iles, the founder and director of the Festival, will conduct the massed bands.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.

Sept. 24 1913

In these spacious days it is really very doubtful whether the composers of the younger generation have any just cause for complaint. Twenty—even ten—years ago circumstances were rather different; the young man with ideas to express had to toady for a hearing or wait his chance. Often enough when the chance came he had outgrown the idea and embarked on a different philosophy. To-day we have the Patron's Fund, a large-hearted and unique enterprise, which gives us the work of our young creators red-hot; and we have these splendid Promenade Concerts, which perform a similar service for native industry. Mr. Arnold Bax, one of the most talented artists of the newer school, has had his opportunities, both from the Patron's Fund and the Promenades, and taken them with immense credit to himself. For his work shows a very steady increase in artistic quality. At Queen's Hall, last night, two movements from a set of four recently-composed Orchestral Sketches were played for the first time in public. The first is called "Pensive Twilight," and the second, "The Dance of the Wild Irravel," and in both it was easy enough to discern the work of a craftsman who may one day count among the creative artists of this country.

At present Mr. Bax's achievements must be regarded as somewhat experimental and tentative, and his penchant for poetic labels just a little unfortunate sometimes. "Pensive Twilight," for example, might easily have been entitled several other things and be equally illuminating; it is simply a piece of beautiful, almost exquisite, abstract music, indefinite enough to masquerade as a prelude to, say, "The Merchant of Venice" or "The Playboy of the Western World," or anything not wildly melodramatic. In most of the music of Mr. Bax which we have heard within the last two or three years there is a restlessness which distinguishes it from the work of his contemporaries; this restlessness has occasionally led him into a violation of form, resulting in a more or less shapeless composition. In these two pieces, however, that fault has been pretty nearly eradicated, and their performance last night was one of the pleasantest experiences of the present season. Another young English composer—Mr. Frank Bridge—was honoured in the same programme by the performance of "The Sea," a tone-poem, played for the first time last year.

The Pall Mall Gazette had this to say about Busoni's new violin concerto in D major, performed at a promenade concert, London, Sept. 21: "Busoni the composer is no formidable rival to Busoni the pianist. Not only is the work in question a great many things it should not be, but it has very little natural charm to make one overlook its defects. Written in one continuous movement—although last night a break was made after the central slow section—the general impression was left of a want of unity in the design. The subjects of the opening allegro moderato are three independent tunes standing in no organic relation to one another, and so, too, as regards the themes of the closing allegro impetuoso. The quasi andante in the middle certainly has the advantage of maintaining one definite character throughout, but it is heavy, brooding music of but little emotional appeal, except what has been heard before in the violin concertos of Max Bruch. The derivative nature of the work is still more emphasized by a march labelled pomposo unoristico, clearly showing the influence of Liszt."

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS

Sept 20 — 1913

ANOTHER NOVELTY.

Sir Henry Wood gave us yet another new work of British origin at the Queen's Hall last night. This was part of a set of "Sketches" for orchestra by Mr. Arnold Bax. Two only of the set were played, "Pensive Twilight" and "The Dance of Wild Irravel." Both show this clever young composer to excellent advantage as regards finish of workmanship and sense for picturesque orchestral effect. Indeed, Mr. Bax seems to know really very well how to create the atmosphere he aims at, and his intentions furthermore are not wanting in variety. It is possible, however, that the general trend of the music suffers somewhat by the frequent changes involved by the fantastic outlook; one hardly knows how to keep pace with the picture as it passes before one's eyes. But perhaps this feeling would have been considerably lessened if the musical material itself had sounded more attractive. The phraseology, truth to tell, is at bottom of a commonplace order. It is the glittering details of the treatment which alone keep the interest alive. The dance is the better of the two pieces. Yet one felt that the expression was much too impersonal; there was no suggestion of a "wild wanderer of no distinct race or period" such as "Irravel" is supposed to be; the music gave more the impression of a study in rhythms, queer harmonies, and fanciful orchestration. Last night's programme also included Mr. Frank Bridge's suite "The Sea," played under the composer's direction. Sir Henry Wood does an excellent thing when he revives works of this nature. It was produced, it may be remembered, at a "Promenade" almost a year ago to the very day.

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS

26 Sept.

A NEW WORK BY RAVEL.

The chief feature of last night's Promenade Concert at the Queen's Hall was the first performance in England of Maurice Ravel's "Valses Nobles et Sentimentales." The composer's position among contemporary musicians needs no defining. But while his music has shown to the full the later-day tendencies to widen harmonic effects, he never seems to have lost touch with the idea that it is no longer unimportant to pay attention to thematic invention. Indeed, Ravel stands out from many of the moderns in this respect. At the back of his fancifulness, waywardness, and avoidance of anything which might be considered old-fashioned, one is able to detect a measure of strength and individuality in the phraseology, and this, it need hardly be said, makes his music doubly interesting.

This new work, all the same, is of no particular importance. It is a series of little waltz movements of varying type, but in all of which the characteristic rhythm is boldly held to. It clothes in every case very quaint and often charming little themes. The score is full of delicate orchestration, with occasional bursts of sonority beautifully achieved. There is a good deal of queer harmony, progressions which set the ear a puzzle. They do not, however, obtrude, and, thanks to the ever-present rhythm, which everybody can understand, and the skill and finish of the workmanship, the whole effect is as successful as could be expected from what evidently does not attempt to venture far in the fields of pure expression.

The programme further included Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks" and Dr. Walford Davies's "Solemn Melody." The latter work is a great favourite, and it was not surprising to find a repeat requisitioned by the large audience present.

HERR KREISLER AT TORQUAY

Sept 20 — 1913

Once more, writes a South Devon correspondent, Herr Kreisler has enchanted his audience at the Pavilion, Torquay. The artist looked tired and out of sorts, but if he plays at Exeter one afternoon, at Torquay in the evening of the same day, and in London on the day following, as we believe to be the case here, Herr Kreisler can hardly be expected to look his best. We thought his weariness yesterday was noticeable in some of

the items of his programme; but Kreisler is always Kreisler, the true musician taking his part of the great whole and so interpreting the works of the great composers as their authors would have them interpreted. His rendering of the Beethoven Concerto was, as always, dignified and most satisfying. His breadth of tone is shown to advantage in this masterpiece, and his clear trill has many opportunities of delighting the audience. His interpretation of the second movement was tender and pure, and unspoilt by the sentimentality with which it is sometimes given; while the crispness in his playing of the last movement was quite delightful. He kept his audience spellbound during his performance of the cadenza (we presume his own) in the first movement, in which he produced miraculously a miniature orchestra out of his one instrument.

Mr. Hindenberg's orchestra performed their part of this item as carefully and finely as ever. But their services were dispensed with when Herr Kreisler took his place during the second half of the programme. In this he had the stage to himself save for his accompanist—and one solitary appreciative number of the orchestra who retained his seat to listen to the great violinist. He then gave us five short items with pianoforte accompaniment, followed by an encore. These were an Allegro of Porpora's; a Sarabande and Allegro by Corelli, with an accompaniment different from the one usualy played; one of the "Leider ohne Worte" of Mendelssohn; an arrangement of his own of a "moment musicale" of Schubert, and his own well-known and fascinating "Caprice Viennoise." He was vociferously applauded, and it was really delightful to note the silence of the audience during his playing.

Miss Amy Simpson and Mr. Charles Mott—the latter of whom has a fine voice—contributed songs agreeably.

PROMENADE CONCERT.

Sep 27 1913

When, in the autumn of 1734, Augustus III. and his Queen, Maria Josepha, paid a visit to Leipzig, the monarch doubtless thought that by far the most important feature of the occasion was his own Royal presence in the city. In point of fact, however, it was nothing of the kind, and that visit would doubtless have been buried in oblivion at least a century and a half ago had not Bach written a couple of cantatas to celebrate it. The first, "Preise dein Glücke, gesegnete Sachsen," was somewhat hurriedly composed for performance in the market-place under the windows of the Royal pair. On the second, in which he celebrated the King's birthday two days later, he spent much more thought and care, and it was an air from this cantata, "Hört doch, der sanften Flöten Chor," that Miss Aimée Kemball introduced at last night's Promenade Concert at the Queen's Hall. It is very possible that, as stated in the programme, the air had never before been sung publicly in England. Certainly, if it had, it has long since been forgotten, and it is far too fine and characteristic an example of Bach's genius to deserve such a fate. Miss Kemball sang it with an admirable appreciation of its spirit, though a rather cleaner attack and a less free indulgence in portaments would not have been amiss. For the rest, Brahms, Beethoven, and Mozart shared the programme, the first being represented by his second pianoforte concerto, the solo in which was very cleverly played by Madame Elly Ney, the second by his "King Stephen" Overture and his sixth Symphony, and the third by "Non piu andrai," sung by Mr. Charles Tree.

MR. MISCHA ELMAN'S RECITAL.

Sept. 29

The first recital of the autumn season was given by Mr. Mischa Elman on Saturday afternoon in the Queen's Hall. His programme included Beethoven's Sonata for violin and pianoforte in G major from Op. 30, the first of Max Bruch's two Violin Concertos in D minor, Ernst's Fantasia on themes from Rossini's *Otello*, and the usual group of miscellaneous pieces, which ended with Wieniawski's brilliant Polonaise in A major.

The more showy numbers in the programme seemed to give most pleasure to the audience, which, to judge by the applause that punctuated some of the violin's full closes in the course of several of the pieces, was out for light amusement rather than for serious pleasure. It was in the florid music, too, that Mischa Elman was at his best. In the Sonata by Beethoven, which he played with Mr. Percy Kahn, he showed little appreciation of the character of the music. The first movement was taken very rapidly and in a hard, mechanical way, which was not made any the less mechanical by the two players' habit of exaggerating the marks of sforzando. The last movement was also very rigid, being practically without any light and shade; it might, in fact, have been a mere exercise in velocity as far as expression was concerned. In the Minuet, on the other hand, the expression was exaggerated to a degree of sentimentality that made one long for the end of the movement; the *molto moderato* in the directions for the tempo was interpreted as if the *molto* were in italics, and the *grazioso* was left to the imagination. The whole Sonata was, indeed, played as though both violinist and pianist were entirely out of humour with it, and as though they had only put it into the programme for form's sake.

When the first phrases for the violin in Max Bruch's Concerto were heard it was almost as if another player had come on to the platform in the place of the one who had retired after the Sonata. The style was absolutely appropriate to the music, there was life in the phrasing of the main subjects without, however, any kind of forced vitality, and the bravura passages which abound in all three movements were given with extraordinary cleanness and brilliance. The player's capacity for obtaining full and rich tone was very striking throughout the Concerto, but rich as his tone was, it was not dwelt on at the expense of the rhythm, while the way in which the sharply-defined phrases in the final Allegro were cut clean off, as it were, by the swift decisive bowing was marked by the highest virtuosity.

QUEEN'S HALL.

Sept 29 1913

On Saturday afternoon Mischa Elman opened the autumn concert season with a violin recital in Queen's Hall; a day or two hence he is to take part in the Leeds Festival, after which he goes on an extended tour of the provinces, thence, in December, to America. One cannot but wonder if where'er he walks and, incidentally, plays, his audiences will receive his performances as rapturously as in Queen's Hall on the occasion under notice. Not that the performances were not on a very high level. Of course they were, even if the player was not at his very best in his interpretation of Beethoven's Sonata in G; as a fact, he played the less familiar of Bruch's concertos, that in D minor, and Ernst's "Otello" Fantasie far better. But, surely, surely the wider public whose applause Elman is about to seek are likely to call for a less hackneyed series of works than those he vouchsafed us. Is there nothing in the modern literature of the violin, for example, worthy the attention of a player of Elman's fame? It is to him and his like that the public have a right to look for something unhackneyed. Not very long ago there appeared in *The Daily Telegraph* a reference to the sheeplike attitude of concert-givers, who in the majority of cases slavishly follow the leader in the matter of programme arrangement. The fact is brought to remembrance again by a budget of cuttings just arrived from America, where the aforesaid reference was used as the basis of a series of comments. In America, as here, the better audiences are crying out for a change, and Elman is one who ought to be a pioneer in the matter. His position amply justifies him in trying the "experiments" that paralyse the energies of ordinary recitalists, and violinists as well as the public look to him as an example. From the first the public have held him in very high esteem, and his position to-day is at least as distinguished as ever it was. But to maintain it down the long years he must introduce a greater variety into his programmes, and give the humblest of his hearers something worthier of his ability than hackneyed concertos and fantasias and such odd bits of music written for one instrument and arranged for that upon which he is so great a master, which ended his programme on Saturday. Mr. Percy Kahn was a most efficient and sympathetic coadjutor at the pianoforte.

M. ELMAN'S RECITAL.

A FINE PERFORMANCE OF BRUCH'S D MINOR CONCERTO.

Sept 29

On Saturday afternoon M. Mischa Elman started the autumn season of recitals, appearing at the Queen's Hall before a large and appreciative audience. This brilliant Russian violinist has been known to be variable, but on this occasion he gave us of his best, at any rate in Bruch's D minor Concerto (Op. 44). One was particularly pleased to hear this work so well played, for it is curiously neglected by violinists, and the success of the revival might be said to depend in large measure upon the merit of the performance. It would not be surprising if M. Elman's example were followed this autumn, for one fancied that the work itself as well as the brilliance of the interpretation made a strong impression upon the audience. It may not have the same degree of obvious beauty attaching to the popular G minor Concerto, but it is Max Bruch through and through, sentiment tempered by serene refinement and effectiveness, from the point of view of the soloist, quite unmarred by empty display. Of course, it badly needs an orchestra, but that is not to say that Mr. Percy Kahn did not do good work at the pianoforte. We believe some of the purely orchestral passages were shortened. The programme began with an early Beethoven sonata. Here M. Elman was sadly hampered by the large surroundings, although his playing was beautifully neat and finished in style.

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS

Oct 1 1913

A NEW CONCERTO.

Last night at the Queen's Hall a concerto for violoncello and orchestra by Mr. Georges Dorlay was performed for the first time. The composer is said to be a member of the Queen's Hall orchestra; he has been represented in concert programmes from time to time before now, but this concerto strikes one as being the most favourable example of his powers. Although praise can hardly be extended to it on the score of very great individuality of style, or originality, the themes employed are direct and clear-cut in type, and are decidedly effective. Particularly pleasing was the middle section; here there was a quiet and reflective mood, which suggested musical feeling, while in the first part the music was very strenuous, and it gave the impression of trying to do more than the material warranted—in a word, the expression was somewhat pretentious. The whole work was well devised as regards opportunities for the soloist, and Mr. C. Warwick-Evans gave an excellent account of them, his technique being ample and his tone in the high registers employed always clean and resonant. Mr. Dorlay might, perhaps, consider the question as to whether a little more reserve in his writing would not be advantageous. He is rather apt to spoil the chance of making a strong climax by the persistent wealth of elaboration. Obviously this method tends towards increasing the difficulties of obtaining variety, as well as weakening the dynamic force of the high lights. There were, all the same, not a few good orchestral effects. Both soloist and composer were warmly applauded by the large audience at the end of the performance.

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS.

Oct. 1

A NEW VIOLONCELLO CONCERTO.

Last night's programme at Queen's Hall was a light one. It began with the Overture to *Figaro* and the Scherzo from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and ended—if one does not count "1812," which had crept in from the second part—with Mr. Percy Grainger's orchestral settings of the famous tune from County Derry and the "Shepherd's Hey," which were heard before at these concerts on an evening in August. The Suite from *Le Lac des Cygnes*, which includes most of the best numbers in Tchaikovsky's ballet, Mr. Hamilton Harty's cheerful and busy Comedy-Overture, and the conductor's arrangement of Raff's notorious Cavatina made up the rest of the purely orchestral part of the concert.

The novelty of the evening was a concise and original Concerto in three continuous sections for violoncello by "Georges Dorlay," the pseudonym of one of the second violinists of the orchestra, who is already known as a composer to frequenters of the Promenade Concerts. The first movement opens with a fiery, declamatory subject, which has real character of its own and justifies the title "concerto passionné" which has been given to the work. The third section is also vigorous and impassioned, but part of the force of the climax is lessened by some rather sporadic writing which hangs fire for the moment as though the composer were waiting and wondering which of two roads to take. The middle section is less original than the other two, but the listener's interest is held by the easy and unostentatious counterpoint which carries the movement along. The violoncello part, too (which was brilliantly played by Mr. Warwick Evans), is devoted practically the whole time to the subject matter, and not to extraneous embroidery or the conventional passage work with which so many concertos are filled out. Both composer and player were recalled many times.

The singers were Mme. Louisa Rieger, who made a good impression in the familiar couplets du Mysoli by David, and Mr. Robert Burnett, who sang the Prologue to *Pagliacci*.

NEW CANTATA BY DR. BASIL HARWOOD.

(From Our Correspondent.)

LEEDS, Oct. 1.

The star performer this morning was the festival choir, a picked body of 300 voices from Leeds and neighbouring centres such as Bradford, Wakefield, and Halifax. In "Gerontius" they responded readily to Elgar's direction, and no doubt some of the smartness of the performance was due to the fact that a permanent body of instrumentalists, the London Symphony Orchestra, which is thoroughly familiar with the three festival conductors, had been secured instead of a temporarily organised orchestra.

The soloists in "Gerontius" were Miss Muriel Foster, Mr. John Coates, and Mr. Robert Radford, of whom Mr. Coates was especially fine in his wonderfully emotional singing of the part of Gerontius.

The second half of the programme was devoted to three works. In Brahms's alto Rhapsody the tenors and basses of the choir had a chance to show their fine sonorous quality, the closing moments of the work being particularly beautiful. In Parry's dignified Ode to Music the full choir again provided some very striking effects. The performance closed with Brahms's Third Symphony, which Elgar conducted with an evident understanding and application of the music.

The first novelty of the festival is a cantata entitled "On May Morning," by Dr.

Basil Harwood. This is a setting of Milton's ode, the composer having laid it out for "chorus, semi-chorus and orchestra." Dr. Harwood is perhaps better known as a writer of organ music, some of his works for that instrument having become widely popular with recitalists, than as a composer of works of festival scale.

The cantata heard to-night is in a different vein, of course, and perhaps it is hardly so successful as his other works.

Earlier in the evening Herr Nikisch, who made his debut on this occasion as a festival conductor, had given a fine rendering of the "Oberon" overture, and Madame Edyth Walker had sung the familiar scena from Weber's opera excellently.

LEEDS MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

A NEW CANTATA BY DR. HARWOOD.

TWO WORKS BY BRAHMS.

LEEDS, Oct. 1.

The triennial musical festival at Leeds has won for itself a place of peculiar importance in the musical life of this country. Much of its fame is due to the splendid tradition of choral singing which has been established by the organization of a festival choir composed of contingents drawn from various centres in the West Riding of Yorkshire.

The 15th festival begun to-day is in one respect a new departure, for this year the office of conductor has been distributed between three musicians, Herr Nikisch, Dr. H. P. Allen, and Sir Edward Elgar. The first-named is to conduct four concerts, the others two each; but Dr. Allen will conduct Bach's unaccompanied motet "Jesu, Priceless Treasure" which occurs in one of Herr Nikisch's programmes. Sir Edward Elgar began this morning with his own arrangement of the National Anthem and Beethoven's overture "Leonora III.," followed by *The Dream of Gerontius*. With the London Symphony Orchestra, the Leeds choir, and the solo parts of the cantata sung by Miss Muriel Foster, Mr. John Coates, and Mr. Robert Radford, there was all the material for a superb performance, but though there were many splendid moments in *Gerontius* the morning's work as a whole lacked balance and cohesion. One fault appeared in the first *fortissimo* of the National Anthem and was constantly felt later. The brass instruments were allowed to play with a reckless blaring tone which not even the most brilliant choir could withstand, and brilliance of tone is not the outstanding feature of this choir. It has plenty of fine quality, richness and fullness—things which are better than the mere power of penetration, and if it is to be heard at its best there must be more consideration for the voices than was allowed in the first performance. There was a slight tendency to flatness, noticeably in the unaccompanied first chorus of *Gerontius*, but the beauty of the phrasing and variety of tone were conspicuous in "Be merciful, be gracious," which still remains the most appealing choral movement that Sir Edward Elgar has ever written. Much of the effect of the Demons' chorus was smothered by orchestral clatter, but the climax of "Praise to the Holiest" gave the true thrill which one rarely gets from any but a Yorkshire choir. The solo singers were more sympathetically treated—sometimes rather too sympathetically, for Sir Edward Elgar seemed to encourage the tendency of Mr. Coates and Miss Muriel Foster to drag the dialogue of the second part. But for this, however, Miss Foster's singing of the Angel's music was as satisfying as it has ever been, and Mr. Coates improved upon his recent performance at Gloucester by resisting the temptation to force the climaxes to breaking point. All three solo singers sang with great earnestness and complete conviction.

Both the choir and Miss Foster gave us their best in the second part of the programme, the former in Sir Hubert Parry's "Ode to Music" the latter in Brahms's "Harzreise" Rhapsody. The solo quintet, sung by Miss Carrie Tubb, Miss Winifred Pullon, Miss Muriel Foster, Mr. Coates, and Mr. Radford, would have repaid more study, but the choir was unfailing in its power of sustaining a pure and unforced quality, its flexibility of phrasing, and its expression of the words.

Two works by Brahms, the Harzreise Rhapsody and the Symphony in F (Op. 90), completed the programme. Miss Foster's singing of the Rhapsody (supported by the male choir) left nothing to be wished for; Sir Edward Elgar's performance of the Symphony left a great deal. Again almost all the *forte* passages were turned into *fortissimo* ones, but the most serious fault was one of rhythm. He seemed entirely oblivious of the fact that Brahms's tunes cannot be pulled this way and that, at one moment held back, at the next rushed headlong forward, without destroying the organization of the whole design. The slow movement, with its "motto" phrase sentimentalized and dragged from its context, was badly distorted, but the *coda* of the *finale*, one of the most subtle rhythmic developments in the whole of symphonic music, was scarcely recognizable.

DR. HARWOOD'S NEW WORK.

Herr Nikisch conducted the evening programme, which began with the Overture to Weber's *Oberon*, followed by the scena "Ocean, thou mighty monster," sung by Miss Edyth Walker; and contained, besides the two Tchaikovsky works, a new cantata by Dr. Basil Harwood, a setting for choir and orchestra of Milton's "Ode on May Morning," which the composer conducted.

The chief subject for discussion is naturally the new work. To many festival-goers Dr. Harwood is probably a new composer, and new composers, at any rate English ones, do not arouse much general interest at festivals. But those who know his organ music and the choral work, "As by the streams of Babylon," looked forward with considerable interest to see what he would do with so fine a text as Milton's poem; for these things have shown him to be capable of strong musical ideas and vigorous treatment of them. Viewed from the standpoint of his earlier work, the "Ode on May Morning" is very disappointing. Dr. Harwood has felt, quite rightly, that the motive of the dance inspires the ten glowing lines which he has chosen, and practically all the orchestral music, including two interludes called "Dance of the Morning Star" and "Dance of the May," is planned on a basis of dance rhythms. A slow polacca rhythm is specially prominent. That is where the trouble lies; the dance rhythms are all deliberately planned. There is no dancing impulse behind them; no lilt, no swing. And nothing is so flat and jejune in all music as the dance which does not quite "come off." There is necessarily a great deal of repetition of words.

The work falls roughly speaking into four movements. The first chorus, "Now the bright morning star," deals with the first four lines, a semi-chorus, "Hail, bounteous May," covers four more; then follow the orchestral dances and a choral one repeating some of the words of the semi-chorus, and a fugue, "Thus we salute thee," elaborates the final couplet. The repetition would not matter if the music were sufficiently vital to carry on the mood while the sense is delayed, but when "Mirth and youth and warm desire" are sung to many phrases, none of which express mirth or youth and at best only a lukewarm desire, the repetition becomes a vain one. Dr. Harwood understands the technique of choral writing and he has given some charming effects by the way, but they are all incidental. The choir did all that good will could do to make it a success, even to the point of adding enthusiasm to the rather poor applause of the audience at the end.

The enthusiasm of the audience was aroused chiefly by Mme. Carreño's wonderful playing of Tchaikovsky's Concerto, playing which throws a glamour over its most obvious details and makes the big moments sound even bigger than they are. It would be difficult to find two more powerful interpreters of Tchaikovsky than Mme. Carreño and Herr Nikisch. Their performance, however, is too well known to need description. Miss Edyth Walker's singing of the scena from *Oberon* is less familiar. The splendid quality of her voice, the breadth of her phrasing, and her dramatic intensity made the performance one of the most striking features in the whole day's work.

THE LEEDS FESTIVAL.

Oct 2 — 1913

DR. HARWOOD'S NEW WORK.

The Leeds Festival of 1913 marks a new era. The authorities did not choose one successor to Sir Charles Stanford, but selected three—Dr. H. P. Allen, Sir Edward Elgar, and Herr Nikisch. It will be interesting to see how a triple control will work at a festival, for it is in the nature of an experiment. Another experiment of some boldness is the engagement of Mme. Noordewier Reddingius and Mme. de Haan-Manifurges for some of the oratorios; but their reputations as oratorio singers are unequalled on the Continent. The placing of "The Dream of Gerontius" first and "Elijah" last in the scheme is also an innovation, and the "Dream" had never been heard at a Leeds Festival before.

Sir Edward Elgar conducted the morning performance yesterday. The ante-lunch section was devoted to Leonora No. 3 Overture and "The Dream of Gerontius," while after lunch came the Alto Rhapsody and the Third Symphony of Brahms. Similarly in the evening Herr Nikisch conducted the already-mentioned pair of Tchaikovsky's works. In "The Dream of Gerontius" the soloists were Miss Muriel Foster, Mr. John Coates and Mr. Robert Radford. It was a fine performance, in which the chorus showed itself worthy of the best traditions of Leeds. It is a hackneyed phrase, but it expresses the state of the case very well, because, so far, the singers have not shown themselves to be strikingly superior to their predecessors in any particular, and have not fallen short in any respect. The scheme includes four new native works Sir Edward Elgar's Symphonic Study, "Falstaff"; Mr. Hamilton Harty's setting for baritone solo, chorus, and orchestra of Whitman's "The Mystic Trumpeter"; Mr. Butterworth's Prelude, "The Cherry Tree"; and Dr. Basil Harwood's choral setting of Milton's "Ode on May Morning." The last-named was heard last night.

Dr. Harwood has chosen a difficult text, for the Miltonic spirit is not easy to reproduce in modern music. It is, in most respects, the very antithesis of what we agree to call "modernity." Even in his lighter moods he is full of "state and ancientry," and has a majestic mien. Dr. Harwood has created his atmosphere very cleverly. He is not old-fashioned, but suggests the past. The music suggests the groves of Academe, but is never, in the bad sense of the word, academic. He is at his best in the closing double fugue, which is as vigorous and expressive as if the music were quite free from rule. He has fanciffully illustrated the Dance of the Morning Star and the Dance of the May on the orchestra, but these movements are not the best parts of the work, for they are not very original and not well in the picture. The reception of the work (and of the composer, who conducted) was cordial. A more elastic performance would no doubt have made it more favourable.

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS

Oct 3 — 1913

MR. CLUTSAM'S "KING HARLEQUIN."

Last night's Promenade Concert consisted of a rather haphazard collection of music, presenting a number of conflicting styles that had nothing in common except their modernity. Stravinsky's "L'Oiseau de Feu" Suite—repeated from a previous programme by request—represented the latest thing in musical impressionism, though a second hearing did nothing to alter the view that it makes an exceedingly ineffective concert piece. In the novelty of the evening Mr. G. H. Clutsam proved that it is quite possible to be modern without being uncouth and unintelligible. The Introduction and Dance from his opera, "King Harlequin," might have been played with more finish, and even torn from its context his music can assert its individuality. It is full of tunes that are engaging without being obvious, and a great deal of resource is shown in decking them out in the glowing colours placed at a composer's disposal by the modern orchestra. There is some genuinely expressive writing in the languorous central movement, and the excerpt—short though it is—has many points of interest. It was very cordially received. Another much appreciated feature of the concert was a vigorous performance of Tchaikovsky's Piano Concerto in B. flat minor by Miss Adela Verne, who at the last moment took the place of Miss Maria Levinskaia.

LONDON PRAISE FOR ELGAR'S "FALSTAFF"

A Venture Into Untrodden Paths, Says One Critic of Première at Leeds

1913

LONDON, Oct. 3.—Sir Edward Elgar's symphonic study, "Falstaff," which had its first production last night at the Leeds festival, was praised for the most part in this morning's London papers. Says the *Daily Graphic*:

"It is graphic in its force of design, its ease and fluency of style; it is inexhaustible in its freshness of invention, in its profound knowledge of human nature and of astounding brilliancy in its workmanship and make-up, in the whole of which we say in all seriousness that it opens paths hitherto untrodden in the history of music."

The *Standard* both praises and censures:

"So great is Sir Edward's belief in the power of music to characterize that he has sought to differentiate between *Falstaff*, the farceur of 'The Merry Wives of Windsor,' and *Falstaff*, the man of the many moods of 'Henry IV.'

"One has little hesitation in saying that this immensely clever work is handicapped by being judged in relation to its program means. The main *Falstaff* theme, with the attendant themes, typical of *Falstaff* the wit, *Falstaff* the persuasive, *Falstaff* the roister, are among the least distinctive in the score.

"One cannot resist the conclusion that the composer's conception of the work has been influenced, unconsciously no doubt, by Dr. Strauss' 'Don Quixote,' while the 'cello passages toward the end have swirls and musics and little kicks and twists that inevitably recall the practices of the composer's great protagonist.

"For the rest the music bears the hall-

[illegible] Elgar only. It is be- [illegible] x, uncannily resourceful, [illegible] ing, and not frequently [illegible] sounding."

[illegible] *Post* says: "Sir Edward [illegible] remarkable example of [illegible] in a light hitherto [illegible] kly enters the field of [illegible] does so with immediate succe[illegible]

The [illegible] *Press* "In working out his pictu[illegible] ard Elgar betrays his master [illegible] is some pretty pastoral music. [illegible] sing scene, that of the death [illegible] is almost Elgar at his best. [illegible] st the score is a riot of not very ga[illegible] res, while the clash of instrumen[illegible] s bewildering."

THE LEEDS FESTIVAL.

ELGAR'S "FALSTAFF."

6 3 1913

LEEDS, Thursday.

The most important of the three new works produced to-day was undoubtedly Elgar's "Falstaff." It is a difficult work to judge at one hearing, because the composer has struck out a new path for himself, and has approached more nearly than in previous works to the outlook and the methods of other writers of programme music. Moreover, the music is full of subtlety, and another difficulty which confronts the hearer is that the composer has illustrated in music a view of the personality of Falstaff which is not familiar. His theme is the Falstaff of the historical dramas, not the butt and buffoon of "The Merry Wives of Windsor." He asks us to think of Falstaff as a gentleman who gradually degenerates into a mere roysterer—and to think of him as a tragic, rather than a comic, character, in spite of the humorous incidents of his career. The "programme," which the composer has set out at full length, shows us that he deals with the psychology of the man as well as with episodes of his career, which is the only right way. The purely descriptive passages have their justification because they show us events which modify the man's inner self. It would almost be true to say that the real subject is the relationship between Falstaff and Henry V., and the gradual triumph of the latter's personality, which leads to the total collapse and tragic end of the fat knight.

There will be a great deal of controversy as to the merits of the work, as to the comparative excellence of the old style of Elgar and the new one he has adopted here, and as to the balance and proportion of the structure. There will be no dispute, however, as to the enormous orchestral skill he has shown, or as to the power of musical characterisation. The Falstaff themes all seem to be really fat, and the King themes all suggest Elgar's favourite superscription, "Nobilmente," while there is typically English character in them all. The pathos of the death scene is undeniable, and it is original, though a comparison with the death of Don Quixote is quite inevitable. There can be no higher praise than to say that it stands the comparison well. The march of the Ragged Army will have many friends, too, wherever "Falstaff" is heard.

Of the two other works we must speak briefly, and of the rest of the day's work, interesting as much of it was, we cannot speak at all. Mr. Harty's "Mystic Trumpeter" really needs no long discussion. This is not said in dispraise; on the contrary. The text of Walt Whitman is so clear that there can be no doubt Mr. Harty has seized the musical possibilities of the text with great skill and produced a series of inspiriting mood pictures with a refreshing youthfulness about them which is sure to make the work popular. There is sanity in his music, and he has shown that Celtic local colour is not a necessity for him. The choral writing is very grateful, and the Leeds singers obviously found it immensely to their taste, as did the audience.

Mr. Butterworth is a young Yorkshire composer, and his Rhapsody, "A Shropshire Lad," is a graceful mood picture illustrating the thoughts of an exile. It is unpretentious, quite attractive, and the orchestral colouring is appropriately discreet.

THE LEEDS FESTIVAL.

BACH'S B MINOR MASS.

LEEDS, Friday.

From the point of view of enjoyment, today has been a remarkable day, but it offers comparatively little material for comment, because there was nothing absolutely new. One might always write at length about a performance of Bach's B Minor Mass, which is a truly inexhaustible subject. To-day's performance under Dr. Allen was worthy of Leeds, if not one of the most striking heard here. It observed the golden mean between academic monotony and unbridled emotionalism. The great climaxes were all finely done, and things like the Sanctus and the Crucifixus were overwhelming. The singing of the chorus quâ singing was admirable throughout, and its endurance wonderful. Frau Noordewies Reddingius, Frau de Haan Manifarger, Mr. Gervase Elwes, and Mr. Robert Radford were an unusually fine quartet; the two ladies possess the true Bach style in a way that few, if any, living singer can equal.

In the evening the programme, though decked of the "Benvenuto Cellini" Overture, was again very long. The principal feature was "Her Nikisch's very glowing interpretation of "Hildenleben." It had many of the characteristics which make him famous. His passion for sensuous beauty was never more strikingly shown. He made even the Battle Scene and the Adversaries less repellent than usual; but, still, they had all their dramatic (or psychological) significance. The love music was made a wonderful expression of rapture, and the tragedy of the close has rarely been made to sound more moving, while the climax of the opening section was magnificently heroic. The violin solo was played by Mischa Elman, and the virtuosity of the orchestra was beyond praise.

Strauss was represented also by "Taillefer," which has rarely been heard. On further acquaintance it revealed itself a work of considerable charm, with a fine open-air feeling, and picturesque, if not deep. The choral writing is grateful, and the singers went at it with inspiriting zeal.

THE GLOUCESTER FESTIVAL.

BACH'S "ST. MATTHEW PASSION."

1913

A TONE-POEM BY SIBELIUS.

GLOUCESTER, Sept. 10.

This is the third year in which Bach's *Passion According to St. Matthew* has been the principal work given at the Three Choirs Festival. Mr. Ivor Atkins reintroduced it at Worcester in 1911, and for that performance he prepared, in conjunction with Sir Edward Elgar, a new edition which was used again at Hereford last year and at Gloucester to-day. Thus the Three Choirs, by using their own performing version at each centre in successive years have established a certain tradition. Each of the three conductors has approached the work from substantially the same point of view, and has been anxious to get a broad and consistent treatment, avoiding sensational moments and allowing Bach to speak with his own voice. One detail in the orchestration has been revised, we think with advantage, and that is in the accompaniment to the duet "Behold my Saviour now is taken," the lowest part of which was played to-day by violas without violoncellos. The higher pitch and the lighter tone give an ethereal quality which is most beautiful.

In the first part there was a general tendency towards monotony, which is always apt to be the danger where the broad style is aimed at. Many lovers of Bach will prefer that to the opposite fault of extravagant contrasts, but it is not necessary to have either. The great opening chorus had a splendid sonority, but its questions and answers were all given very much in the same tone of voice. Then neither Mme. Gleeson-White (soprano) nor Mme. Ada Crossley (contralto) was able to give us the true feeling of the contemplative arias. Mme. Gleeson-White was not in her best voice; she seemed anxious about her high notes and her phrasing in consequence was untidy. Mme. Ada Crossley seems to have very little understanding of what Bach means. Her singing was scarcely recognizable as that of the same person who was heard in *Elijah* yesterday, a work which, of course, she thoroughly understands. Her knowledge of the music seemed altogether superficial, and in the wonderful aria with chorus "See the Saviour's outstretched hands," she nearly threw the whole *ensemble* into confusion by beginning one phrase a beat too soon. One felt quite sorry that Miss Dorothy Silk and Miss Alys Gear were given so little to do for both showed intelligence and the latter sang the accompanied recitative "O Gracious God" with great beauty of feeling. It was a disadvantage too that all the bass parts were distributed between two singers obliging Mr. Robert Radford to sing several parts as well as the arias and Mr. Dalton Baker (the Christus) to sing the first priest in the little duet "It is not lawful." These subsidiary parts might well be given to members of the Cathedral choirs with great gain in dramatic propriety and variety of voice. Probably the arrangement was made partly with the feeling that it would be a pity not to make the fullest use of so fine a singer as Mr. Radford, but it was mistaken. It is always specially delightful to hear him in the accompanied recitative near the end "At evening, hour of calm and peace," and his singing of this was one of the most satisfying moments in this performance. Mr. Dalton Baker, too, had some fine moments in the more significant words of Christ, but at first he was inclined to treat it all at one level of solemnity.

It was in the power of differentiation that Mr. Gervase Elwes was conspicuous above all the other singers. He was not afraid to hasten through what is purely a matter of narrative, and in hastening he never allowed the hearers to lose a word. He was able to impress every point the more deeply in consequence, and the whole of the music of the Evangelist was therefore alive and intensely moving. His voice showed signs of fatigue before the end, but that was not allowed to interfere with the importance of what he had to say. We would add that the accompaniment to the recitative was all most sympathetically managed by Mr. Atkins at the piano and Dr. Sinclair at the organ, and while we are speaking of accompaniments mention must be made of Mr. W. H. Reed's fine playing of the violin *obbligato* in "Have mercy, Lord," and elsewhere. Apart from the tendency to monotony already mentioned, the choir did much admirable work and improved immensely in variety of tone and resource as the work progressed. One verse of the Chorale sung without accompaniment dropped in pitch more than it should have done, but the quality of tone here and elsewhere was excellent. The crowd choruses were vigorous, and the *finale* sweeping down the nave in great waves of sound left an overwhelming last impression.

Mme. Ackté and M. Saint-Saëns.

The secular concert in the Shire Hall was made of much greater importance than it often is by the fact that Mme. Ackté produced a new poem for soprano solo and orchestra by her countryman Jean Sibelius, and also by the presence of M. Saint-Saëns, whose new oratorio is to be given in the Cathedral to-morrow morning, and who played the piano part of Mozart's Concerto in B flat. Besides the new work Mme. Ackté gave her famous performance of the last scene in Strauss's *Salome*, and other features were Dr. Brewer's choral ballad "Sir Patrick Spens," the bass solo sung by Mr. Harry Dearth, and several orchestral pieces, including Debussy's "Danse Sacrée et Danse Profane," and a piece called "Will o' the Wisp," by Mr. W. H. Reed.

Sibelius's tone-poem "Luonnotar" is probably his very latest work; at any rate, when asked for the score and parts a fortnight ago he replied to the Festival authorities that it was "still in his head." It was specially written for Mme. Ackté, and so perfectly suits her range and extraordinary powers of vocal interpretation that it is likely to remain her special property. An English audience is naturally at a disadvantage because, with only a rough English translation by which to follow the obscure Finnish legend of the daughter of the air who becomes the mother of the water and apparently of the "lofty arch of heaven" and the stars as well, one could get only the vaguest idea of the poetic content. Still every one could, or ought to have been able to, realize that it is the musical conception of an intensely imaginative mind working on purely individual lines. The voice part is a free rhythmic chant, based no doubt upon folk-song style, but Sibelius's use of suggestions from folk-song is different from that of many composers, who use it more consciously than he does. While they tend to fence it round with restrictions he unchains it from such restrictions as it originally has. Those who have admired the delicate orchestral suggestions of his Symphony in A minor will delight in the atmosphere with which the orchestra surrounds the voice in this poem. But it is a work to hear often before one dare attempt to describe, much less to criticize it.

After it Dr. Brewer's bluff and hearty setting of "Sir Patrick Spens" seemed queerly placed, but at least the audience could have no uncertainty about the meaning of the music here. It was sung with great good will by the choir, who seemed quite unwearied by their energies earlier in the day. The realistic storm played by the Festival Orchestra seemed peculiarly violent in the small hall, but every one enjoyed it and enjoyed cheering Dr. Brewer, whose efforts as a conductor they have had to receive in silence during most of the Festival. After the interval M. Saint-Saëns received a great ovation when he came up to play Mozart.

GLOUCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

NEW WORKS.

1913

GLOUCESTER, Sept. 11.

All the new works except those which were given in the Shire Hall last night were reserved for the morning performance of the third day of the Festival. M. Saint-Saëns's new oratorio

The Promised Land was the first of these; Sir Hubert Parry's "Te Deum," though originally written for Hereford in 1900, ranked practically as a new work, for since its first and only performance in Latin it has been put into English, the music has undergone considerable revision, and some parts, the bass solos and the duet "O Lord, let Thy mercy," have been entirely re-written. These two works together made a long first part, and after the luncheon interval came a new motet by Sir Charles Stanford, "Ye Holy Angels bright" for the choir, unaccompanied. The performance ended with Sir Edward Elgar's second Symphony in E flat, conducted by the composer.

"The Promised Land."

It was natural that M. Saint-Saëns's oratorio should hold the principal place in public interest. It is the first work ever composed by a foreigner for production at a Three Choirs Festival, and it has been written to an English libretto put together by Mr. Hermann Klein from passages in the Old Testament. M. Saint-Saëns had come over to conduct it, and every one in Gloucester rightly felt that he was doing very great honour to the Festival by undertaking all the fatigue which the production of a new work entails. But more than this, he gave the keenest delight by his exquisite playing of Mozart at the concert last night, so that personal admiration for him both as a man and an artist has been raised to a very high pitch. Nothing could have pleased Gloucester better than to have had the crowning honour of producing a masterpiece by him; but it is not the fault of the Festival, nor, indeed, altogether of the composer, that *The Promised Land* is very far from being a masterpiece. M. Saint-Saëns in accepting an English libretto naturally thought more of what would suit the place and the audience than of what would suit himself. One must admire the courtesy of the self-effacement by which he took Handel and Mendelssohn as his models, and tried to please in the same way as they have pleased English audiences at cathedral festivals ever since *Israel in Egypt* and *Elijah* first saw the light. But to do so was fatal to the permanency of his own work. He could scarcely avoid falling into the obvious trap of reflecting in his recitatives and double choruses just those qualities which have hampered the course of English oratorio, the formalism in spite of which really big things like *Israel in Egypt* still live. He could not hope to catch the things by which they live.

We may return to this question in a future article, but, for the moment, it is necessary to describe more particularly the course of *The Promised Land*. It begins with an orchestral prelude in which various representative themes are woven together into something like the traditional overture form. We have the slow introduction followed by a fugal exposition, and among several episodes a gently flowing arpeggio theme, which apparently represents the "land flowing with milk and honey." Then a double chorus begins solemnly with the words "Now the man Moses was very meek." It is hard to see why the librettist chose this statement to begin an oratorio of which the whole point is that Moses was anything but meek, that he spoke "unadvisedly," and suffered for it. It seems to be the first instance of many in which Mr. Klein merely thought what would give the composer a chance of a good effect, and no man living has greater capacity for writing effectively than M. Saint-Saëns. The whole score of *The Promised Land* is full of skilful effect.

The theme already mentioned accompanies the prophecy, sung by the double choir, of the good land, and then a tenor recitative tells how the children of Israel murmured against Moses and Aaron in the desert of Zin. The use of the organ here and elsewhere is an almost pathetic appeal to the Handelian tradition. So is the chorus "Would God that we had died," beginning with a square-cut fugue subject. More recitative leads to the oration of Moses to the people, "Hear now, ye rebels," a piece of declamation which Mr. Robert Radford delivered vigorously, followed by the dramatic moment in which "He smote the rock twice and the water came out abundantly." M. Saint-Saëns's water, chromatic passages of orchestration, is curiously like Wagner's fire, and the chorus suggests Mendelssohn's fire. Some reflections upon the subject come next, and a trio (Miss Ruth Vincent, Miss Phyllis Lett, and Mr. John Coates) with chorus culminates in a big choral climax. The second part begins with a duet of repentance for Moses and Aaron (Mr. Radford and Mr. Coates), which has an oboe *obbligato* which carries just a hint of Bach's manner, and a rather insignificant vocal quartet leads to an unaccompanied double chorus, "The Lord will not always chide." In connexion with this the excellent work done by the choir should be specially mentioned. The pitch dropped a little, but apart from this the singing was of very fine quality, and the singers seemed to be quite at home under the firm and precise beat of M. Saint-Saëns. A contralto solo leads up to the "Song of Moses," the one movement (for bass solo and choir) in which the composer allows himself to forget tradition and speak with his own voice. The broad tune supported by pizzicato strings is very simple, but the very monotony of its repetition gives it a certain weight.

The third part tells of the death of Moses, and there is one beautiful moment of choral writing when the people mourn for him. Unfortunately it is obliterated in the conventional chorus, "His glory is great," with which the work ends.

Sir Hubert Parry's "Te Deum."

Sir Hubert Parry's "Te Deum" is one of those directly forcible works which appeal very strongly to those who know and love his music and have realized the big conception underlying the rather rough technique. Its massive choruses contrast strongly with the beautifully polished style of Sir Charles Stanford's motet; its bald orchestration and the hurried orchestral episodes which link the movements together may be drawbacks, but one thinks little of them once one becomes absorbed in the compelling power of his thought. The translation of the text into English has some disadvantages, but very few, because he has not hesitated to remodel the musical phraseology to the language. Still the "Judex crederis" loses some of its solemnity by becoming "We believe that Thou shalt come," and the emphatic eight-note subject of the great final chorus makes one realize that "Let me never be confounded" is a poor substitute for "Non confundar in aeternum." The chief changes come in the bass solo "When Thou tookest upon Thee," which is treated with much more subtle harmonies in the new version; in the solo with chorus, "O Lord, save Thy people," which now becomes an extended and deeply-felt movement, and in the duet "O Lord, let Thy mercy," where the original figure of accompaniment is preserved and much more intimately used than before. As far as the choir was concerned the performance was an admirable one, and the beauty of the choral colouring, especially in the "Holy, Holy," was very remarkable. Although Mr. Radford began the solo "Thou art the King of Glory" with all the majesty of tone which he commands so easily, there were a good many points where his notes and his time were uncertain, and there were very few points where Miss Ruth Vincent was anything but uncertain. She seemed to lose all control and sang painfully out of tune. It must be admitted that the soprano part is very trying to the singer, but no singer should allow herself to make it so trying to the hearers.

Motet by Sir Charles Stanford.

Sir Charles Stanford's motet is written in the form of variations upon the tune known as "Darwells 148th," and each verse of Baxter's well-known hymn introduces a fresh phase of contrapuntal treatment. In the first the tune is amplified by imitative treatment; in the second the three lower voices accompany it in 6-4 time; the third, for five voices, places the tune in the first bass part; and the fourth, for double choir, is a free fantasia upon its features. The whole is a masterly piece of writing, and as it was sung under Dr. Brewer's direction (again the only fault was an occasional lapse in intonation) it created a deep impression.

The choir had a further severe ordeal in the evening programme, which consisted of Verdi's *Requiem* and a liberal selection from Handel's *Israel in Egypt*, separated only by the Prelude to *Parsifal*. The great *Requiem* has had a place in several recent festivals of the Three Choirs, but this was the most impressive performance they have given. Mme. Ackté's wonderful singing was the most distinguishing feature, but the other three solo singers, Miss Mildred Jones, Mr. Coates, and Mr. Dalton Baker, sang with admirable feeling. Since the individuals were all so capable it was a misfortune that it was not possible to get sufficient combined rehearsal to make the *ensemble* absolutely sure. There were moments when the solo singers and the orchestra were not perfectly together. In the circumstances Dr Brewer was wise to hold his forces in a firm grip, but he did so sometimes by preserving a rather inflexible *tempo*. One missed the impulsive *rubato* which is essential to the full expression of Verdi's passionate religion. The "Sanctus," for double choir, was splendidly sung. The thorough preparation of the choral work has been one of the most satisfactory features of the Festival. It will end to-morrow with the customary performance of Handel's *Messiah*.

THREE CHOIRS MEETING.

TWO MASTERPIECES.

By ROBIN H. LEGGE.

Sept. 9 '13

GLOUCESTER, Wednesday.

To-day Gloucester was once again in all her glory of sunshine after the hideous rain of yesterday. Weather plays no inconsiderable part in these three choir meetings, everybody in the locality is en fête, whether musician or Philistine, at festival times, and if the weather be bad, which is quite unusual, there is little or nothing for the Philistine, male or female, to stand at the cross-ways or in the close and stare at.

A truly brilliant autumn morning greeted musician and Philistine alike to-day, and so a huge crowd [illegible] the cathedral close—far larger than that which appeared either at Worcester or Hereford at the last two festivals—to hear the brass instrument players of the orchestra declaim in glorious manner the chorale of "Man, thy grievous sin bemoan," from the roof of the southern porch. I think the effect was greater here than elsewhere, for the simple reason that one was nearer to the players, who at the other cathedrals played from the roof of the tower. Probably, too, the players themselves appreciated the comparative lowness of their present position, since the effort to attain the heights from which they played were as nothing compared with that they had to exert to arrive on the pinnacle of the temple, as it were.

But I am going ahead too fast, and had almost forgotten that I have made no more than a mere reference yet to last night's concert. In point of fact there is not a great deal to be said concerning it, for it was of a very enjoyable character, and there was little enough in the performance to call for detailed criticism. The programme consisted of two works only. They were at opposite poles; yet each was a masterpiece, and each was given its deserts. The first was Brahms' genial Second Symphony, the other Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius."

ELGAR'S MASTERPIECE.

It may be that an orchestral work is not heard to ultimate advantage in a cathedral. Certainly the gain from atmosphere is not so large as in the case of a great and worthy choral composition—or so I think. But, be this how it may, there is no doubt whatever that Elgar's choral masterpiece gained enormously and out of all knowledge by performance in such surroundings as those of last night, for there, sitting in what are known here as the raised seats, the coup d'œil is superb. The light high up in the roof is so beautifully diffused as never to distract, while the shadows here and there cast by the stupendous pillars enhance the spectacle, if I may use the word, and behind the orchestra, chorus, and the organ is the dark blackness of night. The surroundings, indeed, are ideal for a work so mystical as "Gerontius," and though I have heard the oratorio a score and more of times in cathedrals and concert-rooms, I confess that it impresses me more each time I hear it in a cathedral; while, to be frank, I care not if I never hear it again in the garish surroundings of a conventional concert-room. In the performance of "Gerontius" the chorus sing magnificently, under the direction of Elgar himself, though it must be said that, clever as they are, this silver-tongued body of songsters, even they were unable to maintain perfect accuracy of intonation in the kyrie. But the sheer loveliness of their tone, to which I referred yesterday, was exquisite elsewhere, and I can recall no better choral body at Gloucester than this.

The soloists we have often heard in London and elsewhere. Miss Phyllis Lett, whose style of singing and whose method have ripened very considerably since last I heard her, sang with rare feeling as the Angel, while Mr. John Coates, I think, has never entered more completely or effectively into the music of the part of Gerontius or given its spirit more emotionally. Mr. Dalton Baker, a little tired, perhaps, after having sung "Elijah" earlier in the day, doubled, as it were, the parts of the Priest and the Angel of the Agony. His singing of the fine "Profiscisceré Anima Christiana" was not sufficiently full of confidence, and was a little tentative. Elsewhere he sang with real dignity.

FINE CHORUS SINGING.

For "Gerontius" there was a very large congregation—larger, I am told, than for "Elijah" in the morning, which goes to show that if an English musician can but compose a work that attracts the better public that public will continue to demand it. It was somewhat of a blow to see a goodly number of vacant seats at the performance of Bach's "St. Matthew" Passion this morning. Not that there was not a very large congregation—there was—but it was not, or did not appear to be, so large as its two predecessors. Those who refrained from attending missed a performance of real excellence. I have heard performances of deeper emotional effect, it is true, but not a great many that were imbued with a finer or deeper spirit. I found the chorus singing of the chorales of very great beauty indeed, even if dynamically there might conceivably have been a wider variety of tone-colour; but the tone itself was of quite exceptional beauty, and nothing could have been more refined or more to the point and freer from exaggerated emphasis than the singing of such dramatic choruses as "Not upon the feast" and "Lord, is it I?" or the chorus of lightning and thunders, "The bottomless pit and all its terrors." I quote only three examples, but they are sufficient for my purpose, which is to emphasise now what I hinted at yesterday, namely, that what the Gloucester chorus of this year may lack in power is more than compensated for by the refinement and intelligence of their methods. Their attack was generally of delightful accuracy, and their whole performance perfectly spontaneous.

Once more the redoubtable Mr. Dalton Baker was in evidence, he singing the part of Christus with very devout and sincere expression. That he adheres to what I suppose must be described as the traditional reading of that part, in England at least, and treats it objectively rather than subjectively is nothing to his discredit, for he has many antecedents and authorities upon whom to base his claim. Mr. Gervase Elwes, though at first not in his best voice, sang later quite magnificently. In nothing in oratorio that he sings, not even when representing Gerontius, does the high order of his artistry stand out in such immensely bold relief as when he represents the evangelist in the "St. Matthew" Passion, and if one must quote examples let me cite "Of grief how throbs His heavy-laden breast," and the aria, "I would beside my Lord be watching," wherein his breath control was remarkable—very remarkable, indeed, in these days. Mr. Robert Radford, in the two parts of Peter and

Thomas, sang as nicely as ever, and Madame Gleeson White and Ada Crossley were the principal soprano and contralto respectively, and as such were, of course, perfectly safe, though the high pitch in use here seemed to worry the former. Praise must assuredly be accorded to Mr. Ivor Atkins for his beautiful pianoforte interpretation of the "Continuo," to Dr. Sinclair, who ably presided at the organ, and to Mr. W. H. Reed, the admirable leader of the orchestra, who likewise officiated as solo violinist. Dr. Brewer conducted with scrupulous care.

DR. SAINT-SAENS.

To-night is the secular concert in the Shire Hall, when Madame Ackte is likely to astonish the citizens by her amazing performance of the closing scene from Strauss's "Salome," and Dr. Saint-Saëns is to play Mozart's pianoforte Concerto in B flat. The many admirers of the French musician will be glad to hear that later in this month he is to journey to Berlin to play his own fifth concerto, and by command of the Emperor to conduct the one hundredth performance in Berlin of his popular opera, "Samson et Dalila."

I am requested to say, in contradiction of a rumour that is rampant, to the effect that Dr. Saint-Saëns composed twenty-five years ago some of the music for his oratorio, "The Promised Land," which we are to hear to-morrow morning for the first time, that the setting as a fact was begun only some fifteen mon hs ago at Aix. It is true that about 1888 Dr. Saint-Saëns held the idea of an oratorio upon this subject, but on the appearance of Rubinstein's "Moïse" he retired from the field until now, so that the present work is entirely new.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.

M. HAHN'S NEW SUITE.

M. Reynaldo Hahn's music is always typically French in its neatness of workmanship, its elegance and lyrical grace. We may, however, know nothing of his characterised by any particular strength, or of real individuality of style. The experience of hearing his suite at the Queen's Hall last night, "Le Bal de Béatrice d'Este," played for the first time in England, does not alter the general view voiced above. Yet the work has a certain fascination of its own, partly on account of the successfully achieved calling up of fifteenth-century atmosphere and partly because of the scoring, for wind instruments, two harps, and pianoforte. There are seven short movements of varying design and pictorial intention. The "Lesquerade," an old French dance of quiet mood, is distinctly quaint and pleasing. A vigorous "Ibérienne" of somewhat martial character has perhaps the most attractive thematic material, while a "Courante" was a pleasing specimen of the type of movement. But the principal merit of the suite lies really in its technique, and one fancies that the form and the self-imposed limitations of the setting rather stood in the way of the creation of something of first-rate quality. It is, in fact, a clever and highly-polished example of "genre" work, with the practical advantage of setting forth the skill of the instrumentalists. The performance has some good features; it did not appear always to be well-balanced, but the tone was excellent. Sir Henry Wood played the pianoforte part with ready address, and Mr. F. B. Kiddle took his place at the conductor's desk. An unfamiliar number in the programme was D'Albert's overture, "Der Improvisator," hardly one of the best examples of this variable composer's genius.

THREE CHOIR MEETING.

SAINT-SAENS NEW ORATORIO.

Sept. 12 1913

By ROBIN H. LEGGE.

GLOUCESTER, Thursday.

At the present moment I am wondering precisely where to begin again this narrative of the musical events of the last two concerts. It is a clear case of embarrassment of riches, and therefore the simplest plan clearly is for me to begin in orthodox fashion at the beginning and so obtain at least consecutiveness in my despatches. Well, then, let me hark back to last night's very crowded concert in the Shire Hall—very crowded in more senses than one, for the room was packed some way beyond its doors, and the programme contained no fewer than ten numbers, though others were added by those performers who captured a sufficiency of applause from the public.

There were at least two, if not three, points of outstanding merit in the evening's entertainment. By far the sharpest of them was the marvellous performance by Madame Ackté of the closing scene from "Salome," which, to judge by the facial expression of those people sitting in my neighbourhood, was more of an astonishment than a thing of pure joy. For myself, I hope this particular example of Strauss's genius will not take its place in the ordinary or even extraordinary concert répertoire. It is not adapted at all for the concert platform. But if it has to be sung there, then by all means let it be sung as by Madame Ackté sang it last night. Her performance was, indeed, a tour de force, and however much or little the scene was understood by its hearers, it is to their credit that they lavished their applause upon the singer, who has never sung in my hearing with a greater general or artistic effect. This was undoubtedly the first, or sharpest, of the points, though I daresay one old gentleman who was a member of the audience, and who had either sung under or attended a concert directed by Mendelssohn—I forget which—did not think so.

AN ULTRA MODERN PIECE.

A second point was Dr. Brewer's able conducting of the orchestra in Strauss's scene. Though Dr. Brewer earned praise by his enlivening tempi in "Elijah" and his alertness elsewhere, he earned far more in this ultra modern piece of music, and I am glad to be able to bear witness to his success. The third especial point was the production by Madame Ackte of her compatriot, Jean Sibilius's "Skena Luonnotar." It has been my unhappy lot many times to confess that I cannot always see eye to eye with those who admire whole-heartedly, or profess to understand at a first hearing, Sibelius in his later development. It rarely enough comes to a second hearing. The symphony of his produced at Birmingham last year, and now his scene from "Kalevala," I frankly cannot understand yet. I know they are clear as the glorious sunlight now pouring down on me as I write, because others have said so. But it does not seem to me to carry us very far when a highly sophisticated mind seeks to express, in terms of somewhat nebulous music, that which is naive and unsophisticated to the last degree.

It may be that I could not grasp Madame Ackté's Finnish language. I certainly could not, and the translation in the programme stirred no very deep human emotion in my breast. But the ghostly, nebulous, vague, and inconsequent orchestral score seemed to be finely played, and Madame Ackté, whose voice part seemed based upon a folk tune or two, did not deeply move me, who am constitutionally averse from perpetual wails, even if they emanate from gods and things of that sort.

Mr. Collier's harp-playing in Debussy's dances was simply wonderful, and Dr. Saint-Saëns made a mighty popular success with his playing of a Mozart pianoforte concerto. His was very neat and very facile playing, and superficially was admirable, but it was not my idea of Mozart, however well it may have exhibited the French musician as pianist. After it, in response to the applause, Dr. Saint-Saëns gave delightfully his Mignonne Valse.

Miss Phyllis Lett had likewise to give an encore after her singing of the more familiar of Dalila's airs from "Samson," which she sang greatly to the public delight of Dr. Brewer's song of a piper's tune, or something of the kind. Mr. W. H. Reed's piquante caprice "Will o' the Wisp," is certain to be heard again, for it is a dainty little piece of music that is in advance of anything previously written by this clever musician.

It remains to be recorded that Dr. Brewer's robust setting of "Sir Patrick Spens" went capitally, Mr. Harry Dearth, who had previously sung Sach s "Monologue," not in the least as I would have it, being the soloist.

"THE PROMISED LAND."

Whole pages might be written in reference to this morning's concert. First of all we had exemplified in excelsis the essential difference between the modern idea of music for the Church and the modern version of the ancient idea in Sir Hubert Parry's setting of the Te Deum—this a revised and largely rewritten edition of a setting made for Hereford, some thirteen years ago—and Sir Charles Stanford's most ingenious motet "Ye Holy Angels Bright," which is founded upon the psalm tune known as 148th.

Then again, in even wider contrast was that which lay between Parry's noble, if a trifle long, work, and Saint-Saëns' new oratorio, "The Promised Land, the libretto of which was provided by Mr. Hermann Klein. One's first impulse in writing of the oratorio is to suggest, as Moses suggests in the Book, "Remember the days of old, ask thy father and he will show thee," and this with no idea of flippancy. Moreover, one has always the example before one of the great Verdi, who was much of an age with Saint-Saëns when he composed "Falstaff." The truth is, it is not a pleasant task to discuss the new oratorio, which is new in no sense but the one that it is recently composed. It is not even first-rate Saint-Saëns, for it lacks almost everywhere the vitality that is found in so much of his earlier music, and while it is free from the saccharine sweetness of some of "Samson et Dalila," it has nothing in particular to replace it. Of course, the score is full of a certain kind of cleverness and adroitness, but even so I am doubtful if Saint Saëns's record would not have been all the better had he not succumbed to the temptation to revive an enthusiasm it is known he held a quarter of a century ago for the subject. Had he carried out his idea then there is no doubt whatever that his work would have been of wider and deeper interest.

THE BOOK AND ITS MUSIC.

The book is admirably concise; indeed, the oratorio lasts but one hour in performance, and its text is taken entirely from Numbers and Deuteronomy while a sort of close is provided for the whole by the modern interpretation of the Biblical story to the effect that Moses and Aaron were not permitted to enter the promised land because of their lack of a proper confidence in God in calling water from the rock.

It will be recollected that the Divine command was, "Speak ye to the rock," and that Moses disobeyed that command by taking the rod and smiting it. But into this and other points I have no space and no time to go just now. There is no doubt that "The Promised Land" will be given by one or other of the metropolitan choral societies during the coming winter season, when possibly a further hearing will reveal not only more beauties than were made clear at first, but also a greater emotional appeal. I have said already, or hinted, that it is no pleasure to have to write thus of the latest work of an eminent musician, but a musician who has risen to eminence and held his place for much more than a generation must be judged by higher standards than the young composer at the outset of his career, whose experience, therefore, is limited. Saint Saëns attempts not very strongly to obtain at least a quasi-Oriental atmosphere by means of cadenzas and solo passages for oboe and flute. He writes with some picturesqueness when he describes Moses's act in striking the rock, but, to put it bluntly, he never seems to "get going"; and the everlasting full chorus makes it difficult to keep free from a sense of monotony.

That the music is facile no one will deny, but I emphatically deny that the facility has led to great results, and I regret to have to say so.

Dr. Saint-Saëns conducted in person a performance of unequal merit. The choral sopranos seemed tired and not so alert as usual, but it must be confessed that there might have been a greater spirit in the performance had the conductor been less inflexible. Miss Ruth Vincent and Miss Phyllis Lett, with Messrs. John Coates and Radford, were the soloists, the first and last also taking splendid part in Parry's "Te Deum." This likewise the composer conducted, and of it, a very beautiful work, he obtained a fine hearing. It is true that Parry has recently rewritten and entirely revised this work, which was heard at Hereford in 1900, where its success was unequivocal. I hope sincerely that in its revised form it will be heard constantly in future, for it contains many noble utterances, and even Parry has never written anything lovelier than the setting of "Heaven and Earth are full of Thy Majesty" and "Thou art the King of Glory," which latter Mr. Radford sang magnificently.

THREE CHOIR MEETING.

Sept 13/1913

By ROBIN H. LEGGE.

GLOUCESTER, Friday.

Little remains to be recorded in connection with the Gloucester Festival, which was brought to a close by a performance of the "Messiah" in the Cathedral this morning, and that little might in certain circumstances have been reduced to nothing at all. But really, one cannot with a clear conscience omit a protest against certain details of a truly amazing performance of Verdi's glorious "Requiem," given to by far the largest congregation of the entire festival. Let me say at once that the chorus again covered themselves in glory. Their singing of the opening "Requiem aternain" was indescribably lovely, and in their more vigorous moments, as in the "Dies Ire" and the "Tuba mirum," they sang magnificently. Mr. Dalton Baker, too, and Mr. John Coates, as well as Miss Mildred Jones, all gave of their very best, but it is with real regret that I find myself compelled to protest against the utter waywardness of Madame Ackte's reading of the principal soprano part. Over and over again in the concerted music Madame Ackte reminded me of no one so much as old Spohr, who often wrote in his famous biography, "I played my E major quartet." Over and over again in Verdi's concerted numbers Madame Ackte seemed to regard herself as the only soloist. Her tempi were of the freest, as was her sense of the rhythm of countless phrases, so that to those who know their "Requiem" as all music lovers should know it it was well nigh miraculous that the performance produced even so comparatively good an effect. Dr. Brewer's task as conductor was most unenviable, but he and the orchestra triumphed over the unusual and almost abnormal difficulties.

It is a thousand pities that there should have been a blot of the kind described, all the more because Madame Ackte is so phenomenally gifted as a dramatic singer that the liberties she took with the rhythm of Verdi's music may not unlikely be imitated by young singers of inferior experience, not to say intelligence. Individually it was magnificent, but beyond that I cannot go. Having placed my protest upon record it remains only to add that, so far as emotional feeling is concerned, Madame Ackte was never at a loss to show how deeply she feels the music she is singing.

In looking back on the festival I cannot help thinking that this year's meeting will come to be regarded in musical history as the festival of the Gloucester choir. Not one of the new works was in the least epoch-making, while by common consent of Press and public, so far as I have been able to ascertain, the work which should have been the climax of an interesting festival, Dr. Saint-Saëns's oratorio, "The Promised Land," pleased nobody. It was generally conceded that the libretto was undramatic and the music of a kind that would hardly have been acceptable a quarter of a century ago, and I agree with the verdict. Dr. Brewer added many cubits to his musical stature by his conducting of a very great variety of music, and I have shown that on at least two occasions, in the Shire Hall on Wednesday and again last night, he rose by sheer skill far above gratuitous difficulties that might well have unnerved a conductor of vastly wider experience.

than he can have had. A word of hearty thanks to Mr. Barrett Cooke, the indefatigable secretary, and to the stewards for their unfailing courtesy, which it is a great pleasure to record, and one can but express the hope that in the future the musical authorities will always find a choral body to work upon such as that which has played so distinguished a part in this the 190th of the Three Choir meetings. I am assured that the financial results are considerably in advance of those of three years ago. Certainly I have never seen so vast a crowd at a similar festival concert as that of last night. That is well, for it will be indeed a dark day when, if ever, these delightful meetings have to be brought to a permanent close.

LEEDS FESTIVAL.

OPENING DAY.

Oct. 2-1913

By ROBIN H. LEGGE.

LEEDS, Wednesday.

The Leeds Festival authorities have decidedly taken the bull by the horns in their evident endeavour to strike out a line of procedure different from that which has hitherto existed. A month ago, at Gloucester, I pointed out that the wave of a kind of modernity had reached that Western city. Now the wave—a larger specimen of a similar type—has reached Leeds, and has already washed away a good deal of the older and more conventional order of things already—and the festival opened only this morning. For example, the present scheme is of a far wider interest than any of its immediate predecessors, and in many respects is more in accordance with modern ideas. Then, again, the conductor-in-chief is none other than Professor Arthur Nikisch, and since this eminent musician is known in English concert-rooms almost entirely as an orchestral conductor, it seems clear that the powers intended all along to lay great stress upon orchestral music.

FOREIGN ARTISTS AND NATIVE COMPOSERS.

Further, the same powers have spread their net for the singing birds over a very wide area, and have caught in it the American Madame Edyth Walker, three Dutch singers in Mesdames Noordewier-Reddingius and Haan-Manifurges and Mr. Van Rooy, with Miss Muriel Foster, happily returned to the scene of former triumphs. The Misses Carrie Tubb and Phyllis Lett, and Messrs. John Coates, Gervase Elwes, Robert Radford, and Thorpe Bates completed the list. I have heard many remarks here and elsewhere on the wisdom or otherwise of the committee spreading their net so far as to engage so comparatively many foreign artists. Madame Carreño is solo pianist, and Mischa Elman solo violinist, to the neglect of the native product. But into the right or wrong of the question I cannot possibly dive just now, and must content myself by suggesting that if the programmes were arranged before the singers were engaged there is little enough in it to provide musical sustenance, as it were, for the native prime donne, several of the more distinguished of whom are, by the way, engaged elsewhere. For myself, I am more than content, for as I have to deal with the musical and artistic side of affairs it is nothing to me personally whence the musicians come, since narrow nationality is a very black beast indeed for me.

But if there are many foreign artists taking part in this festival, the new compositions are all of native origin, a fact that may provide a little balm for the wounds of the hypersensitive. Of these new compositions pride of place belongs to Sir Edward Elgar's symphonic poem, or study as he prefers to call it, "Falstaff," which is to be produced in the middle of to-morrow night's programme. Mr. George Butterworth, whose name is new to our festival schemes, if I am not in error, has written an orchestral rhapsody, "A Shropshire Lad." Dr. Basil Harwood provides a cantata on a May morning for chorus and orchestra, and Mr. Hamilton Harty, whose name I am glad to see once again in a festival scheme, has taken Whitman's "The Mystic Trumpeter" for his text. Apart from these works are Verdi's Requiem, Bach's B minor Mass, Strauss's "Taillefer," and selections from "Parsifal" and "Meistersinger" to show the ability of the chorus.

ORCHESTRAL MUSIC.

I have said already that the committee had laid themselves out for a greater display of orchestral music. This morning's programme, which opened the festival, contained the third "Leonora" Overture and Brahms's third Symphony. To-night Nikisch is to conduct the "Oberon" Overture and Tschaikowsky's fifth Symphony; to-morrow morning he produces Mr. Butterworth's Rhapsody, and directs Beethoven's seventh Symphony; and on Friday some Strauss, Stanford, and Wagner. To Elgar, who opened the proceedings, also falls a large share in this very orchestral festival, since to-morrow he will conduct Mozart's G minor Symphony and works by himself, Bantock, Borto, and others. I imagine that in recent years no festival in England has laid so great a stress upon orchestral music, and Leeds is to be congratulated on taking a lead in the matter at a time when there is some fear of purely choral music gaining far too prominent a position in provincial musical life. The bed rock of our music must be the orchestra, for, indeed, it is to-day in spite of the amazing advance made in choral technique all over the North of England.

Before speaking of the virtues of the Leeds Choir yesterday, which virtues are many, and before commenting upon this morning's performance, I must point out an error that has crept into the present programme as I see the matter. The works chosen are in all cases worthy, so far at least as I know them. But their arrangement is not always as good as might be, and in two cases it strikes me as being entirely unjustifiable. I refer to the fact that Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius" and Verdi's glorious Requiem figure in the opening part of morning programmes. Now, candidly, should this be so? Surely, indeed, both would gain appreciably in a kind of atmosphere by being sung in the evening, and most certainly this is the case in respect of the Requiem. Now, if this be so from the standpoint of the audience, it must be even more so from that of the singer. The gain, then, by the transference of such works to an evening scheme would be general, for the audience would be in the better and more receptive mood, and the singers would have a greater opportunity for, as it were, warming the voice. For the first time, if I am not in error, the London Symphony Orchestra has been engaged en bloc for this festival under the leadership of Mr. W. H. Reed, and it remains only to add that Mr. H. A. Fricker, the city organist, has proved himself once more to be indeed a master in the art of chorus training.

OPENING PERFORMANCE.

Now as to the opening performance—this evening's concert must wait for notice until to-morrow, though let me say at once that Professor Nikisch, who is to conduct it, has completely captivated his forces here, to judge by printed and aural accounts, by reason of his mastery of his music and his means and because he possesses in a unique measure that indefinable quality which enables him to draw from those under him the best they have to give. After the National Anthem had been sung this morning under Elgar's direction, Beethoven's "Leonora" Overture, No. 3, was played very well, if somewhat slowly. On it there followed a performance of Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius." It is worthy of note that, save for the inclusion of an overture by him in the scheme of the festival of 1904, there is no record in the historical sketch of the festivals attached to the programmes of an important work by Elgar since his "Caractacus" was produced here by Sullivan as long ago as 1898. At least the performance under notice must have afforded some consolation, for, save for a little slackness here and hesitation there, both due apparently to the seeming nervous condition of the conductor, whose health recently I am told has been none of the best, the performance was very beautiful indeed. In point of fact, I cannot readily recall a performance of the same work at a festival in recent years that was on so high a level. The choral tone was magnificent in its wondrous mellowness. It was splendidly full and round, and never of that somewhat hard brilliance that sometimes is to be found in the Northern choirs.

The sopranos I thought finely brilliant, but later, when the male chorus assisted Miss Muriel Foster in an exquisite performance of Brahms's alto rhapsody, they, too, seemed unusually beautiful in tone and sympathy. Miss Foster still retains all the individual control over the part of the angel which in the early days of "Gerontius" was hers. There is at least as much of real distinction in her style as ever. On the other hand, Mr. John Coates, of whom I wrote from Gloucester that his Gerontius was ever developing, showed an advance over any performance of the part I have ever heard from him. He seemed to be at once both more personal, as it were, and more dramatic, and in his singing of "Take me away" he attained an emotional climax that was as appealing as his singing with Miss Foster of the duet. Mr. Radford made a highly successful first appearance as the Angel of the Agony. I have already mentioned Miss Foster's very beautiful singing of the alto rhapsody. It was truly glorious. Immediately before it she, with the Misses Carrie Tubb and Pullon and Messrs. John Coates and Radford, took part in the chorus in a delightful performance of Parry's "Ode to Music," a charming little work that deserves more frequent hearing.

LEEDS MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

Times

A WAGNER PROGRAMME.

1913

LEEDS, Oct. 5.

The Festival programme was completed yesterday with Wagner in the morning and Mendelssohn at night—the popular ideal of this generation followed by that of the last. Herr Nikisch was in command in the morning and conducted the "Faust" Overture, the Prelude and Grail Scene from *Parsifal*, the Overture and parts of the third act of *Die Meistersinger*. Dr. Allen presided over the performance of *Elijah* in the evening.

As Friday morning was the choir's great day, so yesterday brought triumph for the orchestra. It gave us some intensely beautiful playing. The quality of the brass in the *Parsifal* music was one of the most conspicuously fine things. There was none of the blazing tone which we had to complain of earlier in the Festival. Though exceedingly penetrating in loud passages, it was always so pure that it never offended the ears. Then the magnificent quality of the strings, in the Overture to *Die Meistersinger* especially, was a perpetual joy to listen to. One is inclined to credit Herr Nikisch with some magic influence upon the players until one reflects that his skill consists in the simple power of letting his players know exactly what he wants at each moment and giving them time to produce it. As they can never be flurried or anxious under his beat, they can always do their best. In point of orchestral playing his performance was perfect. As an interpretation of Wagner it was marred by the conductor's love of the *tour de force*. If he would only leave the time alone in the Overture to *Die Meistersinger* he could get all the brilliant moments he gets now and the added joy of continuity besides. But it is probably too late to hope for such a change.

In the *Parsifal* scene Mr. Van Rooy sang the music of Amfortas with great intensity of feeling. The total impression was, of course, rather spoilt by the fact that he and the choir could not sing in each other's languages, and so the performance had to be bi-lingual. A festival choir, too, of this size does not really suit the music. The choral singers gave the impression of not quite knowing what was expected of them, and consequently the rhythm was inclined to be vague and several times the intonation was inaccurate. The device of putting the boys' voices into the swell-box of the organ and allowing the organist to regulate their crescendos and diminuendos by means of the swell-pedal had an unpleasant suggestion of trickery.

The Overture to *Die Meistersinger* was followed by the Prelude and the Sachs monologue (Mr. Van Rooy again) at the beginning of Act III. Then there was the chorale, "Wach auf," in which the choir could really excel and let us hear once more all that wonderful quality which has been one of the chief pleasures of the Festival. Mr. John Coates sang the "Preislied" with that remarkably virile enthusiasm of his which goes far to compensate for the want of emotional power in the voice itself, and the selection ended with Sachs's address to the people and what concert programmes generally describe as "Hommage to Sachs." Then followed "hommage to Nikisch," including a share for the other performers.

This year's Festival has justified itself primarily on the ground of the high standard of its performances. It has given comparatively little new work, and practically nothing of that class of work which, while not new, yet needs to be better known. Only one of the new works, Sir Edward Elgar's "Falstaff," has been of the kind which gives the musician anything fresh to think about. Apart from that, the pleasure of the Festival has been almost entirely that of hearing well-known masterpieces performed in the best possible way allowed by the conditions. Evidently the policy has been popular with the supporters of the Festival in and around Leeds, but the tendency to look backward is one to be guarded against. There has been no French music, and nothing from Russia less thoroughly explored than Tchaikovsky. With the exceptions of Bach at one end and of Elgar and Strauss at the other (important exceptions certainly) it has been a Festival of 19th century music—that is to say, of works which are thoroughly assimilated. No doubt the answer is that the organization of this year's Festival necessitated a sufficient amount of experiment without launching out in the direction of an experimental choice of music. If so, we have only to add a hope that the conspicuous success of this Festival upon its own lines will lead to developments upon still wider lines in the future.

ALBERT HALL.

Telegraph October 6 1913

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.

It may be said that the autumn concert season has commenced in earnest when the first of the "Ballads" takes place. On Saturday afternoon a very numerous audience attended at the Albert Hall to enjoy the characteristic programme offered by Messrs. Boosey—a programme lengthened, of course, by the inevitable encore. One may always expect to hear several new songs on occasions of this kind, and on Saturday there were four. Miss Mary Leighton sang the first two: Haydn Wood's "Days of Gladness" and Edwin Schneider's "Flower Rain," both, in their way, attractive things. One felt, however, that "Days of Gladness" was sung at too funereal a pace to live up to its title properly, and more than once its impulsive rhythm was somewhat distorted; the line "Scenes of childhood dim remembered" was sung, for example, quite adagio, which was surely contrary to the composer's intention? The third new song was "Pals," a capital ballad of the breezy type so familiarly associated with the name of W. H. Squire. This was introduced by Mr. Norman Williams, who, like Mr. Wilfrid Douthitt, would do well to pay a little more regard to the niceties of English vowels; otherwise the diction of both artists is admirable. "Pals" was encored, due in great measure to the patriotic character of Mr. F. E. Weatherly's words. There is an assertiveness in the lines,

> For we're all o' the same old stuff, ahoy!
> All o' the same tough leather,

which brooks no discussion. Mr. Iver Foster scored a success with another breezy song—Wilfrid Sanderson's "Up from Somerset." This is a very jolly morsel, and is sure to be popular before many days.

For the rest, there were Miss Fifine de la Cote, whose singing has much improved since last year; Mr. Burke Leigh, a new tenor whose singing of "I hear a thrush at eve"—a delightful song by Charles Wakefield Cadman—was very pleasant indeed; Miss Mabel Mann, a contralto with a good, strong voice, but whose style is marred by an over-indulgence in portamento—a fault very easily rectified; Miss Lucy Nuttall; Mr. Philip Ritte; Mr. Daniel Melsa, the highly accomplished young violinist, and the Westminster Singers. One and all contributed handsomely to the enjoyment of the afternoon, Mr. Liddle and Mr. Sewell being in their old places as accompanists.

SUNDAY CONCERT SOCIETY.

The first of this series of concerts, which continue from now uninterruptedly till the end of March, took place at Queen's Hall yesterday afternoon. The programme was carefully chosen so as to include nothing that is not of proved popularity—the Overtures to *Wilhelm Tell* and *Rienzi*, the "Peer Gynt" Suite, No. 1, Liszt's Hungarian Fantasia for pianoforte and orchestra, Walford Davies's Solemn Melody, and "L'Apprenti Sorcier" (Dukas). There was one more, which had an additional reason for its inclusion, the Barcarolle from the *Tales of Hoffmann*, it being the anniversary of the composer's death, a generation ago. October 6 1913

There is probably not one among these seven pieces which this orchestra has not played at least a hundred times already. They have become, the two overtures, for instance, family heirlooms which repose on their accustomed shelf, which we take for granted and hardly look at, but which we would not part with on any account. They may be curious, or beautiful, or may have some interesting history; but we have long ceased to think about all that. They are to us merely full of old associations, and appeal first and last to our sense of use and wont. And there is the added pleasure of thinking that this hard-worked orchestra has not had to labour for our Sunday amusement; that it is merely sitting down to the piano, as it were, and strumming a little for our entertainment.

The piano to which it sat down was in the very capable hands of Miss Adela Verne. Capable seems the word to describe playing which is strongly built upon flawless technique and a masterful sense of rhythm, and knows at every moment what is expected of it and what it expects in its turn of the accompaniment. Such playing gives pleasure—and it gave great pleasure—not so much by its passion or ingenuity of interpretation as by its sanity and security.

SUNDAY CONCERTS.

Telegraph October 6 1913

Most of us can remember quite well when public opinion was dead against the holding of concerts on Sunday. It is not so long ago since the performance of "secular" music (often deeply religious, of course) on the first day of the week was considered an act of the direst depravity. And now that opinion has been carefully and gradually educated out of existence! Grumblers, no doubt, there are left who still subscribe to the older attitude, but nowadays they are conspicuous by their absence—at any rate from the Albert Hall. There, yesterday afternoon, an immense audience foregathered. The concert was the first of the "new series" (ninth season) under the direction of Mr. Hilton Carter, and the programme of great excellence. Mr. Landon Ronald was in command of the New Symphony Orchestra, Madame Kirkby Lunn was the vocalist, and Harold Bauer solo pianist. One would have been glad, of course, to hear the famous contralto in something less hackneyed than "Mon cœur s'ouvre à ta voix," but that popular air from "Samson et Dalilah" never fails to make a great impression upon an average audience, and it was certainly finely sung yesterday, and finely accompanied. With most consummate art, Harold Bauer played the solo part in Schumann's immortal Concerto; never presumptuous, never selfish, and always in closest sympathy with the mood of the music. The divinely beautiful Intermezzo was exquisitely played, and the whole performance was a thing to be remembered with joy. Next Sunday, at these concerts, Carreño is to make her last appearance in London prior to her two years' tour, and Mr. Longhi-Cellini is to be the vocalist.

THE AUTUMN CONCERT SEASON.

HERR KREISLER'S RECITAL AT QUEEN'S HALL.

The first concert of the autumn season was Mr. Elman's violin recital given a week ago in the Queen's Hall; the second was Herr Kreisler's, given in the same hall on Saturday afternoon. At this recital the programme was made up of Wieniawski's well-known concerto in D minor, a selection of movements from Bach's partita in E major, and two groups of miscellaneous pieces edited or transcribed by the concert-giver. October 6 1913 Times

The suite, which was played with Schumann's accompaniments (from Mr. Haddon Squire), but without the Loure or the Bourrée, enabled Herr Kreisler to show us once more that he is one of the finest living interpreters of Bach. There was fiery energy and vitality in the opening prelude without a trace of roughness; there was grace and dignity in the gavotte and the two minuets, and a buoyancy combined with solidity in the final gigue, which gave tremendous impetus to the rhythm. His playing of the concerto, too, was wonderfully bold and free, but behind the freedom one always felt the control and restraint without which all liberties become capricious and meaningless. Particularly striking was the way in which the opening phrases in the first movement and the rhythmical gipsy-like subjects of the last were delivered, and even the Romance seemed interesting owing to the flexibility of the violinist's phrasing and his refusal to become sentimental over it.

But it is a pity that Herr Kreisler, with all his gifts for interpreting the fine things that have been written for the violin, should put into his programme two groups of the tiny scraps that he has helped to make so popular. A Tambourin by Leclair or an Allegretto by Porpora is charming enough in its way, and is, in fact, just the thing to give as an *encore*, and even a transcription of one of Mendelssohn's "Songs without words" or a "Moment musical" by Schubert may have a place between more serious works, but when they all come together with a number of other pieces equally short and sugary, as they did in Saturday's programme, one feels that one is having a surfeit of sweet morsels. Besides, these pieces are now becoming so hackneyed that one would willingly exchange a handful of them for something more continuous and less within reach of the drawing-room violinist, for whom, no doubt, they were primarily designed.

LEEDS FESTIVAL.

October 6 1913

WILD ENTHUSIASM.

By ROBIN H. LEGGE.

Telegraph LEEDS, Saturday Night.

At length that wonderful orgy of music, the Leeds Festival, has run its course, a performance of "Elijah" having brought it to an end this evening. But of this there is nothing to be said, save, perhaps, that it was conducted by Dr. Allen, and that the name-part was sung by Mr. Robert Radford. The remaining soloists were Miss Carrie Tubb, Miss Phyllis Lett, and Mr. Gervase Elwes. I have yet to write of last night's wonderful concert and the no less remarkable concert of this morning. Both were conducted by Professor Nikisch, who on each occasion roused the large audiences to a pitch of enthusiasm bordering on frenzy. Leeds is not given to becoming frenzied. It has a reputation for its general coldness, as, indeed, it is easy to understand if the majority of the members of the audiences are resident in that grimy, dull spot. Apropos, a famous prima donna who was engaged at Leeds was obviously a stranger there, for on arrival at her hotel she asked for a room at the top of the building into which the morning sun shone! Morning sun and Leeds!

But if the place was dull the audiences were not, at least when Nikisch conducted. Last night, after one of the most astonishing performances of "Heldenleben" I have ever heard, and again after Mr. John Coates had, with Madame Edyth Walker, sung the great scene between Siegfried and Brünnhilde from the prologue to "Götterdämmerung," and after Madame Walker, superb artist that she is, had sung the noble closing scene from the same drama in truly noble fashion—after all this there was a scene of enthusiasm that was as magnificent as it is rare in the North. Indeed, this was a most inspiriting concert, one long crescendo of cumulative effect to an unforgettable climax.

Leeds quite forgot her ancient reputation for once, and expressed her pent-up emotion in terms of wildest delight, as, indeed, it was her duty. I do not suppose that Strauss would approve all that Nikisch did in his "Heldenleben," but at least he would have bowed his knee to the great conductor who came near to making a distinguished thing out of the, for Strauss, almost childish ballad "Taillefer." True, it is a brisk, bright, cheerful affair (notwithstanding its battle), but it is essentially commonplace and rather tiresome. The chorus sang their share brilliantly, and Messrs. John Coates and Thorpe Bates, with an unnamed young singer, taken I am told from the sopranos of the chorus, did all that was possible with the ungrateful solo music. The violinist of the evening was Mischa Elman, who, besides playing very well the solo in "Heldenleben," gave a well-considered reading of the Beethoven Concerto, but though it was good after its kind, it was not very virile and certainly tended towards the sentimental. The concert began with Stanford's delightful first Irish Rhapsody, from which Nikisch extracted all the fine flavour; as I hinted yesterday, the scheme had to be shortened and the overture to "Benvenuto Cellini" was omitted.

WAGNER CONCERT.

This morning's Wagner concert was a repetition of the triumph of last night's concert. It began with the "Faust" Overture finely played, and included in it were the prelude and closing scene from the first act of "Parsifal," the overture to and selections from (the third act of) "Meistersinger." From first to last the concert was a glorious pleasure that was only dimmed in an infinitesimal degree by the bells in "Parsifal" (which in England are usually obdurate), and by the fact that Mr. Van Rooy sang in German, while the chorus sang an English text which was not that printed in the books. During the week Mr. Coates sang as I have never heard him sing before. In Verdi's "Requiem," in "Gerontius," and in the Wagner works he at least held his own with his great confrères, and most worthily upheld the vocal musicianship of his country.

There can be no doubt of the artistic success of the festival, in spite of the absurd length of some of the programmes, and of the heterogeneous nature of their contents. In future the committee would do well to invite the co-operation of a practised hand who could help them by giving the time-lengths of the works they select. Such an assistant they have in their midst in the very able annotator of their programmes, a Leeds authority on music with probably a wider experience of festivals than any Yorkshireman. Finally, I would like to suggest that in future the morning concert be in one piece, as it were, beginning, say, at midday and closing at 1.30. Two concerts per day of three to three and a half hours each are too fatiguing to be as enjoyable as otherwise they would be.

MR. HAROLD BAUER'S RECITAL.

October 7 1913 Times

What was announced as Mr. Harold Bauer's only pianoforte recital before his absence from England for a year was given yesterday afternoon in the Bechstein Hall. The programme contained a number of small works—not merely pieces fit for encores, such as we referred to when speaking of a famous violinist's recital the other day, but works which, though conceived on a small scale, bore the test of being played successively without sounding scrappy or suggesting that they were mere appendages to larger works. Besides these there were two pieces of somewhat bigger calibre—Mozart's Fantasia in C minor, with which the programme opened, and Bach's Toccata and Fugue in the same key.

Mr. Bauer's playing of this toccata and fugue was as fine as anything we have heard from him of late. There was dignity in it, and flexibility, grace, and strength; nothing was forced and yet not a detail was slurred, and during the whole of the work he did not once make one think of his execution and so draw the attention away from the musical material and its gradual growth and development into the superb climax of the Coda. The fantasia by Mozart, on the other hand, was a little stiff and unyielding in the opening section, and it was not until the "Più allegro" was reached that the music took on the warmth and vitality that Mr. Bauer usually puts into his playing of Mozart.

It was followed by a delightful Minuet in E flat by Beethoven, dating from 1805, which was given with exquisite grace and distinction, and then, after Daquin's "Coucou," which could hardly have sounded clearer and more delicate on a harpsichord, we had Ravel's Pavane on the dead Infante (which is so much more impressive on the pianoforte than in the orchestral version) and three Preludes by Debussy from the first set—the fantastic "Collines d'Anacapri," the sentimental "Fille aux cheveux de lin," and the rather tiresome "Minstrels." In the last one the pianist's varied use and control of the rhythm were masterly, while his firm grip of it in Chopin's Polonaise in F sharp minor gave an intensity and a strength to the initial subject which set it in striking contrast to the soft, singing middle section. These two pieces by Chopin, which came into the last group, followed the fifth of Schumann's Novelletten in D major, in which again there was a striking contrast between the fiery and impetuous opening and the cantabile subject that brings the work to a close; and before the novelette came the lovely "Abschied" from the Waldscenen, which was given with poetical insight and with an air of improvisation that exactly suited its mood.

MR. HAROLD BAUER'S RECITAL

Somehow Mr. Harold Bauer's recital at the Bechstein Hall yesterday afternoon was disappointing. At any rate, he had not chosen a particularly attractive programme. It was too much of the nature of a collection of fragmentary impressions, and needed the balancing of a work or two of larger proportions than Mozart's C minor Fantasia and a toccata and fugue of Bach. There was variety, it is true, with a minuet of Beethoven, Daquin's "Coucou," pieces of Ravel and Debussy, and examples of Schumann, Chopin, Schubert, and Brahms. But few of these represented the composers in the most characteristic light. Mr. Bauer's playing was uniformly neat and accurate, and many clever effects of carefully graduated tone and finely varied colour were made. Yet with the comparative unimportance of the scheme presented there seemed to go on the performer's part a measure of the impersonal in the interpretation, and the result was, on the whole, more skilful than interesting, more technically satisfactory than emotionally stimulating. Oct 7. 1913

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS.

October 8 1913 Times

A NEW COMEDY-OVERTURE.

There were several pieces in last night's programme at Queen's Hall which were fresh to audiences of these concerts, in contrast to such time-honoured works as "1812," "Leonora No. 3," the Dream Pantomime from *Hänsel und Gretel*, and the Intermezzo from *Cavalleria Rusticana*, which supported them on either side.

One of these—a Comedy-Overture by Mr. Havergal Brian—was a novelty. It consisted of an essay in variation form on the subject of "Dr. Merryheart," who pinned his faith to the diatonic scale and was haunted in his nightmares by the chromatic. The idea is one which lends itself easily to musical treatment—too easily, perhaps—for Mr. Brian's overture left the impression that he had taken the first ideas which came into his head (some of them transplanted from *Die Meistersinger*), and had not the strength, like the doctor, to wake up and throw them off after use. The whole thing was turgid and long-winded, and the scoring was monotonously thick and noisy. Shortly before it came another essay in comedy in the shape of Mr. Eric Coates's Miniature Suite for orchestra, which was brought out at a former season of Promenade Concerts. This, too, is as lacking in original ideas as Mr. Brian's overture is, but the scoring is so light and sure, and the composer has known so well when it was time to leave off, that the impression left by the suite is quite pleasing in the same sort of way as skilful light musical-comedy music

nay be pleasing.

Later in the programme came Georges Enesco's second Rumanian Rhapsody with its engaging national tunes shouldering less engaging ones which are not national at all, but are bred in all the conservatoires, and, divided from this by Mascagni's Intermezzo, Duparc's symphonic poem "Leonore," which was based, like so many other musical works, on Bürger's well-known ballad. It is seldom heard nowadays outside France, and it is not surprising that this should be so, for it has hardly a trace of the lyrical inspiration of his songs and is mainly interesting as an historical document illustrating the strong influence of Wagner in the seventies on Franck and his school.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.

Telegraph October 8, 1913

Very cheerful music, full of suggestion, but rather lacking in wit. It is thus one would sum up Havergal Brian's Comedy-Overture "Dr. Merryheart," played in London for the first time last night at the Promenade Concert in Queen's Hall. It made a good impression in Birmingham a year ago or so, when it was produced at the last meeting of the now defunct Musical League. A similar good impression was made here last night. Dr. Merryheart is, we imagine, an invention of Mr Brian's own, although we are told in the analysis that he was well known as an astronomer of original veiws. "His geniality and perpetual smiles earned for him the name of Merryheart. He advanced the strange theory, in a happy, persuasive manner, that the sun, moon, earth, and all that therein is are part of a vast diatonic scale, having its tonic in the centre of the Milky Way. He would not admit the value of the spectroscope, and held the view that there are no chromatics." This is the fantastic protagonist of Mr. Brian's Overture, and he is certainly entertaining in a slightly humorous way. But the first necessity of a satire is that it should be witty, and in this one feels "Dr. Merryheart" is deficient. The scoring is good always, and in places interesting, but the composition as a whole rather suffers from a superabundance of detail. Duparc's beautiful "Leonore" Symphonic Poem was included in the programme.

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS

A NEW OVERTURE.

Mr. Havergal Brian's overture "Dr. Merryheart" was played for the first time in London at the Promenade Concert last night. It is a curious work, and in its way quite interesting. Maybe the composer does not exactly convince us, either as to the direct meaning of his "programme," or as to its musical setting. To quote from the analysis provided, which we were told could be accepted as authentic: "Dr. Merryheart was well known as an astronomer of original views. . . . He advanced the strange theory . . . that the sun, moon, and earth, and 'all that therein is,' are part of a vast diatonic scale having its tonic in the centre of the Milky Way." Great stress is laid upon this personage's predilection for the diatonic scale, and at first one fancied one was in for a sort of satirical protest against the chromatic tendencies of the time. On the other hand, the musical impression might suggest that Dr. Merryheart, the quixotic dreamer of dreams, stands for the visionary whose ideas of simplicity and the like are out of date. The symbolical use of the diatonic scale in the course of the movement, somehow, like other examples of associative musical expression, did not quite "come off." Still, apart from the quaintness of the scheme, the work has some interesting pages. The writing is very complex in character, indeed it would seem that the composer's technique is a little uncertain in this respect; he has not learned how to be clear, but at the same time there is some fanciful material, and the invention is by no means wanting in character. Rather too many noisy climaxes and a certain measure of prolixity are points for Mr. Brian's consideration. The actual events in the "programme" illustrated are not particularly interesting in themselves, though they serve the purpose well enough of providing for a series of contrasted sections. An important point, this, in the construction of "programmes," and one which is sometimes overlooked.

The rest of the concert was on excellent lines, with the "Leonora" overture No. 3, Humperdinck's "Dream Pantomime," and Duparc's symphonic poem "Leonore." There was also played the "Miniature Suite" of Mr. Eric Coates, a member of the orchestra, which was produced a season or two ago, and found favour by reason of its deft treatment of graceful if not at all distinguished themes. Another worthy revival was that of Enesco's Roumanian Rhapsody No. 2 in D.

MME. CARREÑO'S RECITAL.

Times October 9, 1913

Mme. Carreño gave a pianoforte recital yesterday afternoon in the Queen's Hall—a "farewell" recital it was called, for it seems that she is to go round the world and will not be heard here again for some two years. Her programme was made up of Beethoven's "Appassionata" Sonata, Brahms's Variations on a theme by Handel, and two groups of miscellaneous pieces by Chopin and Rubinstein.

One would have said that it was a programme exactly suited to her, and in any case there can have been no piece in it which she has not played dozens of times in the same hall and to much the same audience, except, perhaps, Chopin's Nocturne in B major from Op. 9, which is less often heard than the other two Nocturnes in the same key. But for some reason Mme. Carreño's playing yesterday afternoon was not on quite its usual high level, and indeed, for anyone not familiar with it, it might have given an unjust impression of the brilliant technique and striking powers of interpretation which she really possesses, and to which we have often been able to give ungrudging praise. And on this occasion her playing was weakest precisely in places where she usually does herself full justice. Both the opening and the slow movement, for instance, of Beethoven's Sonata were too deliberate and too emphatic in a way that over-emphasized the contrasting themes, and the heavier of Brahms's Variations, as well as the climax of the Fugue, had not a clean edge on them and sounded "lumpy." On the other hand, the Presto of the Sonata was beautifully clear and crisp, and so were the lighter variations. The player was, in fact, almost consistently at her best when the music was brisk, light, or simple, rather than heavy and complex.

An exception must be made in the case of Chopin's Fantasie Impromptu in C sharp minor, which was played with all the brilliancy and torrential energy that one usually associates with her playing. The Valse in A flat from Op. 42 which followed was wonderfully clear and delicate, some of the pianist's very best playing being heard in the Coda, as was also the case in the Scherzo in E flat minor, but most enjoyable of all was the Berceuse, which was given at the end of the group as an encore, with exquisitely soft tone and complete simplicity.

DOHNANYI'S NEW SUITE.

Oct 10 1913

Ernst von Dohnanyi, the distinguished Hungarian pianist, has not very much to his credit as a composer in regard to quantity, but the quality of his music is always such as to demand serious consideration. Some of his works, of course, go further than that, and are valuable enough contributions to the modern repertory, especially the second quartet in D flat. His suite in F sharp minor for orchestra, heard for the first time in England at the Promenade last night, contains so many charming pages that one feels inclined to rate it quite as highly. If there is any hesitation in so doing, it is more on account of some uncertain touches here and there than anything else. The themes employed, for instance, are nearly all extremely attractive, the instrumentation is unusually good, even rather original, no easy matter of attainment nowadays, while the composer's sense of form helps him to be lucid and intelligible. It was in the Scherzo (the work opens with a delightful set of variations) that the first note was struck of a disappointing kind. Perhaps it was that one felt the mood was not quite in the picture—a tendency towards commonplaceness. In the romance, again, a too variable atmosphere was disturbing, while in the closing rondo one rather unnecessarily strenuous climax suggested a lack of balance in the musical point of view. The end of this movement, however, had a particularly pleasing touch in a return of the theme of the variations. Yet one would much like to hear the suite again, and it is at least possible that a second performance under Sir Henry Wood would satisfy more, if only because better playing would be forthcoming. Last night it seemed as though there had been inadequate rehearsal.

HERR VON REUTER'S CONCERT

Herr Florizel von Reuter, who gave an orchestral concert at the Queen's Hall yesterday afternoon, was one of several "prodigy" violinists, who, as it so happened, all came out more or less at the same time, about eight or nine years ago. His reappearance, therefore, had the interest of observing whether the early promise had been fulfilled. Perhaps the occasion affected him somewhat, for his playing gave one the impression, from a general point of view, of being marred by a spirit of virtuosity. That is to say, one felt an endeavour to make an effect rather than give a series of interpretations in the course of a big and quite well-chosen programme. Brahms's Concerto is certainly not one to be approached in this spirit. That Herr von Reuter has no little talent is not to be denied, and it is evident that he plays now with an increase of power and control. Where yesterday's performances dissatisfied was in a certain roughness observable and a want of dignity and repose. The technique was considerable, but there was not very much shown of such finer qualities as finish and subtlety of phrasing or a wide range in colour.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.

October 10 1913 Telegraph

A FINE SUITE.

There can be little doubt in the minds of those who have attended the Promenade Concerts regularly during the present season that the most interesting and in every way the finest of the new compositions which have been played for the "first time" was the Suite for Orchestra included in the programme of the concert last night. This is the work of Ernst von Dohnanyi—his Opus 19. The distinguished composer's name is already familiar to Londoners, principally in his rôle as solo pianist, but it is not unlikely that more lasting fame will come to him through his creative work. The Suite is in four principal movements: Andante con Variazioni, Scherzo, Romanze, and Rondo. The theme of the variations is a fine, broad melody of intensely emotional character, and its development is clearly the work of a master craftsman. It cannot be said that actually new ground has been broken in these variations; academically they are really not much later than Brahms, and after the first variation it was possible for one's attention to wander a little from the music. The fifth variation brought us to the real Dohnanyi, with his splendid command of colour and rhythm, and the sixth, with which the movement ends, was most moving and of a character peculiar to the composer himself. It is, indeed, by this control of colour and by the vitality of his rhythm that Dohnanyi brings for the moment new life into the variation form. The Scherzo has all the lovable impetuosity of Dvorak, vivacious and exhilarating beyond words. The Romanze has for its principal subject a tune of almost naïve ordinariness embroidered and decked out in colours truly fascinating, while the Rondo, the most sparkling of all, is a glorious essay in joy and laughter and the will to live and let live. The whole composition is a rare, if not unique, examplo of the conjunction of a supreme academic skill and method with an impulsive temperament and bizarre imagination. Its performance was cheered.

Mr. Ernest Austin conducted his Variations for String Orchestra on the theme of "The Vicar of Bray."

In Wednesday's programme were two unfamiliar works. The first was introduced by Miss Esta d'Argo, who, with the support of the orchestra, sang an aria, "O buzzing golden Bee," from an opera, "The Sunken Bell," composed by a German musician named Zoellner. Possibly he is not of those who conform to the fashions of ultra-modernity. At any rate, the excerpt heard at this concert suggested adherence rather to the sane and melodious modernity of, say, Humperdinck, whose influence, indeed, one seemed to feel at moments. In the orchestration, too, one noted not a little charm and grace. Miss d'Argo, whose task was not of the easiest, sang the air with pure tone and all requisite delicacy. After this novelty came an "Andante for Wind Instruments" transcribed by Mr. Percy Pitt from the slow movement of a Mozart string Quartet in D minor. Although hardly to be regarded otherwise than in the light of an academic exercise—Mr. Pitt wrote it as long ago as the "eighties"—the work betrays musicianly feeling in the treatment of parts and blending of tone, and so made pleasant hearing. Mr. Hermann Klum, a newcomer at these concerts, was heard in Tschaikowsky's B flat minor Pianoforte Concerto, but his adoption of very deliberate tempi robbed the music of a good deal of its impulse and vitality. The performance, nevertheless, was clearly to the audience's liking.

QUEEN'S HALL.

Telegraph October 10 1913

Many years have passed and many prodigies have come and gone since a very young violinist, who described himself as Florizel tout court, made a bid for fame and fortune in London. During the interval that has elapsed nothing has been heard of him here, but yesterday afternoon he made his reappearance at the Queen's Hall, with, however, the patronymic von Reuter added to the Florizel. Time has, as was only to be expected, wrought many changes in his playing. He has gained both breadth and power since he was here last, and his performances of Brahms's and Dvorák's violin concertos were, both technically and artistically, far in advance of anything that he could accomplish in the old days. In one respect, however, his progress has been rather disappointing. His tone, if memory serves, used to be very sweet and pure, but these qualities have not been developed. Instead, it has become rather hard, and, at times, even shrill, with the result that it is not always too pleasing to the ear. Furthermore, he has not the power of imparting to it very much variety of colour, and he cannot, in consequence, always make the most of the emotional contrasts in which these two concertos are so peculiarly rich. Lalo's Symphonie Espagnole completed his programme, and in all three works he had the very valuable support of Sir Henry Wood and the Queen's Hall Orchestra.

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS.

Times October 10 1913

NEW SUITE BY DOHNANYI.

Quite the most interesting of the recent novelties given at these concerts, even counting Mr. Georges Dorlay's work heard a little while ago, was Herr von Dohnanyi's Suite for Orchestra in F sharp minor (his Opus 19), which was played last night.

The suite opens with a strikingly beautiful theme on which there is a set of six variations. Unlike many modern symphonic variations, these are not so much a frame for a series of detached and contrasted moods or of a group of contrasted moods, but are rather a continuous piece of music which seems to have grown inevitably out of the material of the initial theme. Not that there is no variety of mood in them; there is variety both of content and of presentation, only the insistence is laid not on the variety of the music, but on its essential unity. The scherzo is a delicate little piece of work with an

attractive trio rather suggesting a Viennese Liebeslied, and it is followed by a beautiful romance in which two themes are interchanged and interwoven with effortless counterpoint and with a skilful use of solo instruments which are often employed *concertante* against the rest of the orchestra. The last movement is a vivacious rondo into which the theme of the variations is reintroduced, and, like the other movements, is very effectively scored. The whole thing is fresh and unlaboured and resembles the composer's recent ballet, in so far as it shows the influence of Vienna and hardly at all that of Brahms, as the still more recent Sonata for Violin and Pianoforte does. It is to be hoped that it is not to be shelved after this single performance, especially as the orchestra has evidently rehearsed it very carefully.

The rest of the programme included, besides a number of very familiar things, Mr. Ernest Austin's somewhat elaborately naïve variations on "The Vicar of Bray," which he conducted himself.

MR. PAUL DRAPER'S RECITAL.

A programme of songs by Schubert, Brahms, and Schumann does not appear at first sight to be a very original idea, but the one which Mr. Paul Draper, accompanied by Mr. H. Arnold Smith, gave at Bechstein Hall last night was original in the sense that it was almost entirely filled with beautiful things which recital-givers habitually neglect. The selection from Schubert's "Winterreise" songs at the beginning of the programme contained only two which are heard in the concert-room with any frequency, "Der Lindenbaum" and "Der Leiermann." There were six others—"Gute Nacht," the first of the series, "Erstarrung," "Frühlingsnacht," "Letzte Hoffnung," "Der Wegweiser," and "Die Nebensonnen." October 10 1913 Times

The singer excelled in the quieter numbers, especially in the soft ending of "Gute Nacht" and in the subtle suggestions of feeling underlying "Der Leiermann." Where he had to express feeling in stronger terms, as in "Erstarrung," he was apt to lose control of his voice and to allow himself a hard open quality on high notes with rather disjointed phrasing. "Letzte Hoffnung," with its pictorial suggestions in the accompaniment which seem to foreshadow the style of Hugo Wolf, is one of the most difficult songs to sing and play, and the two performers secured a careful *ensemble*. The selection from Brahms consisted of four numbers from the "Lieder und Gesänge," of Op. 57, with the additiou of "Botschaft," and, as an encore, "Am Sonntag Morgen." It is surprising that it should occur to so few singers to study Brahms's songs according to the sets in which they were published. Mr. Draper, by taking Opus 57 as his groundwork, brought out four beautiful songs (Nos. 2, 3, 4, and 7), melodies which all bear the stamp of Brahms's individuality, and which are very rarely heard in public. Perhaps the gem of them all is "Ach, wende diesen Blick," which reaches a point of greater intensity than the others. The singer, however, was better suited by his choice of Schumann's songs, except by "Der Soldat," for which his style is scarcely sufficiently dramatic, and "Die beiden Grenadiere." "Ich hab' in mich gesogen" was sung with beautifully tender feeling and considerable art in the control of tone and phrasing, and the strangely elusive atmosphere of "Mein Wagen rollet" was well conveyed by both singer and pianist. One felt so grateful for the thought which was evident in the arrangement of the programme that faults of execution seemed comparatively insignificant.

MM. THIBAUD AND BAUER.

Times

These two artists gave great delight to a large audience at Bechstein Hall last night by their performance together of sonatas for violin and piano, as well as of solos. The sonatas were Brahms's in D minor (op. 108) and Beethoven's "Kreutzer" sonata. Both were remarkably fine performances, for both players have thought their music out for themselves, and in the case of these two works have thought them out together. There was only one noticeable difference of treatment, and that was in the phrasing of the second subject of Brahms's first movement. Mr. Bauer just observed without exaggerating Brahms's accent on the short second note of the group each time; M. Thibaud ignored the accent altogether. But the agreements were more important, and were constantly felt in the great warmth of tone in both instruments, and particularly in the tremendous energy with which Brahms's *finale* was played. October 14 1913

Mr. Bauer has a wonderful capacity for taking his [illegible] phrasing of the violin where the phrase [illegible] sprung into existence in the composer's [illegible] belonging primarily to a bowed instru[illegible]. A case in point was the passage in the first *allegro* of the Kreutzer sonata where the bass of the piano part plays the tune two octaves below the violin. The *tempi* were inclined to be extreme. The third movement of Brahms's sonata was a little more deliberate than usual; both the *finales* were very quick, but no detail was sacrificed to speed. Similarly in Mr. Bauer's playing of Schumann's Faschingsschwank there was a good deal which contradicted the orthodox tradition, but the result generally seemed to justify the means, and the whole was not only a brilliant performance but a thoughtful interpretation. Mr. Thibaud's solo was the great chaconne of Bach from the suite in D minor, with the Sarabande and Gigue preceding it. It was wonderfully played with a depth of tone and a force of phrase which were truly enjoyable.

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS

A "SALOME" EXCERPT.

Oct 15 — 1913

There was a large audience at the Queen's Hall last night, and the latest addition to the Promenade Concerts repertory, the closing scene from "Salomé," was warmly welcomed. Its reception owed not a little to the excellent performance, particularly the fine singing of Miss Carrie Tubb. The vocal part is one of extreme difficulty, and, if the singer was not always equal to the perfervid style which has been made familiar to us of late, and which is undoubtedly highly effective, she did, at any rate, sing with great beauty of tone and breadth. Naturally, Strauss's music loses something away from the stage surroundings, for it has not the purely musical power and interest of, say, the Wagner opera excerpts, and in the concert room the hearer is apt to be a little more critical. Still, Salomé's solo has many remarkable pages of rich orchestral colour, and these one can certainly hear and appreciate better with an undivided attention.

There was a novelty in the programme in the shape of an "Idyl" for orchestra by Mr. Eric Coates. This proved to be an unambitious little piece, skilfully (though possibly at times heavily) orchestrated, and the music, which does not attempt to express anything of importance, moved along on simple lines in an amiable enough manner. The composer would do better work, one fancies, if he considered the question of how to get away from rather well-worn formulæ of sequence, cadence, and occasionally melodic outline. With Mr. Gervase Elwes singing two songs with orchestra by Mme. Poldowski, and Mr. Cecil Baumer at the pianoforte in a concerto of MacDowell and some popular numbers for the orchestra, a well-varied and attractive scheme was provided.

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS.

Times Oct. 17, 1913

Two new works found places in the programme of last night's concert, Richard Mandl's "Hymn to the Rising Sun," for organ, harp, and strings, and two Preludes from an opera, *Othello*, by Mr. Harry Keyser. Neither could be considered to be very important, but one felt that the preludes deserved a better reception than they got. The audience, a very large one, was obviously not interested, yet Mr. Keyser's music has melody of a straightforward kind, and it is effectively scored. The "Hymn to the Rising Sun" is, we think, the first work by Richard Mandl (a composer of Vienna whose orchestral works have made some mark) to be given at these concerts. It is a suave work in which, after preliminary organ and violoncello solos, most of the melody is given to the violins. The intention is to produce an almost continuous crescendo through the development of a single theme. It fails, partly because the ear becomes tired of the continual sound of high violin music with very little texture in the lower parts, and partly because the melodic idea is a weak one and there is very little rhythmic variety.

Between the two new works came Delius's Piano Concerto in C minor, the solo part played by Mr. Theodor Szàntó. His performance drew great enthusiasm from the audience, an enthusiasm which was thoroughly deserved, for he seemed entirely unconscious of the extraordinary difficulties of the music, and he brought out all the colour which is its chief beauty both in the long brooding slow movement and in the flashing brilliance of the Finale.

MR. FLORIZEL VON REUTER'S RECITAL.

The first of the two recitals which this young violinist is giving at Bechstein Hall took place yesterday afternoon. The programme consisted of three parts; the first was designed to please a musical audience, the second to conciliate an unmusical one, and the third, consisting of Paganini's difficult Caprices, was there apparently to please the violinist himself. In the first came Tartini's Sonata in G minor, "Dido Abbandonata," Vitali's fine Chaconne in the same key, and Mozart's Concerto in G major (No. 3). Then there was a group of effective trifles by Sinding, Sarasate, and Raff, including a "Chanson Triste" by Mr. von Reuter, which was as commonplace as its title, and lastly came a selection of six of Paganini's Caprices for violin alone. Times Oct. 17 13

In the first part Mr. von Reuter gave us some fine playing, particularly in Vitali's work, which was treated with breadth and power, and in Mozart's slow movement, where his cantilena was exquisite. Later he gave some very clever playing, though the octaves in Raff's "La Fée d'amour" were not perfectly in tune. The whole performance, however, suggested that he has not yet quite discovered where his own greatest strength lies; he can play many styles of music without excelling in any one. In the larger movements of Mozart's Concerto, especially the finale, his passages were restless and hurried, as though he were anxious to get more instrumental effect from them than the design allows. On the other hand Sarasate's "Jota Navarra," which gives full scope for such effect, just missed perfection. It wanted more crispness and *élan*. Mr. von Reuter was excellently accompanied by Mr. Willy Scott.

QUEEN'S HALL PROMENADE CONCERT.

Chronicle Oct. 17 1913

There were three items of particular interest in the programme at Queen's Hall last night. The first of these was Richard Mandl's "Hymn to the Rising Sun," for strings, harp, and organ. It is a pleasant and fanciful little piece by a Viennese composer whose name is unfamiliar to London concert-goers. The music has scarcely any striking individuality, but the idea, a description of the "impressions and emotions during the ascent of the Chamossaire peak at dawn," is well carried out, the music working up to a long and effective climax at the close.

The second item for special mention is the Delius piano concerto, which was finely played by M. Theodor Szanto. There is a good deal of very beautiful and interesting music in this early work of M. Delius, and, as on former occasions when it has been performed, it made a deep impression on the audience (an enormous one, by the way). One must praise M. Szanto for his very brilliant, picturesque and individual playing of the solo part; he fully deserved the encore insisted upon by his hearers.

Some more new music came later on in the programme, a couple of Preludes to Acts V. and IV. of "Othello," the composer in this case being Mr. Harry Keyser, whose name is not unknown amongst the younger native musicians. The Act V. Prelude is quite short, simple in construction, concerning itself with the Willow Song (represented by a cor-anglais solo) and a theme for Desdemona, heard on the 'cells. The music of this has decided charm and fancifulness, but not much characterisation or individuality, the same remark applying, to a certain extent, to the longer Prelude to Act IV.

MR. PAUL DRAPER'S RECITAL.

Mr. Draper gave last night at the Bechstein Hall another series of song-cycles—Schubert's three "Gesänge des Harfners," Schumann's "Dichterliebe," and Gustav Mahler's "Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen." Oct 17 13 Times

The favourable impression made by his singing a week ago was sustained and deepened by his performance last night. His songs demanded a compass of two octaves, the notes at the extremities of which were not really in his voice; but the skill and care with which his songs had been thought out was nowhere more apparent than in the way in which these were kept in reserve for special effects. While doing ample justice to the contrasts which are the life of any cycle of songs, Mr. Draper succeeded admirably in suggesting, chiefly by a strong legato style of singing, the unity which underlies them. The extremely vocal character of his song, combined with a pronunciation which was refreshing, clear, and, especially the liquid consonants, attractive to listen to, roused considerable enthusiasm in the "Dichterliebe." Of this the quieter songs, such as "Ich hab' im Traum geweinet" and "Allnächtlich im Traume," were the more effective: and in Mahler's "Ich hab' ein glühend Messer" a fine song received a fine interpretation.

AN AMERICAN BARITONE.

Oct-20 — 1913

Mr. Arthur Herschmann had clearly bestowed a great deal of care upon the design and preparation of the programme of songs in which he elected to make a first appearance here at the Bechstein Hall on Saturday afternoon. Seeing that it contained the names of no less than sixteen composers, ranging from Antonio Caldara to Tosti and Mr. R. H. Walthew, there was ample opportunity of estimating the singer's capacity for interpretation. This, it must be admitted, scarcely sufficed for so comprehensive a scheme. The heaviness of the voice gave the singing a sombre character that admitted of little variety, and to some extent discountenanced an intelligent and thoughtful appreciation of the many contrasted styles represented in the course of the recital. The singer achieved the best results in the more vigorous numbers, and his treatment of Handel's "Furibondo spira il vento" and Schubert's "Der Musensohn" had the right impulse. In the quieter songs a distressing tendency to sing flat showed in which direction Mr. Herschmann's studies would be most profitably directed.

QUEEN'S HALL ORCHESTRA.

Times Oct. 20 1913

SCRIABIN'S THIRD SYMPHONY.

The first Symphony Concert of the season took place at Queen's Hall on Saturday afternoon under the direction of Sir Henry Wood. Its two chief events were the first performance in England of Scriabin's third Symphony (in C minor), called "The Divine Poem," and the performance by Señor Casals with the orchestra of Dvorák's Violoncello Concerto in B minor. These were preceded by Sir Henry Wood's transcription for orchestra of Bach's Organ Toccata in F and followed by Rimsky-Korsakov's Overture to *Ivan the Terrible*.

Since Sir Henry Wood introduced us in the spring to Scriabin's most advanced orchestral work, "Prometheus," we have been reminded of the rapidity of his change of musical style by a performance under M. Safonoff of his first symphony published about ten years earlier. There have also been opportunities of studying his development in the piano music, and an article on the piano music published in these columns in March showed that Scriabin's art has been developed through the two mediums of the orchestra and the piano, each effort in one direction leading to a fresh output in the other.

One came to the first performance of the third symphony, therefore, with the knowledge that it must stand somewhere in a distinct line of development between two known extremes, and with curiosity whetted to discover exactly what point the composer had reached in it.

THE PLAN OF THE WORK.

From that point of view it is enlightening, because it proves conclusively that, however closely Scriabin may seek to link the peculiar theories of musical technique on which "Prometheus" is built with his "æsthetic and religious creed," the two were not evolved simultaneously. It is said that "'The Divine Poem' is a clear point of departure in his evolution—a 'poem of self-assertion' not only in the philosophical sense which Scriabin had in view while writing it, but also in the purely musical sense." One can join issue with the statement because it is easy to see that musically the symphony lags some distance behind the philosophy. While the latter shows him to be well en his way towards the attitude of mind which produced "Prometheus—the symphony of fire," the music of the third symphony is much more akin to that of the first symphony. There is no hint in it of the new system of tonality, the scale in fourths resulting in the strange chord which we are asked to accept as a consonant basis in "Prometheus." The whole construction is the long-accepted one of symphonic form founded on the contrasts of ordinary major and minor keys. The very plan of the movements (a slow introduction leading to an Allegro, followed by a slow movement and final Allegro) is as old as Haydn and older, and the titles "Luttes," "Voluptés," and "Jeu Divin" might be applied with little modification to the several movements of dozens of symphonies written any time during the last century. Stress is laid upon the emotional significance of certain representative themes appearing in many forms and in many combinations, and sometimes we are told more precisely what those themes are intended to express by certain adjectival phrases written against the music—"tragique," "oppressé," "haletant," "ailé," and so on. These may be useful guides to the interpreters, but they do not affect the listener except in so far as they get translated into the music itself. We are dealing here with the symphonic language which we know, not with the "unknown tongues" of "Prometheus"; and the only question is how much Scriabin is actually able to say to us in that language.

THE MUSIC.

At the end of a performance lasting continually for 45 minutes (the work proved to be some minutes shorter than was expected) one felt that extraordinarily little had been achieved in proportion to the effort entailed. In spite of moments of stimulating orchestral colour—particularly in the vivid use of the trumpets, who make a striking entry in the second bar of the introduction and develop the same theme wonderfully in the finale, and in spite of the great contrapuntal energy with which the themes are combined, and altogether a constructive power far beyond that shown in the first symphony, there is the same weakness. Scriabin breaks down all along the line at the crucial moments, where first-hand invention, the musician's greatest power, is the thing which tells. At these moments his ideas almost always suggest those of other musical creators long familiar—Liszt in the introduction, Mendelssohn (curiously enough) in the theme marked "Mysterieux tragique," Wagner in the slow movement. To say this is not to urge any of those charges of plagiarism which look so formidable at first sight and mean little in reality. He might show that the themes have no connexion with any particular passage in these masters' works and yet leave us feeling that they say nothing which others have not already said. To place Dvorák's Concerto immediately after the symphony was to show in the clearest possible way the difference between an uninventive mind labouring to construct and a creative mind which conceives a new idea in a flash, and places it before its listeners without the appearance of a moment's premeditation. "The Divine Poem" is said to be a work of "self-assertion"; it is immensely assertive, but where is the self? One gets some glimpses of it in the last movement, but that is after half an hour of the strenuous assertion of platitudes.

Perhaps some of the tedium of this performance was due to the fact that the conductor and the orchestra had set their teeth with the grim determination to achieve a clear exposition of a highly intricate score. Certainly such a frame of mind is not the one in which the direction "avec une ivresse débordante" is likely to get the fullest realization. One can imagine, moreover, that, in view of the fact that for the first time the enlarged orchestra contains several ladies among the string players, Sir Henry Wood omitted to translate this and other directions at rehearsal. No doubt, however, the performers did all that it was possible to do in the time; and if Scriabin never got the better of their conscientiousness that is his fault. He asks his players to make plain themes sound mysterious, sober ones intoxicated, and to illuminate an uninspired piece of harmony with an "élan sublime." Their answer to the composer might well be, "Do it yourself."

Dvorák does it himself, and the playing of the concerto by Señor Casals and the orchestra was irresistible. Bach did it himself when he wrote the great organ toccata; but Sir Henry Wood's ponderous orchestration robs it of its own "élan sublime." Rimsky-Korsakov, too, said what he wanted to say when he wrote the overture to *Ivan the Terrible*, and though, regarded as music for the concert room, it is not a very thrilling work now that we know the opera to which it is a prelude, its fitness to its purpose is apparent in every phrase. But Scriabin undertook the composition of "The Divine Poem" without first acquiring a musical language fitted to his thought.

A SCRIABIN SYMPHONY.

FIRST SYMPHONY CONCERT AT QUEEN'S HALL.

Oct 20 1913

A large audience went to the Queen's Hall on Saturday afternoon, where the Queen's Hall Orchestra gave the first symphony concert of the season. There was a novelty in the programme in the shape of Scriabin's third symphony, with the title "The Divine Poem." We do not feel disposed to enter into the psychological aspect of the music—some account of the composer's attitude of mind was set forth in the programme—if only because the first requirement of a musical work is that it shall satisfy as such. This can hardly be said to be the case with this symphony, which, indeed, is but another example of extraneous things being made use of to cover up the poverty of the underlying thought. In spite of such descriptive indications as "divin," "grandioso," "mysterieux," "voluptueux," "élan sublime," and the like, and many really charming orchestral effects, the three long movements, played without break, simply exhausted the hearer because of the want of originality, strength, or distinction in the themes employed.

Technically the work contains much that is ingenious, though the harmonic substructure is not so interesting as the later "Prometheus" which Sir Henry Wood introduced to us last year. The rest of the concert consisted of Bach's Toccata in F, orchestrated by the conductor—surely an unnecessary effort, Rimsky-Korsakov's "Ivan le Terrible" overture and Dvorák's violoncello concerto. In the last named Señor Pablo Casals yet again charmed every one by the easy style of his playing, the lovely tone in the cantabile passages being as remarkable as ever. The orchestra—enlarged, of course, for these concerts—now includes six lady string players. There is only one reason why this innovation might not prove to be successful—the question of physical endurance. Even so, the proportion is too small for any difference to be recognisable. It should be added that the playing on Saturday was very accomplished in all directions.

MISS DORIS BARNETT.

Oct. 22-13

A pianoforte recital was given last night in the Bechstein Hall by Miss Doris Barnett with a programme which included Busoni's arrangement of Bach's Chaconne, Schumann's Fantasie, a group of pieces by Chopin, and a miscellaneous group which began with Rachmáninoff's Prelude in G minor and ended with the Toccata from Saint-Saëns's Fifth Concerto in F major. Times

It was an exacting programme, but Miss Barnett attacked it with great vitality and, generally speaking, was successful in proportion as the music drew out her energy. For this reason the second movement in E flat of Schumann's fantasie went as well as anything in the programme, though it would have sounded still better if there had been fewer wrong notes and if her very loud tone had been less hard in quality. The same hardness was noticeable in the chaconne, but in the mezzoforte passages her tone was rounder and more agreeable; it was, however, always controlled by the player, even when it was hardest, and in fact throughout the recital Miss Barnett showed that she has a clear head as well as an advanced technique. Her faults, such as they are, were evidently not due to haphazard playing. The opening of the fantasie was quite clear and consistent, and so was the phrasing of the second movement, but both passages were marred by over-deliberation, which in the first case spoilt the rhythm and in the second led to too much sentimentality. In Chopin's Barcarolle and in the Waltz, Mazurka, and Scherzo, which completed the group, her playing was simpler and her rhythm firmer, while her brilliant touch enabled her to make the decorative passages very clear and attractive.

PIANOFORTE RECITALS.

MR. JOHN THOMPSON AND MISS DORIS BARNETT.

Oct 22 1913

Two interesting pianoforte recitals were given yesterday at the Bechstein Hall. In the afternoon a young American, Mr. John Thompson, made his first appearance in England, and in the evening another newcomer made her début, Miss Doris Barnett, who comes, we believe, from Australia. The latter brought forward a difficult programme, but had a genuine success, because she never failed to make the music sound strong and vital. Opinions may be divided as to whether Busoni should have tampered with the Bach "Chaconne," but there is no doubting the fact that his arrangement, if played powerfully, and with warmth, does very greatly set forth the wonder of the music. Miss Barnett played it in this manner, as also Schumann's "Fantasie," and, again, the Chopin "Barcarolle." Although there were not a few technical slips noticeable, these went for little owing to her natural gift for musical expression. It should be added that she really does possess a technique of the large order, a big tone, and wide grip, and the slips were only the result of just that lack of complete control which is hardly obtained, by a sensitive artist, without a good deal of experience of playing in public. We should like to hear Miss Barnett again.

Mr. Thompson's playing was extremely finished. He, too, has a fine technique—he has studied, by the way, entirely in the States—and plays with very great ease, facility, and assurance. He gave Liszt's "Fantasia and Fugue on the theme B.A.C.H." in a very virile manner. Later his performance of Beethoven's sonata was the means of displaying an unusual degree of careful phrasing. One executive failing was observed, a certain unsteadiness of rhythm; one could not always feel the accents, as though Mr. Thompson had not rightly mastered the art of rubato-playing. Temperamentally he has yet to develop, the carefulness and polish of his method has yet to be fired by the musical convictions. At present his readings leave the hearer cold. With some such advance Mr. Thompson ought to go far.

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS.

The novelty at last night's Promenade Concert in the Queen's Hall consisted of an "Aria for Strings" by Mr. Percy Pitt. This work, which was then heard in public for the first time, consists of a melody allotted to violas and violins, with an accompaniment supplied by the usual full orchestra. The mournful character of the air, divided into two sections, is well emphasised by the supporting instruments, sinister chords piano on the brass, heavy notes, pizzicato from the basses, and drum effects all serving to carry out the idea. This, strangely enough, culminates on a climax of a predominantly major character, and it is not clear what the composer is aiming at, as it would seem that one mood merely neutralises the other. The general feeling, while suggestive of the influence of Richard Wagner, is eminently rich and vigorous. Oct 22 1913

The violinist, Herr Adolf Metz, who made his first appearance at these concerts, earned well-deserved plaudits by his singularly polished and musicianly performance of the Mendelssohn Violin Concerto.

MR. ARTHUR ALEXANDER.

The programme which Mr. Arthur Times Alexander offered at the Æolian Hall last night showed him to be a musician of wide sympathies, and his performance on the whole justified the wide range of the programme. It began with Bach's Fantasia in C minor, and among its more familiar things were Schumann's "Papillons," Chopin's Barcarolle, and some pieces by Debussy. In addition to these there were two exceedingly interesting excursions into Russian music, S. Taneiev's fine prelude and fugue, Op. 28, and Scriabin's Fifth Piano Sonata, Op. 53, together with some smaller things by the latter composer. Oct Pall 22-13

To play these things at all requires an advanced technique; to play them in such a way that they sound genuinely musical requires a high degree of intelligence. Mr. Alexander has both. He has unbounded energy, which in the simpler music, Bach and Schumann for example, is apt to become rather restless. His reliance upon the force of the arm rather than upon the strength of the fing limited his variety of colour to some extent. But he produced very beautiful effects of tone in Taneiev's prelude and worked the fugue to a powerful climax. In Scriabin's sonata he was particularly careful to make clear the contrasts between the several rhythmic ideas, the free development of which in a single movement is the chief point of design. It has now been played several times in London, and it grows in interest with repeated hearing. It is much more characteristic of its composer than is the symphony heard at Queen's Hall on Saturday and much less connected with the form which it is supposed to represent. Afterwards Mr. Alexander played Busoni's bold paraphrase of Bach's Chaconne with a boldness equal to that of the arranger.

MRS. MARGARET MEREDITH'S MUSIC.

A chamber concert was given yesterday afternoon in the Queen's Hall by Mrs. Margaret Meredith with a programme made up, with two small exceptions, entirely of works of her own composition. At the beginning came a Quintet in E flat minor for pianoforte, violin, flute, clarinet, and violoncello, and at the end a scene from the second act of her opera *The Pilgrim's Way*. Between these came two sets of songs, a scena, "The Lord is my Shepherd," and

a Violin Rhapsody, which was given the title "O Wondrous Day." Mrs. Meredith herself played the pianoforte part in the quintet and all the accompaniments, and the other artists who took part in the concert were Miss Ada Forrest, Miss Phyllis Lett, Miss May Mukle, Miss Edith Penville, and Messrs. Charles Draper, Charles Mott, and Jacques Thibaud.

We have taken several occasions before now of discussing Mrs. Meredith's compositions in some detail, which relieves us from the necessity of going into yesterday's programme at any length, because none of the works then given revealed the composer in a fresh light. There was the same tendency to state a trite, melodious subject and then to leave it at a full cadence after a few bars and proceed to a variant; and there, also, was the same indifference to suiting the structure of the musical phrases to that of the verses attached to them in the vocal numbers. The main result was one of extreme patchiness, which was not lessened by the obviousness of the material taken to make the patches. It should be added that all the artists performed their parts with their customary skill. Oct. 23-13 Times

MR. JOHN THOMPSON'S RECITAL.

Oct. 22. 1913

The young American pianist who made his first appearance in London at Bechstein Hall yesterday afternoon is unlike a great number of his countrymen in the fact that he has pursued his musical studies entirely in his own country—to be precise, in Philadelphia. Technically he is very accomplished. His performance of Liszt's Fantasia on the theme B.A.C.H. at the very beginning of the programme left no doubt about his control of tone through the action of fingers and wrists. His musical treatment, too, was refined; he took no liberties and aimed at no superficial effects. Times

In Beethoven's "Waldstein" Sonata, two numbers from Schumann's "Phantasiestücke," and some Chopin beginning with the Impromptu in F sharp major and ending with the Polonaise in A flat, his playing was at once conscientious and free from self-consciousness. It was natural though that these, the bigger works, should be the least satisfying part of his performance. A good deal of the Sonata suggested nothing more than a well-adjusted mechanism; one missed the real colour of Schumann, particularly in the *coda* of "Ende vom Lied," and Chopin's Impromptu was clearly divided into sections which seemed to have little or no relevance to one another. Evidently Mr. John Thompson has a great deal still to gain as an interpreter, but his acquirements as a performer are sufficient to warrant the hope that his powers will expand with experience. His playing of small things such as Godowsky's arrangement of a Rigaudon by Rameau, Henselt's Toccatina, and Mendelssohn's Scherzo was delightful in its freshness of touch and crispness of phrase.

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS.

Times Oct. 23-13

A repetition "by general request" of Herr von Dohnanyi's Suite for Orchestra in F sharp minor and Brahms's Fourth Symphony (E minor) were the two chief numbers for orchestra alone in last night's programme. Other interesting features were an excellent performance of Saint-Saëns's Violoncello Concerto in A minor by Signor Enrico Mainardi and songs sung by Miss Mary Tracy and Mr. Campbell McInnes. Signor Mainardi's playing was clear in every detail; his tone was strong and even, his execution unfailing. In a few places, such as the principal theme of the *finale*, his phrasing seemed a little lacking in distinction, but the same might be said of the melody itself. Miss Tracy, who had not appeared at these concerts before, sang Franck's "La Procession" and the air "Seufzer Tränen" from Bach's cantata *Ich hatte viel Bekümmerniss*. She seemed nervous, and only occasionally was she able to make the most of her voice. Mr. McInnes also sang Bach, the aria "Merke, mein Herze," and sang it well, though with more rehearsal a better balance might have been reached between the voice, the trumpet obbligato, and the accompaniment.

Hearing Herr von Dohnany 's delightful Suite and Brahms's Symphony together made one reflect what a lot of trouble Brahms would have saved if he had only taken the trouble to score his music as carefully as Dohnanyi has scored his. One is led to the reflection by the fact that Dohnanyi's orchestral standpoint is to some extent the outcome of Brahms's. The Andante con variazione bears a definite relationship to the variations on a theme by Haydn both in design and in colour, and the relationship is all the more striking from the fact that this suite as a whole is much less Brahms-like than is much of Dohnanyi's work. At the same time it is not really modern orchestration. It is the orchestra of Brahms's symphonies *plus* harp and cor anglais used with consummate tact and sense of contrast. Sir Henry Wood's performance of the Symphony in E minor was of the careful and literal kind which did not, for all its good intentions, make the best of the score. Incidentally, however, it brought out a fact which is often overlooked, that the *finale* is far more effective as a piece of orchestral colour than the first movement. A good deal of the first movement was muddled in effect; the slow movement, taken rather deliberately and heavily, lost some of the poetry of its rhythm and melody, but the scherzo went capitally from first to last, and the contrasts of colour in the *finale*, particularly in the beautiful central group of variations where the solo flute is followed by the pianissimo entry of the trombones, came out with perfect spontaneity and ease.

MISS FANNY DAVIES'S FINE PLAYING.

Oct. 23 1913

The second concert of the autumn series organized by the Classical Concert Society, took place last night at the Bechstein Hall before a crowded audience. There was no work in the programme of what one may call exceptional interest, but the performances throughout were so delightful that only the most captious could fail to be pleased. For instance, what could have been better in sympathy and insight than Miss Fanny Davies's interpretation of Beethoven's late sonata in E major? One really has seldom heard this lovely work played with such a complete understanding of its poetry. Especially good was the treatment of the closing variations in the finale. Not a point was missed; Miss Davies indeed has always valued the observance of design in musical performance. There were other instrumental numbers, a charming little trio of Mozart and Schumann's work in D minor. In these the pianist was most happily associated with Miss Adila von Arányi and Miss May Mukle. Two groups of songs sung in his most characteristic style by Dr. George Henschel completed the scheme, the whole providing a charming evening's entertainment.

A NEW VIOLINIST.

1913 Oct. 23

Scarcely more than promising well can be said of the violin playing of Miss Guy Handcock, who made her first appearance yesterday afternoon at the Bechstein Hall. One liked the bright vigour and the freshness of her style as revealed in a Nardini sonata, but in this and still more in Reger's sonata for violin alone, there was a good deal of loose technique noticeable. Miss Handcock must further polish her phrasing, with special attention to the construction of a movement. Occasionally she came to the end as though quite unprepared; this is an important matter in interpretation. While the Reger work is really too difficult for her just yet she is to be complimented on the pluck required to put so ungrateful a composition into the programme. The music has some good moments, but certainly demands a very perfect performance. Miss Handcock was also heard in a group of smaller pieces. She was assisted by Mr. Allan Glen, who sang songs of Brahms and Vaughan Williams in a way which showed that he has ideas. He is a little inclined to force his voice at the climaxes, and this puts his intonation out. Mr. Hamilton Harty accompanied.

MRS. MEREDITH'S COMPOSITIONS

1913 Oct. 23

Mrs. Margaret Meredith gave a concert of chamber music, composed by herself, in the Queen's Hall on Tuesday afternoon. Perhaps the most important number on the programme was a quintet in E flat minor for pianoforte, violin, flute, clarinet, and violoncello, bearing the title "In memory of a noble life." The intimate character of the realistic background is not more closely explained, but the music sufficiently tells its own story of melancholy, resignation, and strength. While not striking any new or authoritative note, the composer gives evidence of a good fund of musical feeling, and has treated the instruments with skill. These were played by the composer herself (pianoforte); Miss May Mukle (violoncello), Miss Edith Penville (flute), M. Jacques Thibaud (violin), and Mr. Charles Draper (clarinet).

A song cycle, "O thou dear mortal," was sung by Mr. Charles Mott; a song, "The Lord is My Shepherd," with violoncello obbligato, was sung by Miss Phyllis Lett; and Miss Ada Forrest also brought forward further vocal numbers by Mrs. Meredith. Of these "If we must part" out of the cycle made the best impression, the atmosphere of Dowson's lyric being happily conveyed.

BECHSTEIN HALL.

Oct. 24 1913 Telegraph

Since, as a boy of 11, he last appeared at a Philharmonic concert two years ago, Sigmund Feuermann has added greatly to his musical if not to his physical inches. He still retains all the outward and visible signs of extreme youth, but, mentally, he is developing into manhood with astonishing rapidity. He is, indeed, one of the most remarkable of the many prodigies whom the last few years have brought with them, and if he fulfils the promise which he displayed two years ago, and in a still greater degree at his recital at the Bechstein Hall yesterday afternoon, when he played the Kreutzer Sonata and Max Bruch's G minor Concerto for all the world as though he were a highly talented man of 30, he will go very far indeed. Of brilliant children we have seen many, but very few with so remarkable an understanding of music as his. The tone which he draws from his violin is, indeed, peculiarly round and warm, while there is in it an element of tenderness which, especially in the slow movements of the Sonata and the Concerto, was very attractive. There is nothing in his performances that savours of the highly-trained automaton. He seems to play, rather, because he has the essence of music in him, and because it is natural to him. Very often the doings of a prodigy breed a certain sense of pity, but his give only that very real pleasure which is inspired by a good thing well done by one who really enjoys doing it. Certainly Sigmund Feuermann showed in these and in some small pieces by Bach, Sarasate, and others that he has all the elements of a genius. He was excellently accompanied throughout by Mr. Richard Epstein.

SIGMUND FEUERMANN'S RECITAL.

Times

A violin recital was given yesterday afternoon, in the Bechstein Hall, by Sigmund Feuermann, the little boy who made his first appearance here at a Philharmonic Concert two years ago. The concert began with the "Kreutzer" Sonata, in which Mr. Richard Epstein played the pianoforte part; and the programme also included Max Bruch's Concerto in G minor, some unaccompanied Bach, and miscellaneous *bravura* pieces. Oct 24 1913

Since he last appeared in public Feuermann has made rapid strides, and it may be said at once that his playing yesterday was on a very high level. His attack was so firm and clean that if one had shut one's eyes one would have thought one was listening to a mature player; his tone too was quite remarkable for a small boy. Not that it was always equally striking; the double stopping in the first movement of the Concerto, for instance, was a little harsh and the Adagio from Bach's First Sonata in G minor sounded rather thin. But in the finale of the Concerto the tone was brilliant in quality without being hard, and in the slow movement of the "Kreutzer" it was beautifully soft and clear. All the decorations here too were tidily and carefully given, while the last movement was played with remarkable virility, and so was the Prelude by Bach. He seemed, in fact, like so many young players, to be more at home in quick movements than in slow, for the Adagio by Bach was a little lame and the slow movement of the "Kreutzer" was stiffer in every way than any of the rapid pieces which he played. From the point of view of musical interpretation he was at his best in the finales of the Sonata and the Concerto and in the Prelude by Bach, playing them all quite simply and with real understanding.

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS.

Times

VASSILENKO'S "AU SOLEIL" SUITE.

Two additions to the repertory, the last of the present season, which ends to-morrow, were included in last night's programme at Queen's Hall. Both are pleasant music, and in both the pleasure palls some way before the end. The first was Gabriel Fauré's ballade for piano with orchestral accompaniment (Op. 19), which Miss Emilienne Bompard played gracefully. It is presumably a fairly early work; it recalls the time when Chopin was considered to have said the last word in decorative piano writing and Weber's Concertstück represented the standard of balance between a solo instrument and the orchestra. The other work, Vassilenko's Suite in five movements, called "Au Soleil," was even more directly reminiscent, for in Fauré's melody there are qualities which are distinctly his own no matter how much his technique may suggest writers who went before him. October 24-1913

The suite is frankly picture-music of the obvious kind in which one might guess the subjects of the pictures even without the labels, which are given to each movement. A midsummer day, cicadas, a dryad, gnomes, and the rustling of the trees occupy each a movement in turn. Perhaps the only one which we might have failed to hit upon in three guesses is the last. The vigorous rhythms and the elaborate orchestration suggested something more positive. It, however, is the least reminiscent of the five movements; Wagner seemed to have suggested the languor of midday (it is very difficult to keep the second act of *Siegfried* out of such scenes), and even Mendelssohn's "Bees' Wedding" cropped up amongst the buzzing of the cicadas, while Tchaikovsky's "Casse-Noisette" Suite contributed a number of the effects in almost every movement. Still much of the whimsical scoring for wood-wind, *pizzicato* strings, bells, and other light percussion instruments is very happily carried out. And it is not merely ingenious; it is quite musical, quite charming in its way, though it can be enjoyed with a minimum amount of thought on the part of the listener.

WONDERFUL BOY VIOLINIST.

SIGMUND FEUERMAN AT BECHSTEIN HALL.

Of all the prodigies who have appeared here of recent years, Master Sigmund Feuerman, who played two years ago at a Philharmonic concert, and who reappeared yesterday afternoon at Bechstein Hall, must be held as second to none. He has an amazing maturity of style as well as a wonderful technique, his bowing is remarkable and his phrasing perfect. Yesterday his playing showed an extraordinary sense of rhythm as well as breadth of style and emotional feeling for the music he interpreted. One has surely never heard another boy play Beethoven as he did yesterday, in the Kreutzer Sonata (the piano part of which was indifferently played by Mr. Epstein). Chronicle

Equally fine was his performance of Max Bruch's G Minor Concerto, and two Bach pieces he played with the greatest beauty. If it were not that prodigies so often fail to fulfil the promise of their childhood, one would prophesy that Feuerman will one day be a player to rank with the very greatest violinists the world has known.

NEW WORKS AT QUEEN'S HALL.

Two new works were produced at last night's Promenade Concert at Queen's Hall - a Ballade for piano and orchestra, by Gabriel Fauré, and a Suite by Sergius Wassilaenko, a Russian composer whose name one does not remember to have seen hitherto on programmes in this country. The former work, written by M. Faure some years ago, is a pleasant, graceful piece of music without very much in it that is striking or individual. The piano and

orchestra are well contrasted, the former being mainly predominant, and the writing for each is effective and interesting. The solo part was well played by Mlle. Emilienne Bompard. Oct. 24 '13

The Suite by M. Wassilenko proved a work with some very charming moments, although perhaps a little too long. The music varies a good deal in style, some of it being of simple character, and other parts in more modern manner, recalling the idiom of other of the young Russian School such as Stravinsky and Tcherepnin. The Suite is entitled "Au Soleil," and there are four movements. The Prelude is of somewhat insignificant material, the second movement, "Les Cicades," being a scherzo of ingenious form.

There is also some very charming music in a slow section entitled "La Driade," but the best of all is the Finale (No. 5), "La Ronde Aerienne," which is a very brilliant and exhilarating piece of music, with fascinating themes and rhythms and picturesque orchestration. It was delightfully played by the orchestra, under Sir Henry Wood, and enthusiastically received.

PROMENADE CONCERTS

Tele Graph Oct. 24 '13

So the once much-belauded Tschaikowsky had his "cheaper moods." At length he is discovered. But let us hasten to add not through any music of his own. As a fact, the discovery has been made through the instrumentality of one Sergius Vassilenko, whose suite "Au Soleil" was produced by Sir Henry Wood at the Promenade Concert last night, and in the programme it was said that Mr. Vassilenko is perhaps over-sensitive to the varieties of style which surround him in contemporary music, but that he certainly has not fallen into the fault of a good many of his fellow-countrymen—that of persistently copying Tschaikowsky in his cheaper moods. No. Indeed, he hasn't. We are still wondering why Velas—that is, Tschaikowsky—was dragged in at all. The Suite is said to reflect in an imaginative way some aspect of Nature on a sunny day. To us it appeared neither better nor worse than Mendelssohn's "Lieder Ohne Worter" would be now if composed in this year 1913. Mr. Vassilenko has a dainty twentieth-century Mendelssohnic talent, which he exercises in a manner of "speaking" more French than Russian. There are, in fact, many pleasant details in his suite, but an aquarelle it was, and it was nothing more. It aimed, apparently, at being nothing more, and so was that much of a success. But why Tschaikowsky?

A similar success, too, was Fauré's Ballade for pianoforte and orchestra, for her playing of which Miss Emilienne Bompard obtained much applause, so that she felt—too easily—constrained to add an extra piece. The Ballade is a thing of frills with never a thrill, amiable and perfectly gentlemanly music. But what is the good of it? What is the use of reviving so skeletonish a piece of early music by a musician who has long survived its (presumable) first appearance? (It is numbered Opus 19.) For the rest, Miss Palgrave-Turner's reading of Elgar's beautiful "Sea Songs" was as petite as was Mr. Mainardi's playing the night before of Saint-Saëns's First Violoncello Concerto—too delicate for its surroundings. That night Dohnanyi's noble Suite was repeated, and again proved itself better worth hearing and digesting than any similar composition heard here for the first time for some seasons.

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS

Oct. 24 — 1913

LAST NIGHT'S NOVELTIES.

Of the two new works produced at last night's Promenade Concert, by far the more important was a suite, entitled "Au Soleil," by Sergius Vassilenko. This replaced Reger's ballet-suite which we had been promised, the band-parts not having arrived in time for rehearsal. The other novelty was a ballade for pianoforte and orchestra by Gabriel Fauré. An early work, without doubt—it was labelled Op. 19—and one without very much character in its gentle melodiousness. However, it served to show that the soloist, Miss Emilienne Bompard, has a pretty touch, and her playing obtained for her an encore.

Vassilenko is one of the younger men of the Russian school and his music is unfamiliar to us. This suite is very fanciful; the five movements represent fantastic visions of a midsummer day. For instance, there is a little march of gnomes, a Dryad scene, and a bit of natural history in the portrayal of a spider preying upon a cicada. The music is full of the queerest, oddest sounds imaginable, of a very light and delicate kind. The buzzing of the insects, the hum of the gnats are very realistically done. But apart from the purely pictorial side, it seems that M. Vassilenko has a real gift for invention, and if some of the movements did not quite hang together, one felt it was because he had hampered himself with his "programme." Why, if one can invent themes, not seek to present them in a more satisfying form? The little march was the most successful number: it was very short and concise, while the others were rather too long, or perhaps it were better to say the treatment was a little uninteresting. The finale, "Aerial Round," began splendidly, and had it only come to an end about three-quarters way through it would have been brilliant.

Two other soloists appeared: Miss Palgrave-Turner, who sang artistically some of Elgar's "Sea-Pictures," though she took each one too slowly, and Mr. Gervase Elwes, whose songs included two of Dr. W. A. Aikin's Elizabethan lyrics. There was present a crowded and most enthusiastic audience.

SIGMUND FEUERMANN.

It falls to the lot of many a prodigy to create a sensation on his first appearance, but it is not given to each of them to be as true to his early promise as is the young Sigmund Feuermann. His London début at a Philharmonic Concert two years ago is still fresh in the memory of the public, and his recital at Bechstein Hall yesterday afternoon will not be forgotten very quickly by any of those who were present. A pupil of Sevcik who ventures on to the concert platform is not likely to be inadequately equipped on the technical side. Consequently, though Feuermann is only twelve years old, we are prepared for his playing to be clean, accurate, and polished, and for his tone to be true and even. These assets, however, though very desirable in themselves, by no means exhausted the list of the young violinist's merits. He has not yet reached the maturity of manner which is necessary for the proper interpretation of Bach. But he gave a very good account of Max Bruch's G minor Concerto, and he played the "Kreutzer" Sonata as if he understood the bulk and enjoyed the whole of it. What is still lacking in his interpretations is the deep note of authority which the mellowing influence of time will supply; but at his age its absence was more of a virtue than a defect. Had he expressed more feeling, he could only have done so by sacrificing the fresh spontaneity which is the best feature of his work. Mr. Richard Epstein accompanied.

MME. JOHANNE STOCKMARR.

A pleasant concert was given in the Steinway Hall by Mme. Johanne Stockmarr, the pianist, and by two singers, Mme. Saima Neovi and Miss Ellen Beck, who were heard together in duets as well as separately in several solos. Times Oct. 25 '13

Mme. Stockmarr's clear touch and straightforward style served her well in Schumann's "Traumeswirren" and the Prelude by Bach which came into her first group of pieces, and enabled her to play Brahms's Intermezzo in E minor and major with feeling but without the sentimentality which it so often receives. The same simplicity of interpretation marked her playing of a Polonaise by Chopin and the Impromptu in G flat, only here at times the loud pedal was inclined to blur passages which needed to be given with sharper edges. We had occasion last year to refer to the sympathetic duet singing of Mme. Neovi and Miss Beck. This time they were heard in a group by Brahms which included the beautiful "Phänomen" and "Weg der Liebe," and later on in a group of duets in French into which two by Schubert were pressed by the process of translation. Mme. Neovi's voice is better adapted to duets than to solos, except in those which are on a quite small scale; and she therefore made more effect in a cradle-song by Merikanto than in Grieg's "Ein Traum" or Sibelius's ballad, "The Tryst," which somewhat tried the powers of her voice. Miss Ellen Beck's solos consisted of a couple of songs by Strauss and two tiny examples of Martini, one of which was (of course) the inevitable "Plaisir d'amour." Her style was better suited to the Strauss than to the Martini, which she made too heavy, but she would have made more effect still her accompanist had understood better what she s meant to do.

MISS PAULINE ST. ANGELO

LAST NIGHT'S PIANOFORTE RECITAL.

Oct. 25 1913

Miss Pauline St. Angelo made her reappearance at the Steinway Hall last night after an absence of some years from London concert rooms. One hears pianists in plenty with a more polished and abundant technique than hers, but they do not always produce a sympathetic tone all the same. This is the outstanding feature of Miss St. Angelo's method, and in such things as the slow movement of the "Appassionata" sonata, Schubert's "Andantino" in A flat, or the A flat Etude of Chopin, Op. 25, this valuable quality was very well heard. In respect of breadth of interpretation she is somewhat lacking; breadth is not obtained by employing a slow tempo, nor is its realisation helped by a certain instability of rhythm. Miss St. Angelo could not quite hold the sonata named together, while the fine effect of the coda in the finale was missed by an excessive speed. The Chopin waltz in A flat, Op. 42, was also taken too quickly, with the result that the two beats against three in the right and left hands became undistinguishable. Yet the playing, on the whole, was not lacking in vitality, and one felt that Miss St. Angelo had ideas and no small power of expressing them.

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS.

PAST AND PRESENT.

— Oct. 25/13

To-night brings the last Promenade Concert of the season at the Queen's Hall. This is the nineteenth season, and the concerts seem to have grown in popular favour each year. The great "Mons." Jullien is generally credited with the introduction of the promenade concert into England, but he was not quite the first. The first promenade concert was given in England at the Lyceum Theatre on December 12, 1838. M. Musard, who had been responsible for the success of similar concerts in Paris, was the first conductor. The feature of these "concerts à la Musard" was the quadrilles of the conductor himself, the "Echoes" and the "Danois."

* * *

Promenade concerts were next given at the Colosseum in Regent's Park, the famous home of panorama, pulled down in 1876. Here the entertainment was enlivened by a variety turn between the parts of the programme. A Greek called Alexandrinos Franginopolis, a sort of facial contortionist, gave impersonations, and was said to be able to "change his countenance into the likeness of a lion, a tiger, a bear, a sheep, and a baboon." These concerts were followed in March, 1839, by concerts "à la Valentino" at the Crown and Anchor Tavern in the Strand, conducted by Mr. Eliason. The same year Military Promenades were given at the Lyceum by the band of the Coldstream Guards, under Charles Godfrey. In 1840 the Princess's Theatre was opened with promenade concerts, conducted by Mr. Willy and Mr. Tutton. This theatre has been closed for some time, and it is said that a hotel is to be opened on the site. There is no sign of this as yet on the Oxford-street front, which still has the same pathetic air of a theatre that has lost its way, and lies neglected and forgotten in an alien world of shops. Many theatre-goers are oblivious of its existence. At the time of this opening there were two other series of promenade concerts, the "Concerts d'Hiver," under Mr. Eliason and M. Musard, at Drury Lane, and others under Signor Negri and M. Tolbecque at the Lyceum.

* * *

When Jullien came to Drury Lane a few years later, the concerts became more popular than ever, and his white waistcoat was soon one of the most familiar of London sights. He himself had been a piccolo player, and composed a celebrated "Rossignol Waltz," in which he gave an imitation of a nightingale that immensely delighted his audiences. The programmes of his concerts consisted of overtures, symphonies, quadrilles, and galops—a mixture of classical and ball-room music. But Jullien is best remembered for his "British Army Quadrilles." In these bands of different regiments would be heard in the distance, and march round the theatre through the auditorium to the platform. The arrival of the pipers of the Scottish regiments always provoked the greatest enthusiasm. "Mons." Jullien was very fond of "effects." In "The Last Days of Pompeii" pans of red fire were lit in various parts of the theatre to suggest the suffocating smoke of Mount Vesuvius, and most strange and alarming rumbles were heard emanating from no one knew where.

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The usual charge for admission to a Promenade concert was one shilling, and until Jullien's time it was not usual for first-class artists to appear as soloists in the programme. But Jullien managed to secure some of the finest artists of his day—Ernst, Vieuxtemps, Wieniawski, Lazarus, Bottesini, and others appearing at these concerts. The enormous success of the Promenades urged M. Jullien to attempt opera. He wanted to found a National Opera. He opened at Drury Lane in 1847 with "Lucia di Lammermoor," and introduced on that occasion the most famous of English singers, Mr. Sims Reeves. But the season ended in bankruptcy. The constant popularity of promenade concerts, and the equally constant failure of opera in this country, seem to prove that we like music, even good music, so long as it is not too expensive.

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With this failure the luck of M. Jullien seems to have turned. He went to America and conducted an enormous concert under Barnum. In 1851 he was back in England. He gave concerts at Her Majesty's and Covent Garden, and later at the Lyceum. The destruction of Covent Garden by fire in

1855 and the failure of the New Music Hall in the Surrey-gardens both involved him in severe losses. He retired to Paris, and spent some months in the debtors' prison at Clichy. He was released, but his reason was impaired. In 1860 Jullien, at the age of forty, died by his own hand.

* * *

Promenade concerts were now firmly established, and have been popular practically ever since. They became a feature of the opera houses in between the seasons. Thus, at Covent Garden, in 1867, Signor Bottesini conducted a series of Promenade Concerts that began on August 15 and ended on October 26, dates which coincide almost to a day with the present season at the Queen's Hall. The dance music of Strauss was the most popular feature of these concerts.

* * *

The programmes of these concerts does not compare with those offered by Sir Henry Wood at the Queen's Hall nowadays. In one of the concerts under Bevignani at Her Majesty's in 1889, Mr. Edward Lloyd sang "The Star of Bethlehem," with organ obbligato in the first part, while the second part, which consisted chiefly of dance music, included a cornet solo, "Killarney." But even at this time (1889) they had their Wagner nights. Such nights were not then, as now, at the Queen's Hall, given over to a whole programme of eight or nine big excerpts. Four or five items were given in the second part of a programme which on these occasions was divided into three, separated by two intervals of ten minutes each. One of these programmes includes the Siegfried Idyll, the overture to "Meistersinger," and the "Ride of the Valkyrics." The first part contains excerpts from the lighter Italian operas and one movement from a symphony of Beethoven (the Scherzo from the sixth). Part III. is given over to Waldteufel and Gungl and drawing-room ballads. Even at the more recent seasons at Covent Garden the programmes were of a decidedly "popular" character. One of the most popular features was the cornet-playing of Mr. Howard Reynolds. Few of the faithful season ticket-holders at the Queen's Hall would tolerate a Pinsuti ballad on the cornet. Indeed, the enthusiasts of to-day seem to prefer the heavier music—the more serious the better. Beethoven and Wagner they will listen to for a whole evening, and always go in crowds to hear. But this year the moderns seem to have been almost as much of an attraction as the old favourites. A full house mustered to hear the "Symphonia Domestica," and later in the season quite an enthusiastic crowd assembled to hear the closing scene from "Salome."

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Of course, in the old days, when the concerts were held in theatres, there was no smoking; but the freedom in this respect does not seem to have had a bad effect on the type of programme offered. Indeed, the programmes at the Queen's Hall seem to get better every year, and though they are still a little long, the audience never tires. One feels sometimes that the orchestra might be spared a little more, and perhaps longer waits allowed between the pieces, or even another interval, making the programme in three parts, as in the old days at Her Majesty's. However, it is pleasant to be able to record so much improvement in the musical taste of the promenaders, and no little credit for this is due to Sir Henry Wood himself.

LONDON CHORAL SOCIETY.

The first of the London Choral Society's autumn concerts was given under Mr. Arthur Fagge last night in the Queen's Hall with a programme which was made up of Wolf-Ferrari's cantata "La Vita Nuova" and Coleridge-Taylor's "A Tale of Old Japan." Oct 30 1913

The work by Wolf-Ferrari was given for the first time in London by the same society last April, and its repetition after so short an interval presumably means that its first performance was considered a success. It is easy to understand why it should be liked both by singers and audiences and why it should have been frequently performed abroad. It is easy to sing and easy to follow. While it provides a good many effective moments for the chorus, it never puts any heavy demands on them (Italians care for the voice too much to write unvocally), and the way in which the libretto has been pieced together never strains the attention or the imagination of the listener. At the same time it can hardly be considered a very satisfactory work. It has too little style of its own to be distinctive. Wolf-Ferrari was only 25 when he wrote it, and by then the German and the Italian elements in him had not become as sharply separated as they have done in later years when the former was responsible for *Il Segreto di Susanna* and the latter for *The Jewels of the Madonna*. In "La Vita Nuova" both styles alternate and even blend in one and the same number, and when reminiscences of *The Christmas Oratorio* are crossed with echoes of Mascagni (tempered with Massenet) the *ensemble* is not exactly homogeneous. The style, too, of some of the orchestral interludes is more modern harmonically than much of the choral writing, though the use of the instruments indicates a comparatively old-fashioned technique. On the whole the chorus at the end of the first part and the concluding section contain the best music and they came out best in the performance last night.

The chorus attacked cleanly and produced a round tone, but with the very loose and unsteady orchestral playing with which they were supported they could hardly be expected to produce the very best results. Their enunciation was very clear, but the more clearly one heard Mr. Percy Pinkerton's text the more one recalled Rossetti's haunting translation of the same words and regretted that it could not be made to fit all the composer's phrases.

The soloists were Miss Leah Felissa and Mr. Thorpe Bates. For Mr. Bates an apology was made and his indisposition was such that in "A Tale of Old Japan" his place was taken at the last moment by Mr. John Prout. The other soloists in Coleridge-Taylor's work were Miss Felissa, Miss Gladys Palmer, and Mr. Haigh Jackson, all of whom seemed to understand the kind of way in which to extract the sentiment from the music, though Mr. Jackson would have done it more easily if he had sung more in tune.

MISS WINIFRED CHRISTIE'S CONCERT.

Oct 31 1913

A varied programme was submitted by Miss Winifred Christie at the Bechstein Hall last night. Her chief solo was the Bach Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue and the most important concerted work César Franck's sonata for pianoforte and violin. In the latter Miss Christie was splendidly supported by Miss Marjorie Hayward, a young violinist who has been playing very well of late. It is true that both the first and last movements suffered by a lack of sufficient impulse; this seemed for the most part to be due to the somewhat slow tempo adopted. Miss Hayward's tone and technique throughout were of beautiful quality, and the second movement was given with an unusual breadth and growth to climax. These two artists were joined by Mr. Albert Fransella, forming the "Fransella Trio," in a set of "Esquisses" for flute, violin, and pianoforte by the clever young composer, Mr. Eugène Goossens. The work performed for the first time was very inconveniently placed at the end of the programme. At the beginning there came a fresh little trio of J. B. Loeillet (1660-1728). Miss Christie's performance of the Bach was technically good, but it was a little wanting in breadth and in feeling. Her other solos included some Debussy preludes and pieces of Gabriel Grovlez and Campbell-Tipton.

WOLF-FERRARI'S "LA VITA NUOVA."

Nov 1

If not an unqualified success, Wolf-Ferrari's cantata, "La Vita Nuova," is well worthy of the second London performance accorded to it by the London Choral Society, the organization responsible for the initial production last April. It formed the first part of the programme presented at the Queen's Hall on Wednesday, the second being taken up with Coleridge Taylor's "A Tale of Old Japan." The work of a writer who has won success in other fields necessarily has interest. "La Vita Nuova" is surely an earlier composition than either "Il Segreto di Susanna" or "I Giojelli della Madonna." It certainly betrays an inexperienced hand, but it has plenty of melodic impulse, like the operas. Like these also there is something still not wholly formed in the style of the phraseology: it is not always sufficiently free from influences of other composers. But Wolf-Ferrari shows in the cantata a real inventive gift, and, on the whole, considering the subject, a stronger vein of sentiment than might have been expected. The orchestration, too, is decidedly bold and often remarkably effective; the dance of angels scored for strings, pianoforte, and harps, and the instrumental intermezzo illustrative of the death of Beatrice are good instances. The choral writing has breadth of phrase, and the notable climax at the close of the work is the more satisfying, as one had felt a decided loss of grip during some of the central sections. This seems to suggest that the composer had been really swayed by his feelings in the setting, and that it was more from questions of technique than anything else that the cantata as a whole has to be deemed unequal. Structurally, something might be said as to the unsatisfactory nature of a text which is neither wholly dramatic nor reflective. But it is always a difficult matter to decide in what way the best effects are to be made in such cases. It is the direct association of the hearer and soloist or group of singers with the protagonists that may easily tend to a lack of conviction. Mr. Fagge conducted a meritorious performance. The small soprano solos were sung by Miss Leah Felissa, and the part for baritone by Mr. Thorpe Bates, for whom the indulgence of the audience was asked. He sang, however, with his usual address and self-reliance.

BACH CHAMBER CONCERTS.

Some little way from the regular "beat" of concert-goer and critic, under the shadow, in fact, of the great tower of Westminster Cathedral, was held, on Tuesday evening, the first of an interesting series of chamber concerts devoted entirely to the music of Sebastian Bach. To the musician of fine taste this series must prove a great delight, for the conditions are as near as possible those that prevailed in Bach's own time; that is to say, only a small orchestra and a small choir are employed, and the music is performed in a small hall. There is no hint here of megalomania, that insidious disease of the age. All is discreet and proper—with that great quality, enthusiasm, superadded. Dr. Richard R. Terry, musical director of the Cathedral, who has organised the series, hopes to give performances of some of the lesser-known works of Bach during the season, amongst them the Soprano Cantata, "Jauchzet Gott in allen Landen," which is so seldom performed by boys' voices (for which it was written) that Schweitzer, the greatest living writer on Bach, confesses that he had never heard of it being thus rendered since Bach's time. Nov 1913

At the concert on Tuesday were heard the "Concerto for four Claviers and Orchestra"; the Sonata in G minor for Viol da Gamba and Harpsichord; the "Weinen Klagen" Cantata; the Motet for Double Choir (unaccompanied, of course)—"The Spirit also helpeth us"; two movements from the Suite in D for Viol da Gamba solo; the Fantasia and Fugue in A for solo clavier; and a "Brandenburg" Concerto (in F major, No. 11) for trumpet, flute, oboe, and violin. The Viol da Gamba was played by Miss Hélène Dolmetsch, than whom there is no finer exponent in this country, the harpsichord part in the Sonata aforesaid being in the hands of Miss Dorothy Moggridge. The modern grand pianoforte had to serve as substitute for the "well-tempered" clavier, and of the Fantasia and Fugue Miss Moggridge gave as charming a rendering as one could wish. In the Concerto for the claviers the four solo parts were played respectively by Mr. E. S. Mitchell, Miss Katharine Eggar, Mr. W. Denis Browne, and Mr. Harold Howell; in the other Concerto the parts for trumpet, flute, oboe, and violin by Miss Lilian Mukle, Mr. T. Neale, Miss Maude Melliar, and Miss Jessie Grimson.

There was so much in the programme that was beautifully done that it is impossible to select any one thing for special praise. Dr. Terry was a little handicapped by an uneven proportion of bass voices in the Motet, due to the indisposition of one of the singers, otherwise the choral performances pointed to careful coaching on the right Bach lines. The little orchestra was composed principally of members of the Society of Women Musicians, and, in places, the ensemble was delightful. The organist was Mr. H. B. Collins.

ANCIENT DANCES AND MUSIC

Nov 1 1913

GLIMPSES OF THE OLDEN TIME

Miss Nellie Chaplin, well known as the pioneer of the revival of old dances in 1906, gave a matinée of "Ancient Dances and Music" in the Æolian Hall on Wednesday afternoon, this being the only performance in London for the present season. As on the previous occasion, last December, the Chaplin Trio, composed of the Misses Nellie, Kate, and Mabel Chaplin, played a great variety of old-world music on the harpsichord, viola d'amore, and viola da gamba, respectively, as well as on modern stringed instruments, and a troupe of excellent dancers executed the pavane and courante, the "Chelsey Reach" and the "Kettledrum" in the old style and the old costumes, to the delight of a crowded gathering. Further numbers on the programme were songs of Purcell, sung by Miss Dorothea Crompton, and some old airs played on the flute by the Hon. Neville Lytton, to an accompaniment on the virginal by Miss Nellie Chaplin.

The great charm of the performance did not lie so much in the virtuosity of the performers as in the vivid glimpses that one got of the musical life of the past. Thus when one saw Mr. Lytton dressed in powdered wig and crimson full-skirted coat, playing a "bourrée" of Handel on an eighteenth-century flute, just as Frederick the Great might have done, one felt that here was something at once authentic and artistic—the glamour of the pageant superimposed on the glamour of art.

In such an entertainment as this lie the germs of a whole educational system. By this means historical manners and customs and historical art are at the same time delightedly assimilated by the audience, while an ampler explanatory programme or an accompanying causerie would still more increase the profit. We trust that Miss Chaplin may soon repeat her success.

THE FLONZALEY QUARTET

Nov 3 — 1913

NOVELTY BY ARNOLD SCHÖNBERG

The Flonzaley Quartet (Messrs. Adolfo Betti, Alfred Pochon, Ugo Ara, and Iwan d'Archambeau) gave their second and last recital this season in the Bechstein Hall on Saturday evening. Prominent on the programme, and discreetly sandwiched in between unpretentious music of Mozart and Haydn, was a string quartet in D minor (Op. 7), by Arnold Schönberg. Although, to judge by the opus number, an earlier work of this much-discussed composer, it still bears the sign-manual of his style.

Written in one movement, it takes over fifty minutes to perform, general broad changes of tempo serving to divide it into sections of alternately fast and slow. Corresponding changes of mental outlook are, however, but vaguely indicated, and offer an imperfect substitute for the classical, all-comprehensive "Allegro, Adagio, Minuet, and Rondo" of the classics. On the other hand, the composer seems to rely principally on contrasts of colour (*sub ponticello*, and so on), characteristic rhythms, and harmonic styles for the interest, and the final result is that of an ill-assimilated mixture rather than of an artistic unity. Indeed, when the music flows into channels of ordinary euphonious combinations and resolutions, the hearer feels the same sensation of perplexity as when in reading a letter in the "nyu spelin" he comes across words spelt in the old. The themes, where characteristic, are all on the Straussian plan of hopping, angular leaps, and generally extensive range.

NEW ENGLISH OPERA.

MR. RAYMOND RÔZE'S "JOAN OF ARC."

Nov 3 — 1913

Mr. Raymond Rôze opened his season of opera in English at Covent Garden on Saturday night with the first performance of his own opera "Joan of Arc." A large audience gave the new work a warm reception, and every one seemed to feel that the composer, who had also acted as producer and conductor, deserved credit for the attempt to achieve something on an elaborate scale. Although our opera-going public is nothing like so large as we would wish it to be, it is still divisible into various sections, and doubtless to one or two of these "Joan of Arc" will appeal. For instance, it is not every one who demands a strong dramatic interest or powerful musical characterisation, or striking originality of theme, or a musicianship equal to more than surface demands. Mr. Rôze cannot satisfy these, but he has certainly given us a series of pictures dealing with the career of his heroine which, owing to the picturesqueness of the period, are pleasing to look at, while the romance attaching to the subject suggests an atmosphere of which a very little imagination is required to fill in the details. The difficulty of relating the story of Joan's life on the stage is in part overcome by several "tableaux vivants," while the scenes treated in the ordinary way purport to illustrate various aspects of her character. In the prologue Joan receives her "call," and bids farewell to her home. In the first act she is presented to Charles VII., and is appointed to the command of the army. Then there comes a tableau illustrating the storming of Les Tourrelles and her entry into Orleans. The second act proper shows the defeated Philip of Burgundy being prompted by Queen Isabeau to kill Joan. But Joan's fortitude disarms Philip, and she prevails on him to return to the banner of Charles. Another tableau gives us the coronation scene in Rheims Cathedral. In Act III. Charles abandons Joan, and the final tableaux illustrate her capture, trial, martyrdom, and apotheosis.

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Mr. Rôze's music is, generally speaking, very simple in its melodic contours; there is no particular fault to be found with that, but it is at least unfortunate that where it is not exceedingly commonplace it should be so extremely reminiscent. One rather fancies that the truth is the composer has attempted a style of writing for which he has not the necessary technique. His Wagnerian trick of sequence in rising tonalities has not the force of the model, because when the climax should come he loses grip. Then the problem of accompanied declamation has not been solved, and cannot be by a system of heavy and monotonous instrumentation. The various dialogues move along much too slowly, and with too little diversity of treatment. Throughout the impression is a constant striving after effect, but the persistent sameness of thick writing for the strings and weighty brass tone only results in either tediousness or pretentiousness.

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However, we began by suggesting that the work is not for those with certain tastes and ideas, so let us take it for what it is worth, and recognise the presence of considerable fluency, certainty of theatrical (not dramatic—a very different thing) effectiveness, occasional moments of easily recognisable thematic formulæ (though no really strong swinging tunes), and an aptness for introducing suave choral writing with organ accompaniment when Joan hears her "voices." These musical factors should count when there are added to them the beautiful scenery and the elaborate dressing. It was regrettable to find on Saturday that the cast was so very inadequate. Mr. Rôze announced through the curious means of newspaper advertisements that he firmly believes "Joan of Arc" will "establish the English language in the position it should hold on the operatic stage once and for all." How this is to be when it was, in most cases, absolutely impossible to tell what language the singers were using it is difficult to see.

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The enunciation of Mr. Charles Mott, who appeared as Burgundy, was comparatively good, but Mme. Lillan Granfelt (Joan) hardly sang a recognisable word unless the orchestra was playing at its very softest; Mr. Henry Rabke (Charles VII.) got out a word or two here and there, while Mr. Raoul Torrent (Dunois) was further handicapped by a vocal production of the "woolly" kind. It was, perhaps, not entirely the fault of the artists that they could not live their separate parts. Certainly Mme. Granfelt never once showed sympathy, either of voice or in her acting, with the heroine's character, and among the rest there was very little displayed of stage assurance, or of the requirements of operatic singing. Good work was done by chorus and orchestra, and the performance went very smoothly.

NEW SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

ELGAR'S "FALSTAFF."

Nov 4 — 1913

The feature of the first of the series of concerts given by the New Symphony Orchestra, which took place last night at the Queen's Hall, was the first London performance of Sir Edward Elgar's "Falstaff," produced originally, it will be remembered, at the recent Leeds Festival. Described as a "symphonic study," the work is in essence a piece of programme-music, and the composer has recorded the various events which are musically illustrated. But, as we have often said, a tone-poem to really be successful must satisfy apart from its literary significance, and surely especially is this the case when the "plot" of the piece is at all of an elaborate nature. We rather fancy that in this new work the composer has chosen a subject which presents difficulties to be overcome of almost an insuperable kind. There is so much to follow, so much action and psychology, that there is a great danger of the musical thread being lost altogether. Furthermore, it is doubtful whether a text is of the happiest nature for the purpose where small scope is offered for emotional expression.

Perhaps it is because there is need for a good deal of pictorial delineation and incident that "Falstaff" strikes one as being æsthetically unsatisfactory. Putting aside the question of the construction of the work, a lengthy composition without a measure of sensuous charm, of intrinsic beauty of theme, can hardly fail to give the impression of something lacking. "Falstaff" truly is rather forbidding in this respect, and the amazing cleverness is but a poor substitute. One feels, indeed, that, however closely the subject-matter may be said to represent the intended idea, not enough is gained when music's greatest power, its emotional appeal, is so seldom called into play.

Sir Edward Elgar's scheme suffers, we think, from being too elaborate, or it has been too faithfully followed in the music. The work is undoubtedly something of a patchwork, and, as there is a good deal of reiteration, a certain amount of monotony has not been avoided. The technical mastery is very great, the scoring remarkable, even for Elgar, and though the thematic material is generally rather what one may call restless in character, it has been developed and treated with great ingenuity. The performance, under the direction of Mr. Landon Ronald, to whom "Falstaff" is dedicated, was of excellent quality, and the composer was very warmly applauded. Consisting entirely of Elgar's music, the programme opened with the "Enigma" Variations, played with commendable clearness, and ended with the second symphony.

ENGLISH OPERA SEASON.

Nov 4 1913

Mr. Raymond Rôze conducted his new opera, "Joan of Arc," again at Covent Garden last night, and a few observations are called for, in view of the alternative cast for the leading rôles. That of Joan herself was taken by Miss Marta Wittkowska, who displayed qualities of much promise. The greatest opportunity in the part is undoubtedly in the third act, where, on the point of breaking down, Joan falls on her knees to pray, and is then strengthened by the Heavenly Voices. The force of this scene was admirably conveyed. Every word of the monologue was given with perfect sincerity of appeal, which was made particularly telling by reason of the perfect articulation. No doubt the mental stress lacked the final uplifting touch of poetic insight. Surely a smile of rapture should have transfigured her face at the lines: "The Lord is pleased with me. He loves me still. Oh, Joy, Joy supreme!" But for all that, it was a very fine performance.

Mr. Lissant Beardmore, who took the part of the Earl of Dunois, showed inexperience from the dramatic side, but sang with much charm; while Mr. Henry Reynolds as Philip Duke of Burgundy was satisfying in both respects. Miss Edythe Goodman supported him well in the part of the Queen-Mother, except that her diction was too obscure. There was a good house and much applause during the evening.

GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY MUSICAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 6. 1913

The orchestral and choral society composed of the servants of the Great Eastern Railway Company is one of the most interesting of the amateur musical organizations of London. Its special interest lies in the fact that all the members of the orchestra and the male choir are railway servants, and they work hard week by week at music of the right sort. The programme given last night at the Great Eastern Railway Hotel, Liverpool-street, began with the Overture to *Die Meistersinger* and included three movements of Dvorák's Symphony "From the New World." The second part contained lighter music, but all of it was thoroughly good of its kind. We would like to suggest that the Overture to *Die Meistersinger* should be repeated, not in one concert, but in every concert of the season, so that the orchestra might become quite at home in the playing of it. Certainly nothing could improve their technique and style so surely as to work until every line of melody sounded with absolute confidence, and certainly the audience could not tire of six performances of such a work, especially if each one were better than the last.

Apart from obvious faults of intonation and what in this instance may be called a tendency to run past signals at danger, the chief thing which the whole orchestra needs to gain is the power of sustaining each note through its entire length and increasing its volume after its life has been begun. At present the playing, especially in strings and brass, is too percussive. If the brass could learn to do in forte passages what it did beautifully in the crescendo near the end of Dvorák's slow movement its quality would be immensely improved, and if the strings aimed at getting the utmost pressure of the bow at the end of each note the sonority of the tone would be doubled. No music is so good for the practice of sustaining power as the *Meistersinger* Overture, in which every part has melody.

There was some capital playing in the symphony, particularly in the slow movement. The tone and phrasing of the first flute deserve a special word of praise. The whole performance, under Mr. Johnson Galloway's direction, told of careful and devoted work. The choir, who sang some part-songs, will also deserve great credit, but the singers, too, might profit by the attempt to sustain more and also by making sure that rapid notes are not allowed to become hurried or blurred. Times

For this concert a choral and orchestral work had been specially written for the society. Mr. Johnson Galloway had written the words and Mr. Hubert

Bath the music of a short cantata called "The Men on the Line." Everything which increases the personal interest in an undertaking of this kind is a help, and Mr. Bath has entered into the spirit of the thing and written straightforward tunes which carry along Mr. Galloway's verse with a swing. Some of them have a Sullivan-like ring about them, especially the one in which the male passengers complain that "the ladies have raided the smoking car," and

"The only vacant part of the train
"Is the one for ladies only."

It was sung and played with whole-hearted enjoyment, and no doubt it will be given again on a future occasion.

MME. JAQUES-DALCROZE.

A thoroughly interesting programme was offered by Mme. Dalcroze at the Steinway Hall on Tuesday night consisting mainly of songs which one does not often get an opportunity of hearing—Schubert's "An die Leyer," five songs by Gustave Ferrari taken from the "Livre pour toi," Mahler's "Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen," and two sets of songs, German and French, by her husband. Nov. 6 1913

The songs of Ferrari, always good, sometimes really fine declamation, leave the whole thing in the singer's hands to make or to mar. One can imagine how easily they would fall flat if the right spirit were not caught. Apart from the sheer beauty of spoken French, with the rise and fall of the voice defined by tones, there is nothing to carry the listener along—the accompaniment, though at all points appropriate, is a mere background. These gave Mme. Dalcroze her opportunity, and she kept the attention of her audience from the first note to the last. But she gave greater pleasure in Mahler's songs, not because they depended less on the singer, but because mere declamation does not satisfy for long and rounded works of art came as a relief. Two of these were specially beautiful, the well-known "Wenn mein Schatz Hochzeit macht" and the less often heard "So viel Stern am Himmel stehen," and they were all of them sung with a true feeling of their purport. Times

After these the voice tired and became both shrill and uncertain, so that not complete justice was done to M. Dalcroze's songs. This was a pity, for the composer seemed, without launching into any deep mysteries, to catch the suggestion of the words with much skill, and in a manner which was distinctly his own. "Gruss" and "Regenöde" were particularly good instances of that kind of composition which leaves something to the imagination of the hearer.

Mr. Richard Epstein's accompaniments throughout, but particularly in Mahler's songs, were just what was wanted.

THE AEOLIAN HALL.

Nov 6 1913

MISS ELSA META-LING'S RECITAL.

A song-recital was given in the Æolian Hall last night by the mezzo-soprano Miss Elsa Meta-Ling. Of the three groups of songs which she presented two were with German texts and the remaining one with English. Classical demands were met by half a dozen examples of Robert Franz and Brahms, while American music was represented by songs of G. W. Chadwick, F. La Forge, and E. MacDowell. This latter group, containing such fantastic trifles as "The Swan" and "The Bluebell," by MacDowell, hardly gave the singer much chance of showing her powers, which proved to be quite adequate for the serious demands of the former section.

"Gute Nacht," of Franz, was one of her happiest efforts. The calm but intense feeling permeating this song was realised with much strength, each note being admirably enunciated and at the same time charged with vibrant emotion. "Liebestreu," of Brahms, revealed the same qualities, although one missed the growth of feeling that is necessary to make the most of this song. Other successful numbers were "Abends" and "Du hast mich aber lange warten lassen," by Oskar C. Posa.

The accompaniments were played by Herr Fritz Lindemann, who also performed a Bach Prelude and Fugue in a vigorous and highly authoritative, although rather unsympathetic manner.

MISS META-LING'S RECITAL.

Times

Miss Meta-Ling, who was heard in London earlier in the year, gave a song-recital last night in the Bechstein Hall with a programme made up of groups of songs by Franz and Brahms, and also of examples of modern composers, some of which were in German and some in English. Nov. 6 1913

If Miss Meta-Ling had shown the same judgment in her choice of her songs in English as she did in the others she would have left a far better impression. But there is little to be said for the examples of Mrs. Chadwick and Mr. F. La Forge which she chose, and MacDowell's "Bluebell" is a truly dreadful example of the "familiar" drawing-room song. However, Miss Meta-Ling put the kind of expression into it that the composer no doubt wanted, and it was at once encored. In Brahms's "Liebestreu" the expression was very laboured, and both here and in others in the German groups the time was badly dragged. Brahms's "Der Jäger" was, however, given with less sentimentality, and the result was better in all ways, for the singer's voice is less well suited to songs requiring the long sustention of notes than to those which are comparatively light and rapid. Her lower notes, it should be added, had a better quality than the upper, which often sounded shrill and hard, and her phrasing was apt to be jerky. She was accompanied by Herr Fritz Lindemann, who played the Prelude and Fugue in C minor from the first book of the "48" and some Schubert in a matter-of-fact way and with a hard tone.

DR. DEZSÖ SZÁNTÓ.

Nov 6 1913

Dr. Dezsö Szántó, a Hungarian pianist, who gave a pianoforte recital at the Steinway Hall last night, has quite a fair technique up to a point, but he will spoil the effect of his interpretations by a careless use of the sustaining pedal, and by ignoring the usual conventions as regards tempo. Smudginess of tone resulted in the first case, while in the second no excuse for rubato could be alleged for the fantastic variations Dr. Szántó allowed himself to make. In the finale of the C sharp minor sonata of Beethoven he went so far as to suggest three quick beats in the bar instead of four, while the playing of the D minor toccata and fugue of Bach was equally distorted. One never knew what the pianist was going to do next, what further unconvincing liberty he was going to take. Some of the Chopin playing suffered less in this respect, the Berceuse, for example, but the well-known A flat waltz was scrambled through sadly, and the Polonaise in the same key lacked technical control in the climaxes. Dr. Szántó's tone was never very strong or resonant, and in spite of his assurance of style one could only regard his playing as of a very unfinished order.

MR. DOHNANYI'S RECITAL.

Telegraph

There is no explaining the moods and idiosyncrasies of the London musical public. On occasion they can be as enthusiastic in the right cause as the best of us. At other times their apathy is simply unaccountable. Why, for instance, was not the Æolian Hall filled to overflowing yesterday afternoon when Mr. Dohnányi made one of his rare appearances in our midst as a recital-giver? Pianists no greater surely than he have been known to tax the capacity even of Queen's Hall. And we have heard pianists of appreciably smaller artistic stature made far more of by their admirers than was the Hungarian artist by those who went to hear him yesterday. Yet his playing, from first to last, was magnificent and a joy to listen to. Therefore, we repeat, there is no understanding the London public. It is impossible to imagine a more poetic reading of Schubert's Sonata in G (Op. 78) than Mr. Dohnányi gave us. One may not share Schumann's ecstasies about this work, which is not altogether free from redundancies, and undeniably runs to great length. But, even so, the lyrical charm that clings to many of its pages, and the grace and delicacy of its themes are such as to make one regret the neglect it suffers at the hands of pianists nowadays. Yesterday, it is true, one heard the work to ultimate advantage, for, as we have hinted, Mr. Dohnányi plumbed its beauties to their very depth. For perfection of phrasing, delicacy of tone gradations, and poetic expression the performance was on the highest plane of art. Nov. 7 1913

In the pianist's own Four Rhapsodies (Op. 11), which followed the Sonata, one had a very striking contrast of mood and manner, and a superb, yet finely-controlled, display of the artist's flawless technique. The difficulties of these Rhapsodies—the second of which is slightly Lisztian in feeling—are indeed formidable, and we do not know whether, if played with less mastery of means than they were by the composer himself, they would make any particular impression. However, the point is hardly worth discussing. Last of all came some wholly familiar Chopin, including the Nocturne in B (Op. 62, No. 1)—played with rare beauty of touch and tone, and a perfect sense of the right use of rubato—and the first of the Ballades, which, save for a slight excess of impetuosity in the passage at the end marked "presto con fuoco," was a splendid achievement.

VAN BUREN LADIES' ORCHESTRA.

Nov. 8 1913

At first sight the announcement of a little orchestra in the Little Theatre seemed to promise just the thing most wanted, a chance of hearing music for a few instruments in conditions which would give the delicacy of chamber music with the charm of orchestral colouring. But the Van Buren orchestra of 21 players, conducted by Miss Muriel Jack, did not give us what we hoped for. Times

Selections from operas such as *Carmen*, *La Tosca*, and *Quo Vadis* are no good for this purpose, and their presence in the programme could only be explained by an advertisement which stated that the orchestra may be engaged for "At homes," &c. No doubt such a repertory is necessary for that purpose, but if the orchestra wants to be really listened to it must play the music which really belongs to it, and also improve its technique, especially among the wind players. It would be well worth while to do so, for the orchestra is planned in the right way with a body of strings who are individually good players, and one of each of the wood-wind group, one horn, one trumpet, harp, and piano. A second horn would, of course, put much more music within reach. In three graceful pieces by Miss Lita Jarratt the playing was quite admirable, as it was in the second movement of the "Peer Gynt" Suite, but the March of Gnomes could be nothing but ridiculous in the circumstances, and the efforts of the bassoon player to play the theme softly at the beginning were not successful. Miss May Bartlett, the first violoncellist, played the solo part in Boellmann's Symphonic Variations capably, and this, the most ambitious effort, showed that the orchestra could with persistent work become a useful musical institution.

ROYAL OPERA.

Nov 10 1913

"TRISTAN AND ISOLDE."

That was both a curious and interesting performance of "Tristan and Isolde" which was given in the Raymond Rôze season at Covent Garden on Saturday night. Some time ago we were told quite a lot about certain "new traditions" (whatever they may be!) that were to be introduced into Wagner's master-work. This is a democratic age, and so such things may happen, if by "new traditions" we may suppose that alterations of a masterwork that has stood the test of time is meant. We may yet live to see King Charles's statue, which it is proposed to remove, redressed in its new home, the Royal garments being now somewhat weather-beaten. Why not, some say? Similar things are of frequent occurrence in the musical world, where extra instruments are added to a score that had previously been regarded as complete for a half-century or more.

By now most opera-lovers have at least a nodding acquaintance with "Tristan and Isolde." One cannot but wonder how many who were present on Saturday night have ever previously listened to a performance in which the representative of Brangäne possessed a voice of higher pitch than the representative of Isolde. Possibly this is one of the "new traditions." In any case, it is not sufficiently satisfactory to be retained for ever. Then, again, whose "brilliant" idea was that of throwing a ghastly mixture of blue and red light on to the semi-recumbent figures of the protagonists in that wondrous second act? It surely cannot have come from the brain of the accomplished stage manager, Mr. Fairbairn, whose version of the opera has frequently been seen, and always with pleasure, for he is no iconoclast. It was a terrible blunder, and should be immediately removed. And, further, where were King Marke's friends in the scene which closes the second act, when Tristan and Isolde are discovered together? Is their total eclipse another "new tradition"? All this was of the curious order. Some of it was painfully curious, and all of it was quite unjustifiable.

A NEW CONDUCTOR.

Of the interesting side there was a good deal to be noticed. Mr. Hamilton Harty was making his first appearance as opera conductor, and it may be said at once that his success was considerable, and amply sufficient to show that with the requisite experience—the most difficult thing in all music in England for a young man to obtain—he should develop into a conductor out of the ordinary. On Saturday there were moments not a few when, as in the first act, he seemed to lose sight entirely of the great, broad sweeping lines of the music, so that it sounded detached, fragmentary, and unspontaneous. On the other hand, as in the "Träume" part of the scene in the garden, there were moments of very great beauty. But even so the climax of the appearance on the scene of Melot and King Marke was seriously interrupted in its growing course some moments before the actual arrival, so that the great point was not so sharp as it might and should have been. As accompanist Mr. Harty showed the sympathy we have long known him to possess, even if now and then the orchestral exuberance overpowered the singers. This, however, if not to be condoned, is a fault common to conductors. Nevertheless, there was some beautiful "atmosphere" in the glowing moments of the duet where Mr. Harty did realise the great "lines" of the music.

As representatives of the protagonists there appeared Mr. John Coates and Miss Marta Wittkowska. The former has frequently appeared before as Tristan, though, we believe, never at Covent Garden; the latter is understood never before to have essayed the rôle of Isolde. Be this how it may, Mr. Coates is a Tristan who counts. It may be his voice does not carry so strongly as some, as many, voices through the vast house, but certainly it was very beautiful indeed in the duet—the crucial moment—and, whatever may be said as to the strength and quality of the two voices, of the tendency, for a moment or two, of Isolde to sing a trifle sharp, there is no doubt that the part of the duet which has been called the "Träume" part was sung with an intimate loveliness that is quite rare. If only the emotional climax had been as well arranged in the orchestra as on the stage the effect would have been immensely enhanced. Miss Wittkowska is a little limited in command of gesture, and has a tendency to over-act, while on the other hand Mr. Coates's habit is nearly always to under-act, as witness the very poor fight he fought; and much of the music lies too high for the Isolde, so that though she could reach the higher notes she could not sustain them. However, they made a brave pair. Miss Autran owns a voice of beautiful colour, but it is hardly strong enough for so exacting a rôle as Brangäne's. Mr. Klitgaard was an imposing if rather spasmodic King Marke, and Mr. Mott a fairly sympathetic Kurwenal.

The house was well filled with an exceptionally enthusiastic audience, who seemed not in the least worried by the curiosities enumerated above. The English language was used, but not enough was heard to enable one to arrive at any definite conclusion as to the authorship of the translation, and if our ears did not deceive us more than one phrase was sung in the original German.

"TRISTAN AND ISOLDA" AT COVENT GARDEN.

Tristan	JOHN COATES
Isolda	MARTA WITTKOWSKA
King Mark	MANITTO KLITGAARD
Kurwenal	CHARLES MOTT
Melot	JULIAN KIMBELL
Brangaena	JULIETTE AUTRAN
A Shepherd	ERNEST SLATER
A Steersman	EDWARD RAMSAY
A Young Sailor	WILLIAM WANKLYN

Conductor—HAMILTON HARTY.

The performances at Covent Garden last week were all devoted to repetitions of Mr. Rôze's *Joan of Arc*, until Saturday, when *Tristan and Isolda* was given.

The conditions being more normal, one could get a better estimate of the capacity of the company than was possible in Mr. Rôze's work. As far as the orchestra was concerned there was the interest of hearing the players under a conductor who was new to his work. Mr. Hamilton Harty may possibly have conducted *Tristan* in the provinces, but he has never done so in London, considering which the performance on Saturday night was more than creditable. There were, naturally enough, signs of anxious care in many of the details, and his reading on the whole was stiff and lacking in warmth. Some of the rigidity of the playing was probably due to his habit of stopping between the beats in slow passages instead of marking the rhythm continuously with the baton. But it was obvious that he was absolutely familiar with all the intricacies of the score and that, except for one or two false leads, such features as one would have liked altered were due more to conviction than to want of thought or capacity. And in any case it is much better that our younger men should learn conducting and should buy their own experience than that distinguished foreigners should be dragged in as a matter of course to do what is already familiar to them.

As to the singers, Mme. Wittkowska was a girlish and rather quiet Isolda, and, if some of her high notes were a little forced and her intonation imperilled, she sang as a general rule with beautiful clear tone. Clearness and lack of resonance were what was mostly wanting in Mr. John Coates's voice. It sounded thin and shallow in quality except in the third act, where his use of *mezza voce* was admirable and just what was wanted. In his acting he made Tristan an ungainly young ruffian who chose to adopt a stiffly protecting attitude when wishing to portray his passion. Herr Klitgaard would have done better if he could have reserved his tone for the ends of his phrases instead of letting it die away about a semiquaver before the last beat. Mr. Charles Mott was a thoroughly capable Kurwenal, and as Brangaena Mlle. Juliette Autran acted simply and sang with an attractively pure quality of voice.

The lighting of the stage was mostly unsatisfactory owing to the fact that no definite convention of lighting seemed to have been arrived at, and to the frequency with which a horrible purple was employed to light the central figures. The audience was a large one and was very enthusiastic after each act.

"TRISTAN" IN ENGLISH.

NOV 10 — 1913

A large and enthusiastic audience warmly welcomed the production of "Tristan and Isolda" at Covent Garden on Saturday night. While not flawless, the performance was of a sufficiently creditable nature to make us all feel encouraged as to the future possibilities of opera in the native language.

English performances of this most difficult opera have been given in London before now; they have generally suffered, not so much from inexperience as from the quality of the orchestral playing. The present season is graced in this respect with admirable instrumental forces, and this counts for much. Mr. Hamilton Harty conducted—it is said he has never conducted opera before of any kind; if so, his achievement was noteworthy. Perfection as regards clearness, balance of tone, and the like was hardly to be expected, nor that control which renders possible complete unanimity of expression between the stage and orchestra. But Mr. Harty kept things going well, and he conducted as though he had a good knowledge of the score. The tempi seemed a little slow occasionally, and there was undoubtedly not enough delicacy and finish, a failing leading to the covering up of the vocal tone.

Better singing, however, would have helped things greatly in this respect. Even Mr. John Coates, who appeared as Tristan, did not give us of his best; his voice sounded rather tired, as a matter of fact. Yet he sang with great skill, as he always does, while his conception of the part was on broad and dignified lines. The Isolda of Miss Marta Wittowska had as its best feature a temperamental impulse which held the attention. Vocally she failed somewhat through the suggestion conveyed of a constant struggle against the high register. Her voice has much more of the contralto than the true dramatic soprano quality, and it seemed evident that this affected her tone production, occasionally causing faulty intonation or indistinctness. On the other hand, in the Brangaena of Miss Juliette Autran one had something of the reverse, her voice lacking in weight and warmth of colour. Mr. Charles Mott was a vigorous Kurwenal, and the reposeful style of Mr. Manitto Klitgaard was on the right lines for the part of King Mark. Some of the lighting effects were not quite what was intended, while the colouring during the love-duet was really rather ugly, besides being somewhat unnatural.

STEINWAY HALL.

NOV 10 1913

There are so many subjects on which Mr. Sivori Levey may profitably and legitimately exercise his composite art that one could not help regretting his choice of Mrs. Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese" for his recital at Steinway Hall on Saturday afternoon. Poems so intimate and so personal are rather for the study than the platform, and though some of them have been set with conspicuous skill as songs, the whole series need treating very profoundly indeed if they are to be converted into welcome specimens of that curious hybrid, the accompanied recitation. Profundity is not Mr. Levey's distinguishing characteristic. He is a very clear and very pleasant reciter of narrative poems and of lyrics that do not go very deep in matters of sentiment; but the passionate fervour that one misses in his spoken delivery is even more to seek in his music, and its absence was badly felt in the accompaniments he had devised for these poems of Mrs. Browning. Very often the music was pretty, and it was always fluent and graceful. But though perfectly inoffensive, it was for the most part quite superfluous; and, as a necessary consequence, it had only the negative merit of never hampering the reciter's delivery.

LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

NOV 11 — 1913

The second concert of this orchestra, conducted by Herr Steinbach at Queen's Hall last night, contained no Brahms. It is one of the advantages of having secured Herr Steinbach for a series of concerts that there is space to hear him direct a number of works by other composers, for though his reputation in this country has rested chiefly on the fact that he makes the four symphonies of Brahms sound as no one else does, he is no mere specialist. This was a Beethoven programme with "the two Richards" as supporters, that is to say, Wagner's "Eine Faust Ouverture" began, and Strauss's "Tod und Verklärung" ended the programme, but between them we were given Beethoven's Violin Concerto and Eighth Symphony, and the last-named was perhaps the most notable performance in a remarkably fine evening's work.

Herr Steinbach is at his best in dealing with music of a sane and normal type. As soon as he touches music which, like the Faust Overture, has a hint of neurasthenia in it, or like "Tod und Verklärung," has more than a hint, his robustness seems to stand between the music and the hearers. One may welcome this as a corrective, but the fact remains that it prevents him from being a completely sympathetic interpreter of music of this type. At the same time he procured some splendid playing in both these works, particularly in building up the coda of Strauss's Symphonic Poem to a gorgeous climax.

Miss Isolde Menges was the solo player in Beethoven's Concerto. Save for a few momentary lapses in intonation her technique was admirably finished, but her playing just missed real distinction. She has not yet grown up to the music and only seemed completely at ease at moments when there could be no doubt of the solo player's supremacy. In the intimate give and take between the solo and the orchestra she often seemed oblivious of what the latter was doing and had a right to expect from her. A prominent case in point was her ending of the principal theme of the finale, when she always hurried instead of handing over the theme perfectly moulded to her colleagues. In the symphony every detail was perfectly cut and excellently balanced so that even the return of the principal theme upon the double basses in the first movement was quite audible and the delicate phrasing of the allegretto was unsurpassable. Herr Steinbach got a wonderful tone from his players and held it in reserve for the crucial moments.

A RAGTIME COMPOSER AT THE HIPPODROME.

NOV 3

Whenever the visit to our shores of one of the original American composers of ragtime music is announced we go to the theatre with a feeling of suppressed excitement. This is because we have a conviction that at last, in their own rendering of their own songs, will be found just that magical touch which will dispel the doubts of the heretics who said they could never understand the ragtime craze. Many of these, we believe, were converted when they heard Mr. Irving Berlyn sing "Everybody's Doing It" himself.

We should not like to say whether or not Mr. Lewis F. Muir, the composer of "Hitchy Koo" and "Waiting for the Robert E. Lee," who arrived yesterday at the Hippodrome, will be considered as bringing a similar revelation. At all events, we feel sure that many of those who go to hear him will be highly amused by his quaint laconic way of jerking out his famous songs. After this, if any remain so cocksure that they still think they can sing "Waiting for the Robert E. Lee" better than he can, they should at least accord him a hearty welcome out of gratitude to him for composing their favourite tunes. It was certainly in this spirit that Mr. Muir was received last night in London.

MISS BLACKBURNE'S RECITAL.

Miss Clara Blackburne gave another of her pianoforte recitals in the Bechstein Hall last night. Prominent on the list was Beethoven's Sonata in E major (Op. 109), a work that we have already heard from her hands. On this occasion the performance was not very satisfactory. Not only was the general rhythmic give-and-take too haphazard, but there were several textual slips, arousing the impression of hasty preparation. Why, too, was the figure of six semiquavers in the fourth variation, 9 8, treated as two triplets? Surely there is no authority for such accentuation. The artist fared better with some pieces of Paderewski, Chopin, and Scriabine, where her warm touch and graceful style obviously pleased the audience. NOV 11 1913

A novelty on the programme was a Violin Sonata in G minor, by E. Wolf-Ferrari, which was performed for the first time in London. In this Miss Blackburne was associated with Mr. Hans Wessely. It is written in the conventional style, and is indeed a somewhat conventional production. Of the three movements, the second one, an Adagio, made the best impression, with its chorale-like introduction and general broad nature. The other movements lack character and emotional force, partly due to the reminiscent quality of the themes, partly to the ineffective writing for the instruments.

Mr. Wessely also contributed violin solos with success.

BECHSTEIN HALL.

NOV. 11 1913

Miss Clara Blackburne showed no disposition to spare herself in framing the programme of her pianoforte recital at Bechstein Hall last night. The first part of her scheme embraced a Mozart Rondo, a Chopin Ballade, and Beethoven's Op. 109 Sonata, to say nothing of slighter pieces by Scriabin and Paderewski. In all of these Miss Blackburne proved herself a pianist of intelligence, with a ready command of pleasant tone and a style well suited to music of no great emotional depth. She was at her best in dealing with Mozart, but the effort of expressing all the meaning of the Beethoven work taxed her powers so much that she was occasionally somewhat inaccurate. In the latter part of her concert Miss Blackburne brought to a hearing an unfamiliar Sonata for violin and pianoforte by Wolf-Ferrari. Reported to be an early work of the composer of the "Jewels," it gives few signs of that graphic, imaginative power he has subsequently developed. It is, however, well constructed on approved lines, and its imitative tendencies may be readily overlooked as the inevitable signs of immaturity. Mr. Hans Wessely assisted Miss Blackburne in this work, and also contributed some fairly lengthy violin solos to her programme.

SENORITA SARITA BENATON.

NOV 12 1913

Señorita Sarita Benaton gave her first London concert at the Bechstein Hall last night. The most favourable quality observable in her playing was the occasional sympathy of tone which seemed to suggest some interpretative ideas. But considerable leeway has yet to be made up before this young pianist's method can be described as satisfactory. Her technique is at present limited as regards certainty, while the general requirements of finish of phrasing, steadiness of rhythm or manipulation of tone, either in evenness or properly-graduated crescendos and diminuendos, one and all need close attention. Señorita Benaton's programme was varied in character, and showed taste. It included Beethoven's "Pathétique" sonata, and examples of Chopin and Schumann. Mr. Ivor Foster contributed some German and English songs to the scheme.

MR. RÔZE'S "JOAN OF ARC."

Courteously invited by Mr. Rôze to Covent Garden to form and express an opinion on the dramatic, as distinguished from the musical, qualities of his opera, "Joan of Arc," we found the task one of some difficulty, for the reason that inevitably a good deal of the "book" failed to make itself clear through the twofold obstruction of singing and the orchestra. Such of the "dialogue" as reached us did, indeed, not seem particularly distinguished as literature, but, of course, an easier way of judging it would be by a perusal of the printed book. We can, however, say that the story seemed to move dramatically from scene to scene. It is also pleasant to be able to add that there was a large audience, and that after each act there was a great deal of applause, leading to reappearances of Mlle. Lillan Granfelt and the other chief performers before the curtain. NOV 13 1913

MR. AND MRS. YORK BOWEN.

A pianoforte and song recital was given last night in the Æolian Hall by Mr. and Mrs. York Bowen, at which the former played, among other things, Ravel's Sonatina, Scriabine's first "Poème," and Sir Alexander Mackenzie's Fantasia for pianoforte (his Op. 70), while Mrs. Bowen was heard in various songs by Grieg, Brahms, and Strauss, and also in songs by her husband, in which the viola and horn obbligato parts were played by him.

The best feature of Mr. Bowen's playing is its fluency. It enables him to make light of difficulties and to leap the obstacles in his way easily and good-humouredly; but it also leads him to be careless at times and makes him inclined to do things without due reflection. Too often last night he played ahead for bar after bar, using one unvaried shade of ugly mezzoforte tone, and too often there were blurred edges and untidy tags hanging over from the phrases. This was particularly the case in Liszt's hideous Etude "Mazeppa" and in Mackenzie's solidly elaborated Fantasia, both of which were otherwise given with animation and energy. Ravel's Sonatina was played much more neatly, but the elfin, ironic spirit of the music was quite lost

in Mr. Bowen's treatment of it, which would have been more suitable had it been a Sonatina by Schumann. His playing of the Seriabine helped to make its structure clear, but he seemed in many ways most at home in "Mazeppa," which followed it, and in Rachmaninoff's brilliant Prelude in G minor, which came at the beginning of the concert.

Mrs. Bowen showed musical feeling in her singing, but she too was untidy in her phrasing. Her tone was too shallow to do justice to a song like Strauss's "Frühlingsfeier," and at the end of the evening her voice seemed tired out. She was at her best in Grieg's "Vom monte Pincio" and the other songs which came earlier in the programme. It was a mistake of Mr. Bowen to put his own songs last if he was to play the obbligati himself, for his fingers refused to come down cleanly on to the strings after having been kept on the keyboard all the evening, and his very uncertain tone on the horn did not improve the song "Gloaming," though musically it was the best of the three which were given.

Nov 13 — 1913

MR. GUSTAVE WALTHER'S RECITAL.

Mr. Gustave B. Walther gave a violin recital last night in the Bechstein Hall with a programme which included Bach's Chaconne, three movements of Lalo's Symphonie Espagnole, Sarasate's "Zigeunerweisen," and numerous small pieces both written and arranged by Kreisler.

The player has a loose wrist and a sufficiently sure command of the bow to make him certain of what he is doing in *bravura* music such as the "Zigeunerweisen," but something more than technical facility is required if the Chaconne is to sound like a composition by Bach. As Mr. Walther played it last night it might have been a mere "study for advanced players." But besides being played without feeling for its character it was treated to very careless phrasing. The ends of passages were constantly clipped, and throughout the work one felt that the player's aim was chiefly to get on to the next passage, the time being consistently hurried about half-way through each phrase. In the lighter music this was less noticeable, though this, too, would have been much improved had the player's [illegible] hard.

BECHSTEIN HALL.

Mr. Gustave B. Walther, a violinist from Antwerp, who made his London début at the Bechstein Hall last night, is a player of culture and of a degree of technical accomplishment which, if not precisely exceptional, is certainly high. His performances of three movements from Lalo's Symphonie Espagnole and Bach's Chaconne had many points of very real excellence. They were neat and clean, and they lacked neither poetry nor life. His performance of the latter, in particular, while rather unorthodox in the matter of tempi, was characterised by a vitality that was distinctly striking. It is in the matter of his tone that his playing is chiefly open to criticism. In the quieter portions of the Concerto and of Sarasate's "Zigeunerweisen," which he played with considerable brilliance, it was sweet and warm enough, but a tendency to force it when more power was needed made it hard, and, in consequence, much less pleasing. Otherwise, Mr. Walther's playing was certainly of more than average merit. He also included in his programme a number of Kreisler's delightful transcriptions.

CLASSICAL CONCERT SOCIETY.

The concert of this society at Bechstein Hall yesterday afternoon was a song and piano recital given by Mme. Jane Bathori-Engel and Mr. Leonard Borwick. As both groups of songs were drawn from modern French composers and between them Mr. Borwick played the Prelude, Aria, and Finale by César Franck, the bulk of the programme was French. At the beginning, however, Mr. Borwick gave us Bach and Beethoven, the Prelude and Fugue in E flat minor (Wohltemperirte Klavier, Book I.), and the Sonata "Les Adieux," Op. 81a, and he ended the programme with some Liszt. His playing of both Beethoven and Franck gave many examples of that power of clear delineation which so often delights the listener by shedding a new light upon music which one thought one knew thoroughly. This was particularly the case with Franck, for, without attempting anything like the wealth of colour which some pianists can produce and most pianists try to produce, he succeeded in bringing out the relevance of Franck's interwoven themes to a remarkable degree by sheer skill in phrasing.

Nov. 13 1913

Mme. Bathori-Engel's first group of songs contained beautiful specimens of five composers, all of them alive now save Chabrier, yet none of them representing the modern style of French song. In Duparc's "L'Invitation au voyage" the limitations of her voice were apparent in the rather uncertain quality of the soft high notes, so that there was the disadvantage that the most beautiful song of the set suited her least. D'Indy's finely thought "Lied Maritime," Fauré's more imaginative "Soir," Hahn's very delicate "Cimetière de Campagne," were all beautifully sung and played, for Mme. Bathori-Engel accompanied herself, in a way which gave a wonderfully unified impression of each song as a whole. The second group was a selection from Debussy and included "C'est l'extase," "Colloque sentimental," the first two of the "Chansons de Bilitis," and the popular "Mandoline." In all the exquisite clearness and refinement of the singer's diction was remarkable and it enabled her to bring out the poetic feeling of "La flute de Pan" in a way possible to very few singers.

MR. HARRY ALEXANDER AND MR. MESCHER PARKER.

Times

A song and violoncello recital was given at Bechstein Hall yesterday afternoon. Mr. Harry Alexander had chosen for his part in it a good variety of songs which showed his powers admirably, because they were evidently songs which he enjoyed singing. A song from Bach's *Phœbus and Pan*, and some old English tunes, and a group in German including Grieg's "Im Kahne" and Jensen's "Alt Heidelberg," another in French including the "Legende de la Sauge," from Massenet's *Le Jongleur de Notre Dame*, and some modern English songs were chosen with a pleasant eclecticism. His singing of them showed that his voice has increased wonderfully in resonance since he came out a year or two ago, and that experience has given him much more flexibility and ease of expression. But the most distinctive feature of his work is the excellence of his diction, and that is as good when he sings English as when he sings French or German, which is more than can be said of many English singers. He neither alters the vowels nor exaggerates the consonants, but in whichever language he sings the words sound like themselves. With such a weapon in his armoury he need not exaggerate musical details in order to make his points tell. His interpretation of so simple a melody as "There is a lady sweet and kind" might be simplified, and he might convey the atmosphere of "Im Kahne" with less conscious intention. It is on the interpretative side that one feels Mr. Alexander may still go further. Nov. 14. 1913

He was accompanied sympathetically by Miss Loui Risby (Mrs. Alexander), who also took part with Mr. Mescher Parker in Martucci's Sonata for violoncello and piano. It is not a very exhilarating work, but it might have been more interesting if Mr. Parker's playing had been less persistently of one heavy quality of tone. He emphasized the fact that the violoncello part consists largely of a suave and uninspired *cantilena*. Mr. Parker played a couple of solos on an instrument described as "Controviolin," which is actually a small violoncello tuned an octave below the violin. He played it cleverly, but the shortness of the finger-board seemed to make his intonation uncertain, and we would rather have heard him play his Bach upon a violoncello.

A NEW INSTRUMENT.

Nov 14 — 1913

THE "CONTRO-VIOLIN" AT THE BECHSTEIN HALL.

The new instrument, the "Contro-violin," introduced at the Bechstein Hall yesterday afternoon by Mr. Mescher Parker, who was giving a joint concert with Mr. Harry Alexander, did not prove to be of much real value, so far as one could judge. It is played like the violoncello, and has a compass an octave lower than the violin. The tone and quality seem to be somewhere between those of the violoncello and viola, but one rather doubts whether the different compass supplies a need sufficiently strongly felt to make up for the lack of a distinctive sound. Mr. Parker is a violoncellist of fair ability. Both technique and style of playing could be improved with advantage, the latter because it is somewhat overweighted with a cloying sentiment. His chief solo was the not very interesting sonata of G. Martucci.

Mr. Alexander sang a number of English, French, and German songs with a certain readiness of effect and intelligence of effort which was agreeable. His method of production hardly brings out the deepest quality or the fullest extent of his voice, while his interpretations are limited on the score of complete conviction in the expression. Yet, by means of steady phrasing and good articulation, he is able to give a satisfactory impression technically, and this, added to a general air of assurance of style, counts for much. A little more variety of tone colour will surely come as he develops his purely interpretative powers.

SOCIÉTÉ DES CONCERTS FRANÇAIS.

The concert of this society, which took place at the Steinway Hall last night, besides giving us some old friends in the music of Rameau and Couperin, Ravel and Debussy, introduced us to some songs of Georges Hue and Ph. Jarnach. It contained also three songs of Mme. Poldowski, accompanied by the composer, Yniold's air from *Pelléas et Mélisande*, and Debussy's new "L'Eventail." Mme. Bathori-Engel sang accompanied by Mr. D. Browne, and M. Henri-Etlin played. Nov. 14. 1913

Mme. Bathori-Engel did not find her real voice and interpretative power till some way through the evening. It was difficult therefore to judge satisfactorily of Georges Hue's songs, which came first. One's general impression was that the French language is so concise and satisfying as a means of expression that it is a pity when any melody intervenes to distract the attention. It is fair to say that this happened very seldom. There was abundance of variety in what, for want of a better term, one must call the melodic curve, but seldom any feature that made for unity; and though one could see that there were no more words to sing there was not any other obvious reason for the song coming to an end. M. Jarnach's songs had a little more definition; but the first, "Arpège," showed little rhythmic variety, and the second, a sonnet of Ronsard, had its antique mood obscured by some very modern chromatics.

Mme. Bathori-Engel was much more successful with those of Mme. Poldowski. Two of these, written last year, "Crépuscule du soir mystique" and "Charleroi," reach a high standard. They have a real climax and clear thematic treatment; there is an assurance about their effect which comes from a practised hand. They gained a good deal from their accompanist. Times

M. Etlin played the 17th and 18th centuries quite charmingly. His clear accentuation and graduated touch were of the greatest service; and a dreamy sense of rhythm which he thinks well to indulge did not interfere much with such limpid structures. It was otherwise with the 20th century; that of Ravel, for instance, would have been unintelligible if one had been hearing it for the first time. On the other hand, Debussy's "Puerta del Vino" and "La fille aux cheveux de lin" were finished productions.

Nov 14 1913

FRENCH MUSIC.

A pleasant evening of French music was provided by the "Société des Concerts Français" at the Steinway Hall last night. It is true that with only songs and small pianoforte pieces the fare was of a somewhat insubstantial order, but as the Society has done such excellent work in the past in bringing before London musical people the best of contemporary French music, it is, perhaps, scarcely surprising if now and again the concerts are of comparatively small account. Of the new songs heard on this occasion, a set by Georges Hue, "Chansons du Valet de Cœur," was not particularly notable, nor a couple by Philippe Jarnach. Debussy was represented, the group including Yniold's air from the fourth act of "Pelléas et Mélisande," which has always been omitted from stage performance of the opera at Covent Garden. All these and others, including some by Mme. Poldowski (who accompanied them herself) were cleverly sung by Mme. Jane Bathori-Engel.

The pianoforte solos were of contemporary writers and the old school, such as Rameau, Couperin, and Dandrieu. They were beautifully played by M. Henri-Etlin, who has a delightfully clear touch and a clean execution. He played Ravel's "Jeux d'Eau" in very crisp style, while he was equally successful in the old-world music.

Nov 14

MUSIC AT TORQUAY.

1913

The first of a series of Symphony Concerts was given at the Torquay Pavilion on Wednesday under Mr. Hindenberg's conductorship, when Beethoven's C minor symphony was performed well and with keen appreciation by the orchestra, and hearty applause from the audience at the end of each movement. Mr. Alfred Kastner, the harpist, contributed a "Nordische Ballade" by Poenitz, which proved rather a melancholy composition, but was played with feeling and good execution; and the Alexandre Quartette of lady singers sang four of Brahms's quartettes for female voices to the accompaniment of harp and horns. Mr. Kastner also contributed "Joie," a composition of his own, and a fascinating frolic, Godefroid's "Dance of the Sylphs." Miss Mariatta Tergolina, one of the ladies of the Alexandre Quartette, sang Benjamin Godard's "Chanson de Florian" acceptably; and the programme also included Schumann's "Happy Hunter" for female voices, Saint-Saëns' "Marche Militaire," and Beethoven's "Leonora" overture (No. 3).

MLLE. ROUSSEL D'ELPIN'S RECITAL.

A vocal recital was given last night in the Bechstein Hall by Mlle. Roussel d'Elpin with a programme made up of three groups of songs by Scarlatti, Hahn, Monsigny, Debussy, and others. Nov 15 1913

The singer proved to have a small, light soprano voice which was somewhat monotonous in colour and sounded pinched on the top notes, where it also had a tendency to go out of tune. At the same time her technique was neat and clean and her diction clear. In practically all of the songs which she sang the details needed careful treatment and obtained it. The singer was, in fact, wise in confining herself to songs on a small scale, to which her methods were suited. She did not attempt anything which demanded a bigger style than she had at her control, except in Duparc's "L'invitation au voyage," in which both she and her accompanist failed to give the serenity and the rapt mood of the music and missed the whole in aiming at the parts. She was at her best in the examples of Monsigny and in Weckerlin's arrangement of Lefèvre's "L'amour au moi de mai," and she gave the runs and other decorative passages in Auber's "Vilanelle" with a light touch and just the right absence of seriousness.

MLLE. ROUSSEL D'ELPIN.

Nov 15 — 1913

In spite of a certain assurance of manner and neatness of delivery and phrasing, Mlle. Roussel d'Elpin, who gave a vocal recital at the Bechstein Hall last night, could not convey a satisfying impression. This was in the main owing to the uncertainty of her method of production. Her voice has a pleasant natural quality, and one imagines that its volume is considerable; but the "tightness" of the production makes for a hard and metallic ring in the first place, and prevents the full dynamic force being apparent in the second. Mlle. d'Elpin must seek to loosen the constricted style of her singing. She will find that her present uncertainty of intonation will then disappear, as also the lack of colour control. Her programme included some very pretty old-world French songs of Monsigny and others, as well as modern examples, and some by Italian writers. One felt that with a better technique Mlle. d'Elpin would have had small difficulty

in presenting this scheme very agreeably, for she showed sympathy and intelligence.

MR. RÔZE'S OPERA SEASON.

Times Nov. 17 1913

"TANNHÄUSER" AT COVENT GARDEN.

Tannhäuser	Mr. JOHN COATES
Landgrave	Mr. HARRY REYNOLDS
Wolfram	Mr. HENRY RABKE
Walter	Mr. FURNESS WILLIAMS
Schrieber	Mr. WILLIAM WANKLYN
Biteroff	Mr. JULIAN KIMBELL
Reinmar	Mr. CORMAC O'SHANE
Shepherd	Miss MAUDE GARNETTE
Venus	Miss MAY STORIA
Elizabeth	Miss BETTINA FREEMAN

Conductor—Mr. FRANK BRIDGE.

A very fair performance of *Tannhäuser* on Saturday was severely handicapped by the ineptitude of the stage management. In the first place a ballet "invented" by Mr. Espinosa was substituted for Wagner's first scene. It had no recognizable likeness to Wagner's scenario and little aim of its own beyond that of keeping up a general excitement of movement. Nymphs, fauns, cupids, and graces merely capered about in a confused riot, a *premier danseur* displayed his capacity for spinning like a whiptop (bursts of applause from the audience hailed his efforts in Philistine disregard of the music), and in place of the visions of Europa and Leda a boat containing two female figures occupied the back of the scene the whole time. It all showed complete misunderstanding of what the ballet is intended to do. For our part we are quite ready to welcome a serious attempt to restage Wagner, but the way to do it is not to begin by assuming that his directions are negligible. On the contrary, the object of the reform would be to get closer to their meaning by means of less clumsy machinery.

Once the ballet was dispatched the opera proceeded on more normal lines, though there were some curiosities, such as the fact that the pilgrims in the first act did not sing their hymn at all, but walked on and off while a choir stationed behind sang it for them. The chorus, when it was on the stage in the second act, might have profited by more drilling both in movement and in singing, but the worst piece of mismanagement was in the lighting of the third act. Day gave place to night in a series of abrupt jerks; Wolfram's "star of eve" was switched on, throwing a large patch of white light in the middle of the stage; the scene between Wolfram and Tannhäuser was played with practically no light at all, but it came on again in time to show clearly the mechanical processes by which the apparition of Venus was prepared.

On the musical side the performance was more satisfactory. Mr. Raymond Rôze is doing a genuinely useful thing in making his season an opportunity for several English musicians to prove their ability and gain their experience as operatic conductors. Mr. Frank Bridge had the orchestra splendidly in hand and was at his best when he had it to deal with alone. Not that he showed any want of confidence in directing the stage. The complex *ensembles* of the second act went particularly well under him, but there were moments in the dialogue or in the passage from one movement to another where, with more experience, he will get more cohesion and an easier flow. It may be mentioned that the brass on the stage, particularly the horns in Act I., was very far from perfect. The principal singers did excellent work. Mr. Coates reached his highest point in the tournament of song, where he really gave the impression of a man possessed by a devil. It was a pity that his anxiety to express the conflicting feelings of the subsequent scene led him to indulge in fussy movements, which in one instance, when he shook his head at the suggestion of undertaking the pilgrimage to Rome, had an almost comical effect. With earnest singing from Miss May Storia and Miss Bettina Freeman, which, however, made the two parts of Venus and Elizabeth rather too much alike (though that is partly Wagner's fault), with Mr. Rabke's rich baritone as Wolfram, and Mr. Reynolds's solid, if rather hard, quality of bass tone as the Landgrave, the cast was admirably filled.

MR. RÔZE'S SEASON.

Nov 17 1913

"TANNHÄUSER" IN ENGLISH.

The most satisfactory feature about Mr. Raymond Rôze's present season of opera in English at Covent Garden is the opportunity he is giving for some of our young native musicians to show their mettle as conductors. Mr. Julius Harrison has been conducting "Joan of Arc," Mr. Hamilton Harty "Tristan and Isolda," and now Mr. Frank Bridge has had his turn with "Tannhäuser," which was revived on Saturday evening. In some respects the last-named had the most difficult task to perform. It is a well-known fact that the simpler the music the less easy is it to give an effect of smoothness and control. Mr. Bridge's performance was scarcely more than creditable in the circumstances of his comparative inexperience and a company also not free from the same deficiency. "Tannhäuser," as given by our travelling companies, goes well enough, largely because it is a familiar work in their repertory. Where the Covent Garden performance excelled was in the quality of the orchestral playing far more than on the stage. Mr. Bridge held things together fairly well, but was not able to work up his climaxes properly from not being sufficiently sure of himself. Mr. John Coates was invaluable in the title-part, singing authoritatively and acting with great intelligence. Miss Bettina Freeman was earnest in the part of Elisabeth, and displayed a voice of attractive quality, although her method was not sufficiently pure to enable her to be distinct. Mr. Harry Reynolds needs especial praise for his diction; nearly every word he sang could be distinguished without any effort, and his voice is well placed and resonant. Not nearly so good was Miss May Storia as Venus or Mr. Henry Rabke as Wolfram. There is no point that we can see in making solo dances, and stupid ones at that, a feature of the Venusberg scene; they should be eliminated without delay as being entirely contrary to its spirit; moreover, the visions should be restored. Why play tricks with the traditions in this foolish way? New readings are all very well, but that is no reason for going quite outside the intentions of the composer.

QUEEN'S HALL ORCHESTRA'S SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Nov. 17 1913 Telegraph

Had a plébiscite been taken among the audience at Queen's Hall on Saturday afternoon as to the work in Sir Henry Wood's scheme that was considered its most attractive feature, the results would have been, we imagine, decidedly interesting. Of particular interest it would have been, for instance, to know in what proportion the large audience enjoyed the performance—a thoroughly well-considered and very sensitive performance—of Brahms's fourth and last Symphony to the point of reducing all else to a level of minor importance. Or how many, on the other hand, would have cast their vote in favour of Tschaikowsky's Violin Concerto, hackneyed though that work has become, simply because of the presence of Mischa Elman to play the difficult and effective solo part? Again, it would have been of interest to know whether there was present any appreciable number of lovers of modernity in music for whom the pièce de résistance in the programme came last of all, in the shape of Maurice Ravel's "Spanish Rhapsody." This work, at any rate, could claim the interest attaching to comparative novelty. To many, indeed, who heard it on Saturday it may have been absolutely new. About four seasons ago Sir Henry Wood introduced this particular example of Ravel's genius to a Promenade audience, and, for aught we know, it may have been played here since. But, in any case, familiar it could not be called in the sense that the rest of the afternoon's music, or at least the bulk of it, was familiar.

The work is wholly typical of a composer who, whatever he may owe in technique to his more widely-known compatriot, Debussy, unquestionably stamps his own personality and his own idiom upon everything he writes. At a first, or perhaps even a second hearing, the Rhapsody played on Saturday may not fascinate the listener in the same degree as the delicious Scènes enfantines to which Ravel gave the title, "Ma Mère L'Oye." And there is hardly any denying that the former work compels attention rather by the composer's extraordinary deftness in the mixing of his orchestral colours and his magical lightness of touch than by the strength or character of any of the themes he here employs. But in the respects mentioned he shows himself indeed a master craftsman, and for that reason one cannot listen to these four suggestively-tinted movements—wherein the composer depicts in terms of music his impressions of certain Spanish scenes and customs—without recognising his very rare feeling for atmosphere and the wonderful sureness with which his fancifully-conceived and delicately-wrought effects "come off." Let us add that the work was played with complete appreciation of its peculiar character and complexion, and that apparently, though coming late in the programme, it was enjoyed.

So, too, to all seeming, had been the Brahms Symphony. Indeed, there are people who not only profess, but appear actually, to be stimulated even by the last movement of this work. They are welcome to whatever pleasure they can derive from music (we are referring to this particular movement of a symphony which elsewhere contains many beauties) so uninspired and manufactured as this. Of Mischa Elman's share in the concert there can hardly be any need to speak, so often has he shown us that the Tschaikowsky is a work he thoroughly understands and enjoys playing. To him went deservedly no small part of the afternoon's applause.

The Symphony Concert given by Sir Henry Wood and his orchestra at Queen's Hall on Saturday afternoon contained no new work, but at the beginning and end there were things which have not been too often played. One of Dvorák's charming Slavonic Dances (Series I., No. 3, in A flat) came first and Ravel's "Rapsodie Espagnole," produced in this country at the Promenade Concerts of 1909, came last. One wonders that Dvorák's dances have not taken a place in popular music beside the orchestral versions of Brahms's Hungarian Dances. Their delicate rhythmic movement and their individual beauty of orchestration might win them an even higher place. Perhaps Sir Henry Wood will give them the chance they deserve in the Promenade Concerts of next year, for this one was certainly appreciated on Saturday.

But the chief event in the programme was the playing of Brahms's Fourth Symphony (E minor), which was particularly interesting because of its superiority to that given in the Promenade season just ended. No doubt the additional weight of the enlarged orchestra contributed something to the result, but the fact that the Symphony Concerts receive more rehearsal contributed far more. It was a performance to be classed with the best that have been heard under Steinbach, Nikisch, or Richter. It was distinguished by faithfulness to the text and imaginative intelligence in interpreting it. To take one example, the passage leading to the *reprise* of the first movement, where strings and wind pass a fragment of the theme to and fro antiphonally, was exquisitely balanced because the marks of crescendo and decrescendo were impressed without a suggestion of artificiality. There were many examples of the same careful judgment in the slow movement, particularly in the passage which shows the second theme growing out of the episode which precedes its appearance, and while we are touching upon details we cannot resist mention of Mr. Fransella's playing of the flute variation in the finale, and of the solemn effect produced by the trombones entering pianissimo.

It was a great advantage to be allowed to listen to the Symphony in peace—that is to say, without applause between the movements. We lately put in a plea for this in support of Herr Steinbach's effort to secure it at the London Symphony Orchestra's concerts. Sir Henry Wood's cooperation means much, because he can control audiences as completely as he controls his band, and so is peculiarly able to form their traditions of behaviour.

Mr. Mischa Elman's famous performance of Tchaikovsky's Violin Concerto requires little comment beyond the suggestion that the tendency to become more and more feverish with each repetition does not necessarily add a corresponding intensity of expression. He, however, makes the Concerto as exciting as possible, and perhaps there is not much else to be done with it. It was a brilliant performance. After it the audience could not be in the best mood for following the elusive suggestions of Ravel's Spanish pictures. Without having anything like the musical interest of the "Valses Nobles et Sentimentales" or the certainty of handling of the suite "La mère l'oze," the colouring of the "Rapsodie" is so distinctive that it was well worth while to give it again. But it is too unsubstantial to compel one into its mood, and so an earlier place in the programme would have secured better attention for it. One wonders whether concert arrangers will ever have the courage to place a concerto last. As a solo player can always command an audience he might be persuaded sometimes to occupy the honourable position of a rearguard.

MR. MOISEIWITSCH.

RECITAL AT THE BECHSTEIN HALL.

Nov 17 1913

It seems tolerably certain that Mr. Benno Moiseiwitsch, who gave a pianoforte recital in the Bechstein Hall on Saturday afternoon, is well on his way to become an authoritative virtuoso of the Busoni school. It would, however, be premature as yet to hail him as a finished artist and still less as one of all-round qualifications, for he has not yet learned how to set off his talents to the best advantage, nor can he show enough sympathy with the more refined side of music.

He opened his programme with Schumann's Fantasie, Op. 17, a work for which mere brilliance of technique and resolute energy are far from sufficient. Schumann is essentially a feminine composer. His spirit dwelt amid the mists and rain of the emotions, with occasional glints of sunshine breaking through the neutral-tinted pall. A poetic touch is absolutely necessary to interpret his music with success, and for the most part Mr. Moseiwitsch seemed to be moving blindly along, lost in the mists, and insensible to their subtle charm. Certainly, when the opportunities came for powerful effects his hands played leapfrog over the keys with remarkable surety and determination, but it was here that his judgment went astray. The "Moderato, ma energico" with its thin Mendelssohnian flavour represents Schumann in his least happy aspect, and the spacious magnificence with which the pianist played it only underlined its inherent poverty. It sounded like a village beadle strutting along in the borrowed plumes of the Lord Mayor.

Mr. Moiseiwitsch was more at home in Liszt's pretentious Sonata in B minor, a work which has been termed the ugliest piece of music ever written, but which at any rate gave him every opportunity to exhibit his powers. The Schubert-Liszt "Gretchen am Spinnrade" was also given with great technical ease. It was as bright and clear, but at the same time as hard and cold, as ice.

MR. BENNO MOISEIWITSCH'S RECITAL.

Times Nov. 17 1913

The programme of the pianoforte recital which Mr. Benno Moiseiwitsch gave on Saturday afternoon in the Bechstein Hall was to have included a new sonata by Mr. John Powell, but it seems that it did not arrive in time, and so Liszt's Sonata was substituted for it at the last moment. The rest of the programme was made up of Schumann's Fantasie and of miscellaneous pieces, among which was Godowsky's amusing paraphrase of themes from Strauss's "Fledermaus."

Mr. Moiseiwitsch's style has become bolder and more assured since he was last heard in London; his playing was brilliant before, but on Saturday it had many other qualities besides brilliance. In the fantasie there was breadth and youthful imagination combined with a fiery impulse that carried the music along from one climax to another without forcing it at any single point. Time after time one saw details in a new light and felt fresh beauties in old phrases owing to the pianist's flexible rhythm and his assured control of colour; in the last movement, we may remark, just before the section in D flat, a new phrase was heard that was not Schumann's, owing to a temporary lapse of memory. But the chief feature of his playing, after its glowing vitality, was the subordination of all the parts to the whole, so that however beautifully the details were treated they did not obtrude at the expense of the *ensemble*. The same thing was noticeable in Listz's sonata, which was given with splendid assurance and without the aggresiveness that is so often put into it by its admirers. In fact, it is a long time since we have heard either of these two works played with such freshness and such a keen sense of the possibilities of the beauties of the keyboard.

STEINWAY HALL.

Nov. 17 1913 Telegraph

With a courage and determination that do him infinite credit Mr. Sivori Levey gave a third recital at Steinway Hall on Saturday afternoon, and thus completed one half of the elaborate scheme he has arranged to get through before Christmas. As was pointed out in these columns a week ago, Mr. Levey's plan of devoting one programme, more or less, to one writer may involve him in difficulties which his special gifts do not always qualify him to surmount. But on this particular occasion he was at his very best. For he was dealing with Edgar Allan Poe, in whose verse he has learned to recognise and appreciate a quality of spirituality that lightens the prevailing atmosphere of gloom. Discovering so much that is stimulating in a poet who appears to many merely morbid and eccentric, Mr. Levey naturally delivers his verses with enthusiasm, and finds it an easy task to communicate some of his own pleasure to his hearers. Nor does it matter much if Mr. Levey's music to such poems as "El Dorado," "The Haunted Palace," or "The Raven" reflects little of the poet's philosophy. It is enough that it does no violence to the graphic side of the verse, and has melody enough, besides, to form a soothing and inoffensive accompaniment.

MR. VIVIAN HAMILTON'S CONCERT.

Nov. 18 1913

The first of Mr. Vivian Hamilton's three orchestral concerts not having taken place owing to his indisposition, the programme of the second, which was given last night in the Queen's Hall, was modified so as to include several of the items which would have been heard at the first.

The two Pianoforte Concertos were transferred in this way from the first concert, so that Scharwenka's in B flat minor and Sgambati's in G minor were down for performance instead of Tchaikovsky's in B flat minor and the "Emperor." Scharwenka's Concerto is seldom enough heard nowadays, which is not surprising, for its musical interest is very slight and is derived mainly from Mendelssohn and Weber, while the kind of pianistic effects which it aims at are to be met with in a number of modern concertos which are more brilliant and at the same time more varied. The constant heaviness of the orchestration (all the instruments seem to be kept going at once) and the fact that themes are constantly repeated both literally and in varied forms when their musical interest has already been exhausted make the whole Concerto dull to listen to. Mr. Hamilton's playing was not calculated to bring out such contrasts as there are in the music, being on an almost uniform level of monotony. In the scherzo his touch was light and crisp and the runs were fairly accurately as well as delicately played, but in all the other movements there were numerous textual inaccuracies and lapses of memory and throughout the Concerto Mr. Hamilton did not succeed in getting beyond the mere surface of the music. It would be unfair, however, to criticize his playing in greater detail, for, although the first Concerto went without a hitch, the second one by Sgambati had proceeded only a very little way when the pianist was obliged to leave the platform and was not well enough to return.

He was represented as a composer by some songs and by two orchestral pieces. One of them bore the strange title, "Grande valse suave de Bal à la mode 'Thalassa'"; the other was a Danse Orientale. Both were very much like other valses and Oriental dances that one has heard. Perhaps if they were scored less ambitiously for small orchestra and were somewhat shortened they would serve for *entr'actes* in a light comedy. As to the three Pompeian Ballads for baritone and orchestra and the scena from an unfinished opera, neither showed much invention nor instinct for the treatment of words, but the songs did hang together in a way, whereas the scena was only a string of not very consistent details. But here again fortune was against Mr. Hamilton, for Mr. Thorpe Bates, who was to have sung, was too indisposed to do so, and Mr. Montague Borwell volunteered at a moment's notice to take his place—too late doubtless for any attempt at rehearsal. It only remains to add that Sir Henry Wood and the Queen's Hall Orchestra accompanied throughout, and at the beginning gave Mr. von Holst's delightful Somerset Rhapsody.

THE QUEEN'S HALL.

Nov 8 1913

MR. HAMILTON'S CONCERT.

Much sympathy will be felt with Mr. Vivian Hamilton, who not only had to give up altogether the first of the three orchestral concerts he had arranged, but last night, at the Queen's Hall, after the announcement that Mr. Thorpe Bates was indisposed, and could not sing, was himself seized with faintness during the performance of the Sgambati pianoforte concerto. It is evident that he had not really recovered from the illness of ten days ago, when he could not appear, and the attempt not to disappoint his audience once again was at least plucky, if, as events proved, unwise. In these unfortunate circumstances, it would obviously be unfair to criticise his pianoforte playing; yet one can say this much, that the performance he gave earlier in the evening of Scharwenka's seldom-heard concerto in B flat minor showed that he had made technical advance since his last public appearance in London.

The programme contained some examples of his power as a composer. By far the best was an extract from an unfinished opera. Mr. Hamilton has ideas—that is evident: he takes a thoughtful and imaginative view of his subject; his technique, however, is as yet rather limited in respect of making himself effectively intelligible. Too often one feels that there is a superabundance of detail, an excess of elaboration in the treatment of the orchestra. Yet there were not a few touches in this scena which were on really bold and strong lines. Mr. Montague Borwell took the place of Mr. Thorpe Bates at very short notice, acquitting himself of none too easy a task with a very creditable resourcefulness and address. The orchestra was the Queen's Hall organization, and was conducted by Sir Henry J. Wood. The programme began with Mr. G. Von Holst's clever, if not wholly satisfactory "Somerset Rhapsody." One fancies about this work that the themes are worked up to represent moods for which they are not quite suited.

THE MUSIC CLUB.

Nov 8 1913

NEW SONATA BY ERICH KORNGOLD.

At first sight it might seem that the young composer Erich Wolfgang Korngold was exceedingly fortunate in having his new Sonata for violin and piano presented for the first time in London before an audience of musical people such as the Music Club aims at bringing together. The large room of the Grafton Galleries was filled to overflowing last night for the club's first meeting of the season. Unhappily, however, some part of the audience at least was made up of experts who were so very expert that they were able to form an unfavourable opinion of the work in the first 10 bars and to spend the rest of the time in whispering trite witticisms about it to their neighbours. This was embarrassing for less gifted listeners who have to hear the whole of a work before expressing a judgment upon it, but in spite of the disadvantage we found the sonata absorbingly interesting. Like all Korngold's work up to the present, it is excessively complex, and suggests that elaborations of design come so easily to the mind of a boy who has been steeped in the technique of modern music that the process of selection bewilders him, or perhaps he has not even realized the need for selection.

The sonata, of four movements, is in G major, and a rising theme of three notes, reminding one of the opening of César Franck's sonata for the same instruments, is the germ from which much of the first Allegro and practically all the slow movement is developed. It does not seem to be important in the whimsical Scherzo which comes between these, but it reappears again in the thoughtful and quiet coda of the Finale. His pursuit of this theme leads the composer into much of the extravagance and the want of effect which evidently annoyed some of the audience. In particular it produces a number of passages where the violin soars into its highest register, where its tone cannot blend with that of the piano and cannot be genuinely expressive. But a fault symptomatic of a desire to pursue a thought to its conclusion is one towards which one may surely be lenient, especially in the work of a boy of 14. Persistent thought and intense absorption in following out ideas is not so common in young and new work that we can afford to slight it; nor is it common to find a slow movement so full of earnest feeling or a Finale which aims at more than producing merely the impression of vivacity and glitter. Without hailing Korngold as a mature genius, we may recognize the presence of genius in his work, and hope that it will prove strong enough in time to make him master his extraordinary facility in writing. The sonata was very carefully played by Herr Nandor Zsolt and Mr. Richard Epstein.

MR. ARNOLD TROWELL.

Nov 18 1913

LAST NIGHT'S RECITAL AT THE BECHSTEIN HALL.

Mr. Arnold Trowell, the violoncellist, continuing his researches into the forgotten music of the past, has brought to light another sonata for his instrument, which he played at his recital in the Bechstein Hall last night. This is one in D minor by Andrea Caporale, who came to London in 1735, and afterwards became a member of Handel's band. Consisting of two slow movements alternating with an allegro and an Allegro vivace, the little work proved a wholly acceptable revival. The third movement in particular, the Adagio, is full of melodious feeling.

The most important work on Mr. Trowell's programme, however, was the Bach Suite in D major, No. 6, for violoncello alone, and in presenting this to his hearers the soloist proved himself to be an artist of considerable attainments already, and still more ample promise. The variety of his tone, the ease of his dynamic gradations, the resolution of his attack, his considered phrasing schemes—all these qualities secured a reading that held the attention closely from the "Prelude" to the final "Gigue." Above all, the eminent sanity of his conceptions made his performance an unmixed pleasure for the auditor.

Eugen d'Albert's Concerto in C major, (Op. 20) was also included in the scheme, a work that is by no means without attractive features to recommend it. It is d'Albert's tragedy, however, that, attaining so much he should yet fall short of the permanent or the great. His poetic imagination leaves him in the lurch just sufficiently to bring the general quality below the needful standard. Each theme in the work in question if more closely examined will be found to show the blight—the opening to the "Allegro moderato" in cold chromatics, that in A flat ("Tranquillo") by its over-Brahmsian nature, the main theme in C (Allegro) by its commonplace character, and so on. The substitution of pianoforte for orchestra made these defects stand out still more clearly last night.

MME. ALMA HAAS.

Nov 19 1913

Mme. Alma Haas, who has so long enjoyed the favour of the artistic public, gave another of her pianoforte recitals in the Steinway Hall yesterday afternoon. Her programme was an interesting blend of the classical, the romantic, and the modern, for opening with the Brahms "Variations and Fugue on a theme by Handel," she passed by way of a group of Bach pieces to Stephen Heller's "Seven Preludes" (Op. 81), and finally closed with two pieces of Debussy, "Reflets dans l'eau," and "Jardins sous la pluie."

We fancy Mme. Haas has not much to say for the last-named composer. A more neutral method of expression must, indeed, be adopted if his music is to get its effect, otherwise it only sounds ugly and uncouth. Of course, it was in music of the other groups where Mme. Haas disclosed her real powers. Brahms and Bach are the composers with whom she stands in artistic contact, and this she yet again demonstrated freely enough during the afternoon. The posthumous choral prelude, "My inmost heart doth yearn" (Op. 122) of Brahms was played with beautiful intimacy of appeal.

Stephen Heller's music is not much heard nowadays, and it was interesting to listen to his preludes by way of a change. Frankly, they sounded entirely typical of their generation, and nothing more. It was like looking at an album of old Christmas cards, or a collection of dried flowers that have lost their scent.

MR. GRANVILLE BANTOCK'S NEW WORK.

Nov 19 1913

A new work by Mr. Granville Bantock was produced last night at one of the Sheffield Promenade Concerts, which are directed by Mr. J. A. Rodgers and which are doing much to stimulate an interest in orchestral music in the district. The new work, a suite for string orchestra entitled "Scenes from the Scottish Highlands," consists of a series of five movements, each based on some Scottish tune. There is a strathspey, "The Braes o Tullymet," a dirge, a quick-step, "Inverness gathering," a Gaelic melody, and a reel, "The de'il amang the tailors." The idea of the composition originated from Gaelic gatherings, at which very primitive string orchestras play the traditional tunes of the country, generally in two-part harmony, and it occurred to Mr. Bantock that it would be well if these fine melodies could be presented in a form which, while not depriving them of their character, should have a little more artistic completeness. This plan has been so well carried out that one may predict for the suite a very considerable popularity.

The lively strathspey is begun by the second violins to the accompaniment of a drone bass in fifths. It is taken up by the first violins, then by the violoncellos to the pizzicato accompaniment of the other strings; then the violins resume, and eventually the double-basses join the violoncellos in the melody while the other strings have an independent counterpoint, and a short coda ends the movement. In the dirge all the strings are united with the exception of a solo volin, solo viola, and solo violoncello. After a short introduction with cadenzas for the solo viola and violin, the three soloists play the melody in unison to a throbbing accompaniment. In strong contrast is the rollicking quick-step with its tremendous vivacity and strong accents. As with the other movements the interest is distributed between the parts with great impartiality, but when all join in octaves in the refrain the jovial effect is irresistible. The Gaelic melody touches the highest

level of the suite. All the parts are divided, and the violas introduce a sustained melody which, as it develops, arrives at a climax that has considerable passion and at the same time a certain wistful tenderness. A short chromatic coda forms an appropriate conclusion. The light spirit characterizing the suite as a whole is resumed in the reel which forms the finale. The Suite was played by the local orchestra with capital spirit and was very cordially received.

MISS A. HAMATON AND MISS F. MACNAUGHTON.

Most of the enterprise in the choice of works for this joint recital given at Æolian Hall last night lay with the singer, Miss Florence MacNaughton, whose share in the programme consisted largely of new things. It contained a new song by Gustave Ferrari, "Roses d'Antan"; an air, "Il est parti pour son pays," from Charpentier's latest opera, *Julien*; some songs for four voices by Walford Davies, in which she was joined by Miss Norah Dawnay, Mr. Walter Dennis, and Mr. Falkner Lee; and a set of children's rhymes by Herbert Hughes. Miss Adela Hamaton's piano solos were a more conventional choice, including Bach's Italian Concerto, a Bagatelle and a Rondo by Beethoven, and Chopin's Ballade in F minor. The only sign of up-to-dateness was the inclusion of a dance called "Tango," by Albeniz. Her playing was throughout musically interesting rather than technically strong, and the musical interest appeared especially in her thoughtful phrasing of Bach and her crisp and rhythmic playing of Albeniz. In Chopin her pedalling was not always judicious, and was inclined to blur details which ought to be clear.

Miss MacNaughton brought skill and sympathy to all her varied work, qualities which helped her over some disadvantages of voice. Her voice is a little heavy for such delicate things as "Chansons Enfantines," by Gabriel Grovlez, four of which began her programme, and her high notes are not always sure enough for the dramatic style of Charpentier's song. The lyrical style of Gustave Ferrari's song suited her well, and she entered thoroughly into the fun of Herbert Hughes's rhymes. These are called "Studies in Imitation," and are settings of well-known nursery rhymes in the styles of various composers, new and old. They are not all equally successful, perhaps because some of the composers chosen are not sufficiently distinctive to be caricatured successfully. The names of the composers were not given, and we confess to being unable even to guess at one or two of them. There were, however, two first-rate imitations—"The Crooked Man," who ran a crooked mile just as Bach might have run it, and "Georgie Porgie," who kissed the girls after the manner of Richard Strauss. Among the five four-part songs by Walford Davies were two which had not been sung in public before—"She is not fair" and "Love's Tempest." The last-named has a vigour of rhythm which quite took the audience by storm, and it was repeated. The other three were sung by the Folksong Quartet in the summer. They were the beautiful setting of "Magdalen at Michael's Gate," "Come live with me," which was also repeated, and "Love's Tranquillity." They were cleverly sung by this quartet, with Mr Harold Darke at the piano.

ROYAL OPERA.

Telegraph Nov. 20 1913

"TRISTAN AND ISOLDA."

Mr. Raymond Rôze's version of "Tristan and Isolda," which, in spite of some curious errors of taste, is still the best thing he has yet given us, was repeated last night with two new singers in the rôles of Brangaena and King Mark. The first was Miss Dora Gibson, who found the part much more grateful than that which she assumed in "Joan of Arc." It gave her plenty of scope, besides proving far more suitable to the quality of her voice. At the outset Miss Gibson was obviously very nervous, and her anxiety had a rather paralysing effect on her bearing. But she soon gained confidence and showed that, with more experience, she might easily develop into a sound and useful operatic singer. When she had not to struggle against a too heavy accompaniment, Miss Gibson pronounced her words very distinctly, and the quality of her tone—though it was slightly deficient in point of variety—was uniformly bright and pleasant. Mr. Cormac O'Shane would have made the music of King Mark much more acceptable if he had shown a less persistent tendency to avoid the middle of the note. Miss Wittkowska and Mr. John Coates, as the hero and heroine, repeated their previous successes, and the rest of the cast called for no fresh comments. Mr. Hamilton Harty conducted.

Nov 21 1913

MISCHA ELMAN ON TOUR.

M. Mischa Elman drew a large and responsive audience to his recital at the Torquay Pavilion on Wednesday afternoon. His first selection (writes a correspondent) was Max Bruch's lesser known but beautiful concerto in D minor. This was performed with an orchestral accompaniment which was all—or nearly all—that could be desired. Just at the end of the last movement they rather hurried the virtuoso. M. Elman plays with grand tone, and is the fortunate possessor of an exceptionally fine ear, that gift of nature for the absence of which no amount of hard work can compensate. This was particularly noticeable in his double-stopping and octave passages. But his bowing, though agile in the extreme, is apt to be jerky and spasmodic, giving an appearance of affectation detrimental to his playing. It also leads to false values being given to the notes, a liberty which composers would resent. He lacks simplicity. He is too personal in his rendering of music composed by other men than himself. When one recollects Chopin's Nocturne in E flat, No. 2, as played by Sarasate, when, in the old days of St. James's Hall, he held a great audience, standing, in perfect silence, listening to the encore he invariably chose at the end, when the half-extinguished lights had failed to empty the house, one regrets that M. Elman has not adopted the serene stillness and smoothness of that other master's rendering.

Perhaps in the Fantaisie Brillante (Rossini-Ernst) M. Elman was at his best. Here he had fine scope for an exhibition of divers bowings, and the extraordinary purity of the very high notes, ringing out clear as a bell, drew murmurs of delight from the audience and gained vociferous applause at the finish. He also performed Wieniawski's Polonaise in A, a Gavotte by Grétry-Franko, and, most entrancing item of the whole programme, Schumann's "Vogel als Prophet" (from the "Waldscenen"), arranged by Auer for the fiddle, muted, a real gem, and beautifully rendered.

Nov 21 1913

THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY

MEANINGLESS BRITISH MUSIC.

A concert of British music only was given by the Royal Philharmonic Society last night at the Queen's Hall. The difficulty in appraising the work of some of our younger men lies in discovering whether, behind all the glamour of brilliant orchestral effects and the like, there really does exist some emotional impulse. The fact is such writers make the task none too easy by reason of their complicated methods, and from the general point of view their music is thus sadly handicapped. One fancies, that is, that the average musical person is only too ready to receive an emotional impression if it could but be discovered. Listening to Mr. Arnold Bax's "In the Faëry Hills," or Mr. Frederic Austin's symphony, conducted by Mr. Balfour Gardiner, one had a good deal of picturesque writing to interest and plenty of intrinsically pleasing sounds from the orchestra to attune the senses, but when it was all over, somehow it was as if it had never been. The message indeed was hard to seek. A further difficulty lay in the shapelessness of both works. It has been said that form is governed by the idea, and without wishing to lay down any specific rule as to how movements should be constructed, it seemed that in these particular works the sensation of the chaotic was in large measure due to the lack of what may be called inevitability in the thematic invention.

Far more attractive was Mr. G. von Holst's "In the Street of the Ouled Naïls," from his "Beni Mora" suite. Here a very definite construction was of immense advantage in the presentment of the mood depicted. But then, whether the actual material was the composer's invention, or directly modelled upon original melodies heard in Algeria, there was no doubting a certain point and strength in the themes employed. Technically the work is exceedingly clever, and just exactly the right length. Mr. von Holst has known the point when to stop, so that his intended monotony of effect should not become intolerable. Mr. R. Vaughan Williams's third "Norfolk Rhapsody," founded upon folk-tunes, completed the orchestral part of the programme. Vocal relief was afforded by the singing of the Oriana Madrigal Society, conducted by Mr. Charles Kennedy Scott. Charming examples of the old Madrigal school were given, as well as some modern part-songs, the whole forming a somewhat unusual feature for a concert of the kind, one which might well be repeated. After all, there is something singularly appealing in the sound of voices unaccompanied.

ROYAL PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

Nov. 21, 1913 Times

Mr. Balfour Gardiner at the head of an army of British composers, old and new, stormed the defences of the Royal Philharmonic Society last night, and occupied the position at Queen's Hall through the whole evening. The whole concert was a new experience for the society, and apparently some of its members are not fond of new experiences, for there were a good many empty seats. It was not a new experience, however, for those who have attended the two interesting series of concerts which Mr. Balfour Gardiner gave in the spring of this year and last year, but it was one which we were very glad to extend.

The programme was framed on the excellent plan of orchestral music alternating with unaccompanied madrigals and part-songs sung by the Oriana Madrigal Society under its own conductor, Mr. Kennedy Scott. In the first part was Arnold Bax's orchestral fantasy "In the Faery Hills" and Mr. Frederic Austin's Symphony in E, which was played for the first time at the last of Mr. Balfour Gardiner's concerts this year. Between them came Bateson's madrigal "Down the hills Corinna trips," an anonymous round for women's voices, Byrd's canon "Heybo! to the Greenwood" for men's voices, Ford's ayre "Since first I saw your face," with its original part-writing restored, and one of the less known madrigals from "The Triumphs of Oriana," Michael Cavendish's "Come gentle swains." The singing by the choir was of a high order, rich in tone and perfectly finished in phrasing. Indeed, the only defect was that Mr. Kennedy Scott's discipline was too vigorous to allow the individuality of the parts in Bateson's madrigal to make itself fully felt. Though we were glad to increase acquaintance with the two orchestral works, to enjoy again the pleasant Irish theme and the picturesque colouring of the fantasy, and to follow more closely the carefully thought out scheme of the symphony, it cannot be said that either really grows with familiarity. The inconsistencies of "In the Faery Hills" become more apparent; one notes more distinctly the places where the composer has unconsciously accepted suggestions from other music, and they are many. The symphony, too, fails to grip. There is so little first-hand invention, so much conscious construction. Everything is apparently very important to the composer and consequently nothing appeals as of great importance to the hearer, in spite of the fact that the contrasts of orchestration are very carefully attended to, as indeed is every other technical consideration.

After the interval came a movement (the finale) from von Holst's suite "Beni Mora," which the composer conducted. It is one of the most brilliant things in purely illustrative music which has been done in recent years. It is largely imitative, for it is based on recollections of Arab music and represents the impressions produced on one who approaching the street of the "Ouled Naëls" (the dancing girls of Biskra) hears the confused sounds of native music in a number of halls and cafés. The persistent tune of the flute player strings all the conflicting interests together; the separate lines of rhythm and melody are made to stand apart and yet appear to have some indefinable relevance to one another.

Some part-songs, Parry's dainty "Come, pretty wag," Stanford's "The Witch," one of the loveliest things he has ever written, and Balfour Gardiner's "Evenèn in the Village" and "The Stage Coach" were charmingly sung. There was a tendency to sentimentalize the first of Balfour Gardiner's songs in a way unjustified by the words, but that is perhaps partly the composer's fault. "The Stage Coach" was delightfully crisp and healthily rhythmic. The concert ended with Vaughan Williams's Third Norfolk Rhapsody, a work which has less interest of its own than either the first or second of the series, but which revels in the merriment of four of the jolliest tunes which English folksong has created.

DOLMETSCH CONCERTS.

Telegraph Nov. 21 1913

"Plus fait douceur que violence." How sedate are the words, and how aloof from the hurry and vulgarity of our time! They adorned, in exquisitely-drawn letters, the lid of a clavichord upon which Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch played at Clifford's Inn on Wednesday evening. With true epicurean fastidiousness Mr. Dolmetsch kept the clavichord music to the last of a long and delightfully-informal programme, and then it was the G major Prelude and Fugue—No. 15 in the second book of Bach's "Forty-eight"—so softly and delicately played that one was almost afraid to breathe lest a note of it should be missed. Mr. Dolmetsch always insists that English people were so much more musical in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries than they are now, that fine music was much more cultivated and practised; that it was far more intimate; that many (even of the lesser-known) composers were most enterprising in their use of harmony, and foreshadowed the adventures of the modern French school. We glibly call much of this music quaint, forgetting that quaintness, after all, is a purely relative thing. Surely there is a positive beauty in all the songs and instrumental pieces which made up this programme? Take Morley's "Fantazie for Four Viols" (1597) and "Canzonet for Two Voices and Viols"—"Goe ye my Canzonets" (1599)—Giles Farnaby's "His Rest" for the virginals, and the anonymous "Corranto," both composed about the year 1600; take Robert Johnson's "Full Fathom Five," a song composed about the same time to an accompaniment of virginals and tenor viol, or that amazing piece of pictorial writing, "The Goldfinch" of Benjamin Cosyns, dated about ten years later. Are these things not of real intrinsic worth, and do they deserve to be so much neglected? No one who knows anything of them, and least of all those who have heard them performed in the ideally intimate surroundings of the old Hall at Clifford's Inn, can have two opinions as to their artistic value. It is, indeed, the fashion of the ultra-fashionable moderns to ape their very "primitiveness," but we confess, ourselves, to a prejudice in favour of the originals. The Virginal Books of Ben Cosyns, the distinguished concert-giver observed, by the way, is of even greater importance musically than the better-known Fitzwilliam Virginal Books, and it is interesting to note that the King has recently "lent" the former to the authorities at the British Museum.

Nov. 21, 1913

THE TWELVE O'CLOCKS.

Unwearied in her search for fresh talent, Miss Mathilde Verne brought forward, at yesterday's Twelve O'clock Concert, a new singer, who would have claimed a respectful hearing for the sake of her name, even if she had possessed fewer merits of her own to justify her appearance. This was Miss Marjorie Ffrangcon-Davies, who elected to make her début in some lieder of Franz. It was an ambitious choice, but any doubts that the audience might have felt as to its wisdom were soon set at rest. Miss Ffrangcon-Davies has an exceedingly pretty voice—somewhat slight, maybe, in volume, but warm, steady, and even in quality. Moreover, she showed plenty of intelligence in her interpretations, phras-

ing very smoothly, and entering the spirit of each song she sang with a penetration that is rare in a newcomer. Other interesting features in a thoroughly enjoyable concert were Miss Adela Verne's spirited playing of Chopin's C sharp minor Scherzo, and a scholarly version of Beethoven's Horn Sonata (Op. 17), by Miss Mathilde Verne and Mr. A. E. Brain, jun. Later on these experienced artists were joined by Miss Ivy Angove in Brahms's Op. 40 Trio for pianoforte, violin, and horn, which brought the concert to a close. Telegraph

MME. GERHARDT AND MR. REIMERS.

Nov. 21 1913

A vocal recital was given yesterday afternoon in the Bechstein Hall by Mme. Elena Gerhardt and Mr. Paul Reimers, who were heard together in three groups of duets as well as separately in solos.

Three straightforward duets by H. von Herzogenburg came at the beginning of the programme and three of Dvorák's Op. 20 came at the end. The other group consisted of arrangements by Wilhelm Berger for two voices and pianoforte of six German folksongs. Two of these—the "Sandmännchen" and "The Willow Tree"—are already familiar in Brahms's arrangements, but they do not suffer by comparison, for the tunes are arranged quite simply and without any attempt either at contrapuntal treatment or at modern harmonization. But six of these German folksongs on end, some of them with a considerable number of verses, were too many, especially as encores were granted. Except for the habit both singers indulged in of scooping to the first note of a new phrase, the treatment of them was very carefully polished, so carefully polished, in fact, and so detailed that one only seemed to hear the music bar by bar instead of getting each duet as a whole. Much the same thing was noticeable in the solos, though it must be admitted that most of the details in themselves were very beautiful. Times

Mr. Reimers was at his best in the old Breton song "Dimanche à l'Aube," which he sang with genuine feeling, and in two amusing examples of Georges Hue, "La fille du Roi de Chine" and "L'âne blanc." In the duets he sometimes subordinated himself too much to Mme. Gerhardt, and also sang out of tune, which he managed to avoid doing in his solos. Mme. Gerhardt herself was in very good voice and sang an air by Handel and Carey's "Pastoral" with beautiful finish, but with the kind of sentiment that was less appropriate to their style than to that of Strauss's "Traum durch die Dämmerung," which she gave as an encore. Something more than a word of casual praise is due to Mr. Theodore Flint for the extremely delicate and sympathetic way in which he played the accompaniments.

ÆOLIAN HALL.

Nov. 22 1913 Telegraph

It would appear that Mr. Herbert Goldstein, who gave a recital of his own songs in Æolian Hall last night, was undecided in his mind as to whether he would compose "pot-boilers" or art-songs. His programme, at any rate, vacillated between the fairly good and the merely indifferent, between what had a touch of sincerity in it like "All in a Garden Green" (mannered though it is) to "Shadow and Gleam" and "Goldilocks" and "Romance," which are obviously designed to appeal to a not over-fastidious public. His songs have the merit of being essentially vocal—the work evidently of one who understands the limitations of the voice; and occasionally he is happy in the construction of his accompaniments, as in the setting of "The Ninepenny Fidil." Into this last, by the way, have crept one or two inaccuracies of pronunciation. "Glaise," for example, is not pronounced "glaze," but "glasha"; "Lionan" is not "lee-o-nan," but "lennan"—each the name of a river in Donegal. (In the original setting this is made clear.) The music to this is neat and adroit, but somewhat exotic in atmosphere. Mr. Goldstein was assisted by his singing pupils, Miss Lesley Gibson, Miss Katherine Wolfe, Mr. George Archer, Mr. Robert Bincham, and Mr. Seabrooke. The composer accompanied.

A SCHUBERT CONCERT.

Nov. 22 1913

Miss Janet Wheeler has often shown her devotion to Schubert by playing his neglected piano music, but last night she gave her whole programme to him, playing two piano sonatas and taking part with Miss Dorothy Bridson and Señor Rubio in the lovely Trio for piano and strings in B flat major. Between the instrumental works Mr. Robert Maitland sang groups of songs, among which a particularly fine performance of "Prometheus" must be singled out for notice. Times

The two piano sonatas were in C minor and A major (both published posthumously), neither of which is often to be heard in public—indeed, we do not remember ever hearing the C minor sonata in a concert room. Both are unequal; in both there are passages where the manner of Beethoven is reflected without the matter to justify it, and the larger movements have the diffuseness which only the true lovers of Schubert can quite forgive, but they can because of the moments of unexpected harmony, of joyous melody, and of whimsical rhythm which come in all sorts of unexpected places. But though these sonatas may be loved for their moments, they must not be played for them. That is why one feels Miss Janet Wheeler's playing to be substantially right. It is consistent and free from patchiness, purple or otherwise. There were indeed moments where there might have been more distinction of one phrase above its fellows—where less pedal and more crispness of outline, especially as regards the observation of rests, would have made the beauty clearer. There were also passages, such as the thoughtful suggestions of the theme before its complete return in the first movement of the sonata in C minor, and the Scherzo and Trio of the A major sonata, and, we must add, the musicianship she showed in covering a momentary mistake in the Finale of the latter, which stood out as being peculiarly well done. But the chief pleasure in her playing was the sincerity of her sympathy with Schubert's work as a whole.

THE WESSELY QUARTET.

Times Nov. 24 '13

The second concert of this quartet given at Bechstein Hall on Saturday afternoon began with Schubert's beautiful single movement generally known in this country by its German description "Quartett-Satz." The programme also contained a new quartet by W. H. Reed, Brahms's Op. 51, No. 2, in A minor, and ended with two small works, Rimsky-Korsakov's "Chœur Dansé Russe" and Percy Grainger's Irish Reel, "Molly on the Shore."

Mr. Reed is better known as leader of the London Symphony Orchestra than as a composer, but his variations for strings and an orchestral piece well described by its title "Will o' the Wisp," have shown him as a writer with a special capacity for handling light ideas gracefully, and this quartet (in C major) shows that capacity in a still more striking way. For though it is written in the form of a big work, that is to say four movements fully developed on the lines of sonata form, it has none of the overloaded feeling which is such a prevalent fault in modern works of the kind. One did not need to see the words "number 4" on the programme to realize that it is no first attempt. Only a composer who added experience in writing to experience in playing music for strings could handle his matter so deftly and keep one so anxious to know what he will say next without ever wanting him to say anything that is strikingly new or important. If the first allegro seemed rather less successful in this respect than the later movements it was partly because one naturally had not got the measure of the work at the beginning, and partly because the link between the very unpretentious first theme with its crisp figure of accompaniment and the more elaborate developments of the movement is not quite clear at first. The slow movement called "Ritornello," presumably because of the insistence of a broad theme in which all take part contrasted with passages of quasi-recitative on single instruments, is the most original movement of the four. It is followed by a suave allegretto alternating with a piquant presto. The form here suggests Brahms, but hearing Brahms's quartet immediately afterwards emphasized the fact that the plan of alternating *tempi* is practically the only thing which Mr. Reed owes to him. In the *finale* the interest is maintained vigorously up to the very last moment, where a major seventh is insisted upon in a way which made one think that the composer would have the temerity to end with it—just for fun. He slipped away from it, however, into the common chord at the last minute as though to remind us of what we had discovered much earlier that he was not out for any excursions into eccentricity, but merely to give us a pleasant half-hour among pleasant imaginings. It was admirably played by Mr. Wessely and his colleagues. The hall was well filled, and the whole concert showed that pure chamber music carefully played still makes a very real appeal to the London public.

BECHSTEIN HALL.

Nov 24 1913

THE WESSELY QUARTET.

The programme presented by the Wessely Quartet on Saturday afternoon at the Bechstein Hall contained a novelty in the shape of a string quartet by Mr. W. H. Reed. The composer has undoubted facility, and his knowledge of the violin naturally gives him the power of effective invention. That the work is one of any very special degree of distinction cannot be said, but it is at least a serious attempt to tackle a very difficult form. Where the music fails seems to be in the lack of individuality, for one thing. This has led to heterogeneity in the style of the writing, while further one feels that in the intermediary sections between the actual subject-matter there has been some hesitation and uncertainty as to what to do next. The Lento seemed to be the best movement of the four, the one possessing the most consistent atmosphere. Messrs. Wessely, Dyke, Tomlinson, and Parker gave a good performance; indeed, the playing here was better than in the posthumous quartet-movement of Schubert or the A minor quartet of Brahms, where there was some lack of breadth noticeable. Two short works of Rimsky-Korsakov and Percy Grainger completed an interesting scheme.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL.

Telegraph

MORIZ ROSENTHAL'S RETURN.

Nov. 24 1913

There are giants and giants, but, surely, the greatest of them all is Moriz Rosenthal? Yesterday the great pianist played for the first time in the Albert Hall, and one wonders if even that building, half a century old, has ever heard such playing. Nowadays, when there is virtuosity in everything, pianists treat such a thing as Liszt's "Hungarian Fantasia" lightly enough; they have learned their Liszt, and have found that he offers no really insurmountable obstacles; and most of them can make a brave show. But where they leave off Moriz Rosenthal begins. One had only to listen to the first two or three ominous bars of the pianoforte solo in the Fantasia to know that a great man was seated at the keyboard. Mr. Landon Ronald was, as usual, in charge of the New Symphony Orchestra, and the "accompaniment" was played as well as that excellent orchestra plays; but there could be no doubt in the mind of anyone who was listening carefully yesterday afternoon that the pianist was distinctly leading orchestra and conductor to heights they had never attempted before, and that orchestra and conductor were hopelessly left behind. It was not so much the triumph of technique—unique as that is—as the triumph of temperament and personality. The audience, of course, was enthusiastic to a degree, and insisted upon an encore. For this Rosenthal played a bewilderingly difficult paraphrase of Chopin's D flat Valse, in thirds and sixths with the "second subject" joined to the first in counterpoint below and above. An even more astonishing exhibition was a "Humoresque on Themes of Johannes Strauss," played later in the afternoon, in which there were passages that would blanch the cheek of most other daring and intrepid virtuosi. It is hardly possible to pretend that either the Chopin or the Strauss paraphrase was beautiful. They were merely exciting.

A bright performance of Smetana's "Bartered Bride" overture; a colourless performance of Beethoven's Eighth Symphony; songs of Elgar and Roger Quilter, well sung by Miss Violet Oppenshaw—these were other features of this memorable programme.

MISS NORAH DREWETT.

The pianist, Miss Norah Drewett, brought forward an interesting programme at her last recital in the Steinway Hall yesterday afternoon. Opening with Brahms's Sonata in C major, Op. 1, she passed on to the moderns in Ravel's "Sonatina," and some small pieces by Emile R. Blanchet and Egon Wellesz, two composers who are quite unknown in London. Nov 25 1913

Miss Drewett has a real fund of musical intelligence, and her playing gave considerable enjoyment to her hearers. What she has chiefly to guard against is an excess of zeal that leads to over-emphasis and a lapse from brilliance to mere hardness. For this reason the Sonata was not entirely suited to her, except in the "Andante," which was played with excellent tonal contrasts. Her difficulties were certainly increased by the monotonous similarity of mood in the "Scherzo" and "Finale." It was not given to Brahms to write a true "Scherzo," and here we find it marked, like the "Finale," "con fuoco," and, like it, filled with tumultuous unrest.

The first movement of Ravel's Sonatina, "Modéré," is based on a charming monotheme, treated with delicate exotic harmonies that never degenerate into mere ugliness. In the "Movement de Menuet" and "Animé," however, the inspiration seems to have flagged, and the composer is only dull. First performances of "Prélude," Op. 10, "Sérénade," Op. 15, and "Caïques" (Boats on the Bosphorus), Op. 18, by Emile R. Blanchet, a Swiss pupil of Busoni, proved disappointing. The works are "atmospheric," but show no sense of beauty. The serenade sounded more like a dance of imps. "Wind auf der Heide" and "Zwei Klavierstücke," Op. 9, by Egon Wellesz, are in the same style, only "more so," as was to be expected from a pupil of Arnold Schönberg.

HERR VON DOHNÁNYI'S RECITAL.

A second piano recital given by Herr von Dohnányi at Æolian Hall yesterday afternoon included Bach's Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue, Beethoven's Sonata in A (Op. 101), three pieces by Herr von Dohnányi, some Chopin, and Schumann's "Carnaval." It was the kind of programme which brought out the positive value of that faithfulness which is peculiarly characteristic of this fine pianist. With each of the four great composers whose music was in the programme the method changed, and the interpretation seemed to come straight from the music itself and not to be an extraneous conception imposed upon the music by the player. In both the sonata of Beethoven and the "Carnaval" of Schumann, two works in which a number of strongly contrasted ideas are knit together by delicate threads of rhythm, Herr von Dohnányi was particularly successful in preserving the continuity without in the least minimizing the effects of contrast. Times Nov. 25 '13

In discussing a programme which gave so much pleasure of the highest kind by the beauty of the interpretation one is sorry to suggest that the performer's own compositions were of less interest than the rest. Perhaps one would not have felt that if he had been less successful in bringing out the possibilities underlying the other music. But the Drei Klavierstücke, Op. 23 (recently published by Messrs. Simrock), are not Herr von Dohnányi's strongest work. The Aria has a certain charm, but it is a charm which Schumann discovered long ago, and the Valse Impromptu recalls curiously some features of harmony which have become familiar in the waltz of *Der Rosenkavalier*. The third, called "Capriccio," is full of energy and the most original of the three, yet it is only a *jeu d'esprit*. It is scarcely necessary to add that they were beautifully played by their composer.

MR. JOHN POWELL.

Nov. 26 1913

LAST NIGHT'S RECITAL AT THE ÆOLIAN HALL.

The pianoforte recital given by Mr. John Powell, at the Æolian Hall last night, was very successful. It showed, for one thing,

that this clever young American pianist continues to make advances in his art. One has always been able to praise his playing for the many evidences of individuality, of impulse, and musical feeling. There used to be lacking, naturally enough, sufficient grip technically, and mental control over the interpretation, but now Mr. Powell seems to be steadying himself, and to be exercising judgment as to how he builds up his climaxes of tone. He hits hard, aims at the most spacious style of performance, and nearly always succeeds remarkably well. An occasional tendency to noise is still apparent, and the excess of zeal results at times in the sound of the fingers hitting the keys. This should be corrected. The programme last night included Brahms's F minor sonata. Apart from a few slips, the performance was really splendidly vital and strong in the natural force of the expression.

Mr. Powell also played his own "Sonate Psychologique," a work with a programme, each movement seeking to represent a mental state. But one felt that the workmanship was not advanced enough to give the scheme success, and although the themes employed were not wanting in character, they had not been treated in quite a sufficiently interesting manner to make the music stand by itself. So neither the illustrative nor the purely æsthetical side of the sonata satisfied. Examples of Beethoven and Liszt completed the scheme.

MODERN GERMAN SONGS.

Herr Reinhold von Warlich's recital at Æolian Hall yesterday afternoon was devoted to modern German songs by composers whose work is at present little known in this country. The programme, with the sub-title "Ein Künstlerlebeu," was put together with the idea of showing prevalent tendencies in the younger school of German writers. Thoughtfully chosen and equally thoughtfully interpreted by the concert-giver and his excellent colleague at the piano, Mr. G. O'Connor Morris, the whole was exceedingly interesting, even though it revealed nothing very new in the art of song. The songs chosen were five by Richard Kahn (Op. 27), four by Konrad Ramrath (Op. 23), two by Otto Frank (Op. 5), three selected from various opus numbers by Rudolph Bergh, six by Rudolf Zwintscher, and three each by Heinrich van Eyken and Richard Wetz. Times

The general tendency of the writers, all of whom are intensely serious in their view of song, is to regard the expression of the poem as the primary business and the distinctive creation of musical design as of secondary importance, and sometimes not even of importance at all. Kahn, whose style shows the influence of Wolf, does not forget the musical interest, but his creative capacity is aroused most strongly by descriptive verse such as that of the song "Kreischende Möwen." Heinrich van Eyken alone lays great stress upon purely musical design in the charming barcarole "Im Kahn" and the perfectly simple melody which comes in the right place as the basis of a song called "An die Schönheit." Nov. 26 '13

The insistence upon the dramatic expression of the poem as a first consideration results at its best in such an impressive piece of vocal declamation as Zwintscher's setting of "Wie rafft' ich mich auf in der Nacht," a song which is in striking contrast with Brahms's well-known and far more beautiful setting. At its worst it leads to the weakness of separating words from their context, of which an example occurs in Rudolph Bergh's "Stille." The line "Der Sturm, der sonst so wild dich rüttelt, schweigt" produces a sudden outburst of energy followed by as sudden a pianissimo upon the last word. A more consistent musical conception, too, would make a far finer thing of such words as the "Kophtisches Lied," which, set by Richard Wetz, was the last on the programme.

MR. VON WARLICH.

Nov 26 — 1913

Yesterday afternoon, at the Æolian Hall, a programme of modern German songs was presented by Mr. Reinhold von Warlich. The singer deserves credit for the enterprise, for it is not every one who is bold enough to deal so exclusively with the unfamiliar. It was, however, not an interesting selection—that is, from the point of view of sheer musical beauty. Moreover, the uninspired effect of the songs of Kahn, Konrad Ramrath, Otto R. Frank, and Rudolf Bergh, which comprised the first half of the programme, was accentuated by the manner of Mr. von Warlich's delivery. This clever singer takes himself very seriously, and rightly, too, if only at the same time he could conceal the fact, so to speak, and give us interpretations less marked by the note of self-consciousness. As it is, there was an air of forced expression, and with no one of the fourteen songs by the composers named suggesting in the smallest degree anything else but pure manufacture, one came away feeling rather depressed.

FINE QUARTET PLAYING.

Nov 26 — 1913

The visits to London of the Petersburg String Quartet are always looked forward to with pleasurable anticipations. This organization gave the first of two concerts at the Bechstein Hall yesterday afternoon, and played, for one thing, Beethoven's posthumous quartet in C sharp minor in admirable style. Like the other quartets of the period, not only are the technical difficulties of the work very great, but those appertaining to interpretation as well. Moreover, the latter are far less frequently overcome than the former; what is required as much as anything is the quality of reticence and yet at the same time to achieve this subjection of all that makes for pure effect without being dry or suggesting that the music has no meaning. MM. Grigorovitsch, Kranz, Bakalejnikov, and Butkevitsch were remarkably successful in this respect, the tenseness of the phrasing was all that it should have been, and one felt that every moment where the music, so to speak, might be left to tell its own tale was duly seized. Furthermore, the execution was of splendid strength and assurance. Earlier in the afternoon MM. Kranz and Bakalejnikov had a great success with an arrangement of a Handel Passacaglia by Halvorsen. The two artists played brilliantly, and the insistent demand for an encore led to a repetition.

BACH CHAMBER CONCERT.

A concert at Westminster Hall last night offered two Cantatas of Bach—"Ich armer Mensch" and "Jauchzet Gott in allen Landen"—the Concerto for three pianos in C major, and that in A minor for flute and violin and piano. The soloists were Miss Violet Runciman (soprano) and Mr. Robert Cunningham (tenor), and the second of the cantatas was put in commission amongst the boys of the Cathedral choir. The three pianos were in the hands of Miss Adela Hamaton, Mme. Lily Henkel, and Mr. E. S. Mitchell; in the other Concerto the solo players were Miss Jesse Grimson (violin), Mr. T. Neale (flute), and Mme. Henkel. Times Nov. 26 '1913

Both the soloists were seriously indisposed and had no control whatever over the upper part of their voices. They did their best in difficult circumstances, however, and there were enough of the less exacting passages to show what they might have done with less trying conditions. For the hall searches out the weak parts of any solo remorselessly. The apse at the end acts like a megaphone, and beauties and blemishes are equally magnified. The same cause affected the balance of the concerted pieces. All the instruments which were arranged along the wall dominated the situation entirely. The single double-bass sounded like two; the violoncello like a powerful solo player; the three or four violins cut clean through the tone of the three pianos in front. If instruments are to be placed there again supporting a voice in front of them it would probably be well to put draped screens behind them.

In the cantata "Ich armer Mensch" for tenor solo Mr. Terry seemed to forget for the moment that he was conducting instruments and not voices; and as the two require quite a different kind of beat there was a certain amount of indecision at the leads. Things were quite different, however, in the C major Concerto, which went with commendable precision, and if the balance with the orchestra had been right and the pianos could have been heard the result would have been very fine. There were some fine moments, too, in the second Concerto, which was in much better proportion. The most musical moment of the evening was the aria "Deine Güte, dein Erbarmen." The treble voices were a little worn and breathy, but in their good register they blended admirably with the solo instruments, which were played with care and expression.

ÆOLIAN HALL.

Nov. 27 1913 — Telegraph

Miss Rachel Dunn's share in the programme of her pianoforte recital at Æolian Hall yesterday afternoon was comparatively light—just less than half, indeed, of the actual "numbers" thereon; for she was assisted by Miss Gwenhilda Birkett, who played a number of pieces for the 'cello, and by Mr. Vernon Nind, who sang excerpts from "Die Zauberflöte" and "Philemon et Baucis" and songs by Olga Rudd and Maude Valerie White. The plan, however, was a good one, for the recital-giver's qualities are not yet, as it happens, strong enough to stand the test of a long programme. Miss Dunn has evidently studied in a good "school"; her sense of rhythm has been well cultivated; her tone is musical and refined; and her technique generally (when not rendered somewhat feeble by occasional self-consciousness) very capable. But one always requires in an artist something more than these qualities. One looks for personality, for an individual point of view; and although Beethoven's "Rondo in G major" and Mendelssohn's "Variations Sérieuses" are not greatly inspired compositions it is still possible to put some life into them. Chopin's E major Etude—another of the young pianist's choice—is a romantic and lovely "song without words"; here, too, one felt that the point of the music had been missed. With greater confidence, perhaps, will come greater independence, but at present Miss Dunn would appear to be content with having arrived at technical proficiency and to have forgotten that that is, after all, but the point where interpretation begins.

In framing the programme of her recital at the Æolian Hall last night, Miss Phyllis Norman Parker called attention, not for the first time, to her merits in two directions. She appeared both as a violinist and a composer, making her chief bid for favour in the former capacity in Saint-Saëns's A minor Concerto and in a new Sonata by Mr. Ernst von Dohnányi. In this latter work Miss Parker had the advantage of Miss Evelyn Swinstead's assistance at the pianoforte; and as that assistance was quite unobtrusive, none of the violinist's many merits were obscured. Her tone was broad and accurate, her method free and confident, and her manner as perceptive as it was sincere. The Sonata might easily have taxed the powers of a much older artist, for its seriousness was as evident as its freedom from banality. Miss Parker, however, showed an insight that was extraordinary in one who has been so short a time before the public; and as in a work so new she could not possibly have followed any other exponent's lead, it was clear that the credit for her very perceptive reading belonged to herself alone. Curiously enough, none of Miss Parker's original compositions were written for her own instrument. They consisted of songs, which were sung by Mr. Darrell Fancourt, and of a "Scotch Ballade" for pianoforte, played by Miss Swinstead. As a further proof of her versatility, Miss Parker played the accompaniments to her own songs.

MR. ROZE'S OPERA SEASON.

Nov. 27 1913 — Times

A NEW BALLET AND "HÄNSEL AND GRETEL."

Hänsel	JULIETTE AUTRAN
Gretel	SYBIL VANE
Father	HARRY REYNOLDS
Mother	DORA GIBSON
Witch	EDYTHE GOODMAN
Sandman	MAY SMITH
Dewman	MAUDE GARNETTE

Conductor—FRANK BRIDGE.

Followed by

"NARKISS," a Ballet.

Music by JEAN NOUGUÈS.

The Woman	SAHARY-DJELI
Narkiss	ROBERTY
Whip-boy	ESPINOZA
Shepherdess and Spirit of the Pool	KARINA

Conducted by the Composer.

A very delightful performance of *Hänsel and Gretel* preceded the new ballet at Covent Garden last night. This no doubt was the way in which it was regarded by the large audience, for the "Egyptian operatic ballet fantasy," written by Mme. Mariquita and J. Brindejout-Offenbach, with music by Jean Nougués, was the sensation of the evening to which the opera was merely a pleasantly prolonged prelude. Without altogether accepting that view, for there are few things in modern opera so fresh and so true as *Hänsel and Gretel*, we must resist the temptation to indulge in more discussion of it than the performance itself demands, while the elaborations of *Narkiss* are waiting to be described.

The chief honours lay with Miss Juliette Autran, who played the part of Gretel with charming *naïvéte*, and whose appearance, action, and singing were all throroughly in character. Miss Sybil Vane, the Hänsel, was good, too, though the boy's part is harder to act simply, and Miss Edythe Goodman was an unfailingly sinister witch. The shortcomings, momentary failures of intonation among some of the smaller parts, moments when the singers and the orchestra were not quite together, and more when the orchestra was too loud, are all things which Mr. Frank Bridge will no doubt be able to guard against in subsequent performances. The lighting of the stage might be better managed, and the movements of the 14 angels simplified with advantage.

To pass on to *Narkiss*, we must confess that we hesitate to attempt to say what it was all about. If it were not for the printed synopsis we might risk it, but as it tells one more or less unintelligible story and the stage seemed to be telling another even more unintelligible one to patch up from the two a consistent account is exceedingly difficult. But really the story does not much matter; it is the stage pictures that count, and they are certainly varied and in themselves entertaining enough. They are five in number. The first shows a crowd waiting to receive the "Golden Prince" (Narkiss), who is borne in on a car of state, a gorgeous creature gilded from head to foot. And his procession of dancers and musicians passing before the red walls of Memphis do certainly suggest a fairly close copy of an Egyptian fresco. Next we have a scene of priests in white robes beneath the dark green vaults of the Temple of Isis, and the woman who is to do something to the golden prince, play Kundry or Salome or a mixture of both, is brought in to be dedicated to that equivocal office. Mme. Sahary-Djeli, in the typical Salome dress, that is to say, with little dress of any sort, is the woman. So far there has been no dancing, only singing, processing, and posing. But the third and central scene gives a whole sequence of dances much on the plan, though not equal in quality, of those in *Cleopatra* in the Russian repertory. Ancient Egypt allows one to suppose that a great deal of dancing with no apparent meaning is justified by some ritual significance and the arrangers of this ballet have taken full advantage of the opportunity. Then comes the woman to the prince, apparently in her capacity as "Kundy," and at the height of the scene priests rush in accompanied by a monster athlete, who first stabs at the prince and then carries him away. By "the rocks of the silent pool," we see first a strange dance, gnomes or other strange creatures, figures who flit about in black and white illuminated by a green light and finally the prince drowned in the pool. Why he is drowned or what the woman picks out of the water (it might be his head, supposing her now to be playing Salome), it is impossible to say. We can only add that the strange scene completes the set of inconsequent but fascinating pictures very effectively. And the music—we had almost forgotten it. It is always there, always supplying the element of something quite everyday and obvious, in fact, doing the opposite of what Humperdinck's music does in *Hänsel and Gretel*. For Humperdinck surrounds a simple story with a poetic atmosphere; Nougués surrounds an obscure one with musical prose.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE

OPERA AND BALLET.

Nov. 24 1913

Seeing that we do not have too many opportunities of hearing Humperdinck's delightful "Hansel and Gretel," it seemed the more unfortunate that Mr. Raymond Rôze was not able to give us a better performance than that forthcoming at Covent Garden last night. With every possible sympathy for Mr. Rôze's endeavour to do something for English opera, one cannot believe that the experimental style of production he has adopted is going to help things on. One does not necessarily ask for the first-class always, but surely a reasonable measure of experience may be expected, experience of not only acting, but most important of singing too. It is impossible to believe that "Hansel and Gretel" could not be given in the vernacular in a less misleading manner, a manner, that is, which really would be an intelligent approximation to the operatic talent of the country.

Miss Sybil Vane, it is true, displayed some histrionic address as Gretel, but her singing was "tight," and as the vocal resources of Miss Juliette Autran, the Hansel, were also very limited, their scenes were musically most disappointing. Mr. Harry Reynolds, though not without some exaggeration, was the best member of the cast, and his Father was a vigorous figure. Moreover, one could hear practically every word he sang. Miss Dora Gibson appeared as the Mother, being also exaggerative, seemingly through anxiety. We can say little for the Witch of Miss Edythe Goodman, the Sandman of Miss May Smith, and the Dewman of Miss Maude Garnette. Mr. Frank Bridge conducted.

Afterwards we were given the first performance of M. Jean Nougués's Egyptian operatic ballet, "Narkiss." A fantastic scenario deals with the legend of Jean Lorraine. The action turns upon the endeavours to make Narkiss see his own image. In this the seductive agency of the "Woman" is finally successful in spite of the "Athlete," once his rival, later his protector. But, like many a musical comedy, the plot serves merely as a means of stringing together a number of "choreographic" turns. In this case the model evidently has been the Russian Ballet, but the imitation is poor in the result. Granted a series of scenes of some prettiness and an assemblage of dancers in fanciful garments, yet the whole effect was forced and, frankly, dull. Relief, furthermore, was not forthcoming in the music of M. Nougués, which was always commonplace, sometimes unoriginal, and its effectiveness of but a surface kind.

On the whole a depressing evening.

MISS HELEN HENSCHEL'S RECITAL.

Nov. 24 1913 Times

Miss Henschel sang at the Steinway Hall last night a group of German and another of French songs; the second half of the programme consisted of "traditional" songs of various nationalities.

Nothing can be more charming than the way in which the singer sinks herself in her song, and is, for the moment, the character she is impersonating. One could imagine, perhaps, its being done with a little more variety. The characters are, after all, just a little bit too much like Miss Henschel, and therefore like each other. But it is done without any sort of stiffness or self-consciousness or pose; so that there is no sense of monotony; it is all so thoroughly alive.

Koechlin's "Le Thé" was fascinating, and we have seldom heard a more finished performance of Debussy's "Mandoline." "Voici Noël" also, one of the French traditional songs, contained nothing that one could have wished otherwise. If the negro songs did altogether not rise above being something merely quaint—the true ring was just lacking somehow—the Scotch and English songs, especially "Ca' the yowes," had just the right spirit.

SGAMBATI'S "REQUIEM."

Times Nov. 28 1913

FIRST PRODUCTION IN LONDON.

Mr. Vivian Hamilton did a good thing in devoting the greater part of his last concert at Queen's Hall last night to a performance of Sgambati's Requiem Mass, which had not been given in London before. It was performed by the Alexandra Palace Choir and the Queen's Hall Orchestra, under Mr. Allen Gill's direction.

The Requiem, written to commemorate the death of King Humbert in 1896, is for baritone solo (Mr. William Higley), choir, and orchestra. It is not a work which, like Verdi's Manzoni Requiem, would be likely to gain much by repeated hearing and gradually beat down prejudice as it became familiar. The mixture of ecclesiastical style with the style of the theatre makes it open to the objections which can be raised to much Italian Church music of the 19th century. One is not quite sure whether it is meant to be a church work or a concert work, but on the whole the church style prevails, not only in the use of plainsong themes but in the general feeling of their treatment. There is genuine beauty throughout the Introit and Kyrie, except for one crude harmonic sequence at the "lux perpetua." In the "Dies Irae" one is struck by the restraint with which the "Tuba mirum" is treated, although later the energy of the fugato "Confutatis maledictis" and the pathos of the "Lacrymosa" show Sgambati fully alive to the possibilities of graphic choral writing. A beautiful piece of vocal colour occurs in the "Offertorium," where the baritone solo is combined with the female choir, and many other details of distinction might be named. One number, not strictly liturgical, is a baritone solo (called a motet from the place it takes in the Mass) to the words "Versa est in luctum cythara mea," &c., which contains some delicate features of orchestration.

The performance was not of a very high order: the choir was apt to sing out of tune and to sing heavily, and one felt that with more attention to the orchestral balance the conductor might have got far more variety of colour. Later, Sir Henry Wood conducted Mr. Hamilton's "Valse," which was produced at the previous concert, and a couple of choral songs by the concert-giver were sung by the choir.

ROYAL CHORAL SOCIETY.

Saint-Saëns's *Promised Land*, which was performed last night at the Albert Hall, begins in a mere discrepancy of two Scriptural texts and works to a mere negation. There is no plot; and there is only one actual deed from first to last—Moses's smiting of the rock in disobedience of the Divine command as given in one of the two accounts in the Pentateuch. We are given no opportunity of testing for ourselves the truth of a statement, in a prefatory note to the work, that the Jewish legends which have gathered round this incident are "extremely picturesque"; and the importations from other books, Job and the Psalms, contribute what is certainly not drama. In the one passage where the librettist departs from the actual text, he writes what is certainly not grammar. The title is a curious misnomer; for the Promised Land is not granted but denied as far as the story of the oratorio is concerned.

Under these circumstances, that the composer, hampered by the limits of oratorio form and debarred from writing absolute music, should have found anything at all to say is surprising. He has not found much; but there is at least some variety, if his material offered him no principle of unity. The single and double choruses, the quartet, and the unison choir do at least relieve each other, and create opportunities of which good use was made. In the absence of any real characters—for the character of Moses is not even sketched in outline—it was impossible to write a solo with any body in it; but one or two of the recitatives have reality. It was all the more astonishing that Miss Ruth Vincent, Miss Phyllis Lett, Mr. Lloyd Chandos, and Mr Ranalow could impart some air of conviction to what they sang. Times Nov. 28 1913

The oratorio was followed by Coleridge-Taylor's "Tale of Old Japan."

MISS SUSAN STRONG'S RECITAL.

A short recital of by no means trite songs was given at the Bechstein Hall yesterday afternoon by Miss Susan Strong. It included two most melodious songs by Widor, "Le soleil s'est couché" and "Aimons toujours," Arensky's "Zünd' Keine Kerze an," Korbay's five "Schilf Lieder," Schubert's "Der Zwerg," some songs of Liszt, and Mallinson's "Song of Sappho." Times Nov. 28 1913

In Korbay's songs the violin and violoncello obbligati (Messrs. Guerra and Warwick Evans) supplied that fullness of tone which the voice required in order to be heard at its best. Although Mr. Richard Epstein had been most discreet in his accompaniment of Widor and Mallinson's songs, which demanded a strong foundation for the voice, yet the pianoforte alone is apt to sound noisy if this is too long continued. For over some part of its compass the voice was of powerful and penetrating quality, and upon a judicious employment of these notes the value of the song mainly depended. Korbay's accompaniments are based on that irritating form of imitation which has been caricatured in Marzias's "My true love hath my heart," and their success was due to the fact that the singer gave us something else to think about. The fourth of them was demanded again—apparently because it was loud and in waltz rhythm; it was certainly less significant than the others.

On the other hand, Schubert's really great song, which was undoubtedly the best performance of the afternoon, left the audience cold—possibly because it is long and the effect cumulative, and because it was the only song in the programme which was not supplied with a translation. The programme itself, in 16mo book form, besides looking attractive, offered the advantage that the leaves could be, and were, turned in silence; it needed nothing but a little better proof-reading to make it the best thing of its kind.

BECHSTEIN HALL.

Nov. 28 1913 Telegraph

Fifteen songs, many of them quite short, formed the programme of the concert which Miss Susan Strong gave at the Bechstein Hall yesterday afternoon. It was a feast of modest dimensions, but it was one over which an epicure well might gloat, for it was chosen with the nicest discrimination. Korbay's set of five "Schilf Lieder," Liszt's "Am Rhein," "Anfgans wollt 'ich fast verzagen," "Bist du," and "Wo weilt er?" Schubert's "Der Zwerg" and Arensky's "Zund' keine kerze an" were among its most notable features. Splendid songs they all are, and not one of them is by any means so well known as it should be. Moreover, to all of these Miss Strong's vivid, dramatic methods are particularly well suited, and, singing as well as she has ever sung in recent years, she seemed to get to the heart of every song in her programme. Her accompanist was Mr. Richard Epstein, while the violin and violoncello obbligati to Korbay's five songs were well played by Mr. Edgardo Guerra and Mr. C. Warwick Evans.

Another brief but excellent programme was given in the evening at the same hall by Madame Beatrice Langley. It had not quite the freshness of Miss Strong's programme, but it is, of course, much harder for a violinist than for a singer to find new fields wherein to explore. Her only unhackneyed feature was Cyril Scott's "Tallahassee," and that somewhat laboured Suite is hardly in its composer's happiest vein. Madame Langley, however, made the most of its modest beauties, while she and Mr. Herbert Fryer also gave a performance of Brahms's Sonata in D minor which was certainly very sincere and sympathetic, though not perhaps highly imaginative. Taste, again, rather than power characterised Mr. Hubert Eisdell's singing of a couple of groups of songs, among them being Rubinstein's "Morgenlied," Strauss's "Freundliche Vision," and Brahms' "Ständchen." Mr. F. B. Kiddle was the accompanist.

SGAMBATI'S REQUIEM.

FIRST PERFORMANCE IN ENGLAND AT QUEEN'S HALL

Chronicle Nov. 28 1913

The chief item on the programme of Mr. Vivian Hamilton's concert at Queen's Hall last night was a Requiem by Sgambati, given for the first time here by the Alexandra Palace Choir and the Queen's Hall Orchestra under Mr. Allen Gill.

Sgambati is a composer who is generally considered to show a good deal of German influence in his music. But in this Requiem he is frankly Italian, and in a style that often has too many of the weaknesses of his compatriots. There is very little "solid" writing, in the way of polyphonic effect, in the work, the composer being mainly content with a somewhat crude pictorial aspect of the text. Neither his melodies nor his harmonies are in any way striking, and there is very little dignity or religious exaltation in any of it.

The best part of it is the Agnus Dei (although this does not rise much above mere prettiness), and the Sanctus is also effective. Some of the opening phrases in the Introit and Kyrie are also striking, but the rest is mostly very poor stuff. The performance, which Mr. Allen Gill conducted most sympathetically, was a well-finished one, the excellent choir working hard to make the best of the music.

The rest of the programme contained two imaginative Choral Songs by Mr. Vivian Hamilton, and his Grand Valse for orchestra (repeated from the last concert).

Miss Augette Forêt's Costume Recital.

An enjoyable recital of songs in costume was given by Miss Augette Forêt at Marble Arch House yesterday evening. The programme consisted mainly of French chansons, in Bergère, Breton, and Louis XVI. costumes, with a group of songs in Early Victorian dress.

Miss Forêt has the real touch of the chanson singer, and all her well-chosen items were given with much daintiness and charm and with that naturalness of style which is always effective. Particularly delightful were her Breton songs and the little "Avec mes Sabots" of Arcadet.

Miss Susan Strong's Recital.

Miss Susan Strong, who gave a recital at Bechstein Hall yesterday afternoon, is a singer whose fine work has long been recognised. Yesterday she was in excellent voice and sang through a well-chosen and varied programme in very artistic style. A feature of the recital was the set of "Five Schilf Lieder," by Francis Korbay, the violin and 'cello obbligato being played by Messrs. Guerra and Warwick Evans. These were most intelligently sung by Miss Strong, who brought out the picturesque side of the music fully in Schubert's "Am Rhein." Of three of Liszt's songs the singer also gave fine interpretations.

Sgambati's "Messa da Requiem" has been a long time in coming to London, for it was composed nearly twenty years ago, to commemorate the death of King Humbert. Produced last night at the Queen's Hall, it formed the principal feature of the programme of the last of Mr. Vivian Hamilton's concerts. The composer is one of an important group of Italian musicians whose sympathies have been directed towards music for the concert-room rather than the stage. This Mass has been said to be Sgambati's most ambitious work; in details and from a superficial point of view the dictum may be perhaps misleading, but although the general style of the musical expression may appear a little out of touch with the tendencies of even twenty years ago, its underlying current of sincerity stamps it as the work of a man who has formed his own way of saying things. It is not epoch-making, not altogether very greatly inspired, yet has many moments of very genuine musical beauty. Take the setting of the "Agnus Dei," for example, with its really touching violin solo, or the simple but pure melodic outlines of the "Requiem aeternam" section of the "Libera me." One prefers the more reflective parts of the work to those where the composer has felt it necessary to adopt dramatic

methods. Perhaps a lacking in rhythmic variety is to be noted, and rather too much "squareness" and a moving in blocks of harmony in the choral writing. Yet as a whole there is no doubting the quiet dignity of expression achieved, and the Requiem was evidently felt from a liturgical point of view.

Nov. 28 1913

The performance undertaken by the Alexandra Palace Choir, conductor, Mr. Allen Gill, with the Queen's Hall Orchestra, lacked something as regards finish and clarity; sometimes the chorus displayed a tendency to sing a trifle flat, and the tone seemed a little wanting in "edge," as though the singers did not feel the acoustics of the hall, a smaller one than that to which they are accustomed. The baritone solo was sung by Mr. William Higley, whom, though not in his best voice, one was glad to hear again.

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ROYAL CHORAL SOCIETY.

"THE PROMISED LAND" OF SAINT-SAËNS.

The first London performance of the oratorio, "The Promised Land," by M. Saint-Saëns, originally produced at the recent Gloucester Festival, took place in the Albert Hall last night at a concert of the Royal Choral Society.

Involuntarily the words of Liszt, when a veteran composer, crossed one's mind, "I go on writing music more from habit than anything else." The veteran Saint-Saëns would seem to be composing for much the same reason. We fancy that in the final verdict he will, also like Liszt, rank among the men of talent, not those of genius. At any rate, not more than talent is evident in "The Promised Land." One listened in vain for the accents of real religious fervour, let alone depth of feeling. Instead, one only noticed a curious mixture of choral styles, climaxes coming from nowhere, reminiscences of "Elijah" and "The Ring," and a general ignorance of the aim and scope of oratorio.

As an example of the shallow theatricality of the writing, the chorus, after singing fortissimo "And cause Thy face to shine," suddenly stop in order to allow a solo quartet to add the words "O Lord." Another false effect, due to ignorance of the form, occurs where Moses smites the rock in No. 5. This is quite properly illustrated with full musical means, but then, when we have passed to something else in No. 6, Moses smites the rock again to massive choral singing, but to the impatience of the hearer. Although the librettist is partly responsible for this, yet the acquiescence of the composer is significant of his whole standpoint throughout the work.

The choralists were a little out of tune at first, but afterwards sang well, and the solo parts were excellently given by Miss Ruth Vincent, Miss Phyllis Lett, Mr. Lloyd Chandos, and Mr. Frederick Ranalow. Sir Frederick Bridge conducted, and afterwards secured a good performance of Coleridge-Taylor's "A Tale of Old Japan."

NEW SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Times Nov. 29 1913

An evening of Elgar's works performed by the New Symphony Orchestra under Mr. Landon Ronald at the Queen's Hall gave an opportunity to a small but enthusiastic audience to welcome the composer, who was present, and between whiles to pay a tribute to Mr. Ronald's very excellent conducting. The march "Pomp and Circumstance," three of the "Sea Pictures," the Second Symphony, and "Falstaff" were performed. Miss Muriel Foster was the singer.

There is no need to add to what has long been said of the Second Symphony, and lately of "Falstaff." Probably there is no living composer who is so consistently like himself, whose work is so immediately recognizable, and who appeals so instantly or not at all. A certain number of people who might have formed part of the audience, but who had refrained from doing so, were aware perhaps of this characteristic, and felt that they could take "Falstaff" as read. We have given reasons for thinking it cannot be so taken; and certainly every one who aspires to be cognizant of modern English music should take an opportunity of hearing it.

Its success was largely due to Mr. Ronald's very capable conducting. He is at every moment master of himself, of his own movements, of the composer's intentions, and therefore of the situation. We are not expected to agree, of course, with every turn the music takes in his hands, but we may take great joy in following the lead of one who completely knows his own mind and can communicate his views to others beyond any possibility of mistake. It is done by that lift which is given to the gesture and seems to anticipate just what every one who is wrapt up in the music is thinking; not to lead him so much as to march by his side, and to convince him there is no room for doubt, rather than to persuade him or dictate to him.

THE FRESH AIR ART SOCIETY.

The first of three chamber concerts was given late yesterday afternoon in the Æolian Hall by members of the above society, which has recently been founded. With their views on the world in general, which were printed at length in the programme and discussed in an address during the concert, we are not here concerned. The concert proper opened with a performance by Mr. Sydney Rosenbloom and Mr. John Powell of Mozart's Sonata in D major for two pianofortes, and ended with a pianoforte quintet by Mr. Nandor Zsolt, with Mr. Benno Moiseiwitsch at the piano and the composer to play the second violin part, Miss Daisy Kennedy, Mr. Arthur Blakemore, and Mr. Percy Such completing the quintet. Times

This proved to be an exceedingly strenuous work in four movements, only one of which contained the slightest relief from the constant straining after obvious climaxes which marked the rest of the quintet. This was the Scherzo, which was based on a Hungarian tune, or a tune in the Hungarian manner, that had merits of its own. The themes in the other three movements, besides being tediously rigid in rhythm, were very commonplace in character to begin with, and sounded all the more so from the composer's habit of reiterating them fortissimo on all five instruments and of linking them together with exceedingly dull sequences. There were very few moments when all the instruments were not used together (the strings frequently in unison with a harmonized melody on the piano), and when they did not seem to be labouring to make commonplaces sound impressive. It was altogether a very heavy and depressing affair, but it was played with much seriousness and provoked a good deal of applause.

Nov. 29 1913

A BACH CANTATA.

Nov. 29 1913

In days when so much kudos is attached to virtuosity—to a Strauss orchestra, for example, a Handel Festival chorus, a concert of "massed bands," and other such extravagant things—it is a great pleasure to know that somewhere may be found an audience willing to listen to music performed by a group of artists who have resolutely set their faces against popularity of that kind. One listens many times a week to Bach played on a grand pianoforte, an instrument he had (probably) never dreamed of; one listens, frequently enough, to the Brandenburg Concertos, to the B minor Mass, to the S. Matthew Passion, and other works performed under conditions that are almost libellous on the great master. But how seldom one hears the music performed as it was intended to be performed!

Telegraph

On Tuesday evening, in the Cathedral Hall of Westminster, the cantata—"Jauchzet Gott in allen Landen"—was heard, and very likely for the first time in England, under exactly the conditions desired by Bach himself. The string orchestra was a diminutive affair; there was one trumpet (played, as it happened, by a lady—Miss Lilian Mukle), and no other wind instrument; there were boys' voices instead of women's, and the auditorium was of very moderate size. This work, which is in five sections—an aria ("Jauchzet Gott"), a recitative ("Wir beten zu"), an aria ("Höchster, mache deine Güte"), a chorale ("Sei Lob und Preis"), and a chorus ("Alleluia")—is of no inconsiderable difficulty. The florid aria with which it opens demands the closest attention on the part of the singers, as the relentless counterpoint of Bach usually does; while the beautiful second aria, with its "continuo" bass and the stately chorale, with its "accompaniment" of three independently moving parts, are severe tests of executive musicianship.

In the performance on Tuesday there were details which one might criticise adversely; the accidental prominence (for acoustic reasons) of the instruments, a very occasional slackness in phrasing; the consistent dulness of colour in the boys' voices—these were things noticeable enough. But the spirit of the music was unmistakably present, and Dr. Richard Terry, who conducted, is to be congratulated upon the revival of an interesting work.

VERDI'S "FALSTAFF."

Times Nov. 29 1913

A CENTENARY PERFORMANCE.

When the Royal College of Music announced the intention of giving a performance of Verdi's last opera, *Falstaff*, the words "Verdi centenary" upon the preliminary programme seemed to be chiefly a happy excuse for repeating an opera which has been given twice before by the students and which is known to be a special favourite with their conductor, Sir Charles Stanford. But when yesterday afternoon the curtain of His Majesty's Theatre fell finally upon the crowd of merry people singing "All the world's a stage" in riotous *fugato* one felt that something more than a successful performance by a students' operatic class had been achieved. The applause which followed was chiefly of the personal kind—a theatre full of friends of the performers and of the College shouting for their friends, a stage full of enthusiastic young people lifting their stage manager, Mr. Cairns James, upon their shoulders, an orchestra of boys and girls calling enthusiastically for their conductor, Sir Charles. But behind all this there was something more. Until that moment one had scarcely thought of it as a student performance at all; the audience had been spending an afternoon in hearing one of the greatest musical comedies ever written, one might say frankly "the greatest" if Wagner had not given a rival to *Falstaff*, and for three hours had revelled both in its music and in its comedy. It was a solitary example of what we might have constantly if we liked, but have not got in this country—a vital and consistent presentation of opera in English.

The Performance.

The point may be made clear by some description of the work in performance. *Falstaff*, in spite of its hero, is not an opera of what singers call "fat parts." No "first lady" or "first man" or the audiences who love operas for their sakes can get much satisfaction from it, and that, no doubt, is why it has been definitely shelved at Covent Garden. In the better sense it is very much a singers' opera, for it requires good singing from 10 principal characters, and still more the closest musical combination between them. First of all comes Sir John Falstaff, who in all his impassioned moments, whether he discusses honour or the charms of Mistress Ford, or ruminates upon the ducking he has been given in the Thames, bursts into lyrical song. Mistress Ford, Mistress Page, and Dame Quickly laugh over Falstaff's love letters and lay their plans for his discomfiture in song; Anne Page and Fenton, though their love episodes are rudely interrupted and receive less consideration than sopranos and tenors usually get in opera, are not spared the necessity of real singing, and Ford's soliloquy upon his wife's supposed unfaithfulness is, for all its comical significance, a piece of fine dramatic singing. The singing ability of this company was very remarkable, all the more so because some of the voices were obviously not as mature as they will be in a year or two.

Mr. William R. Allen (Falstaff) realized with extraordinary sureness what was wanted. With a rather light baritone voice which he might easily have been tempted to exhaust in the first act he kept himself well in hand, and conveyed character through his skilful singing and not by merely trying to make the most of himself at every point. Mr. Samuel Mann (Ford) and Mr. Victor Chilley (Dr. Caius) never let themselves be carried away by the excitement of the moment, and their singing as they approached the screen to capture Falstaff in the second act kept its musical quality, while it gained dramatic intensity. Mr. J. Hardy Williamson (Fenton) has a very pleasant tenor voice, which he had no temptation to misuse, for Fenton does not have to enter much into the fun of the comedy, but only to play the loon to Anne Page, who was very prettily represented by Miss Clara Simons. Among the women characters, Miss Marjorie Lockey (Dame Quickly) made a particularly good impression with the rich quality of her contralto voice, a quality which did not, as it sometimes does, deprive the singer of a sense of humour. And Miss Alice Gear (Mistress Page) used her bright soprano voice very cleverly, especially when she sang blithely up to the top C to exult in the thought of Falstaff wishing that he had never been born and when she recounted the fairy revels to take place around Herne's oak.

All these with the smaller characters combined to keep the ball rolling and to give the sense of fun and frolic in the whole thing, which is the essential characteristic of the comedy in music. The only place where the musical character was not quite maintained was in the women's rapid quartet of the second scene, where the impression was a little breathless and hurried. Elsewhere one seemed always to get at the essential thing that Verdi wanted to express, and to feel the wonderful directness of his way of writing.

Verdi's Magic.

That is where the magic of Verdi's *Falstaff* lies. He makes point after point tell without disturbing the continuity of his music. He keeps one theme going in the orchestra, while the dialogue rattles on independently, as in the first scene, or he lets his melody carry him where it will, knowing that he can sum up the scheme of a song with a phrase which will bind all together, like that which begins and ends the song "Go on the way, old Jack." Again a vivid flash of orchestration is thrown in to emphasize some trivial point, like the clatter of Fenton's money on the table, which draws Falstaff into his snare, or the prolonged trill gaining force in the whole orchestra as Falstaff picks up his courage again with a draught of sack makes a climax to a whole scene, while it is ostensibly only illustrating an episode. The methods are inexhaustible. A composer with such resources need care nothing for any system either of what are called "set movements" or of combining *Leitmotiven*. He just does the right thing at the right moment because a lifelong experience has made him know without thinking about it what will be the right thing. His musical intuition is

like the literary intuition of Shakespeare, whose prose and verse, whose wit and punning, whose beauty and ugliness jostle one another through *The Merry Wives*. Such a style demands a responsive intuition from the performers. One may teach singers to hurl arias from the footlights to the gallery, to declaim intelligibly in recitative. But when one finds a whole company of young people, some of whom had probably never been on the stage before (some details of action suggested that), taking to such a work like ducks to water and combining to bring out the whole spirit with almost unerring certainty there must be something more than careful drilling behind it.

That is what we mean when we say that this performance showed us what we might have. In the present conditions the most that those individuals who take up an operatic career can hope for is to tour through the provinces with *Cavalleria Rusticana* and *Faust*, for that is all that is open to any but exceptional voices. But Verdi's *Falstaff* shows that there is such a thing as opera in which the vital interest is cooperative, and this centenary performance shows that there is the artistic capacity to prove the worth of such opera to an English public. There seems to be no reason why opera on these lines should appeal less to a music and play loving public such as now exists than music and the drama taken separately do. The experiment of making a real operatic company instead of a fortuitous collection of singers is one which remains to be tried. To build up a company on these lines would be a splendid celebration of Verdi's centenary.

THE ROYAL COLLEGE.

VERDI'S "FALSTAFF."

So little has been done in England to commemorate the centenary of Verdi's birth that the performance of "Falstaff" by the students of the Royal College of Music yesterday afternoon at His Majesty's Theatre was very welcome. It was welcome in any case, because it has been so sadly neglected. One often wonders what the reason of this may be; perhaps it is more a question of the cast than anything else. There is no getting away from the fact that the opera is exacting in an entirely different way from the ordinary repertory, and, for obvious reasons, London opera is largely dependent upon what is being done on the Continent. At every hearing of "Falstaff" one reflects yet again on Verdi's wonderful vitality, that close upon his eightieth birthday he should have been able to write this sparkling musical comedy full of delightful humour and characterisation and tender melody.

* * *

The music is difficult, but the true spirit of the whole opera is possibly even more difficult to reflect in performance. But Sir Charles Stanford, who conducted yesterday, knows the score backwards, and it was quite evident that he had spared no pains to make the young singers as perfect in their parts as was possible. In consequence, we had a performance which was surely not only the best the Royal College of Music has undertaken for a long time, but was really most enjoyable. The fun of the thing never flagged, and there was a most praiseworthy freedom from exaggeration of effect.

* * *

Mr. William Allen took the title-part, and although his voice is not very powerful he used it with skill, and in his acting he showed an unusual amount of assurance, and came very near indeed to expressing to the full the measure of dignity which should always be present in the most riotous moments. The Ford of Mr. Samuel Mann was another live figure, and if his singing was somewhat uneven, he managed to give the monologue at the close of the first scene of Act II. very well indeed. Of the ladies, Miss Winifred Cooper was in the picture as Mistress Ford; she sang clearly, too, and the Dame Quickly of Miss Marjorie Leckey was hardly less successful. Miss Clara Simons, as Anne, sang prettily; Miss Gear, as Mistress Page, was never quite at home. The small part of Fenton was taken by Mr. J. Hardy Williamson in a manner which only needed a little more suggestion of the romantic to be excellent. His tenor voice is of pleasing quality. Messrs. Chilley, Walters, and Saull played up to the others in capital style. The stage management was in the hands of Mr. Cairns James, and the success of the production in this important respect owed a good deal to his discretion.

AN ELGAR CONCERT.

Last night, at the Queen's Hall, the New Symphony Orchestra gave an extra concert with a programme yet again devoted to Sir Edward Elgar's music. We had the new "Falstaff" tone-poem, curiously enough the same day that Verdi's opera was being performed, the second symphony, one of the "Pomp and Circumstance" marches, and three "Sea Pictures." Mr. Landon Ronald conducted, and in the symphony some excellent playing was heard. It is true that the somewhat ultra-strenuous reading adopted resulted sometimes in a certain measure of roughness, and occasionally the dynamic force all but reached the pitch of noise; also, one was not sure whether there was quite enough clarity, especially seeing that, if the symphony has a fault of technique, it is that the composer has run to excess in his ornamentation, and it is, therefore, very important to keep the main lines well in view. The performance was received with great enthusiasm, conductor, composer, and orchestra being warmly applauded. Miss Muriel Foster sang the "Sea Pictures," making one of her now all too rare appearances in public.

COVENT GARDEN.

"CARMEN" ON SATURDAY NIGHT

It seemed to be a somewhat hurried production of "Carmen" which Mr. Raymond Rôze added to his season of opera at Covent Garden on Saturday evening. Faced with an almost wholly inexperienced company, the interests of his season would have been better served by allowing singers and orchestra a further opportunity of getting into touch with each other. As it was, a general sense of insecurity placed a barrier between stage and audience which even the insinuating charm of Bizet's music was incapable of breaking through. It should be said at once that sundry misunderstandings were in no sense due to any want of tact and decision on the part of Mr. Hamilton Harty as conductor. On several occasions—and notably in the quintet of the second act—his decisive guidance held things together when disaster seemed imminent, and, though his rigid treatment of the score put rhythmic buoyancy out of the question, he undoubtedly adopted the policy best suited to the circumstances.

In speaking of the cast as inexperienced, an exception must be made in the case of Mme. Donalda, though she also laboured under the disadvantage of playing the title-part for the first time. She acted easily and with intelligence, especially in the later scenes, but one cannot admit the truth of an impersonation which suggested that Merimée's gipsy girl was at heart an essentially refined young person, who only practised her allurements and indulged a flirtatious disposition because such behaviour was expected of her. Mme. Donalda sang the music too coldly, but both tone and enunciation were commendably clear. She received scant assistance from the Don José of M. Raoul Torrent, whose efforts to master our native tongue have met with indifferent success. Miss Violet Essex was a charming Micaela, and Mr. Charles Mott a robustious Escamillo. In his famous song, Mr. Mott apparently preferred the old translation to the new one prepared for this performance by Mr. Hermann Klein. In so far as he has spared us "Thees" and "Thous," Mr. Klein's version is an improvement on Hersee's. Probably no adapter of words to music can avoid faulty accentuation, but he ought, at any rate, to be able to avoid such a phrase as "I'll hit you a blow."

ÆOLIAN HALL.

It was hardly possible to help wondering, at Mr. Fredric Fradkin's violin recital at the Æolian Hall last night, exactly how many composers in recent years have written D'Ambrosio's violin concerto in B minor. Their lucubrations have not, of course, been note for note the same, nor, doubtless, have they been guilty of any conscious plagiarism the one from the other; but in at least a score of concertos have we heard phrases of almost the same shape, arranged in almost the same way, and imbued with almost the same feeling, when they are so fortunate as to be imbued with any feeling at all. They are stock-pattern concertos, turned out with machine-like precision in any quantity, and totally uninteresting, even when played by so fine an artist as Mr. Fradkin certainly is. For this young Russian stands head and shoulders above the rank and file of the violinists of to-day. He has, as he has shown before, and as he proved still more conclusively last night in Grieg's C minor Sonata, the temperament and the brains of a musician, as well as the technique of a virtuoso, and his playing is of very unusual beauty and power. Consequently, it was all the more to be regretted that he should have wasted his talent on a concerto of so little worth. He was associated in the sonata and accompanied in the concerto by Mr. Richard Epstein, whose work was, as usual, of a very high order of excellence.

THE EMPIRE THEATRE.

The French dramatic soprano, Mme. Renée Le Daim de Kerolyr, who submitted a vocal "turn" at the Empire Theatre last night, may not have a very polished method, but she is gifted with a voice of pleasing quality, of extensive compass, and considerable resonance. To these qualifications for success there must be added an excellent diction—of special importance this, as she sang on this occasion two songs in English. Her third number was one of the familiar "Samson and Delilah" arias, given in the original. But one might suggest that she would considerably heighten the effect of her singing, particularly of operatic music, if she were to modify the tendency to a rhapsodic style of delivery. Dramatic fervour is, of course, highly desirable, but it will not tell properly unless it is accompanied by strength and firmness in rhythm.

NEW VIOLINIST AT ÆOLIAN HALL

M. Frederic Fradkin, a Russian violinist, who gave a recital at Æolian Hall last night, is a player of considerable gifts. His tone is remarkably rich and full, his technique fine, and he has a most virile style of playing. Throughout the evening he gave brilliant performances, and one would say that he will take a place amongst the leading virtuosi of the day.

His chief solo was a concerto by D'Ambrosio, a picturesque but rather reminiscent work. However, it has a very showy solo part, which was excellently played by M. Fradkin. Equally good was his rendering of the Wilhelmj transcription of Wagner's "Preislied," a fine piece of legato playing, and in works by de Grassi and Hubay he was also effective. A clever performance of Grieg's Sonata in C for violin and piano was given at the commencement of the concert, M. Fradkin being joined in this by Mr. Richard Epstein.

ÆOLIAN HALL.

It was, perhaps, fortunate for the amour propre of the expert members of his audience at the Æolian Hall last night that Mr. Arthur Shattuck did not repeat in London the experiment tried in Manchester not long ago, and mentioned in these columns at the time, of omitting to state the names of the composers of the various works in his programme. Had he done so, the guesses at the authorship of the third number would probably have been many, various, and wholly inaccurate, and the most plausible solution would have been that it was written by Haydn in collaboration with Debussy in the days of his extreme youth. It was, in point of fact, a Sonatine in C by Reynaldo Hahn, which has been played before in London, though very rarely. As a curiosity it is not uninteresting, but musically it is not worthy of Mr. Shattuck's very considerable gifts; for he is a pianist with a brain and a technique such as only the few can boast, and his clear, vigorous, virile playing is always a joy and a delight. His performances of Liszt's Sonata in B minor, and of the same composer's brilliant if rather misguided transcription of Bach's Organ Fantasia and Fugue in G minor, were particularly good. Beethoven's Menuet in E flat and some little pieces by Sinding, Leschetizky, Friedmann, and Rosenbloom also figured in a programme in which even the most familiar numbers seemed to gain a new interest through his sane and wholly appreciative interpretations.

STOCK EXCHANGE MUSICIANS.

The eighty-seventh concert of the Stock Exchange Orchestral and Choral Society took place successfully in the Queen's Hall on Monday. A particularly interesting number on the programme was an orchestral suite by Vincent Thomas, which then received its first performance under the guidance of the composer.

Mr. Thomas is already known favourably to the musical world both as a song-writer and a composer of operas, three of his dramatic works having been given in London during recent years, and a fourth, "Dagonet," now awaiting production. The suite heard on Monday is taken from his second opera, "Gwenever," and bears the same name. The four movements of which it is composed are entitled respectively "The Coming of Gwenever," "The Passing of Arthur," "Pastorale," and "Torch Dance." In all these numbers the expression of a poetic and attractive personality may be clearly recognised, and that of one who has his distinct position among our younger British composers. The "Pastorale" has a charming theme, while the spirit and brilliance of the "Torch Dance" rightly secured its repetition.

Mr. Hamish MacCunn also conducted the orchestra with great success in "Finlandia," by Sibelius; the choir, under Mr. Frank Idle, sang Festa's "Down in a flowery vale" and other part songs in excellent style, and the violinist, Miss Isolde Menges, exhibited her remarkable powers in the Glazounoff Violin Concerto in A minor.

MR. ARTHUR SHATTUCK'S RECITAL.

A pianoforte recital was given last night in the Æolian Hall by Mr. Arthur Shattuck with a programme which included Liszt's transcription of Bach's Organ Fantasia and Fugue in G minor, Reynaldo Hahn's tiny Sonatina in C, and Liszt's Sonata in B minor.

The sonatina is a curious work to drag out from the obscurity of the drawing-room for which it was designed. The first movement is only a reminiscence of the manner of Haydn without Haydn's wit, and the finale is still more trumpery. The theme and variations, however, have musical value on a small scale and might well be detached from the rest of

the sonatina. The work only served to show Mr. Shattuck's clear, pearly touch in quiet passages and his simple phrasing of simple music, for which one was not quite prepared by his treatment of a minuet by Beethoven which preceded it. This was laboured and over-phrased, though here again the tone produced had a beautiful quality. The player was at his best in the two big works, which he gave with admirably distinct articulation which did not lead to coldness or to too much elaboration of detail. The climaxes in both Bach's and Liszt's fugue, while remaining quite clear, were given with full and warm rather than brilliant tone, and the sonata in particular was firmly held together by the player's admirably controlled rhythm.

MRS. WOODFORDE-FINDEN'S CONCERT.

Dec. 3 1913 Telegraph

If ever a composer were eligible for membership of the Travellers' Club, it is surely Mrs. Amy Woodforde-Finden. Since she first scored a big success with certain familiar excursions into the realms of Indian song there are few quarters of the globe which she has not visited, at any rate in fancy. Kashmir, China, Japan, Egypt, Damascus, and Mexico have all been laid under contribution, and it is a matter for annual speculation as to what civilised or uncivilised country will be the next to give her an idea for a song-cycle. This autumn it seems to have been the fanciful realms of fairy lore that attracted her, for at the concert which she gave at the Æolian Hall yesterday afternoon she introduced, through the medium of Miss Carmen Hill, a set of five songs, entitled "The Magic Casement," which deal, rather vaguely and tentatively, with the love affairs of a little Princess. Fairy music, unlike that of India, China, and the other countries beloved by Mrs. Woodforde-Finden, has no conventions, and it has, in consequence, been impossible for her to lay on the local colour with her usually liberal brush. Truth to tell, shorn of these external trappings, her music seems somewhat bare and unconvincing, and the new cycle has not quite the ear-seducing qualities which made her earlier work so popular. However, it was well sung by Miss Carmen Hill, and so warmly received that the composer had to respond to an emphatic call. A very warm welcome was also accorded to "A Crystal Heart," an unpretentious little song of no very great originality, but of decided charm, which, together with "Asleep," "Reflections," and "There is an Orchard," was excellently sung by Mr. Hubert Eisdell. That capable tenor was further associated with Miss Hill, Miss Kathleen Peck, and Mr. Darrell Fancourt in a quartet from "The Pagoda of Flowers," while all these singers also gave a selection from the goodly number of songs that now stand to Mrs. Woodforde-Finden's credit. Furthermore, the De Groot Sextette played arrangements of four songs from "A Lover in Damascus." Miss Helen Mar told some of her best stories, and Mr. Liddle accompanied.

MISS ROSA EHRLICH AND THE "SINGVEREIN."

Dec 3 — 1913

An orchestral concert took place in the Queen's Hall last night, at which the honours were shared by the young violinist, Miss Rosa Ehrlich, and the Choral Society, "Singverein." Miss Ehrlich made an unusually good impression when she first appeared in England at the Sevcik concert some two years ago, and those who have followed her subsequent career are aware that this was no isolated success. During the months that have elapsed since she was last heard she has continued studying and maturing, and her playing last night was quite remarkable for a girl still in her teens. Some of the old, what one might term boydenish, dash has gone, but in place of that there is all the more polish of expression and control, while the vibrant sweetness of her tone is a continual delight. Not only were the romantic beauties of three movements from Lalo's "Symphonie Espagnole" delightfully conveyed, but the technical difficulties of Wieniawski's "Faust Fantasie" were mastered with the greatest ease.

The chief choral numbers were Brahms's "Schicksalslied" and "Die Macht des Gesanges" ("The Power of Song"), by Max Bruch, the latter work receiving its first performance in London. It was, perhaps, unfortunate that "The Song of Destiny" came first, for it seemed to set an impossible standard. It is, however, only in his Violin Concertos that Max Bruch has been really successful, and, like his other choral works, "Die Macht des Gesanges" does not rise above a pleasing eloquence of ordinary expression. Nor do we think that the subject as treated by Schiller bears such extended musical setting, owing to its purely lyrical form. Both the chorus and Mr. Robert Maitland, as baritone soloist, sang with success, and Miss Carrie Tubb afterwards took part in the Finale from Mendelssohn's "Loreley." Mr. Otto Sondermann conducted.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The students of the Royal Academy of Music gave their annual operatic performance under Mr. Edgardo Levi last night—the second that has been held in the concert hall of the new building in Marylebone-road. The works on this occasion were Mozart's tiny one-act operetta *Bastien et Bastienne* and two acts of Puccini's *La Bohème*.

Bastien et Bastienne is still occasionally to be seen in the theatre proper. It was revived a few years ago at Covent Garden and it may sometimes be heard at Munich. But there is no particular reason why it should be presented to the regular opera-goer. It contains little that is characteristic of the real Mozart as distinct from the childish genius, for he was only 12 when he wrote it. There is no contrapuntal writing in the duets and concerted numbers, except for a few bars, and the orchestral accompaniments are hardly at all independent of the voices. The music is melodious in a charming and naïve way, the three characters of the young man, the young girl, and the old soothsayer are clearly differentiated, and that is about all. At least that is about all that one can feel when for the orchestra is substituted, as always on these occasions at the Royal Academy, a pianoforte (Mr. Adolph Hallis) and an organ (Mr. J. B. Hill). But it all serves to show whether three students can produce their voices easily and whether they have acquired the difficult art of phrasing simple music. Pe. 4.1913

In the matter of phrasing the three singers last night were commendably accurate, and Mr. Darrell Fancourt, who took the part of the soothsayer (and was made up to look like the tall Agrippa), produced his voice easily. Miss Gweneth Roberts, who took the part of Bastienne at short notice owing to the indisposition of Miss Helen Johnson, sang quite freshly, but her voice sounded very small from the far end of the hall; so did that of Miss May Purcell, who played Bastien (or "Bastienne," as his lover insisted on calling him) with a good deal of spirit and with rather more idea of fitting his gestures to the music than the others had. All three singers, it should be added, were clear in their articulation, which made it all the more a pity that some one had not thought of revising the English version which they used. Times

In the first and fourth acts of *La Bohème* (chosen, we imagine, for their similarity in character and for the fact that they necessitate no change of scenery) the diction once again was clear, more especially on the part of Miss Louise Brooks, who was the Mimi. She also showed the most talent of any of the students vocally, singing quite easily all the time and producing full and powerful notes (which were sometimes a little hard) even in the highest register. It was on the top notes that Mr. Gerald Harris (Rudolph) had most trouble, and, though knowing his part well, he was altogether less assured as a singer than either Mr. Raymond Ellis (Marcel) or Mr. Robert Pitt (Colline), who was excellent in the famous farewell to his overcoat. Mr. Leonard Hubbard as Schaunard helped to fill in the gaps in the *ensemble*, which, as might be expected in a work needing very quick "up-take," were sometimes rather noticeably wide. Mr. Fancourt was amusing, though not noticeably musical, as the landlord, and Miss Gweneth Roberts did the little that is required at the bedside in the last act.

LONDON CHORAL SOCIETY

Times Dec. 4. 1913

FOUR NEW WORKS.

This indefatigable society introduced us to a whole series of new works at Queen's Hall last night, and when a symphonic poem by Mr. Charlton Speer and a cantata by Mr. John Francis Barnett had together occupied an hour and three-quarters, Mr. Fagge had to encourage the audience by an assurance that the five remaining works could be dispatched in 35 minutes. But why arrange a programme in such a way that verbal encouragement to the audience is necessary? Why handicap the chances of slight but quite vital works by preceding them with nearly two hours of music in which vitality sinks to the lowest ebb?

Mr. Charlton Speer's Symphonic Poem for orchestra, "King Arthur," quotes freely from the melodies and harmony of the *Ring* and *Tristan* and borrows its successful moments of orchestration from the same source. The composer says in his notes, "The music being based upon a Victorian poem (Tennyson's 'Idylls of the King') is itself frankly Victorian." We should not have described Wagner as "frankly Victorian." Mr. Barnett's Cantata, "St. Agnes Eve," a setting of Keats's poem for four solo voices, choir, and orchestra, is quite naturally Victorian. One would not expect it to be anything else. It is nearly 50 years since its composer delighted country choral societies by giving them a musical setting of Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner" to sing, and now he has provided another cantata for the same class of performers having the same standard of technique and the same musical tastes. We are not sure whether they still exist, but if they do they may be pleased with "St. Agnes' Eve."

In the second part there were two further new works for choir and orchestra, both described as short cantatas. One was a setting of Francis Thompson's "Dream Tryst," by Mr. Jervis-Read, the other was Edward Carpenter's "April," by Mr. Balfour Gardiner. Both treat the words in the manner of a modern part-song, but the orchestral part of Mr. Balfour Gardiner's work is more than an accompaniment, it is a picturesque commentary. One feels a lack of distinctive melody in both, but the feeling of the words does generate the music, whereas in "St. Agnes' Eve" it is only the external suggestions of the words, the mention of storm, or merriment, or ghosts, which give the music any character. Though neither is very original or very definite, both make an impression of genuineness. Mr. Balfour Gardiner conducted his own work, and at the end of the programme, after two of Mr. Percy Grainger's part-songs, his "News from Whydah" was given. The solo singers in "St. Agnes' Eve" were Miss Carrie Tubb, Miss Lily Grahame, Mr. Hughes Macklin, and Mr. Dawson Freer.

LONDON CHORAL SOCIETY

NEW WORKS BY NATIVE COMPOSERS.

Dec 4 — 1913

Several new works by native composers received their first performance at a concert of the London Choral Society in the Queen's Hall last night. The first of these was a symphonic poem, "King Arthur," by Charlton Speer, designed to illustrate certain passages taken from Tennyson's "Idylls of the King." According to the programme, "the music being on a 'Victorian' poem is itself frankly 'Victorian,' and does not aim at being anything else." It is, as a fact, exclusively Wagnerian both in feeling and method, and that this adjective is musically synonymous with "Victorian" is assuredly a curious indication how rapidly music has gone forward with Strauss and Debussy since Wagner's day. Mr. Speer knows how to express himself in a robust and decisive manner, bringing his rich emotional climaxes on each ultimate sequence in the approved style of his master. A more sustained expression should be aimed at in the cantabile portions, and a greater rhythmic variety in the component themes would also strengthen the general effect.

"The Eve of St. Agnes," by John Francis Barnett, is a cantata dealing with the salient portions of Keats's poem. The condensation has been made with skill, although it is doubtful if the elusive qualities of the poem, like the author's own "elfin storm from faery land" do not suffer from relentless underlining of choral representation. Apart from this Mr. Barnett has treated his subject with no lack of harmonious, vivid, and pictorial music.

A short cantata, "Dream Tryst," by H. V. Jervis-Read, we should like to hear again, containing as it does passages of both originality and power. Finally, a short cantata, "April," by H. Balfour Gardiner, showed all the composer's orchestral and constructive skill in elaborating imposing effects.

The soloists of the evening were Miss Carrie Tubb, Miss Lily Grahame, Mr. Hughes Macklin, and Mr. Dawson Freer. Mr. Arthur Fagge conducted.

COVENT GARDEN.

Dec. 4 1913 Telegraph

"CARMEN."

It is no exaggeration to say that in every case the "new" business added in the performance of that rare masterpiece, "Carmen," at Covent Garden on Saturday night, had no business whatever to be there. This is by no means to say that every rôle must be played precisely as it was played by "the" interpreter. We are no sticklers for that kind of perfectly useless and futile "tradition" or custom. But we do say most emphatically that when deviations from well-established custom are made they should justify themselves by their fitness and real dramatic value. For the present Madame Calvé set her seal upon the termagant Carmen in the first two acts. Hers it was to hurl the sword and helmet across the stage, inevitably, in a tantrum; it may be recalled that on one occasion when she mounted the table in the inn by means of a chair she pulled the chair up after her and hurled that at her lover, to the detriment of the scenery. Also that on another occasion she thrust a powder puff in the face of Don José.

Calvé was a law unto herself as Carmen. There is no reason, as suggested, why other Carmens also should not be such laws. But the essence of the thing is that the Carmens must justify themselves each after her kind. It is difficult indeed to find justification for the crude, low comedy entrance of Carmen on Saturday last from the cigarette factory, when she squatted on the floor. A laugh was raised, no doubt, but "Carmen" is not low comedy but tragedy. And what was the point of Zuniga's make-up? This particular Zuniga resembled nothing so much as a quasi-Lord Dundreary masquerading in uniform, with his smooth, sleek hair, his eyeglass with the long black ribbon attached, and his generally foppish manner. All this kind of thing may be amusing to some—to others, to those whose affection for one of the finest of opéras comiques has grown, is ever growing, with the years, it is merely tiresome.

The general performance would have been greatly improved by more rehearsal. As matters were, there seemed to be no particular authority in the performance. True, probably most of those who took part in it were doing so for the first time. Certainly Madame Donalda has not sung Carmen's rôle previously, though she is to sing it in Nice in French next year. Just now she does not seem to have made up her mind precisely how she will play. At one moment she is a termagant, at the next rather of the milkmaid type, almost characterless. Carmen may have been wayward; the best players of the

role have always made her so. But, whatever her faults may have been, she had an immensely strong character. She both loved and hated with the strength of her whole being, and could not have been colourless. It is to this point that Madame Donalda should direct her attention. It may prove a difficult matter, musically, since a great deal of the music lies too low for her voice, which is apt to lose its resonance in the lower register. But her previous experience of the stage will stand her in good stead. Some of her costumes were magnificent, but is it fair to ask where a girl in a cigarette factory could have come by so wonderful a creation as that she wears in the second act—a thing of lovely colour to the masculine eye? Mr. Klitgaard, who enunciated his text well, was the fop mentioned, and we need say no more: to our thinking it was singularly inept reading. Mr. Raoul Torrent was as Don José hardly the kind of man one would have thought to have captivated Carmen: nor was Mr. Mott, who played Escamillo, and sang his famous song with quite his own sense of the tempo, so that there was a considerable difference between his opinion and that of Mr. Hamilton Harty, who conducted. Miss Violet Essex as Micaela showed herself the possessor of a very pretty voice, and on the whole the quintet made a good deal of their rare and splendid opportunity.

We cannot refrain from repeating the opinion expressed a week or two ago, that far too much attention is being paid to unessentials during this season. The Opera was very well filled on Saturday, but the many outbreaks of inappropriate applause seemd to show that the audience was not composed of frequenters of opera. It is, then, all the more necessary that the operas produced should be given with the accents, as it were, in the right place. Mr. Hermann Klein's new version of the text was used generally, though not in all cases, and so far as it could be heard it was good—certainly a marked improvement on at least one other version. In one old version Carmen is made to sing, "When I love you, you'd better look out"; this Mr. Klein alters happily to "When I love thee, then take care." This is a type of the general effort at improvement.

TWO CLEVER CHILD MUSICIANS.

DAILY PERFORMANCES AT THE TROCADERO.

Two charming child musicians are just now daily delighting habitues of the Trocadero Restaurant at luncheon time. These are Master Emanuel Trokowski, aged 11, a violinist, and his sister, Miss Sara Trokowski, pianist, 10 years old.

On a dais on the floor of the restaurant they have for some days given a selection of pieces, and shown themselves wonderfully gifted little musicians who should have brilliant futures in store for them.

A "Daily Chronicle" representative who visited the Trocadero yesterday afternoon to hear them play found the lunchers keenly interested in the two children. As soon as they began their performance most of the conversation died down, and many turned their chairs round to hear them better. Chronicle

Master Emanuel has already a very finished technique on his instrument and a remarkably full tone. His sister, who accompanied her brother admirably, is also wonderfully proficient as a pianist for her years. Dec. 4. 1913

The most remarkable feature of their playing yesterday was its vigour and rhythmic force. They evidently had an understanding and feeling for the music which one, as a rule, finds only in adult players. The first piece they gave, Hauser's Hungarian Rhapsody is not by any means an easy piece, especially as regards the violin part. But Master Trokowski surmounted its difficulties with the greatest of ease, his playing of some elaborate passages of "harmonies" being done in virtuoso-like style.

There was a cordial reception for the two children at the end, and they had to add another piece by way of encore.

Subsequently "The Daily Chronicle" representative learnt something of the history of these two gifted children. Born in London of Russian parents, who were quick to perceive the little ones' talents, and at first taught them themselves, they have now both been placed under good music teachers. Master Emanuel, who began to learn the violin four years ago, is now studying with Mr. Huerta, the well-known player and composer, and his sister is under Mr. Bud Janey, the pianoforte professor. Both of them are also being given a good general education, so that their musical natures are not being over-developed at the expense of the rest of their faculties.

MR. PLUNKET GREENE'S RECITAL

Dec 5 1913

Mr. Plunket Greene has always lent a hand in the furthering of the claims of the native song-writers. He presented an all-British programme at the Æolian Hall last night. A characteristic new Irish song-cycle of Sir Charles Stanford was introduced, the composer accompanying. Some of these lyrics found much favour with the audience, and repetitions were given. Mr. Greene had also to repeat Dr. Walford Davies's "When Childher Play," in which the singer's excellent diction is so well displayed. Other composers represented included Drs. Arne and Boyce and Sir Hubert Parry, while no recital programme of Mr. Greene's would be complete without a group of traditional airs. These were drawn from the various arrangements of Messrs. Liddle, Herbert Hughes, R. Vaughan Williams, and others.

COVENT GARDEN OPERA

"LOHENGRIN" REVIVED.

Dec 5 — 1913

"Lohengrin," revived by Mr. Raymond Rôze at Covent Garden last night, has been rather neglected of late. It was given during the grand opera season last summer, but previous to that occasion had been out of the various repertories for several years. The present revival was therefore very welcome. No one nowadays pretends that the opera is a master work throughout, but the fact that much of it sounds heavy and uninspired matters the less because the music at all the really important moments is of very different calibre. The point is interesting, since it proves so clearly what a great musical dramatist Wagner was. Even in his unformed days, days of more or less experimenting, he could not fail when the dramatic action worked upon his musical imagination. In "Lohengrin" he had not solved the problem of how to relate his story in an interesting way; that was to come, but it was not experience so much as feeling and instinct for effect that was required to make the climaxes convincing. Consequently we can always hear the opera with pleasure and profit; we know something great is at hand, and are not impatient when the scenes seem to be hanging fire.

Last night's performance was undoubtedly the best Mr. Rôze has yet given us. And for that much credit is due to the conductor, Mr. Julius Harrison. This young musician really did extremely well in spite of his inexperience. One liked his tempi very much, and realised that he has a strong rhythmical sense. Of course, some of the difficult movements were not held properly together, but the general impression was favourable because of the spirit and swing. Mr. John Coates sang the title-part with all his accustomed control; he has been heard in London before now in an English version of the opera, and has always given a reading marked by its sincerity and distinction. The Elsa of Miss Lillan Granfelt was but moderate, the chief failing being the uncertainty of the singing. It is unfortunate that her method seems to involve a lack of cleanness of attack, while, furthermore, the colour is unsteady. Miss Marta Wittkowska has also a method which is not entirely satisfactory, but she sings in so temperamental a style that one the more readily forgives this. She made Ortrud a live figure. Mr. Charles Mott did further good work as Frederick, and the big scene at the beginning of Act II. went really well. Mr. Manitto Klitgaard's Henry was unequal; as a matter of fact, however, his voice sounded as though he had a cold. The choral singing was not irreproachable, suggesting possibly that a little more rehearsing would be advantageous. But the performance as a whole had its points, and, as already said, surpassed others about which we have had occasion to write.

NEW ENGLISH OPERA.

"WESTWARD HO!" AT THE LYCEUM.

Dec 5 — 1913

The cause of English opera was advanced yet another stage yesterday afternoon by the first performance which the London Academy of Music gave at the Lyceum Theatre of a new work by P. Napier Miles. As long as our native art has to rely on unorganized effort, such co-operation on the part of our music-schools is exceedingly valuable, and the first word of congratulation is certainly due to the London Academy of Music for their patriotic enterprise.

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"Westward Ho!" as the latest English opera is called, has been taken from Charles Kingsley's novel of that name, and the libretto has been written by the well-known author E. F. Benson. It will be evident what an opportunity is presented by the subject for gallant and stirring scenes, and of this Mr. Benson has availed himself to the full. We have for Prologue a scene in the Ship Tavern, Bideford, where Frank and Amyas Leigh, with their companions, swear loyalty to "peerless Rose of Torridge"—all but the churlish Eustace Leigh, whose love for the maid is of baser metal than theirs. Then we are on the terrace at Sir Richard Grenville's, with Rose herself and Don Guzman, late a Spanish prisoner, but now ransomed, and about to leave for the island of La Guayra in the Far West. They become lovers, and Amyas, forgetful of his pledge, crosses swords with him, but he is defeated, and prays to Heaven for a future vengeance. In the second we are first in a prison cell at La Guayra. The terrors of the Inquisition hang over the head of the devoted Rose in the absence of Guzman, now her husband, but she defies them, and spurns the love of Eustace Leigh as the price of her release. She dies, and now on Bideford Quay we see the bustle attending the departure of Amyas on board the Vengeance to avenge her death. The bells ring, and the "Old Hundredth" is intoned by the crowd. Next, on the aft-deck of the Vengeance, we find Amyas sharpening his sword as his ship pursues the Spaniard, but Guzman's vessel founders on the rocks, and Amyas is not only baulked of his "right," but struck blind by lightning. Finally, in the Epilogue we leave him on the cliffs of Lundy Island. In a dream he has visited Guzman's sunken ship, and become reconciled with his old rival, "for the quarrel was judged of God."

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The story lends itself badly for the stage. Guzman, quite logically, disappears at the end of the first act, Rose and Eustace Leigh at the beginning of the second; so that for the rest of the opera Amyas is only surrounded by his own party, and the rôle becomes lyrical rather than dramatic. Hence it results that we find our attention chiefly centred on the epic features of the opera, and this all the more as herein the composer has shown his greatest skill. Not so much in detailed characterisation as in broad contrasts of effects does the appeal of the music lie. The gallant tone of the Prologue, the tender love-music, the folksong touch in the prison scene, where the old carol, "As Joseph was a-walking," is happily employed to symbolise the simple faith of the prisoners; the sailors' music ("Food for the guns," "Aye, food for the Spaniard," "Fine black bread for the Spaniard," "Bitter bread for the Spaniard")—such are the features that stand out predominantly in the score. A large orchestra, with tubas, has been employed with much skill to bring out the emotional import of all these scenes.

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The performance was creditable to the London Academy of Music. Miss Hope Charteris as Rose, Miss Evelyn Belch as Lady Grenville, Miss Edyth Munson as Madam Leigh, Mr. Philip Brandreth as Amyas Leigh, Mr. Lionel Doré as Sir Richard Grenville, Messrs. William and Raymond Ellis as Frank Leigh and Don Guzman, and Mr. William Waite as Eustace Leigh were the chief performers in a large cast. They all sang with great spirit, and acted as well as the self-consciousness of inexperience would allow them. Mr. Henry Beauchamp kept things going capably in the conductor's seat.

BECHSTEIN HALL.

Dec. 8. 1913 Telegraph

That was a programme of great beauty indeed that Mr. Robert Maitland offered his audience at his recital in Bechstein Hall on Saturday afternoon. Schubert, Brahms, Bach filled the greater part of it, while at the end came a miscellaneous group of songs by Wagner, Rabl, Wolf, Rubinstein, and Strauss. Over and over again it has been a pleasure to speak in terms of the warmest praise of Mr. Maitland's artistry, and there is little or nothing but praise to be said now. True, perhaps, the singer seemed a little fatigued after his recent operatic doings, but this did not in the least detract from the great merit of his interpretation of such songs as "Der Doppelgänger" or "Die Krähe" or of the noble "Am Abend" from the "St. Matthew Passion," this given with especial dignity. Further, Schubert's "Prometheus" was sung with magnificent dramatic fervour and understanding, and "Liebesbotschaft" was beautifully phrased. With Mr. Maitland's singing of sundry Brahms songs it was not so easy to see eye to eye with him. Surely, "Wie Melodien" and "Auf dem Kirchhofe" are not suitable for so heavy a voice. In any case, it did not seem to us that Mr. Maitland was as successful here in plumbing their depths as in the case of the other songs; while the wonderful "Verrath," which should have suited him admirably, was not in the singing altogether to our liking, because the rhythm was so

broken up. "Sapphische Ode," too, was taken too slowly. (How came it that this wondrous song is always sung in England about half its fitting pace? It is not at all what we call a "sad" song.) If Mr. Maitland will take more care to avoid an excessive portamento he will add greatly to the pleasure of at least one who is always delighted to hear him, to note the immense sincerity of his musicianship, and to share with him the depths of feeling which he finds in the best songs in the musical literature. Mr. Richard Epstein at the pianoforte was, as usual, an able and sympathetic coadjutor, though we did not see eye to eye with him in his playing of "Auf dem Kirchhofe."

ALBERT HALL.

Dec. 8, 1913 Telegraph

Yesterday afternoon Elena Gerhardt once more delighted an Albert Hall audience by her fine singing of fine songs. On this occasion her choice was of Italian and English—if one may include Gluck's "O del mio dolce Ardo" among Italian songs. Durante's fascinating "Danza, Danza" was capitally accompanied by the New Symphony Orchestra, with Mr. Landon Ronald at their head, while Handel's "O, Sleep," and the old English "Pastoral," arranged by Carey, were sung to the pianoforte accompaniment of Mr. F. A. Sewell. Of course singing so superb as Gerhardt's, refined and dignified and sweet as it is, could not be allowed to pass without an encore, and the exquisite "My Lovely Celia" came afterwards—a perfect joy from the first note to the last. The orchestra's own programme included Svendsen's interesting and effective "Carnival in Paris" and the "New World" symphony of Dvorak.

LUDWIG MATINEE.

NOTABLE TRIBUTE TO THE VETERAN SINGER.

Chronicle

The successful matinée at His Majesty's yesterday in aid of the testimonial to Mr. William Ludwig was a deserved tribute to a singer who has delighted the public for so long, both on the operatic stage and the concert platform. DEC. 9. 1913

Mr. T. P. O'Connor, who at the close of a fine programme brought the veteran singer on to the stage for a moment, reminded his audience how Mr. Ludwig himself in former years had always been one of the readiest to help his fellow artists in need. The matinée, so Mr. O'Connor announced, would increase the testimonial fund by about £365. Some hundreds of pounds had been received in subscriptions, and he intended to carry on an appeal for more until sufficient had been obtained to furnish an annuity to the beneficiaire.

The matinée itself, which began at 2.15, and lasted until a late hour, provided a long but interesting number of "turns," contributed to by many well-known dramatic and musical favourites. Several items had a particular appropriateness, inasmuch as they recalled to the public some of Mr. Ludwig's best-known work.

Thus, the overture to "The Flying Dutchman" (excellently conducted by Mr. Adolf Schmid) brought the name of an opera in which the singer made his greatest triumph, as Vanderdecken. The Toreador's song (sung by Mr. Harry Reynolds) reminded us that Mr. Ludwig was the first Escamillo to sing in English, and the piquant ballet music from Mackenzie's opera, "Colomba," played under the composer's direction, introduced the name of yet another opera with which the singer was prominently associated.

Sir Herbert Tree, whose generosity in lending the theatre was acknowledged by Mr. T. P. O'Connor, himself appeared in "The Van Dyck," the clever little one-act play which was produced by him a few years ago. With Sir Herbert as Blair-Woldingham and Mr. Tom Reynolds as John Peters it was delightfully played.

Another playlet, Mr. Stanley Houghton's "Pearls," in which Miss Violet Vanbrugh and Mr. Arthur Bourchier appeared, was also excellently performed, the stage being further represented by Mr. H. B. Irving, who recited W. S. Gilbert's "Etiquette."

On the musical side of the programme there were equal attractions. Miss Evangeline Florence sang two songs, one of them Gounod's familiar "Quand tu chantes" (with violin obbligato by Miss Helen Macgregor), Miss Carmen Hill gave two tuneful ballads, Mr. Ben Davies sang a charming Irish love song by Mr. Hamilton Harty (the accompanist of the afternoon), and Mr. Fraser Gange brought forward a new song-cycle "Hips and Haws," by Mme. Liza Lehmann, who accompanied her own work.

Miss Ella Caspers, Mr. Burk Leigh, Mr. Henry Reynolds, and others also gave attractive solos, and upon the lighter side of the programme Mr. Barclay Gammon and his piano, Dr. Houston Colisson with his Irish ditties, and others were much appreciated. A number of well-known actresses acted as programme sellers during the afternoon, their efforts resulting in a considerable sum towards the fund.

QUEEN'S HALL.

There is certainly some very delightful music in Enrique Granados' four "Goyescas," entitled "Los Majos enamorados," of which some account was given in *The Daily Telegraph* on Saturday last, and which were played for the first time publicly in London by Mr. Ernest Schelling, at his recital at the Queen's Hall yesterday afternoon. Mr. Granados is himself not only a composer of fine susceptibilities and a very delicate imagination, but he is also a pianist of great powers, and he writes for the instrument as only a fine pianist can. These four pieces, inspired, as their name implies, by pictures of Goya, are as deftly planned for the instrument as anything given us by the modern writers, to which school he emphatically belongs. He seems to have something of Chopin's spirit in him, and a great deal of Chopin's perfect sense of the piano as a medium for musical expression. In the tender melancholy, sometimes wholly, sometimes only half serious, of the love episodes between the Majo and his Maja—the cockney and his "girl" of Spain—in the graceful ornamentation with which his themes are often decked out, in his skilful use of dance rhythms, especially in the Fandango section, one seems to recognise the influence of Chopin, but it is an influence, and nothing more. For the polyphonic writing, the free employment of cross-rhythms, and, indeed, the workmanship generally are wholly modern and extremely individual. These four pieces are, indeed, most valuable contributions to the literature of modern pianoforte music, and they ought to become very popular, for not only are they beautifully written, but they also have melodic charms which appeal strongly to the ear. Mr. Schelling played them with admirable clarity and understanding, while he also gave a sincere and appreciative interpretation of Beethoven's Sonata in C minor (Op. 111), though there were moments here when a little more warmth would not have been amiss. Liszt's transcription of Bach's Organ Fantasia and Fugue in G minor and a Chopin group completed his programme.

FRAULEIN ELENA GERHARDT.

Fräulein Gerhardt gave a recital last night at the Bechstein Hall of songs by Schubert, E. J. Wolff, and H. Wolf. Mr. J. Schröder accompanied.

It cannot be said that these songs, beautiful as most of them were, sung in a smaller and more tell-tale hall and to an accompaniment which was at times obtrusive without giving the voice any real support, produced such a musical effect as those sung a few days ago with orchestral accompaniment in the Queen's Hall. The voice in the louder passages showed signs of wear, and the effort to conceal this now and then by excessive tremolo was not worthy of imitation by any inferior singer. In songs such as Schubert's very beautiful "Wiegenlied" and Erich Wolff's "Alle Dinge" and "Es ist alles wie ein wunderbarer Garten," where no such extreme demands were made in the way of tone as, for instance, in Schubert's "Du bist die Ruh," sung as an encore, the singer was at her very best.

Fräulein Gerhardt's strong point has always been her pronunciation, and one wondered, therefore, what was happening last night. It is reasonable to suppose that the final consonants of such words as "Herz" and "entrückt" are better if not too audible; but do such sounds as "hahlige" and "Käanige" fairly represent "holy" and "Kings"? Let us hasten to add, however, that the beautiful line "Wiege das Liebchen in Schlummer ein" was sung as no one else sings it.

MR. KOLA LEVIEN.

A violoncellist, Mr. Kola Levien, made his first appearance in England at the Bechstein Hall yesterday afternoon. He brought forward an unconventional programme, beginning with Reinecke's seldom heard concerto in D minor. He then played a sonata of Henry Eccles, the eighteenth-century English writer; Davidov's "Fantasy on Russian Lieder," and a group of small pieces. The concerto is doubtless neglected because, although affording a fair measure of opportunity for executive skill, such has not been seized in a sufficiently interesting manner to make up for the rather manufactured quality of the subject-matter. Mr. Levien was at his best in cantabile passages, where one found his tone to be uniformly clear and true. It was rich, too, in quality, but at the same time wanting in colour variety. Indeed, his playing altogether was somewhat on the uninspired side. He has a good technique, and seldom failed to satisfy exacting requirements in this respect. More, possibly, could have been made of Eccles's little sonata, which, in spite of the "dated" nature of the writing, is not inexpressive.

BECHSTEIN HALL.

As first impressions count for so much, it was almost a pity that Mr. Kola Levien, a Russian violoncellist, who made his London début at the Bechstein Hall yesterday afternoon, placed Carl Reinecke's D minor Concerto at the head of his programme. For modern ears the work has no significant message, and the composer's feverish earnestness and restless energy only gave his latest interpreter a chance of showing how well he could cope with the difficulties of a composition which might tax his executive ability, but could not possibly inspire him to climb to any interpretative heights. Handicapped, however, as he was, Mr. Levien yet managed to prove himself a player of capacity. His tone was full, firm, and steady, and his style preeminently solid; and, if he showed no disposition towards either variety or refinement, the blame lay, assuredly, less with him than with the music. So much was made clear later on, when Mr. Levien played a Handel Minuet and an Andantino by Martini with a dainty, delicate crispness and a proper appreciation of the value of a pianissimo tone. Some share in Mr. Levien's success was undoubtedly due to Mr. Richard Epstein, who accompanied him very discreetly at the pianoforte.

MR. KOLA LEVIEN'S RECITAL.

The violoncellist who made his first appearance in England at Bechstein Hall yesterday afternoon gave a programme which had the advantage of avoiding hackneyed works and the disadvantage of avoiding great ones. The comparatively small existing repertory for the violoncello frequently places the performer in a dilemma; he has to choose between music which has been so frequently played that in spite of its merits it may fairly be called hackneyed and music which escapes the charge because few find it worth while to play.

Mr. Levien offered Reinecke's Concerto in D minor Op. 83, a Sonata of the early 18th century by Henry Eccles, and Davidov's Fantasy on Russian Songs. Though none of it was very interesting music, it was sufficient to show that he is a performer of very pronounced ability. He has a well-finished technique both of the bow and of the left hand. One or two passages very high up on the finger-board which were not quite in tune were the only symptom of incompleteness in the latter, and under his vigorous bowing his tone always remained clear and musical. The slow movements of Eccles's sonata showed what beauty of tone and phrase he can express in cantabile passages, and made one wish to hear him in music of greater importance.

MR. ERNEST SCHELLING.

This pianoforte recital at Queen's Hall yesterday afternoon offered, in a quite unpretentious way, some of the most musical playing it has been our good fortune to hear for a considerable time. The programme contained Liszt's arrangement of Bach's "great" G minor Fugue, Beethoven's Op. 111, some pieces of Chopin, Granados's "Goyescas," Blanchet's "Au Jardin du Vieux Sérail." All these seemed to be there for the simple reason—and there could be no better—that the pianist liked playing them; Liszt's Polonaise in E, which concluded the afternoon, was there, on the other hand, because he felt that something of that sort was expected of him.

Pianoforte arrangements of Bach's music are, as a rule, things to be borne with what fortitude an audience may. They make for effect, a thing which no lover of Bach can endure. Yet when they are played, as were the fantasy and fugue yesterday, entirely without affectation or forced sentiment, they justify themselves entirely. It was curious to hear the fugue taken at nearly twice the usual pace, but it seemed entirely to suit the pianoforte so. Both in that and in the variations of the sonata the changes of force, consistently applied and thoughtfully planned, the varied quality and prominence of salient notes and phrases, and above all the complete control of all finger-work, placed Mr. Schelling amongst the few who really understand the classical composers.

Another fine piece of playing was Chopin's D flat Nocturne. The weak point was always to be found when the music was noisy or furious; the player's physical strength and his otherwise excellent sense of rhythm then gave out. He played the Spaniard's music with delicacy, but did not succeed in making us aware that there was much in it.

MLLE. WIERZBICKA AND M. RIBAUPIERRE.

A joint recital was given yesterday afternoon in the Steinway Hall by Mlle. Jadwiga Wierzbicka and M. André de Ribaupierre, who were heard together in Brahms's Sonata for pianoforte and violin in G major and separately in several solos.

The performance of the sonata was very unsatisfactory. Neither player seemed to have any feeling for the character of the music, the Adagio being dragged interminably and the Finale hurried through in the most perfunctory manner. Mlle. Wierzbicka, the pianist, was much the weaker of the two; she suppressed her part so that she was hardly audible during a good deal of the time, and once she lost her place for several bars on end. Her playing of some solos by Chopin later in the programme was marked by inaccurate phrasing and very hard touch. In three movements from Bach's unaccompanied Sonata for violin in E major M. Ribaupierre showed that he had little grip of the rhythm, and the splendid Prelude was played far too gently; the Gavotte, however, was given with somewhat more character and crisper phrasing.

CLASSICAL CONCERTS.

Telegraph DEC. 1913

Yesterday afternoon it was the turn of the London String Quartet to contribute the greater part of the Classical Concert Society's programme at Bechstein Hall. That fine young organisation made itself responsible for a Haydn Quartet (D major, Opus 20, No. 4); for the elaborate "ad libitum" accompaniment to Vaughan Williams's "On Wenlock Edge"; and (with Mr. Percy Grainger) for Schumann's E flat Quartet, the remainder resting with Mr. Gervase Elwes, who sang, in addition to the Vaughan Williams song-cycle, a Brahms group, and Mr. Grainger, who played a Capriccio, an Intermezzo, and a Rhapsody of the last-named. It was on the whole a well-planned programme, and erred just a little on the side of length—for it was close upon five o'clock before the Schumann Quartet (which came last) was begun. The Haydn performance was very happy and vivacious, and showed a thorough unanimity of idea throughout; one could, for such qualities, excuse occasional lapses from just intonation in each movement, and a rather unnecessary roughness of tone in the Zingarelli. The young instrumentalists' best playing and Mr. Elwes's best singing were in the song-cycle, which from its remarkable beginning to its remarkable and very significant end

was most beautifully done. In this performance the London String Quartet were joined by Mr. F. B. Kiddle, always a sympathetic pianist.) The "colour" of "Bredon Hill," almost a tour-de-force of the composer, was a particularly fine achievement on the part of the performers, for the composition of this number is so subtle and so finely imaginative that one false step on anybody's part would have caused disaster at once. One can call to mind no modern song in which the tragedy of life has been more poignantly expressed than in this, nor one in which the atmosphere is at once so true and so difficult to realise successfully in performance. All the more honour, then, to each of those concerned yesterday, and to each equally. Mr. Grainger's solo performances were, of course, characteristic of his own rare and brilliant qualities, although some of us would have required a deeper, more mysterious, note in the B flat minor Intermezzo.

CLASSICAL CONCERT SOCIETY.

Times Dec. 11-1913

A crowded room listened yesterday afternoon at the Bechstein Hall to Haydn's Quartet in D major, Op. 20, No. 4, and Schumann's Piano Quartet in E flat major, played by the London String Quartet and Mr. Percy Grainger. Mr. Grainger also played three late pianoforte works of Brahms, Op. 116, No. 3, Op. 117, No. 3, and Op. 119, No. 4. Between these instrumental pieces Mr. Gervase Elwes sang three of the Magelone Lieder and three others of Brahms, and, to the accompaniment of the pianoforte and the string quartet, Vaughan Williams's "On Wenlock Edge."

The two quartets, which formed the backbone of the concert, owed more to careful preparation beforehand than to the inspiration of the moment, and the first especially was a fine instance of what can be achieved by four players who will take trouble to think out what they are going to do and not change their minds. The second owed a good deal to the sense of enterprise which Mr. Grainger's playing brings with it. There is something in the way he lays out a piece on the austere lines of Brahms's C sharp minor Intermezzo that brings from it quite naturally all its broad humanity, without insisting on this nuance or labouring that point.

In Mr. Elwes's singing of Brahms's songs one is accustomed to expect and to receive all that taste and mature judgment can impart to a song. Each note will have the exact place in the phrase which a close study of and sympathy with the composer's work has assigned to it. But, delightful as it was to have these expectations once more realized, interest was focussed rather on the songs from "the Shropshire lad" by Vaughan Williams. If anyone, looking casually at the words of these songs he was to hear for the first time, expected a neat and compact little song-cycle with the sorrows and joys docketed off to their appropriate numbers, he must have been rather taken aback. Or if, when his eye caught "the gale," or lower down "the harness jingles" and "the bells sound clear," he expected a little appropriate word-painting that he could swear to, he was thinking of the wrong composer. The gale whips across the face certainly in the music, and bell harmonies duly make their appearance at the proper time; but the sound does not make us think of the physical facts, only of that climbing sorrow which is behind all life when we look at it long and steadily. One thing this music is not. It is not pretty. Some might add that it is not beautiful. But no one will assert that it is not real.

THE BRITISH CHAMBER MUSIC PLAYERS.

Times

The most important event in the second of these concerts given at Bechstein Hall last night was the performance by Mr. Herbert Sharpe of Moussorgsky's set of piano pieces called "The Picture Show" ("Tableaux d'une Exposition"). This was announced as the first performance in England, and it is possible that these pieces, though written 40 years ago, have not found their way into an English concert-room until now, for it was only this year that the majority of English people discovered Moussorgsky as a composer who counts. Dec. 11-1913

The pieces were the result of a visit to a show of drawings by von Hartmann, and Moussorgsky took 10 of these drawings as subjects for his music, linking them together with a short preamble in the form of a folk melody which suggests the crowd wandering from one picture to another. Mr. Sharpe by treating the rhythm of this "promenade" rather too strictly missed, we thought, some of its significance. It seems to depict the vague expectancy of a crowd of people not quite sure what they have come to see, but moving on till something arrests their attention. The pictures which arrested Moussorgsky's attention and set his vivid imagination to work were of the most varied kind. They gave opportunity for the display of his favourite principle that music is not beautiful sound but true sound, and that an ordered ugliness is an essential concomitant of musical art. A picture of a gnome (No. 1) and a fantastic design for a clock representing a witch's hut supported on the legs of a fowl (No. 9) allowed him to indulge in grotesque and distorted melodies and harmonies, and a study of two Jews, one rich and one poor (No. 6), produced from him a curious excursion into strange rhythms in which the music becomes almost incoherent.

But even if these seem to strain the capacities of music to breaking point there is much beside which is beautiful and most delicately outlined. "The Old Castle" (No. 2) is a romantic song of a troubadour, and in a Polish cart drawn by oxen (No. 4) he was able to picture a lumbering movement with extraordinary fidelity. More subtle is the picture of children playing in the gardens of the Tuileries (No. 3) (children always called out Moussorgsky's sympathy), a delicate scherzo for a ballet design of chickens (No. 5) and, most brilliant of all, a study of market women at Limoges (No. 7), in which a number of chattering high-pitched voices create an extraordinary babel of sound. The picture which appealed to Moussorgsky most deeply, a picture of his friend Hartmann in the Catacombs (No. 8), somehow failed to bring any very distinctive music from him, but the finale, "The Gate at Kiev," roused all his patriotism and makes a fine ending. The pieces were very cleverly played, and some of them are exceedingly difficult, not only because of their unpolished technique, but because of their wonderful variety of expression.

The rest of the programme contained good things which cannot be dwelt upon particularly. Mr. Cedric Sharpe gave a fine performance of Bach's Suite in G for Violoncello unaccompanied, and two piano quartets, Dvořák's Op. 87 and Fauré's Op. 15 in C minor, came at the beginning and end, Mr. Albert Sammons and Mr. Thomas Pentfield taking part with the two artists already mentioned.

MR. ALEXANDER RAAB.

YESTERDAY'S RECITAL AT QUEEN'S HALL.

Bach, Chopin, Rubinstein, and Liszt were the composers drawn upon by the pianist, Mr. Alexander Raab, for his programme in the Queen's Hall yesterday afternoon when he gave his only recital for the season.

The personality of this artist is always interesting, even when his readings do not seem convincing. The most important number was the B flat minor Sonata of Chopin, which Mr. Raab played in a nervous, sensitive manner, bordering on the neurotic. The music undoubtedly has a morbid side to it, and it was this spirit that he seemed especially to reflect and emphasise. The restless, almost uncontrolled, accelerations in the first movement, the dreary, passing-bell monotony infused into the "Marche funèbre," and so on, contributed to a general effect of uncomfortable, hypersensitive weakness.

Mr. Raab was to be preferred in the Bach-Tausig "Toccata and Fugue" in D minor. Organ music, even when transcribed for the piano, allows no subtlety of dynamic gradations, and the artist's brilliant and perspicuous style did justice to the breadth and thought of the selection.

The Rubinstein group of pieces proved obsolete music. The dissonance occurring in each arpeggio in the Study ("on false notes") in C sounded exactly as though the performer was continually hurting his finger—a most disagreeable sensation for the hearer. As for the "Bohemian Polka in G," with its cheap, finicky tune, and the feeblest of feeble, sentimental pieces, the "Barcarolle in F minor," and "Romance in E flat," it seemed difficult to believe that Rubinstein was also the composer of some noble songs.

MR. RÔZE'S "JOAN OF ARC."

Dec 11 1913

Miss Juliette Autran took the part of Joan in Mr. Raymond Rôze's opera at Covent Garden last night, and with a fair measure of success. She has a voice of very pretty quality, and it would undoubtedly be even more attractive with a better method. At present Miss Autran shows the failing of not always taking notes cleanly, and when the interval is at all wide the effect is like a misplaced portamento. This should be corrected, and room for improvement also lies in the actual production of the higher notes, where the sound is rather "tight"; which, by the way, is probably the reason why the dynamic force of the upper register is weaker than the lower. Miss Autran's diction is not very clear, but otherwise she displayed some sympathy in her delineation of the character. Familiar impersonations were in evidence as regards Charles (Mr. Henry Rabke), Dunois (Mr. R. Torrent), and Philip (Mr. Harry Reynolds), the last-named giving us perhaps the best singing of the evening, especially in the scene with the ghost. The performance was quite smooth, and was under the direction of the composer. The season ends on Saturday.

ROYAL PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

The fact that last night's concert was devoted to Russian music and conducted by M. Safonoff drew a large audience to the Queen's Hall. The programme appeared to have been aimed at the two proverbial birds. For those who care best for the old familiar things and think that they cannot be given too often, there was Tchaikovsky's Pathetic Symphony and his Pianoforte Concerto in B flat minor. Those who like to have fresh impressions as well as to renew old ones were offered one of Ippolitov-Ivanov's "Esquisse Caucasiennes," Rimsky-Korsakov's "Easter" overture, and Glazounov's tone-picture "Spring."

Times Dec 12-1913

Of M. Safonoff's extraordinarily vivid interpretation of the symphony and his capacity for making each detail clear without ever sacrificing the *ensemble* we have so often spoken that it is unnecessary to add anything here. The concerto was played by M. Joseph Lhermine with great brilliancy and precision, but with little emotional warmth. However, it was a pleasure to hear the work given for once not in the traditional hammer-and-tongs style. Even the opening phrases were kept fairly light, while the *prestissimo* section in the slow movement and the decorative passages throughout were treated with the utmost delicacy. The applause at the end of the concerto was such that the player had to give an encore.

As to the three other works, both the movement by Ippolitov Ivanov and the overture by Rimsky-Korsakov were given by the London Symphony Orchestra under the same conductor last year. The charm of the former is the dialogue between the *cor anglais* and the muted viola and the use of the thin-voiced Caucassian drum called a "timplipito." The overture appeals mainly by the fine orchestrial tunes that are employed and by the harmonic treatment of the main material but owing to its scrappiness the whole effect is somewhat monotonous. Glazounov's "Spring," which was heard earlier in the year, is lighter in treatment than a good deal of his later orchestral music, and with its lilting tunes and suave orchestration makes a pleasant enough addition to a programme among more serious works. It should be recorded that M. Safonoff had to pull the band up a few bars after the opening, owing apparently to a misunderstanding on the part of one of the wind-players.

Times MME. EMILIA CONTI. Dec. 12-13

This recital at the Æolian Hall yesterday afternoon offered a most catholic programme. In a list of songs which contained Donizetti's "Raggio d'amor," a "Romance of Phillidor," Hüe's "J'ai pleuré en rêve," Franz's "Gute Nacht," Strauss's "Heimliche Aufforderung," and songs new, and less new, by Mme. Poldowski, who accompanied them, there were few tastes which were not consulted.

By one of those adverse dispositions of fate nothing would at first go right. Whether Mme. Conti was not particularly in love with some of the songs she put first, or found it for some reason difficult to get into touch with her audience, she sang for some time in a purely external way and sadly out of time. It was impossible not to admire the tact with which Mr. Liddle, her accompanist, dealt with this difficult situation. Then came "Star vicino," a song among a hundred calculated to put a singer on good terms with himself, and Phillidor's straightforward little air and a pretty folksong, "Le Menuet d'Exaudet"; and by the time the first group were finished the sky was no longer overcast. One then began to hear, first in one language and then in another, what beautiful enunciation Mme. Conti has at command; and in Franz's song, and still more in Strauss's, with what art she throws her voice deftly on to the note which will count in the total effect of a phrase.

Most interesting of all was the last group, songs by Mme. Poldowski. A "Berceuse d'Armorique," which was sung for the first time, was of immediate appeal and was repeated. "O Vent de Mer!" of sombre colouring, has more substance. It was followed by three well-known settings of Verlaine. One asks oneself why it is that here, as at the Steinway Hall the other day, the singer brightens and the audience break into that little rustle of attention when the programme brings them to Mme. Poldowski's songs. They are said to be grateful to sing; and this is perhaps because they fetter the voice so little, and the harmonies leave so much to the imagination that the singer's note comes not as a piece of merciless logic, but with a sort of wayward wonder. And they are charming to hear because in music, as in language, the refined use by an educated person of the most idiomatic neologisms is, apart from what is said in them, fascinating to listen to and just a little flattering to one's intelligence, even if it is only slang. The ample justification of these songs is that, like the best conversation, they skim the surface of depths that no one wishes, just then, to plumb.

MISS NORAH DAWNAY.

LAST NIGHT'S RECITAL AT THE BECHSTEIN HALL.

Dec 13 — 1913

It is a great pity that Miss Norah Dawnay, who gave a concert at the Bechstein Hall last night, has not greater interpretative powers. Her contralto voice is very attractive in quality, and she uses it quite reasonably well, but her singing is, as yet, entirely lacking in personality. Until she is able to infect her hearers with her own musical thoughts and feelings she will be unable to do her gifts in other directions proper justice. The selection of songs was varied in character, yet they were given in a uniformly level style, with no outward reflection of the significance of their moods. The vocal technique might be improved in respect of flexibility; as to the colour, more steadiness in control is needed; but matters of the kind generally turn largely upon the expression, and when Miss Dawnay has developed this faculty doubtless the present limitations will disappear of their own accord. She was assisted by Miss Isolde Menges, who played some violin solos in a capable manner.

MME. JULIA CULP'S RECITAL.

Mme. Julia Culp gave a recital last night in the Bechstein Hall before a crowded audience with a programme made up simply of three groups of songs—one by Schubert, one by Erich Wolff, and one by Brahms. Several of those by Wolff were settings of poems from "Des Knaben Wunderhorn," the group by Schubert included "Die Männer sind mechant" and "Heimliches Lieben," as well as more familiar things, and the group by Brahms began with the sombre and beautiful "Meerfahrt," and ended with the popular "Wiegenlied."

In some ways the songs by Wolff suited the singer best, for although the voice part in the majority of them was in the nature of a more or less simple folk-song, the harmonic treatment of the melody was such that the verbal rather than the musical emphasis had clearly been the composer's main consideration; and it is just on the treatment of the text that some of Mme. Culp's most carefully adjusted effects are habitually concentrated. Sometimes the emphasis she laid on single words or groups of words was too detailed and was gained

only at the sacrifice of the music. Schubert's "Die Forelle," Brahms's "Sonntag," and many of Wolff's songs gave instances of this. At other times her tendency to emphasize detail took the form of prolonging the value of notes which appeared to be the result of the conscious delight she took in the sound of her own voice, or (in the cases where the first beat in a phrase was delayed) the sound that she was expecting from her voice. Her tone last night was certainly wonderfully well under her control, whether it was one of the whispers of Wolff's "Marchen" or the full trumpet tones which she produced in Brahms's "O liebliche Wangen" and "Der Schmied." (In the last song it should be recorded that the audience refused to wait for the final bars of the pianoforte part.) Her use of broad, full, even tone was nowhere, perhaps, so strikingly displayed as in Schubert's "Nacht und Träume," and here, too, one admired especially her power of keeping up the vitality of a phrase till the moment when it had passed—a feature which was, however, noticeable of her singing throughout the evening. Mr. Coenraad v. Bos accompanied the singer most sympathetically, playing a large number of the songs without the music.

MME. JULIA CULP.

LAST NIGHT'S RECITAL AT THE BECHSTEIN HALL.

Dec. 17 1913

A large audience went to the Bechstein Hall last night, where Mme. Julia Culp gave a vocal recital. In excellent voice, this distinguished singer, as always, had no difficulty in holding the attention of her hearers, for she is one of the favoured few whose purely vocal and interpretative powers are on a level. Moreover, she has acquired a most accomplished technique. The only flaw we could find with her work last night was a tendency to take things too slowly. It is curious how there seems to have sprung up of late a fashion for dragging the tempo, and often to the extent of destroying the original intentions of the composer. In the Brahms group Mme. Culp exceeded the natural requirements in the "Wiegenlied," "Der Schmied," and "Sonntag." Schubert's lovely "Nacht und Träume" also suffered the same way. The accompanist, Mr. Coenraad V. Bos, had considerable difficulty in reflecting the proper rhythms. Otherwise, we have nothing but praise to offer, and to say that the recital was a source of the most genuine pleasure. Mme. Culp has such technical and expressive command and variety that all types of songs seem to suit her. Yet one likes her best in those of a deeply emotional type, and more in the programme would have been welcome. A group by the late Erich Wolff were perhaps not more than ordinarily interesting.

M. RAVEL'S WORKS.

Dec. 18 1913

CLASSICAL CONCERT SOCIETY AT BECHSTEIN HALL.

The last concert of the series took place at Bechstein Hall last night, but it is interesting to learn that the Classical Concert Society is going to extend its activities by giving four supplementary concerts of chamber music on Wednesdays in March, 1914.

This programme was probably unique in the society's records, for it consisted entirely of music by living composers. There was the music of four countries. France came first and foremost, being represented by the person and the works of M. Maurice Ravel. Songs by Strauss and Reger, sung by Miss Rhoda von Glehn, stood for Germany; piano pieces by Scriabin, played by Mr. F. S. Kelly, stood for Russia: and lastly James Friskin's Phantasy Quintet was played by Mr. Kelly and the English String Quartet to remind the audience after their varied experiences that some good music is being made in this country.

Reger was more strongly represented than Strauss, for of the latter only the sentimental "Allerseelen" and "Nichts" were given, but the three by Reger, "Vorbeimarsch," "Wiegenlied," and "Wäsche im Wind," all show his power of definite characterization by means of voice and piano in intimate ways. The pieces by Scriabin included two preludes from Opus 11, the charming study in C sharp minor (Op. 8, No. 1) and the fifth piano sonata. The last, which is about contemporary with the third symphony recently given at Queen's Hall, is a good deal more interesting than the symphony. It has been played several times in London and will probably have to be played many more times before any listener can say that he thoroughly understands its aim and its structure. Mr. Kelly, who played the smaller pieces admirably, did not succeed so well with this. He had mastered it technically, and that is no small feat, but the tone was apt to be hard and the touch heavy, and his resources hardly provide for the *ebbrezza fantastica*, the *tumultuoso esaltato*, and all the extravagant display of emotions which Scriabin asks his interpreter to convey.

But all these things were after all only the side shows. It was M. Ravel's evening and he was represented by his string quartet in F major, played with perfect understanding by Messrs. Thomas Morris, Herbert Kinze, Frank Bridge, and Ivor James, his Introduction and Allegro for harp (Miss Gwendolen Mason) with accompaniment for strings, flute, and clarinet, which he conducted, and a number of songs sung by Miss Rhoda von Glehn, which he accompanied on the piano. The many beauties of the instrumental music are fairly familiar, and we shall defer discussion of M. Ravel's qualities as a composer until Saturday, when it will be possible to consider them more at leisure. The songs were the two exquisitely delicate settings of poems by Clement Marot, "D'Anne qui me jecta de la neige," and "D'Anne jouant de l'espinette," "Le Martin-pêcheur," from the series called "Histoires Naturelles," and two of the Greek melodies "Là-bas, vers l'église," and "Le reveil de la mariée." They were very sympathetically sung, but what gave most delight was the gossamer delicacy of the accompaniment under the composer's hands. It was a special pleasure to have "Le Martin-pêcheur" repeated at the end.

THE CLASSICAL CONCERTS

Dec. 18 1913

M. MAURICE RAVEL.

The Classical Concert Society rather belied its name in presenting a "modern" programme at the closing concert of the series at the Bechstein Hall last night. That music can be "modern" and yet be "classical" in spirit is, of course, true enough; yet it is doubtful whether the quartet of M. Maurice Ravel or his "Introduction and Allegro" for harp with accompaniment for strings and wind can be placed in such a category. The point, however, is of no importance at the moment. It is sufficient to observe that last night's audience enjoyed the concert very much, and gave M. Ravel a warm welcome. For the rest we had songs by the same writer, Strauss, and Debussy, some pianoforte pieces of Scriàbine, and Mr. Friskin's Phantasy in F minor for pianoforte and strings.

M. Ravel's music is always picturesque, remarkably effective, and, for one who shows a tendency towards experimental harmonic schemes, extremely lucid. One feels a certain limitation in his phraseology. The two works named, which have much in common thematically, are spirited and well-coloured examples of latter-day chamber music, conveying qualities which help largely to balance the decided lack of emotional expression. The English String Quartet, Messrs. T. F. Morris, H. Kinze, F. Bridge, and I. James, played the quartet in capital style. The harp work was given equally well, Miss Gwendolen Mason playing the solo part, and flute and clarinet being in the hands of Messrs. Wood and Fawcett respectively. The difficult and for the most part dull songs of Reger were sung with much skill by Miss Rhoda von Glehn; later she was heard in a group by M. Ravel, to the composer's accompaniment. Mr. F. S. Kelly took part in the performance of Mr. Friskin's work, and he was also responsible for the performance of the Russian pieces.

FRENCH COMPOSER CONDUCTS

AT BECHSTEIN HALL

Dec. 18 1913

M. Maurice Ravel, the distinguished French composer, who is in London just now, had a very enthusiastic reception at Bechstein Hall last night. M. Ravel made his appearance at the Classical Society's concert to take part in the performance of some of his own works, to which the programme was mainly devoted. The concert began with M. Ravel's string quartet in F major, a work which deserves a place amongst the very finest of modern chamber music, not only in France but in Europe. Later in the evening M. Ravel appeared on the platform to conduct his Introduction and Allegro for harp, strings, flute, and clarinet.

This delightful little work, which has already become appreciated here, is possibly not quite so individual as the quartet, although it is most picturesque and effective. It owes much to Debussy; its chief theme is curiously like that of "L'Apres-midi d'un Faune," but it has less of the angularity and stiffness of rhythm that characterise a good deal of Debussy's work. The music was very artistically played under M. Ravel's direction, Miss Mason, the English string quartet, and Messrs. Wood and Fawcett being the performers.

Subsequently Miss Rhoda von Glehn sang a group of five songs by M. Ravel, with himself at the piano. All the songs proved most ingenious and interesting, and Miss Glehn sang them intelligently, although without much vocal beauty. The remaining soloist of the evening, Mr. F. S. Kelly, played some Scriabine pieces in a very finished manner.

CLASSICAL CONCERTS.

Dec. 18 1913

A MODERN PROGRAMME.

It was a very decided twentieth-century "note" that sounded in Bechstein Hall last night. Indeed, one is almost tempted to say that the only really "classical" thing in the programme was Mr. James Friskin's "Phantasy" Quintet, which came at the end of a feast of Maurice Ravel, Scriàbin, Richard Strauss, and Max Reger. The committee of the Classical Concert Society must surely feel a glow of satisfaction at the result of their daring, for every seat in the hall was sold, and the novel programme was followed throughout with enthusiasm and keenness by a crowded audience. The chief honours of the evening fell, of course, to Mr. Ravel, who is at present on a visit to this country, and who conducted a performance of his "Introduction and Allegro" for harp, with accompaniment of string quartet, flute, and clarinet, and accompanied Miss Rhoda von Glehn in a number of songs. The "Introduction and Allegro" we have already made acquaintance with, and its performance last night by Miss Gwendolen Mason (harp), the English String Quartet, Mr. D. S. Wood (flute), and Mr. Charlesworth Fawcett (clarinet) only served to reveal new beauties in a work that is unique among the finest things of the modern French school. The distinguished composer's Quartet in F major we also know—a little; and a vivid performance by the English String Quartet, like the harp piece, only served to discover to us new beauties in a work that is played all too rarely here. The performance, while brilliant and full of colour, was to our way of thinking rather lacking in finesse; one required the more sensitive "pulse" of French players for such a work. Further comment on the music heard at this concert we will leave for the moment, merely noting that Mr. F. S. Kelly played Scriàbin's fifth Sonata and three smaller pieces with considerable skill and taste.

THE BACH CHOIR.

PARRY'S "ODE ON THE NATIVITY."

It seems to be one of the chief uses of the Bach Choir to pick up the dropped stitches in the web of our musical life. While other choral societies in London are busy producing things like *The Promised Land* and *St. Agnes's Eve* it sometimes happens that they overlook a real and living work of art, and then the Bach Choir supplies the omission. That was the purpose for which it was originally founded, and now that most people know something about Bach it seems appropriate that the same choir should do the same thing for other composers. Dec. 19. 1913

So last night at a private concert given in the hall of the Royal College of Music the Bach Choir, conducted by Dr. H. P. Allen, gave the first London performance of Parry's "Ode on the Nativity" produced last year at the Hereford Festival, and with it were placed two other works by English composers, which, though not quite new to London, have each, we think, only been heard once. These were Stanford's Symphonic Cantata, "Stabat Mater," which the Royal Choral Society gave once at the Albert Hall soon after its production at Leeds six years ago, and Vaughan Williams's "Five Mystical Songs" originally produced at Worcester.

All these are works which one would expect to hear often in a country traditionally devoted to choral music and possessing plenty of fine choirs on the look out for new material. The genuine beauty of Stanford's "Stabat Mater" is perhaps overlooked because of his way of instinctively adopting a manner when he approaches a new theme (in this instance it is the manner of Verdi), but on the other hand, Parry is frequently disregarded because of his constitutional incapacity for speaking in any tone of voice other than his own. So opposite excuses are used to justify the neglect of two masters. Vaughan Williams, belonging to a younger generation, is more fortunate, for at the moment his manner, or his tone of voice, is something new, and people are just beginning to realize that he has something to say.

Those who are not particularly swayed by fashions in technique were equally glad to hear all these things ably performed last night, appreciating the qualities of character which underlie the manners. In the "Stabat Mater" the main strength lies in the two orchestral movements and the beautiful melody which is the chief symphonic subject; in the "Ode on the Nativity" it is the exquisitely wreathed phrases for the voices, the spirit of mingled joy and devotion that one loves. The choir sang admirably in both, though a little more flexibility would have added point here and there. The solo quartet in the first (Miss Katherine Vincent, Miss Dilys Jones, Mr. Francis Buckley, and Mr. Plunket Greene) were not altogether well matched, but individually they did good work and Miss Vincent gave us some moments of pure and fresh singing in the solo part of the "Ode on the Nativity." The "Mystical Songs" were well sung, as at their first performance, by Mr. Campbell McInnes, and here many of the contrasts between the solo and choral voices came out with wonderful effect, and the ringing tones of "Let all the world in every corner sing" made an inspiring ending to the concert.

MISS MURIEL FOSTER'S RECITAL.

Miss Muriel Foster gave a vocal recital last night in the Bechstein Hall with an interesting programme which, if it contained no actual novelty, included a number of things which were somewhat off the track beaten by the majority of singers.

Hummel's beautiful aria "L'ombrosa notte vien," with which the concert opened, must have been seldom sung in London, and in the group by Strauss which followed only the playful fantastic "Jung Hexenlied" and the sentimental "Cäcilie" could be called familiar. Of the others, the two which needed most singing were "Geduld" and "Ich sehe wie in einem Spiegel," both of them being less lyrical than the others in the sense that they do not so much crystallize an emotion as expand one with slight variations. Miss Foster resisted any temptation to make either of them dramatic; at the same time she reflected every shifting change of mood with intimate fidelity and by purely musical means. The words were never over-emphasized, though the enunciation was perfectly clear, and the musical phrases were never sacrificed to the exigencies of verbal emphasis. In the beautiful "Meinem Kinde" the full stream of clear, fresh tone, perfectly smooth and perfectly true, was what one most admired; in "Jung Hexenlied," which was encored, it was the delicacy and lightness of tone and delivery. In the next group by Brahms "Blinde Kuh" was given

with the same lightness and delicacy, and this, too, had to be given again.

"Auf dem Schiffe" and "Willst du, dass ich gehe," by the same composer, were carried through with an impulse which was regularly sustained from the first note to the last without ever leaving the impression that song and singer were being driven. That, of course, is one of the secrets of really musical rhythm, and it seems also to be one which is pretty closely kept. In slow songs like Brahms's "Nachtigall," or again in the more solid phrases of Parry's "Thine eyes still shined for me," it was invaluable, for it just made the difference between phrases which were merely beautifully sung and phrases which had the vitality of living music. The group of English songs also contained Mr. Ivor Atkins's "Virgin's Lullaby," which manages to be simple and naive without becoming mawkish, and Mr. Delius's beautiful song "In the Seraglio Garden," in both of which the mood was exactly caught. Mr. Coenraad V. Bos accompanied the singer throughout most sympathetically.

MR. EGON PETRI'S RECITAL.

Mr. Egon Petri gave at Bechstein Hall yesterday afternoon the piano recital which was originally planned for a date earlier in the season. It was a big programme, beginning with Weber's Sonata in D minor and containing some of Tausig's arrangements of Schubert, all Brahms's variations upon a theme by Paganini (a short pause being made between the two books), a nocturne by Chopin, followed by the Polonaise Fantasie and Liszt's "Valse a Capriccio" on two themes from *Lucia* and *Parisina*.

A programme in which so much depends upon the technical equipment and, indeed, the physical endurance of the player is apt to become tedious, even when the pianist has the qualities necessary for success. There is so much to remind one of his capabilities that it is easy to let the music fall into a secondary place in interest. Mr. Petri's skill was shown in his power of subordinating himself to the needs of the music, so that even the elaborations of Tausig seemed to have their musical value. Perhaps he was rather less happy in his interpretation of Weber than elsewhere, for he was inclined to emphasize the features of the not very distinguished music beyond what they would bear. But when a very civilized composer labels his work "Allegro feroce" it is not surprising if his interpreter seeks anxiously for the ferocity. The playing of Brahms's variations was masterly, especially in the variety of tone which brought out the distinguishing characteristics of each number.

MISS MURIEL FOSTER.

RECITAL AT THE BECHSTEIN HALL

Miss Muriel Foster, who gave a vocal recital at Bechstein Hall yesterday evening, presented a programme both varied and interesting. Some singers endowed with a beautiful, sympathetic voice like the one which she possesses might be tempted to rely on that alone for success. Miss Foster's ambition, however, was to become a great artist. That, by her work, she achieved; hence her high position.

Her first number, an Aria by Hummel, was rendered with feeling, and with due appreciation of the style of the old music. Hummel's name, by the way, is rare enough on a concert programme in these days, but his setting of sacred words is quiet and, in its way, impressive. This was followed by a group of Strauss Lieder, which were rendered with rare skill and understanding of the spirit of the music.

The gentle "Meinem Kinde," the clever and characteristic "Jung Hexenlied," and fine, impassioned "Cäcilie" were received with special warmth; after the second an encore was loudly called for and granted. An attractive Brahms group was also successful, although the attempt to have the graceful "Therese" repeated failed.

The last group was devoted to English composers; it included admirable songs by Parry, Delius, Ivor Atkins, and Lidgey. Mr Coenraad v. Boss, by his thoughtful and intelligent playing, contributed greatly towards the success of the evening.

MAURICE RAVEL.

Telegraph

CLASSICAL CONCERT SOCIETY.

Dec 20 1913

It was in a curiously appropriate atmosphere that Mr. Maurice Ravel made a bowing acquaintance with that queer thing—a London public—during the last few days. The Classical Concert Society has not been famous at any time in its comparatively short history for its broadmindedness towards the unacademic adventures of composers who wish to escape the traditions of Brahms and Beethoven. Now it turns over a new leaf and gives concerts in which young (or comparatively young) writers, such as Frank Bridge and Vaughan-Williams and Donald Francis Tovey, may have a fair chance to be heard; and it is reckless enough to drag in such revolutionary names as Richard Strauss, Max Reger, and A. Scriabin to fill up the subscription programme. The names have, really, very little to do with the old programmes—the old programmes which still exist in spite of all the terrors of the Tango and the insidious evils of the Continent.

Bach and Brahms and Beethoven are names which one almost forgets to recommend to students—they are of such everyday occurrence, and as obvious as the Gospels. Maurice Ravel comes between our classics and our Futurists. He makes his bow to Claude Debussy and bids adieu to Charles Gounod. He is left alone, or more or less alone, with his wonderful Quartet in F major—a work which in its simultaneous rejection and acceptance of certain conventional forms offers a certain confusion to those critics who have not yet made up their minds on the dreadful difference between matter and manner, and the Quartet is not quite decided as to the future of either one or the other.

Yet there is a very big difference between his work—clever and competent and effective as it is—and the work of his more illustrious contemporary, Claude-Achille Debussy. The latter seems to have been inspired chiefly by Egyptianesque forms, with Shepherds' flutes and similar things for local colour, and a little by the wild contemporary snobisms of the West for the East.

At the soirée of the Music Club at the Grafton Galleries on Thursday evening the work of Mr. Ravel was heard, so to speak, in perspective. Hélène Luquiens sang, as only she can sing them, several of his songs superbly—full of spirit and poetry and eloquence and valour—of all the qualities, in fact, with which such a fine singer must sing.

ROYAL CHORAL SOCIETY.

Times

The popularity of the Christmas Carol concert which Sir Frederick Bridge has instituted at the Albert Hall was shown last night by the fact that the hall was well filled in every part, and that many numbers in the programme had to be repeated.

In this and in other ways the performance reminded us of the concerts of Scottish and of Irish songs with which St. Andrew's and St. Patrick's days are celebrated annually at the Albert Hall. The music bore much the same relation to the genuine Christmas carol that the so-called national songs bear to genuine folk-song. There were good things and bad things, and some good things spoilt by commonplace settings or such suggestions of false sentiment as bells, the "vox humana" stop on the organ and such like devices supply.

Dec. 23 1913

The concert opened well with Crotch's chorus "Lo star-led chiefs" and Pearsall's beautiful setting of "In dulci jubilo," but the rest of the first part was a mere succession of mediocre songs and part-songs relieved by "God rest you merry gentlemen" and by one little carol by Sir Frederick Bridge. "A babe ys borne I wys," a simple and sincere melody. Unfortunately there were others from the same pen which did not rise so high. "Ring out with jocund chime" was encored, and so was Mr. Ben Davies's spirited singing of "Mr. Wardle's Carol," "I care not for spring," which Sir Frederick Bridge accompanied on the piano.

In the second part were a few more popular traditional carols such as "Good King Wenceslas" and "The first Noël," and a healthy arrangement for quartet and chorus of "When the crimson sun had set" by S. S. Greathead. A graceful little cradle-song by Robin H. Legge sung by Miss Mary Leighton also deserves mention. Other solo singers were Miss Ruth Vincent, Miss Vera Gill, and Mr. Julien Henry. The choir sang throughout with excellent spirit, and Mr. H. L. Balfour played most of the accompaniments tactfully upon the organ, but he might have spared us the "vox humana."

BLIND COMPOSER'S NEW QUARTET.

D.C. 31 1913

SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS' CONCERT.

The first of the three concerts which the Incorporated Society of Musicians is giving during its conference this week took place in the big hall of the Hotel Cecil last night. The chief feature of the programme consisted of two new works for string quartet, and one for piano quartet by well-known members of the society, Mr. Waldo Warner, Mr. Hubert Bath, and Mr. W. Wolstenholme.

All three compositions proved very attractive and charming, Mr. Warner's work being perhaps the most significant, although some of it shows the influence of the modern French school, notably in the earlier portions. An intermezzo section—the work is in one long movement—is particularly poetic and expressive, as well as being original in its ideas and effects.

Altogether one may regard it not only as a promising work of its composer, but a worthy specimen of the chamber-music which the younger British composer can turn out.

Mr. Bath's Miniature Suite is a delightful piece of writing, very characteristic of its author, and contains many clever touches of humour. A very vivacious little prelude and a jolly finale, almost in the style of an old English dance, are the best of the four movements.

Mr. William Wolstenholme's quartet for piano and strings has all the dainty grace and melodiousness which always characterise the work of this well-known blind musician. It is perhaps a little lacking in strength in the development of its ideas, but each movement has many poetic moments.

The work was well played by the composer at the piano, and Messrs. Sammons, Warner and Warwick-Evans. The last three players joined by Mr. T. W. Petre, also played the string quartets. Mr. Landon Ronald's settings of four of Rabindranath Tagore's lyrics (also performed for the first time) with Miss Carrie Tubb as soloist, are somewhat disappointing as musical illustrations of remarkable lyrics, Mr. Ronald's conventional phrases hardly matching the rich imagery of the lines.

The remainder of the programme consisted of a Glazounow quartet and some piano pieces, with Miss Irene Scharrer as soloist.

MUSICIANS IN CONFERENCE.

The 29th series of annual meetings of the Society of Musicians is being held in London this week, the objects being the discussion of matters relating to the theoretical and practical side of musicians' work, and also the production of new compositions. The conference began in earnest yesterday with a special service at St. Stephen's Church, Walbrook, and a reception at the Mansion House by the Lord Mayor on behalf of the City. To-day's arrangements include a paper by Mr. Norman O'Neill on "Music to Stage Plays," and, in the afternoon, an orchestral concert at Queen's Hall. To-morrow Mr. Frank Roscoe (secretary of the Teachers Registration Council) will read a paper on "The Place of Music in a National System of Education," and Mr. Alfred Kalisch will discuss "What attitude should Teachers adopt towards Modern Music?" The conference ends on Friday with the annual general meeting; in the afternoon there will be a special musical service in Westminster Cathedral, and in the evening the annual banquet takes place at the Hotel Cecil.

Dec 31 1913

The new works "specially composed" for last night's concert in the Grand Hall of the Hotel Cecil did not make any great demands on the audience's powers of concentration for all were short, and generally quite light in style. Mr. W. Wolstenholme's Quartet in E for piano and strings lacks fibre and impulse, but is otherwise an agreeable enough essay in the Mendelssohnian manner. Mr. Hubert Bath shows his usual lightness of touch in a "Miniature Suite" for string quartet, and his work at least has the merit of being unpretentious. There is stronger stuff in Mr. H. Waldo Warner's Phantasy, also for strings. The basic idea has a somewhat Straussian savour, but is yet distinctive enough to give the three linked movements continuity. Despite an occasional suggestion that the composer is liable to outside influences, the work shows imagination and a strong sense of atmosphere. Neither of these latter qualities was conspicuous in Mr. Landon Ronald's settings of four lyrics by Rabindranath Tagore. The songs, however, are effective as music, if unsatisfactory in their conventional treatment of the words, and Miss Carrie Tubb made the most of the obvious opportunities they afforded her. The second soloist was Miss Irene Scharrer, while the London String Quartet was admirable as ever in the concerted music.

MUSICIANS IN CONFERENCE

Jan. 1914

A CONCERT OF BRITISH MUSIC

For two hours at Queen's Hall yesterday afternoon the Incorporated Society of Musicians and their friends listened to a programme chiefly devoted to music by British composers. Of the four new works introduced—three of them specially written for the occasion—decidedly the best impression was made by Mr. Norman O'Neill's "Humoreske" for orchestra. It is not very aptly named, perhaps, and might quite easily pass as an overture to a tragedy. But if the composer appears to joke with difficulty, he has given us a work which left the conviction that he derived as much enjoyment in writing it as his audience did in hearing it. A central section of an expressive character makes a capital contrast to the vigorous impulse which is otherwise the predominant feature, while excellent use is made of colour in the scoring. Far less decision was to be found in a piano concerto by Mr. M. Esposito, in which the composer took the solo part. The themes, for the most part, were not strong enough to bear the elaboration to which they were subjected, and though the music naturally varied in pace, the mood was virtually the same all through. It is possible, however, that a colourless performance to some extent obscured the work's better qualities.

Mr. William Wallace has done more distinctive work than anything in "The Outlaw," a ballad for baritone solo (Mr. Charles Knowles) and orchestra. Skilful it certainly is, and not without a sense of the picturesque, but it somehow failed to be convincing. Mr. James Lyon's Tone Poem, "The Legend Beautiful," based on Longfellow, had not sufficient vitality of its own to counteract the rather reminiscent character of many of its component parts. In this instance, Strauss is apparently the chief

mastering influence which Mr. Lyon finds it hard to resist, though one hastens to add that the influence is merely one of manner. Still, it was evident enough to cramp the composer's own personality. He conducted his work uncommonly well, Mr. O'Neill and Mr. Wallace also directing the New Symphony Orchestra in their own music. Sir Frederic Cowen conducted the concerto and his own "Phantasy of Life and Love," a sadly overloaded programme further including a protracted Elégie and Rondo for violin and orchestra written and played by M. Emile Sauret.

SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS ORCHESTRAL CONCERT.

The orchestral concert given at Queen Hall yesterday afternoon by the Incorporated Society of Musicians proved somewhat dull as regards the music heard, which was all by members of the society. Only two of the six works comprising the programme were in any way striking—Mr. Norman O'Neill's Humoreske and Mr. William Wallace's ballad for baritone and orchestra "The Outlaw." Jan. 1, 1914

Mr. O'Neill's music is fanciful and picturesque, and capitally scored, but it owes something to other modern composers, and the thematic ideas in themselves are not very significant. Mr. Wallace, who is his own poet, has written some very virile lines and set them to music of equal strength. There is a fine sense of effect and climax both in the vocal part and the orchestral setting, and the ballad, excellently sung by Mr. Charles Knowles, achieved a real success.

The rest of the concert included a melodious piano concerto, written mostly in an idiom of half a century ago, by Mr. Michael Esposito, who played the solo part; two pieces for violin and orchestra by M. Emile Sairet, in somewhat similar vein; and an orchestral tone-poem, "The Legend Beautiful," by James Lyon.

HERR VON DOHNÁNYI'S RECITAL.

Times. Jan. 17 1914

Herr von Dohnányi gave a pianoforte recital yesterday afternoon in the Æolian Hall, at which the programme was made up of Brahms's Variations on a theme by Handel, Schumann's Kreisleriana, and his own pianoforte suite with the title "Humoresques."

Herr von Dohnányi's playing is always persuasive rather than masterful; it is this that gives such particular charm to his interpretations of Schnbert and the romantic composers. But it is impossible to play the set of Brahms's variations with charm alone, however persuasive, unless the full signification of some of them is to be sacrificed. In the fugue and the two preceding variations, and again in the slow one in B flat minor, we missed some of their essential breadth and ruggedness, and this was the price we paid for the extraordinary delicacy and freshness with which the groups 10-12 and 16-23 were treated. We paid it willingly (except for some moments of regret in the fugue), as the pleasure of hearing the music given with lyrical feeling rather than declamatory emphasis on its rhetorical side is a rare one.

The Kreisleriana, too, were given not only with the animation and the sensitiveness to quick changes of mood without which they easily become monotonous, but also with a lyrical spirit that instinctively subordinated the level stretches of prose to the poetry animating the whole. The player's own suite has many charming moments in the variations on an old pavane and the pastoral which follows, and the opening march has a whimsical humour characteristic of the composer; but neither the toccata nor the fugue has the freshness in the harmonic treatment that marks some of his later work. It is hardly necessary to say that all the movements were played with great sympathy and that they delighted the audience.

MISS TINA LERNER'S RECITAL.

Jan 14 — 1914

A pianoforte recital was given yesterday afternoon in the Æolian Hall by Miss Tina Lerner, with a programme devoted entirely to Liszt.

The Pianoforte Sonata in B minor naturally enough occupied the place of honour in the middle of the programme. It also gave the pianist a better opportunity than anything else did of showing the range of her technique and her capacity for interpreting Liszt's music. In some of the slighter pieces which preceded the sonata, such as "Les Cloches de Genève" from the "Années de Pelerinage," the smallness of the picture seemed to hamper her. Her phrasing was too deliberate and too emphatic where it should only have sketched an outline, and there was not quite enough rhythmical impulse to carry the listener over the full closes between one episode and another. But in the sonata her playing was logical and continuous, and as a result the various parts of the sonata fell into their place and one had an impression of unity of design. In the sonata, too, Miss Lerner's tone was more resonant than elsewhere—in the "Eclogue," for instance, or the "Ricordanza" from the Transcendental Studies—but even in the sonata there was a lack of roundness in the volume in the loudest passages. It must be said, though, that in the matter of tone she did not receive very much help from the pianoforte. On the whole she played the lightest and most brilliant passages best; the opening of the fugue, in particular, went well, the phrasing being clear and crisp, as it was in "Feux follets" and the famous "Campanella" after Paganini.

MME. ANNA JEREBTZOVA'S RECITAL.

Jan 15 — 1914

The accomplished Russian singer who gave her recital at Bechstein Hall last night may well carry away the impression that English taste and fashion are strange things to cater for. She last sang here in the height of the summer season when there was so much music going on that a newcomer, however distinguished, could scarcely get all the attention she deserves; she returns when there is nothing going on and succeeds in only half filling the Bechstein Hall.

Still, those who had the good fortune to hear her last night must be very grateful to her, for her programme was delightful to hear from beginning to end. As before, the bulk of it consisted of the songs of her own country sung in their own language, but she began with a group of well-known songs of Schubert, "Die Krähe," "Die Forelle," and four numbers from "Die Schöne Müllerin" in German, and later made short excursions into the French and English languages. Her only song in French was by a Russian composer—Cui's "Les iles roses"—but her English example was one of Bantock's "Songs of Sappho." Her English is not quite as complete as her other foreign languages, but musically she had grasped the feeling of the song as firmly as everything else in her repertory, and she made an extraordinarily vivid thing of it.

We wondered that the audience could be as little moved by her singing of Schubert as they appeared to be, for its intimacy and delicacy was expressed in every phrase from the pure melody of "Die Krähe" to the exuberance of "Mein" and the pathos of "Trockne Blumen." But it was noticeable that, passing over two songs by Tchaikovsky and one by Glinka, the first thing which really stirred the audience was Parassia's monologue from Moussorgsky's fragment of an opera *The Fair of Sorotschino*. The pulsing persistence of the rhythm so caught them that she had to repeat the latter part of it. We wished she had repeated all. A simple and lovely air, "Where art thou, star?" and a scena from another unfinished opera, *Salammbo*, showed other aspects of Moussorgsky's art. One wondered how far the accompaniment to the latter was his and how far the work of the editor Karatiguine. Its harmonic method is not like Moussorgsky's usual style. An interesting group of modern Russian songs began with one by Karatiguine and included Glazounov's "Delia," Liapounov's setting of "In the Crowd," which has been so finely set by Moussorgsky that it is difficult to accept any other music than his in association with the words, a very delicate "Elves' song" by Medtner, Rachmaninov's "Fate," which quotes the theme of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony in a way which is apt to be too melodramatic, and, most important of all, Stravinsky's fine "Song of the Dew." There were several more charming things in the final group, but at the end the two Russian composers whose work stood out above the others were Moussorgsky and Stravinsky. The whole programme was ably accompanied by Mr. Harold Samuel.

MME. JEREBTZOVA'S RECITAL.

Jan. 15. 1914

A song recital was given at the Bechstein Hall last night by Mme. Anna Jerebtzova, a Russian soprano of some ability. She interprets songs of her native land with much freshness and vitality—quite enough, indeed, to make it very regrettable that her powers of vocalisation are so limited. She has an excellent voice, but the method is so insecure that there is always a good deal of uncertainty in respect of colour control, of purity in the quality, and even at times of intonation. However, it was undoubtedly of interest to hear some unfamiliar examples of the Russian school, especially of that unfortunate genius Moussorgsky, who was represented by, amongst other things, a wholly delightful aria from the opera "The Fair of Sorotschino," with an ear-haunting dance refrain. Mme. Jerebtzova gave this with great zest, and sang the refrain over again. "Where art thou, little star?" is the English title of another charming song of the same composer. Examples of the later school were heard, and also a group of Schubert. The Russian songs were sung in the native language. Mr. Harold Samuel was a skilful accompanist.

THE STRING QUARTET AT THE BECHSTEIN.

Jan. 17 1914

A fine performance of Maurice Ravel's string quartet was given by the Parisian Quartet at the Bechstein Hall last night at a concert given by the Société des Concerts Français. MM. Willaume, Morel, Macon, and Feuillard have played here before, and always, we fancy, under the auspices of this particular society, which has done so much to make us familiar with music of the latter-day French school. The high quality of the performance, of course, placed Ravel's work in the most favourable light, and one may probably accept the interpretation as authoritative. The charm of much of the music is undeniable, so also is its inequality; the failings for the most part are found in the construction, which is loose and allows for a good deal of rather tiring repetition of phrase. Perhaps the best movements are the third and fourth, the latter, indeed, being splendidly vivacious—at any rate, that was the outstanding quality as revealed by the Parisian Quartet. In the opening allegro the ear is undoubtedly provoked, if that is not too strong a word, by the reminiscent nature of the subject-matter. Ravel has not so pronouncedly an individual style as has Debussy, but one feels his music in general to be more virile and with a greater width of harmonic, melodic, and rhythmic vision. The name of Jean Cras as a composer is new to us. He was represented last night by a couple of songs, "Elégies," curious and rather rambling music, but not unpleasing. They were sung, and to her own accompaniment, by Mme. Leininger-Devriès, a fairly accomplished singer with only a moderately well-trained voice. The programme further included songs and a Poème for strings and pianoforte by Gabriel Dupont, and songs of Chausson.

SCHÖNBERG'S MUSIC AT QUEEN'S HALL.

Jan 19 — 1914

AN EARLY SYMPHONY BY HAYDN.

The sensation of Saturday's Symphony Concert at Queen's Hall was the performance of Schönberg's Five Orchestral Pieces under the composer's direction; but Sir Henry Wood secured to his audience something more than a sensation by giving them at the outset beautiful performances of Brahms's "Tragic" Overture and Haydn's early Symphony in C, called "Le Midi." The concertante parts in the latter were exquisitely played by Mr. Maurice Sons (violin) and Mr. C. Warwick-Evans (violoncello), who combined to make the colloquy of the slow movement peculiarly eloquent.

An early symphony by Haydn must be almost as much of a novelty to many who frequent Queen's Hall as is the late diaphony of Schönberg, and we welcome a policy which places them together. We would gladly have heard them in closer juxtaposition, for between them came Tchaikovsky's terribly popular piano concerto to remind us that there are things which are much more hard to bear with than ugliness, such as pretentiousness and complacent vulgarity. Miss Adela Verne played it, and it was not her fault that it was so hard to bear with. Some pianists can force us into its mood by sheer weight of personality. She seemed to be struggling too hard to reach its mood to be able to command any but the most willing adherents.

Then at last came Mr. Schönberg, and for the next 20 minutes every one was trying to hear with his ears, getting perhaps a glimmering of intelligence here and there, enough just to make one hope that one was cleverer than one's neighbours, but most of the time floundering rather helplessly. There was applause at the end of each number save the first, but every one knows how much a London audience's applause is worth. It is mostly compounded of nervousness, anxiety to be polite, and affectation.

The thing which really makes one hope that these five pieces may become intelligible is the consistency of their form. While Schönberg throws all the conventions of harmony to the winds, he clings tenaciously in all but one (No. 3) to simple figures of rhythm; he states, alternates, and combines them in a way which would seem only too obvious if the mind were not being distracted all the time by the strange conglomerations of harmony. This rhythmic tenacity gives certain distinctions of character to the different numbers, and is most easily apprehended in the second, where the silvery tone of the celesta reiterating a single figure makes one quickly realize that after all we are not entirely robbed of a foundation.

The composer has lately added titles to the movements. "Presentiments" (*Vorgefühle*) is the first, in which the bassoons hold a chord of three notes as a sort of "pedal" throughout almost the entire piece, while all sorts of curious and exciting things happen in the upper parts. "The Past" (*Vergangenes*), the title of the second, perhaps accounts for the feeling which it gives of coming a little nearer to the normal standards of music. It is the most lightly scored of the five. Number three is merely called "The Changing Chord" (*Der wechselnde Akkord*), but in private the composer has confessed to a pictorial parallel to it. One may think, he admitted, of the broad, smooth surface of the sea, the morning sun just catching the ripples with innumerable points of light. One can appreciate the significance of this in the little touches of high light which piccolos, harps, and harmonics on the strings add above the perpetual under-current of wood wind and muted trumpets. Number four (*Peripetie*) has a variety which is in strong contrast to "The Changing Chord." Between the wild arpeggio for wood wind with which it begins and the violent energy of its climax built upon this same arpeggio many things happen, including a soft passage for horns of great expressiveness and a wailing theme for clarinets afterwards transferred to the strings. It is a piece which most shows the untruth of all assertions that this music is without form or incapable of analysis. Finally in number five (*Das obligate Recitativ*) we come to Schönberg's conception of a long, sustained melody; now one, now another instrument represents the "*Hauptstimme*" to which the others are temporarily subordinated.

But when all is done and we have brought ourselves to some comprehension of the meaning we shall still have to satisfy ourselves that it has been worth while. In his latest phase Schönberg has put himself voluntarily into fetters, refusing all free movement in order to explore one tiny corner of sound-combinations usually called dissonance. Will the gain repay the self-denial? The audience seemed very glad when it was all over to welcome back Sir Henry Wood, who ended the concert with Charpentier's fresh and imaginative "Napoli."

ARNOLD SCHÖNBERG.

STUDIES IN DISCORD.

Jan 7 1914

When Arnold Schönberg's "Five Orchestral Pieces" were first played in London at a Promenade Concert two seasons ago one felt that the audience was unsympathetic. This was far from being the case on Saturday afternoon at the Queen's Hall, where the work was repeated before a large number of interested musical people and under the direction of the composer himself. Herr Schönberg impressed one in person as being very modest in demeanour, yet full of subdued vitality, and it further seemed that he had quite won the confidence of the orchestra. His strange little pieces had every appearance of being very carefully and doubtless correctly played, and if they made something of a less sensation than had probably been expected, we put this down more to the curious reticence of the orchestration than to any lack of daring in the actual writing itself. The dynamic plane of the music is decidedly a low one, and in consequence the harshness of the composer's discordant method strikes the ear far less than would otherwise have been the case. The programme told us that in Schönberg's "Course of Harmony" the following sentence occurs: "The artist creates nothing that others regard as beautiful, but only what is needful to himself." We take that to mean that self-expression comes naturally, and is independent of definite considerations of æsthetic charm. It is not new, of course, as a dictum; indeed, it must be obvious that that has been the course adopted by every great man in the past. If Schönberg himself is a great man, the only apparent difference between him and the others, to our ears as they are at present constituted, is that he is not as fortunate as they were in the pleasing nature of the ideas to be expressed. The day may come when music such as Schöberg writes will be as satisfying as that of Wagner or Brahms. At present one can only say that it is too unintelligible and too far removed from the ordinary formulæ of musical composition.

* * *

Of course, it is almost an impossibility for the orchestra to make absolutely ugly sounds—the colour alone with its extraordinary variety prevents that—but it is very easily possible to write music which is dull. Schönberg escapes doing this; his technique is remarkable in the achieving of strange and unexpected effects, such as always keep the mind on the alert. But the substitution of the bizarre for sheer beauty as we know it prevents the emotion from being touched. Once or twice an atmosphere was set up of a tangible and not unpleasing kind, but the general impression was quietly odd and rather provocative by being apparently meaningless and yet suggestive of something happening, if one could but know what. The rest of the concert, the first of the Queen's Hall Orchestra's Symphony Concerts of the new year, was in comparison tame. Yet Miss Adela Verne in the solo part of Tchaikovsky's B flat minor concerto displayed an abundant energy and a tone which never became strident even at its greatest force, and Mr. Sens and Mr. C. Warwick-Evans played the solo parts in Haydn's "Le Midi" symphony beautifully. The programme began with Brahms's fine "Tragic" overture and ended with Charpentier's "Napoli" from the "Impressions d'Italie."

SCHÖNBERG AT QUEEN'S HALL.

Jan 19

A MUSICAL PUZZLE.

1914

On Saturday afternoon Queen's Hall was full of curiosity. The chief event of the afternoon was the performance, under its composer's direction, of Arnold Schönberg's "Five Orchestral Pieces," and it was in very sooth curious music. But it was no more curious than the attitude of the large audience. Throughout the performance there were titterings of apparent amusement; but for ourselves we noticed no sign whatever of the hissing which greeted the pieces when, eighteen months ago, Sir Henry Wood produced them for the first time anywhere. A considerable number applauded, so that the composer-conductor came back more than once to bow his thanks for what really was a very comfortable reception. If it was not curiosity that attracted this large audience, one is at a loss to know what the cause might have been. Was it not in truth the idle curiosity aroused and stimulated by the silly réclame of the hissing incident alluded to? In the last few weeks there has been no getting away from it. But one may let that all pass; it signifies nothing. Of far greater interest, as well as importance, it is to know that among those who went to the concert with a perfectly open mind on the subject of Schönberg's so called "anarchical" music—we in Great Britain are ourselves not free from composers who compose music far less comprehensible as musical sound!—were many who found beauty. Incidentally, one would like to know what the composer himself thought of his music after hearing it, as he did on this occasion, for the first time: the pieces have, as a fact, been played only twice before, namely, here and in one German town, or so we are assured.

For ourselves we found no trace of anarchy in the music. Indeed, the second piece, "Vergangenes," is a very beautiful thing in itself—it is full of a poignant regret; while the fourth, "Peripetie," seemed no more abstruse than "Die Walkürenritt" seemed five-and-twenty or more years ago. The final piece, "Das obligate Recitativ," was frankly hideous, and the first, "Vorgefühle," was macabre and ugly. But the middle piece, "Der Wechselnde Akkord," might have been a translation into terms of music of the poem of Brahms's "Feldeinsamkeit." All this, however, refers to the sound of the music. As to its particular point, we are puzzled completely, and such "explanations" as were vouchsafed left one no clearer than before; and while without exception the pieces semed, as it were, protoplasmic, yet one seemed also to find a dreamy, poetic "idea," vague, if you like, but not necessarily inconsequent, underlying nearly all of it. It is bizarre, but we did not find it unpleasantly so, nor did it offend the ear, as some of the music of Debussy, Moussorgsky, and others offended it a year or two ago. Further, it had no sign of pretentiousness, and if its meaning was hidden from some, it was evidently clear enough to its creator, who conducted quite wonderfully. Its texture was amazingly complex, but so was Strauss's a decade ago.

In these days we have seen so many attempts to depict in music things more or less concrete that when a composer arrives who shuns even the suggestion of the concrete, and who revels in a kind of mental-poetical "atmosphere," we are puzzled by the apparent newness of the idea. Harmonically the music is difficult to follow, because, if it has a system underlying it, that system is unfamiliar. Melodically we could find little trace of a system, for such melodies as showed their tiny heads in the orchestral mist were more wisps of musical material than melodies, even of the kind we call "modern." Yet, with all its protoplasmic quality, with all its vagueness and abruptness, this music, so eternally quiet and subdued, seemed to fulfil a purpose, and we are quite prepared to believe the fault is ours that that purpose did not show itself in perfect clearness at once. In any case, we refuse to regard Schönberg as a musical anarchist on the strength of these Five Pieces, and though we confess to a strong preference for the beautiful sextet, we yet are quite prepared to hear the Five Pieces again. Indeed, it would be a pleasure.

Miss Adela Verne played Tschaikowsky's familiar first Pianoforte Concerto very gracefully and well, with a rather exuberant orchestral "assistance," and a Brahms overture and a Haydn symphony were included in an over-long scheme—these conducted by Sir Henry J. Wood.

After the experience of Saturday afternoon at Queen's Hall, one will no longer be able to accuse the London public of being indifferent to new ideas in music. The hall was crowded with people who had come to see Herr Schönberg.

Evidently there had been some doubt as to whether both composer and his music might provoke scenes of disapproval such as have been reported from Continental concerts, for the programme stated: "Herr Arnold Schönberg has promised his co-operation at to-day's concert on condition that during the performance of his orchestral pieces perfect silence is maintained." As a matter of fact, silence was not maintained between each of the five pieces played (concurrently), for the audience, apparently finding the weird music to its liking, broke out into applause after the second.

How much of the applause was intended out of politeness for a distinguished musician, and how much represented actual appreciation of the music, it is difficult to say. Certainly, the most intelligent of listeners must have his faculties taxed to the utmost in any attempt to grasp the meaning of it and the composer's ideas underlying it all. My own impression, as at a former hearing of the music, is that Herr Schönberg is experimenting with a harmonic scheme which cannot be adequately expressed in our present system of scales, consisting of semi-tones. Probably the music would sound much clearer and more intelligible if written in quarter-tones.

According to a writer quoted in the analytical programme, the music is in some degree an expression of "all that dwells in us sub-consciously, like a dream . . . and is built upon none of the lines that are familiar to us . . . which has harmonics though we cannot grasp or analyse them." Here is a possible explanation of Herr Schönberg's music. Just as the mental sub-consciousness, in dreams, distorts into apparently illogical shapes the logical ideas of the brain when awake, so music such as this may be produced from a sub-consciousness acting on the ordinary musical system. If this be so, a new path is certainly opened up to the composer who can follow it, but whether the results to be obtained can be appreciated or even understood by most listeners is very doubtful.

The performance of the works, which are of enormous difficulty to the orchestral players, was very good indeed.

The rest of the programme, conducted by Sir Henry Wood, was of a kind that formed a complete contrast to Herr Schönberg's work. It consisted of a Haydn Symphony, Brahms's "Tragic" overture, Charpentier's "Napoli," and Tchaikovsky's piano concerto No. 1, the solo part of which was played with the utmost brilliance and effectiveness by Miss Adela Verne. H. C.

MR. ROWSBY WOOF'S RECITAL.

Jan 19 1914

A violin recital was given on Saturday afternoon in the Bechstein Hall by Mr. Rowsby Woof with a programme which included Beethoven's two Romances and Glazounov's Concerto in A.

It cannot be said that Mr. Woof played Beethoven with much conviction, for he seldom made one feel that there was anything behind the beautiful surface of the music. But if the romances did not seem to mean much to him, he at any rate phrased cleanly and did not attempt to do anything but treat the music quite simply. In Glazounov's concerto, which sounds heavy enough with orchestra and without it is dreadfully tedious, he was at his best in the quiet opening section and at the beginning of the slow movement. His tone here was pleasant, and he seemed at home in the music, but in the animato section of the Andante, in the elaborate cadenza, and in several places of the last movement his tone became shrill and his intonation uncertain, and he had not sufficient grip on the phrases to keep the rhythm steady and the outlines clear.

Miss Caroline Hatchard sang among other things a group of songs by Mr. Montague Phillips which are no index of his gifts as a composer, and were no doubt written with an eye to ballad concerts.

Many a London musician will recall the name and work of Mr. Theo Wendt. From him I hear from South Africa, where he has been working hard for some time to establish a municipal orchestra at Cape Town. This will be the first of its kind to be founded in South Africa, and Mr. Wendt has definitely been appointed its musical director. In Johannesburg and on the Rand the average wage of an orchestral player is £18 per month; it is proposed to pay the municipal orchestra players in Cape Town £20, but with this proviso, that their services are exclusively engaged, whereas the Johannesburgers are free to accept outside engagements when not tied by their theatrical, bioscopic, or similar obligations. It was hoped and intended that the whole orchestra should be composed of South Africans, but Mr. Wendt found that impossible; and though he discovered his required eighteen players, principally of the wood-wind and brass fraternity, there, he has had to import twelve "strings" from England. The permanent orchestra is to be thirty, but for symphony concerts that number will be increased by twenty or even thirty extra players, mostly skilled amateurs. Mr. Wendt tells me that it is quite on the cards that Johannesburg and Durban will follow suit with Cape Town within the next two years, which is good.

Jan 20 1914

Our Vienna Correspondent writes: Mr. Richard Epstein, whose father long played a distinguished part in Vienna musical life, has given a concert here of chamber music, for which he had secured the assistance of three members of the Rosé Quartet. Mr. Epstein, who is deservedly esteemed as a player of chamber music, and his colleagues performed Trios by Beethoven and Schubert, and, as a novelty for Vienna, a piano Quartet in A major by Chausson, in which, despite the unmistakeable influence of Massenet, both rhythmical and harmonic, the composer's individuality is quite apparent. Mr. Epstein and his partners, Professor Rosé and Messrs. Buxbaum and Ruzitska, were immensely applauded by the extremely fashionable audience, in which were many members of the Vienna world of art. In the large hall of the Society of Friends of Music Moriz Rosenthal has once more appeared before the Vienna public to give it a specimen of his admirable technique, his fiery temperament, his enormous musical ability and high intelligence. To hear this artist, with his sovereign command of his instrument, is a most uncommon treat. Whether he plays Schumann, Saint-Saëns, Chopin, or Liszt, he produces an overwhelming effect. Schumann's A minor Concerto, Saint-Saëns's Concerto in G minor, and Liszt's Hungarian Fantasia formed the programme, to which Rosenthal added his own waltz transcription. His listeners after each piece applauded him, and at the close there broke loose a frantic storm of delight, which continued till the lights in the hall were put out.

Jan 20 14

THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY

LAST NIGHT'S CONCERT.

Jan 21 1914

There was no lack of variety in the design of the Royal Philharmonic Society's concert at Queen's Hall last night, and with Herr Mengelberg as conductor one could be certain that the utmost would be made of its opportunities so far as he was concerned. Unfortunately, however, the opportunities were not many, and the concert as a whole was a decidedly uneventful one. There was also a disappointment in store for the audience in the sudden indisposition of Miss Muriel Foster, who was to have sung, and afterwards to have been presented with the society's coveted gold medal. By way of novelty the programme included two small tone-poems by Mr. Delius. Neither proved to be of first importance, though it was a pleasure to come across a composer who, in these strenuous and revolutionary times, is content to write simply and with due recognition of the claims of melody.

"On Hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring" is the somewhat cumbersome title of a very fresh and delicately-coloured little idyll,

having for its central feature a Norwegian folk-song. There is a charming passage in which the call of the cuckoo is several times repeated by clarinets over a subdued accompaniment for strings, but otherwise the little piece has no special features beyond its charm of melody and reticence of colour. The second piece, "Summer Night on the River," is a rather unconvincing study in "atmosphere," and follows the mood of the first too closely to make a suitable pendant to it. Twelve years ago M. Sapelnikoff introduced Rachmaninoff's piano concerto in C minor at a Philharmonic concert. Last night he played the work again without convincing one that it was worth reviving. It has little real emotional impulse, and even such brilliant playing as it received on this occasion could not disguise its superficial character. It proved very popular with the audience, however, whose persistence was rewarded by the pianist with a remarkable display of virtuosity in Liszt's pretentious picture of "St. Francis Walking on the Waters." The concert ended with a splendidly virile and well-balanced performance of Beethoven's seventh symphony.

MUSIC.

Jan 21 1914

ROYAL PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

The society's subscribers and others who formed the large audience at Queen's Hall last night were disappointed of the hope of hearing Miss Muriel Foster, who was to have sung and been presented with the society's gold medal on the occasion. The directors regretted that "owing to indisposition" she was unable to appear, and the only comfort they could offer was the vague hope that she would be able to sing at a later concert during the season. Though robbed of one pleasure there was, however, plenty to compensate in the rest of the programme, which began with a virile performance of Mozart's Overture to *Die Zauberflöte*, under Mr. Mengelberg.

Two charming pieces for small orchestra by Delius were played for the first time. The first, "On hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring," is a fantasy on a Norwegian folk-melody, and the second, "Summer Night on the River," is an imaginative study in quiet tones based on a barcarole rhythm. Only strings, wood-wind (flutes, oboes, clarinets, and bassoons), and horns are used, but the composer shows his mastery of orchestral effect in the delicately varied combinations of tone which he achieves from them. The "cuckoo" piece errs a little, perhaps, in prolonging its existence just a few bars longer than the rhythm warrants. One misses a direct point of contrast, and the repetitions of the cuckoo's notes on the clarinet become a trifle monotonous, but, after all, that is true to life. The "Summer Night," with its greater variety of detail, its sinuous interweaving of themes, and its interesting harmonic scheme, is more engrossing if less obviously attractive. Both were excellently played. M. Sapellnikoff followed with Rachmaninov's Piano Concerto in C minor, which he played with splendid brilliance. He and Mr. Meugelberg together combined to give the utmost breadth to the strong melodies and to build up the climaxes to such a point of excitement that the audience was roused to the highest enthusiasm. But the best came in the "second act," which was devoted to Beethoven's Seventh Symphony. If we feel that Mr. Mengelberg does not give us all Beethoven, that in insisting upon the relentless march of the slow movement, for example, he misses some details of tenderness which the greatest conductors can find time to express without disturbing the tread, yet from first to last he makes the essential rhythm so strong that his whole performance is a thing to remember. Though this is true of the whole symphony in his hands, it was most compelling in the *finale*, which produced an overwhelming impression of exuberant vitality.

MME. GARDNER-BARTLETT'S RECITAL.

A song recital was given last night in the Steinway Hall by Mme. Gardner-Bartlett, with a programme made up largely of examples of English and American composers, which were preceded by the air, "Oh Sleep," from Handel's *Semele*.

The singer certainly phrased this beautiful song well, but the smooth *legato* style of the music proved trying to her, as it showed up all the spots where her voice is weak and lacking in resonance. Voices cannot always remain fresh and round, and it is useless to pretend that Mme. Gardner-Bartlett's sounded anything but worn when full tone was needed or when the higher notes had to be reached. Her singing of the air by Handel showed that she has judgment, but the majority of the English and American songs were of a kind to make any exercise of musical taste practically impossible.

ROYAL PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

Telegraph

DELIUS'S NEW COMPOSITIONS.

Jan. 21-1914

Though the ages come and the ages go, though "music" is taken by the average listener to mean Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, or Brahms, by the less than average to mean Debussy, Stravinsky, perhaps Schönberg—who knows?—though, in a word, there are listeners and listeners, music and music, yet never will the music of Frederick Delius make its appeal to the average listener. Not at all because it is not "good enough." Nor, if you like, because it is "too good." It is just that music that is wholly intimate and individual, and there is no intimacy in a crowd; and individuality is the last thing the average listener, of whom the crowd is composed, seeks, because it takes the music away from the scheduled pattern. At the Royal Philharmonic concert in Queen's Hall last night two little pieces by Frederick Delius were played for the first time in England. (They were originally produced only about three months ago, so the directors deserve much credit for their alertness.) One of them is entitled "Summer Night on the River." Had it been a barcarolle à la "Contes d'Hoffmann" it would be played "everywhere." In point of fact it is a fantastic, exquisite, dreamy mood-picture of the mind: it is surely connected with summer, night, river only mentally, as it were. So, too, its confrère, "On Hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring."

It is the poetry of the thing, not the actuality, that has appealed to Delius, just as in "Brigg Fair" he has "depicted" the mental attitude of a dreamer with the whirligigs of a fair; as in "Appalachia" he has drawn a mental, not a quasi-historic picture. Above all things, Delius, in many respects the most interesting composer before the public to-day, is introspective, a composer of mood and mind pictures, all of which (among his orchestral works) are derived from his love of life in the open. A dreamer of dreams he is, and beautiful beyond words is his expression of them. The beauty, even the eeriness and the charm of these wonderful "trifles," will surely carry them far. Under Mr. Mengelberg's direction they were very well played, but the all-important violoncello solo in "Summer Night" was hardly made sufficiently prominent. Both pieces were well received.

For the rest, the announcement was read with great regret that, owing to indisposition, Miss Muriel Foster was unable to appear. Mr. Sapellnikoff played Rachmaninoff's intensely dull pianoforte Concerto in C minor, and Beethoven and Mozart figured at the extremes of the concert. There seemed, by the way, to have been some little difference of opinion between the arrangers of the programme, on which stood the overture to "The Magic Flute," for the "note" concerned itself with its sister, "Le Nozze di Figaro" overture.

At the next concert, in February, a new Irish Rhapsody is to be produced, Mr. Leonard Borwick is to play that glorious work, Schumann's pianoforte Concerto, and, mirabile dictu, Strauss's "Heldenleben" is to be given for the first time at these concerts. It's never too late to mend, truly!

STEINWAY HALL.

Jan. 21-14 Telegraph

A singer whose choice of songs at a recital ranges from a Handel aria to a playful trifle such as Frederic Norton's "The Elephant and the Portmanteau" may fairly claim the possession of catholic sympathies. We will not deny that possession to Madame Gardner-Bartlett, who gave a recital in this hall last night, but cannot help regretting at the same time that she should have devoted so large a slice of her programme to the commonplace and the trivial. For an artist who can sing Handel with the authority, power, and finish shown by Madame Gardner-Bartlett ought really not to waste her gifts on songs of such small account as not a few that she gave her audience last night. Being an American it was, of course, only patriotic of her to take American composers under her wing. But, with one or two exceptions—Jessie Gaynor's "Hush-a-bye Baby" is a gracefully written lullaby, and Eleanor Smith's "Where go the Boats?" has at least the merit of unaffected simplicity—the examples she sang were not of a kind to enable her to exhibit worthily her evidently wide command of expression and her musical temperament. Nor, to say truth, was she really much happier in her choice of English numbers by our native composers. But, thanks to her wonderfully clear diction and sympathetic style, she certainly presented them in the most favourable light. Mr. S. Liddle played her accompaniments with impeccable taste.

AN ARNOLD SCHÖNBERG SEXTET

Jan. 24 1914

An unusually interesting programme was presented by the London String Quartet at the Bechstein Hall last night. It contained two entirely new works, while Arnold Schönberg's string sextet, in one movement, was to all intents and purposes a novelty, too, as it had only been played in London before privately. To write of this first, one found much that was interesting in the work of the much-discussed composer, more particularly on account of its being in his early style. That style is quite normal in its main outlook, there is plenty of chromaticism, to be sure, and the latter-day restlessness in the decoration and accompaniment, but the trend of the music harmonically is that to which we are all accustomed. The most striking feature of the sextet is its elaborate workmanship, some of which is highly effective, and shows sensitiveness to sheer beauty of sound. Thematically, there is less to be said; one experienced a good deal of melodic expression of rather a weak and sentimental type; the sort of thing which pleases, so to speak, much too easily, suggesting that further acquaintance would result in a less convincing impression. The link between Schönberg's two styles was nowhere discernible. Is it to be found in some later work than Op. 4? The London String Quartet, Messrs. Sammons, Petre, Waldo Warner, and Warwick-Evans, and the extra players, Messrs. Lockyer and C. Sharpe, are much to be congratulated on the technical accomplishment their performance of this difficult composition revealed.

The novelties proper were a "Phantasy" for quartet by Mr. Warner and a setting of Maurice Hewlett's "To the Daughter of Earth," for vocal and string quartets and pianoforte, by Mr. H. V. Jervis-Read. The former was a decidedly skilful bit of quartet-writing, but the lack of individuality in the actual invention took away a good deal from the happy effect otherwise made. One traced strong influences of Strauss and the modern French school. Mr. Read's work was very unsatisfactory; his technique was poor in that one never felt that the unusual combination was a success, while a sense of the laboured was overhanging the whole to a rather marked degree. The setting of the text at no moment seemed to us to show significance, nor from a purely musical point of view could one detect much beauty of melody or harmony. The singers were Miss Mary Tomlinson, Miss Dorothy Trollope, Mr. Geoffrey Garrod, and Mr. Julian Kimbell, and the composer played the pianoforte part.

LONDON STRING QUARTET.

Times Jan. 24-14

The programme of the chamber concert given by the London String Quartet last night in the Bechstein Hall contained one old work (Dvořák's Op. 51 in E flat), one new one (for vocal and string quartets and pianoforte by Mr. Jervis Read), and two which, though they have been played before by the same quartet, have not actually been given in public. The first of these was a Fantasy in D for string quartet by Mr. Waldo Warner (the viola of the quartet party), which was first played at the Incorporated Society of Musicians' conference on December 30 and was repeated at the reception given to Herr Schönberg last week by the Music Club; the second was Herr Schönberg's early string Sextet which was played last week on the same occasion.

We have so recently dealt with the bulk of Herr Schönberg's compositions that it is not necessary to speak again at length of this the simplest of all his instrumental works. It offers practically no difficulties to the listener, for it is generally couched in the idiom of Wagner, while one of the principal themes might be an echo of Weber. The only difficulty one has is in reconciling oneself to the form of the sextet to express sentiments which seem to demand dramatic treatment and the use of the voice; the voice is indeed suggested in many places by the declamatory character of the themes and there is a constant feeling of the orchestra being employed in the background for purposes of colouring. The work was played with the greatest sympathy and delicacy by the quartet supplemented by Mr. J. Lockyer and Mr. Cedric Sharpe.

The two English works made a strong contrast to each other. Mr. Warner's Quartet is light in touch, and the scoring, as might be expected from a player, is managed with economy. The use of the whole-tone scale is tentative and is dropped when the composer has to speak with feeling, which he succeeds in doing in the andante section without becoming either sentimental or pompous; but the whole of the phantasy is marked by personal feeling and is not obscured by the French idiom, though we do not think it gains by it. Mr. Jervis Read's work, in which the composer played the pianoforte part, is more ambitious but less interesting. The poem "To the Daughter of Earth," by Mr. Maurice Hewlett, which is sung straight through by the vocal quartet (Miss Mary Tomlinson, Miss Dorothy Trollope, Mr. Geoffrey Garrod, and Mr. Julian Kimbell) does not lend itself to varied treatment, and after the third verse the mood of the music became monotonous. The parts are thickly written, and the pianoforte added little of its own to the *ensemble*, and was only filled in with generalities that might have been expressed with more homogeneity by enlarging the accompaniment to the extent of a couple of instruments or even leaving everything to be supplied by the quartet; for the support to the voices often sounded as though it had primarily been conceived for strings and as though the pianoforte had been added as an afterthought.

"THE DANCE OF DEATH."

Times Jan. 24 1914

KIENZL'S OPERA IN LIVERPOOL.

Wilhelm Kienzl, like his contemporary Humperdinck, has hitherto seemed to be something of a "single-speech Hamilton" in music, for the extraordinary success made by his opera *Der Evangelimann*, which overran German-speaking countries in 1894, has not up to now been repeated, though it has had more than one successor. He also resembles Humperdinck in being to some extent a disciple of Wagner, under whose personal influence he came several years before he wrote his first opera, produced in Dresden in 1886. His recent composition, which, like *Der Evangelimann*, he modestly styles a "musical play," was introduced to this country by the Moody-Manners Company in Liverpool yesterday evening.

Der Kuhreigen (the Ranz des Vaches), for which the more sensational English title, *The Dance of Death*, has been chosen, is based on a story of the French Revolution, the scene being laid in Paris and Versailles in 1792-3. The motive and original title of the opera are taken from the Swiss cattle-calls, known as "Kuhreigen" or "Kuhreihen," folk-tunes very intimately associated with the Swiss valleys. On their appeal to Swiss patriotism is founded the motive of the plot, which may be thus briefly summarized. The Swiss Guard of the French Kings, whose loyalty to their employers is historical, were found to become so homesick on hearing the strains of the "Kuhreigen" that they were often brought by it to desert the ranks and return to their Swiss homes, so that the French Government found it necessary to prohibit these songs on pain of death. Primus Thaller, a non-commissioned officer in the Swiss Guard, transgresses the decree, but, on the intervention of Blanchefleur, the wife of his general, is pardoned by Louis XVI. Blanchefleur has already entertained a regard for the young soldier, and now that the Revolution is imminent proposes that he should accompany her to her country château, but he resists the temptation and returns to his duty. When the Revolution breaks out, both the

General [illegible] who are seized as aristocrats and lured off to the prison of the "Temple." The General suffers at the guillotine, and Primus, now become a captain in the Republican Army, offers to save her and make her his wife, but she declines what she still regards as a *mésalliance*, and persuades him to join in the minuet which the imprisoned aristocrats are dancing, as if to show their contempt for the mob into whose power they have come. As the "dance of death" is in progress the guards enter and call out the next batch of prisoners wanted for the guillotine, among whom is Blanchefleur, who goes to her fate as the curtain falls.

The libretto, it will be seen, is not calculated for the development of character or anything more than supplying a certain number of effective scenes based on an action that is purely theatrical. It may be added that it is not helped by the exceedingly poor translation. The music is not pretentious, but it is sufficient; it is continuous, well sustained, and often reaches a considerable height of dramatic expression. There is, too, a southern warmth of melody that is welcome and enhances the emotional feeling, as well as great vigour. A weakness from an artistic point of view, but an element in the probable success of the opera, is to be found in the set lyrical pieces that are scattered here and there. On the other hand, there are *ensembles* which are freely and dramatically treated, yet with a lightness of touch that is quite in accord with the general character of the work.

MR. ZSOLT'S RECITAL.

Jan 24 1914

A good deal has been heard of late concerning the work of Erich Korngold, and any opportunity of extending acquaintance with his music is to be welcomed. Such an opportunity offered itself at Æolian Hall last night, when Mr. Nándor Zsolt gave the first public performance of the sonata in G major for violin and piano. As the work of a boy of sixteen the sonata is a remarkable achievement. But it is always necessary in listening to it to keep reminding oneself that it is not to be judged as a mature composition. A good deal of it, indeed, is exceedingly ungrateful to play, and faults of inexperience are obvious enough. The best moments are those in which the composer is content to write simply. In the adagio, for instance, he achieves something approaching genuine eloquence, but in the other three movements there is a good deal that can only be regarded as clever rhetoric, and the want of sustained impulse is too apparent to allow any definite purpose to make itself felt. The concert-giver and Mr. Richard Epstein showed infinite resource in meeting the formidable difficulties of the work, and in point of finish of ensemble the performance deserved unstinted praise. Mr. Zsolt also gave a capable account of two movements of a Handel sonata, besides taking part in his piano quintet in B flat minor with Miss Daisy Kennedy, Mr. Arthur Blakemore, Mr. Percy Such, and Mr. Benno Moiseiwitsch.

TWO MODERN WORKS.

Times

The programme which Mr. Nándor Zsolt gave at Æolian Hall on Friday night contained, besides solos, two concerted works—Erich Korngold's Sonata for violin and piano in G and a quintet for piano and strings by the concert-giver. Jan. 26 1914

We lately discussed the former when Mr. Nándor Zsolt played it with Mr. Richard Epstein (the pianist also on this occasion) at the Music Club; and the further acquaintance given by this performance, following upon the opportunity of studying the score, which is published by Messrs. Schott and Sons, strengthened the impression of power which the Sonata made at first. The only really weak point is the trio of the Scherzo, where in order to give a moment of relief Korngold has admitted a theme which is obviously poor in rhythm and so becomes cloyingly sentimental. The slow movement, however, makes amends by its consistent beauty of feeling and thoughtfulness of design. This movement too was the best played, and the violinist did well to adopt the alternative lower notes of its last page. One felt that something more might be done to make the two instruments blend in both first and last movements; but much of the fault lies with the composer, whose writing for the piano is apt to be as clumsy as was Brahms's in his early years. One hopes that he may rectify it as completely.

Mr. Nándor Zsolt's Quintet in B flat minor is a large work in four movements, the first cast in the regular sonata mould. Very different in style from the brilliant *Salon* pieces by which he is best known, and one of which was included in this programme, it is exceedingly serious in feeling, though its seriousness does not rule out the effective use of strong melody, passionate climaxes of tone, and the liberal use of Hungarian rhythms. It is the work of a man who knows very well what he wants to say and says it without affectation. Miss Daisy Kennedy played first violin and the composer the second. The string quartet was completed by Mr. Arthur Blakemore and Mr. Percy Such. Mr. Benno Moiseiwitsch was the pianist, and an admirable *ensemble* was secured.

A NEW QUARTET.

Jan 26 1914

The music of Amédée Reuchsel is quite unknown to us. Judging by the pianoforte quartet produced at the Bechstein Hall on Saturday afternoon by the Henkel Quartet, we should say that the composer has quite a fair ability. The music, it is true, was not particularly original in style, but it had the merit of clarity, of fluency, and effectiveness. Of the three movements, one greatly preferred the second, an andante which displayed feeling, if on a somewhat sentimental plane. The opening allegro suffered by its squareness of theme, and the lack of the unexpected in treatment, so to speak; one felt an air of manufacture. Similarly with the finale, where, in fact, a chief subject seemed weak in itself, and hardly worth the discussion bestowed upon it. The performance in the hands of Mme. Lily Henkel, Mr. Arthur Beckwith, Mr. Raymond Jeremy, and Mr. John Mundy was of excellent quality, the organization displaying a good ensemble and the string tone especially being warm and strong. Quartets for the same combination of Mozart and Strauss completed the instrumental part of the scheme; in between them were placed two groups of songs, sung by Dr. Theo Lierhammer in his usual cutlivated manner.

BECHSTEIN HALL.

SCHONBERG AGAIN.

Telegraph Jan. 26 1914

There is no doubt that there are two Schönbergs, or at least that there are two varieties of the same musician. Of the "Five Orchestral Pieces" played under the composer's direction in Queen's Hall ten days ago we have already expressed our opinion. In certain of the pieces was a decided ugliness, but perhaps it were as well to explain (for the benefit of those who think that ugliness is necessarily badness) that even in the uglinesses there was a character not common. Can those "critics" referred to see no beauty in Gian di Bologna's Il Diavolino in Florence or in the gargoyles on Nôtre Dame in Paris? In one sense both are uncommonly and undeniably ugly, but the underlying art in them redeems this ugliness. So in the case of Schönberg, in his later development, the character of what we have called the uglinesses of some of his music redeems them. But in the case of his string sextet in D minor, which was played in public for the first time here by the London String Quartet, with Messrs Lockyer and Cedric Sharpe on Friday evening in Bechstein Hall, there is almost nothing but clearest, most translucent beauty in the music.

The sextet bears the title "Verklärte Nacht," an extract from Dehmel's poem "Weib und Welt" forming the poetic basis of the work. Through the poem there sounds perpetually an intensely human note; through the music also it passes as a thread. Mr Alfred Kalisch has admirably summarised the poem, the "idea" of which is easily traced in the music. "A man and a woman walk in a cold, leafless wood. The moon is their companion. The woman says, 'I have sinned deeply against you and against myself. I sinned through longing for life and joy, because the world was empty. Now that you have crossed my path I know that it was naught but sin.' They walk on with tottering steps. The moon is their companion. Then the man speaks: 'Let not your sin be a burden to your soul. I will bear part of it. The joy which came to you through it will shine on my soul too. Look how the whole world is now transfigured.' They meet in a passionate embrace. A man and a woman walk through gleaming, glorious night."

BEAUTY OF THE MUSIC.

The solemn, impressive opening is in itself beautiful, and is made doubly so by the "bigness" of the idea expressed in the music, and by its quiet dignity; and the agony of the woman in her sin, as suggested by Schönberg, is terribly poignant. Later, when the man assumes his share in the sin, the whole character of the music changes. It grows clearer and ever clearer, in spite of an occasional suggestion or hint of the preceding agony, until at last it assumes a character of exquisite ethereal beauty, as when:

> Ihr Atem küsst sich in den Lüften.
> Zwei Menschen gehn durch hohe, helle, Nacht.

In the matter of contrast, too, the music is of rare beauty; now its vigour is almost overpowering, anon its very quietness and consummate peace are a high attraction; and the technical writing is of a high order. Here, as in the "Five Pieces," the score bristles with *ppp* and even *pppp*, and it was in their failure to differentiate dynamically the extremely narrow differences of shading in tone (which differences Schönberg himself obtained in so distinguished a degree from the Queen's Hall Orchestra the other day), that the players of the sextet showed any imperfection. This, no doubt, will speedily be rectified, and in any case they are to be warmly thanked for bringing forward a work so instinct with a rare beauty, a work which, with the "Five Pieces," clearly demonstrated the existence of two Schönbergs, the "finished" artist and man and the experimenter.

On the programme also were two more new works, namely, Mr. Waldo Warner's Phantasy in D, for string quartet, which was discussed here on its production a few weeks ago; and Mr. Jervis-Read's setting of Mr. Maurice Hewlett's poem, "To the Daughter of Earth," for vocal and string quartets and pianoforte. On reading the poem, the first impression created was that it in no way calls for a musical setting, and that impression was decidedly enhanced when the music was heard. There is some very well-executed part-writing for the voices, but they did not seem to blend effectively with the strings, and the pianoforte part, well played by the composer, appeared a little disconnected. The piece is one long recitative, and, as stated, the poem, which contains such lines as these surely does not cry out for a musical setting:

> Was ever inconostase
> So superbly bedeckt
> With warm brown curtain, or flecht
> As this with rays of the sun?

ALEXANDRA PALACE.

Jan 26 1914 Telegraph

A new cantata, called "Llewelyn," which was brought to a hearing by the Alexandra Palace Choir on Saturday night, marks a distinct advance on anything that the composer, Mr. Cyril Jenkins, has yet put before a London audience. Inspired, no doubt, by a subject that must inevitably appeal very strongly to a Welsh musician, Mr. Jenkins has achieved a very engaging setting of a poem by the Rev. Elvet Lewis. There is no mistaking the sincerity of his music, but in giving free scope to his patriotic fervour he has never allowed his enthusiasm to get the better of his judgment. Both the solo and the chorus sections of the cantata are eminently and unequivocally vocal. The music owes nothing, in the normal and limited sense in which that phrase is ordinarily accepted, to extraneous influences. Traces of Wagner and Debussy, for instance, do not exist, nor is Mr. Jenkins under the sway of the Victorian, Mendelssohnian suavity which has cast its spell for so long over the typical Welsh composer. He is vigorous in building up his climaxes, and the ease with which he moves between religious exaltation and patriotic force should win the favour of choral societies for a work which only lasts for half an hour, and so adds to its other good qualties the merit of being short. The solo sections were capably sung by Mr. Stewart Gardner and Mr. John Watkyn, the latter an unfamiliar but promising tenor, never before heard in London; and the choruses were given with plenty of point and spirit, under the direction of Mr. Allen Gill. For the remainder of the programme Mr. Gill relied on Max Bruch's "The Power of Song" and Coleridge-Taylor's "Tale of Old Japan," the additional soloists in the last-named work being Miss Mary Leighton and Miss Dora Arnell. Mr. G. D. Cunningham was at the organ.

M. NIKOLAI SOKOLOFF.

Jan 26 1914

The pleasant invitation concert given at "Cosmopolis" on Saturday evening to the Russian Herzen Circle had for its chief feature the appearance of a decidedly clever young violinist, M. Nikolai Sokoloff. He is an artist whom one would be glad to have an opportunity of hearing in one of the regular concert halls, where better acoustical conditions are to be found. Also, as it so happened, M. Sokoloff was evidently most in sympathy with the music of his compatriot Tchaikovsky, and, as he played the first movement of the concerto, with only pianoforte accompaniment, there was a further feeling of limitations. This particular work especialy needs the orchestra—not that the lady who accompanied on the present occasion and whose name was not given on the programme, did not get through her difficult task in a creditable style. The violinist displayed an excellent technique, and gave the bravura passages with plenty of control, particularly good being the way the coda was worked up to a stimulating close. Later he was heard in Lalo's "Symphonie Espagnole" and in three unaccompanied movements of Bach, these last affording an excellent opportunity of displaying the neatness of his execution. An attractive part of the concert was the singing of Mrs. Lathrop, whose delivery of Liszt's "O Komm im Traum" and the central section of an air from Graun's "Der Tod Jesu," deserves a special word of praise.

THE GELOSO QUARTET.

Times

The Geloso Quartet, who left a deep impression by the two concerts which they gave in London last year, were heard again at the Bechstein Hall last night, when their programme was made up of Schubert's posthumous work in D minor, a quartet in D flat minor by Camille Chevillard, and César Franck's pianoforte quintet. Jan. 27 1914

In the quintet, the four regular players (MM. Albert Geloso, Albert Bloch, Louis Bailly, and Louis Ruyssen) were supplemented by M. Cesare Geloso, and it was noteworthy that the very delicately adjusted balance that marked the playing of the strings in the two quartets was maintained as perfectly when they were joined by the pianoforte. Every detail in the performance came out clearly and yet nothing was insisted on; in fact, spontaneity is one of the most striking features of the playing of the Quartet. In the quintet by Franck this gift of apparent spontaneity was particularly valuable, for without it the music, in the last movement at any rate, is apt to sound overloaded. Another feature of their playing both here and in the quartet by Schubert was the variety of tone which was obtained. Every kind of colour effect was given without any display of virtuosity, and it is difficult to say which was the most beautiful—the ethereal tone delicately brushed off the strings, the big chords swept off with the fullest volume, or the clear, resonant *pizzicati* which pointed the accompaniment to a solo passage such as occurred in the slow movement by Chevillard.

This quartet, which does not seem to have been played in London before, is quite unlike the same composer's sonatas for violin and violoncello, in so far as the writing is hardly chromatic at all. Broad, diatonic melodies, sounding not unlike Breton folk-songs, were at the basis of each movement, and the chief interest in the music was in the treatment to which they were subjected. The last movement was somewhat confused in its constant strenuousness, but the first two were clear and, though not original or in the least distinguished and hardly at all French in feeling, were not unattractive in their way. All three were admirably played by the quartet and roused considerable applause, though the most emphatic approval was expressed after César Franck's quintet.

LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Times Jan. 27. 1914

This orchestra resumed its series of Symphony Concerts at Queen's Hall last night, pursuing its policy of giving only "standard works" in a programme which contained Mozart's Overture to *Die Zauberflöte*, Saint-Saëns's Violin Concerto in B minor, Brahms's Variations on a theme by Haydn, and Dvorák's Symphony "From the New World."

We have already pointed out what we believe to be the disadvantages of the policy, but it must be confessed that it had a practical advantage last night, for the "sudden indisposition" of Mr. Mlynarski, who was to have conducted the concert, had no more serious result than the substitution of one able conductor for another. Mr. Arbos, whose wide experience fits him for such a task, took up the baton, and "at very short notice," which we suppose means without a complete rehearsal or without any, secured admirable performances. There were points in Brahms's variations where the balance of tone might have been more delicately adjusted in more favourable circumstances, but otherwise the playing was fully up to the high level one expects at these concerts. At the outset Mr. Arbos asserted his command to good purpose, giving due solemnity to the trombone chords of *Die Zauberflöte* by insisting on real pauses between them, and his treatment of Dvorák's Symphony was full of vital energy which gave distinction to the parts and force to the whole.

Mr. Kochanski was the solo violinist, and his inexhaustible command of *cantabile* tone and style seemed exactly suited to the work. To hear him soaring easily above the whole force of the orchestra in the *coda* to the first movement was a memorable experience. He of course has all the easy grace which the slow movement requires. His is playing in which there is no roughness or grittiness. The most incisive rhythms, such as the principal theme of the finale, come out perfectly clearly, but without allowing one to hear the grip of the bow on the strings. The polish might seem to be too high for some music; it is the very thing wanted for Sain-Saëns's smooth, ornate melodies.

ÆOLIAN HALL.

Telegraph Jan. 28 1914

Although it was her first appearance in London, there was none of the diffidence of immaturity about the singing of Miss Adelaide Van Staveren at the Æolian Hall last night. A mezzo-soprano who began her career in New Zealand, Miss Van Staveren is the happy possessor of a voice of wide range and uncommon power. She has also a temperament which—while it is an undoubted asset—will need a good deal of curbing, if Miss Van Staveren desires to make her mark as a singer of distinction. At present she is decidedly impetuous and excitable, and she has allowed herself to fall into the habit of incessant point-making. In her singing of a lengthy scena from Parry's "King Saul" it was quite fitting that she should adopt a very fervent and dramatic attitude, though even here a little more subtlety of delivery would have been an improvement. But in a group of lieder by Schumann Miss Van Staveren's feelings overpowered her judgment, and, incidentally, helped to spoil her diction. Many of her words were indistinct, and her obvious desire to give each song with the utmost possible feeling led her into several needless examples of over-emphasis. Still there was no denying the value of her natural gifts, which should carry her far when once her tendency to exaggeration has been overcome. Mr. Frank Mummery was an excellent accompanist.

THE HENKEL QUARTET.

Times

A chamber concert was given on Saturday afternoon in the Bechstein Hall by the Henkel Quartet, the members of which are Mme. Henkel, Mr. Arthur Beckwith, Mr. Raymond Jeremy, and Mr. John Mundy. Jan. 28 1914

In the middle of the programme came what was originally announced as the first performance in London of a Pianoforte Quartet in C by Amédée Reuchsel. It was, as a matter of fact, played rather more than two years ago at one of the concerts given by the Société des Concerts Français, with the composer at the pianoforte. It is not very obvious why it should be thought worth while to drag it into the light again, for it is not in the least representative of French music. There is, indeed, an occasional recollection of Fauré in it, but there is also just as much Puccini, while the general feeling of the work is that of Raff. But apart from any question of origin it is thoroughly heavy and dull, and the writing on the technical side is quite amateurish.

The concert ended with Strauss's Pianoforte Quartet in C minor, which though heavy is anything but amateurish, and opened with Mozart's in G minor. The players were much less at home in this than in the modern music, and also left the impression of not having sufficiently rehearsed it. Elsewhere the *ensemble* was generally fairly well balanced and they played with spirit. Between the concerted music Dr. Theo Lierhammer sang in his familiar style two groups of songs, among which were three of the less interesting examples of Hugo Wolf.

DR. HENSCHEL'S "FAREWELL."

Jan. 29 1914 Telegraph

Many of those who helped to crowd Bechstein Hall yesterday afternoon must have wondered why Dr. Henschel, who was giving one of his all too rare vocal recitals, had labelled that recital the first of two "farewell" recitals—the second and last occurs at the end of April. Frankly, the writer was one of the wonderers. It may be that Dr. Henschel, who has filled an honoured and very high position in our musical world for nearly forty years, is desirous of enjoying his ease; it cannot well be otherwise, for never has he shown a greater art than yesterday. But his gain in this case would be our very severe loss, and there has been nothing egoistic in Dr. Henschel's artistic career before! Yesterday he sang some such songs as the aria "Vedrai la forte bionda" from Carissimi's "Don Calandrino," Schubert's "Ganymed," "Der Leiermann" and "Fischerweise" as hardly another singer known in London could sing them, while few understand their Heine as Dr. Henschel showed that he does by his incident interpretation of "Ich grolle nicht." But so it went on all through the recital, in which, of course, the singer was his own assistant. Whatever he sang he adorned by his own rare distinction of style. Every song was a part of him and he of it. For controlled dramatic singing—witness his reading of Loewe's Balladen—Dr. Henschel has no superior even to-day. Small wonder that he roused his crowded audience to a state of frenzy. But why does he retire from his unique position while in the fulness of his artistic powers? One knows that he will continue to teach and to conduct—to conduct even more than before. But none of his pupils has approached him in distinction of style, and—there are many conductors.

As conductor Dr. Henschel is to appear, at the invitation of the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, at the inauguration of the new Usher Hall there, where three orchestral and choral concerts are to be given in March; and at the end of February he takes Mengelberg's place as director of the Concertgebouw concert in Amsterdam. Next month Dr. Henschel gives sixteen farewell recitals in Holland. We must content ourselves with two!

YESTERDAY'S RECITAL AT THE BECHSTEIN HALL.

1914 Jan. 29

Dr. George Henschel will shortly, alas! retire from public life. Before doing so he announced two recitals, the first of which took place yesterday afternoon at the Bechstein Hall. He sang so splendidly that it was the more regrettable to have to make up one's mind that we shall soon hear him no more. The programme was drawn up out of the repertory he has made familiar to us in recent seasons in London. It is chosen with a wide range of style, and nearly every song can be said to be a masterpiece, or, at any rate, to be very representative of the particular school or composer. As every one knows, Dr. Henschel accompanies himself, and it is but seldom that one feels there is any limitation of effect in so doing. With him certainly the practice has been a real success, although it is not easy to believe there are many who could carry it out in like manner. While the obvious advantage is that there is complete unanimity between voice and pianoforte from a technical point of view, Dr. Henschel goes a little farther in that he is able to play with a sympathetic colouring just as he modulates his singing. A particularly good example of this double atmosphere was shown yesterday in the performance of Schubert's "Der Leiermann"; one had a complete picture before one's mind's eye throughout. Two other songs of Schubert were likewise finely interpreted, "Fischerweise," with a truly delightful spirit, and "Ganymed," worked up to with great fervour. Schumann's "Die beiden Grenadiere," of course, made a big effect, though it is just a question whether so much liberty in tempo is wise in the playing of the "Marseillaise." Some ballads of Loewe and an old-world group were also in the scheme. There was present a very large and enthusiastic audience.

MR. VICTOR BENHAM.

The American pianist, Mr. Victor Benham, who has not played in London for some time, gave a recital at the Steinway Hall yesterday afternoon. He has a fluent technique of a kind. It leans rather towards the clear and delicate than the broad and sonorous, and in consequence in music of the classical school Mr. Benham's interpretations sound singularly unconvincing. His playing suggests the achievement of accuracy more than a warm and impulsive expression of the music itself. Moreover, one constantly found oneself in disagreement with the pianist on the score of rhythm. A rigid rhythm is not asked for, but we feel it to be of the very greatest importance that the natural accents should not be too much displaced. Mr. Benham should consider whether his rubato is well judged. The programme was select, an early Beethoven sonata, Bach's chromatic Fantasie and Fugue, and examples of Chopin being the principal features. Jan 31/14

A MAHLER SYMPHONY.

To judge by the few works of Gustav Mahler which have been heard here, the chief characteristics of his style might be summed up as over-elaboration in the means employed and a somewhat pretentious striving after sensational effect. All the more welcome, then, the clear thinking and comparative simplicity displayed in "The Song of the Earth," the so-called symphony which Sir Henry Wood introduced at Saturday's concert at Queen's Hall. To call the work a symphony is to stretch that term to its utmost capacity, and much nearer the truth is the commentator who, as an alternative title, suggests "Six Songs for orchestra, essentially inter-related, with a varied obbligato for solo voices." The work consists of six movements, each of them based upon a poem taken from a set adapted from the Chinese by Hans Bethge, and collectively entitled "Die Chinesische Flöte." These are given alternately to a tenor and contralto voice, the various sections being labelled "The Drinking-song of the Sorrow of Earth," "Loneliness in Autumn," "Song of Youth," "Song of Beauty," "The Reveller in Spring-time," and "The Parting."

It is unfortunate that the last movement is the weakest part of the work. Mahler in a melancholy mood is, frankly, uncommonly dull, and one waited in vain for some point of interest to justify the dreary prolixity of the final number. There was ample compensation, however, in the quaint invention and rich colours that were employed so lavishly, and yet with such artistry, in the earlier movements. The gaiety and sparkle of the third, in particular, proved so fascinating that Mr. Gervase Elwes was induced to repeat it. The "Song of Beauty," too, is aptly named, and contains some of the most picturesque and characteristic music of the symphony. If only the deep sincerity and emotional impulse of the first five movements had been maintained in the last, it would be possible to pass a wholly favourable verdict on "The Song of the Earth," and, in any case, it is decidedly the most important and attractive of the Mahler works which have so far reached this country. Mr. Elwes and Miss Doris Woodall sang the grateful vocal parts with rare sympathy and understanding, and the orchestral playing was on a high level throughout. Feb 2 1914

SYMPHONY WRITTEN IN VIEW OF DEATH.

Feb. 2. 1914

"SONG OF THE EARTH" AT QUEEN'S HALL.

Chronicle

It requires a very great genius to write symphonic music that is capable of absorbing one's attention and interest for a whole hour and a quarter, which was the length of the Mahler symphony played by the Queen's Hall Orchestra under Sir Henry Wood on Saturday afternoon. To be candid Mahler's inspiration was not powerful enough to last through such a lengthy symphony. Much of it is amazingly clever and facile, and many of the ideas are very beautiful. Parts of it, on the other hand, are merely manufactured music.

Strictly speaking, it has not a great deal of affinity with the usual symphonic structure. Each of its six movements contains an important part for solo voice, alternating between tenor and contralto in each movement. The symphony is said to have been written by the composer under a presentiment of his death, which occurred soon after its completion in 1911. This would seem to be borne out by the music itself, which begins and ends in sombre colour, and, indeed, these first and last sections of the music are perhaps the most striking and original, though the poignancy of the finale is rather too drawn out. The second movement, "Loneliness in Autumn," has also a fine elegiac vein, but with the third and fourth movements, "Of Youth" and "Of Beauty," the music assumes a delightful gaiety and exhilaration, showing Mahler as a master of harmonic and orchestral colouring.

It is, perhaps, a work which ought to be heard more than once before one can attempt to form a final estimate. There is no doubt, however, that it has some very fine moments. The music was excellently played, under Sir Henry Wood's sympathetic handling, the solo voice parts being very artistically done by Miss Doris Woodall and Mr. Gervase Elwes.

The remainder of the programme consisted of Brahms' D minor piano concerto (with Miss Nelly Ney as soloist), and Mr. Hamilton Harty's Comedy Overture.

"PARSIFAL" AT COVENT GARDEN.

Feb. 3 1914 Times

FIRST PERFORMANCE IN ENGLAND.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA PRESENT.

Amfortas	Herr PAUL BENDER
Titurel	Mr. MURRAY DAVEY
Gurnemanz	Herr PAUL KNÜPFER
Parsifal	Herr HEINRICH HENSEL
Klingsor	Herr AUGUST KIESS
Kundry	Frau EVA VON DER OSTEN
A Voice	Frau BENDER-SCHÄFER
1st Knight of the Grail	Mr. WILLIAM ANDERSON
2nd Knight of the Grail	Mr. CHARLES MOTT
1st Esquire	Miss WINIFRED NEW
2nd Esquire	Miss KATE HOLBROOKE
3rd Esquire	Herr HUMMELSHEIM

4th Esquire	Mr. Frank Foster
Flower Maidens ..	Frl. Annie Puchmayer Miss Ada Davies Miss Bessie Jones Miss Rosina Buckman Miss Eveline Matthews Miss Elsie McDermid
Conductor ..	Herr Artur Bodanzky

Queen Alexandra occupied the Royal box at the first performance in England of Wagner's *Parsifal*, which took place at Covent Garden last night before a very distinguished audience. The opera was heard with almost reverent attention. The request that visitors should be in their seats early was universally complied with; even the beginnings of applause at the end of an act were hushed by protests from the body of the audience.

The huge audience which filled every seat in the Opera House from the stalls to the gallery was drawn there no doubt by every conceivable motive and interest, from a devotion bordering upon a religious enthusiasm to mere curiosity and the desire to share in an historic event. Yet for practical purposes it could be divided into two definite classes, those who knew or thought they knew what *Parsifal* is and those who had come to make the discovery. Most of the former were, of course, those who have frequented the Festspielhaus at Bayreuth; among the latter must have been many to whom at least portions of the music were as familiar as is the music of *The Ring*, but who came to fit together for the first time their fragmentary impressions.

Both classes no doubt had one question uppermost in mind: the question how far what they were to see and hear would be the *Parsifal* which until this year has remained secluded at Bayreuth. The question, though inevitable, is destructive to the spirit which Wagner fought so hard to gain from his audience. He wanted what every artist wants and rarely gets, an attitude of concentrated sympathy freed from all exterior distractions. He wanted an audience without poses either of piety or cleverness to whom he could speak direct. The conditions of modern artistic production make the ideal unattainable, and while those who know *Parsifal* have by now answered the question each in his own way, it must be our business to answer it to some extent for the benefit of the newcomers.

THE SETTING OF THE OPERA.

The management had done all that could be done to make up for the loss of all the special conditions which simplify the listener's task at Bayreuth by insisting on punctuality, on the lowering of lights in the auditorium some minutes before the performance began, and on closing the doors during the whole of each act. The stage itself offered more serious problems, some advantages, and many difficulties. The immense size of the Covent Garden stage necessarily makes the pictures something very different from the originals.

The forest scene, into which Kundry rushes wild-eyed and breathless, bringing balsam for Amfortas's wound, and where the boy Parsifal strays and thoughtlessly shoots the swan, gives a far more spacious view of lake and mountain than can be shown at Bayreuth. The temple in which the mystery of the Grail is celebrated is, on the other hand, a very close reproduction of the Venetian architecture of the Bayreuth scene, but the point at which this production fails is the moving scenery which Wagner intended should link the two. The idea was one of Wagner's worst blunders in practical stagecraft. He directed that the whole scene should move gradually towards the right, and even when it is done perfectly it has some of the absurdity of the old-fashioned panorama show. But when the scene does not move at all, but is gradually obliterated by a canvas on a roll (which is what happens at Covent Garden), the absurdity is multiplied a hundredfold. If the management could have had the courage to prove Wagner wrong by omitting the moving scenery altogether, letting the journey to Monsalvat be pictured imaginatively in the magnificent music of the orchestra, as Siegfried's journey to the Rhine is pictured, a lasting service to Wagner's art would have been done.

The second act contains altogether three scenes. It opens in the darkened vaults of Klingsor's Castle, the details of which have been closely copied from Bayreuth. Originally the transformation to the garden of the magician's flower-maidens was effected by the castle appearing to sink into the earth, but this has been modified in recent years; so has been the garish scene of the garden, which, as a Correspondent pointed out in *The Times* on Saturday, was an eyesore to the first visitors to Bayreuth. At Covent Garden the castle sinks to the earth in accordance with the original plan. The garden when it appears is certainly more brilliant than the present Bayreuth scene, and throughout Parsifal's temptation by Kundry it remains the same instead of being gradually softened by wreaths of green foliage closing in around the actors. When Parsifal signs the Cross with the spear there follows the final transformation to a scene of fallen leaves and bare tree stems which in last night's performance was rather clumsily managed.

In the third act, the scene of the "Charfreitagszauber," there is again at Covent Garden both loss and gain. The beautiful spring scene, the fields strewn with crocuses, the white may and rose trees in full bloom, is in itself far more vivid than the comparatively simple picture at Bayreuth. Yet one misses the exquisitely mellow light which tones perfectly with Wagner's orchestral colour, and on the large stage one loses much of the intimacy of the action. The eye is distracted from the important things—Parsifal's forgiveness of Kundry and the preparation for his office. Again we have the same crude evasion of the difficulty of the moving scenery which leads back to the Temple of the Grail.

A "PARSIFAL" TRIUMPH.

Feb. 3 — 1914

HISTORIC NIGHT AT COVENT GARDEN.

Chronicle

BRILLIANT PERFORMANCE

GORGEOUS STAGE PICTURES.

An unprecedented demand for seats for the first production of "Parsifal" was experienced at Covent Garden yesterday.

The queue at the gallery and amphitheatre entrances began to form overnight, and some enthusiastic Wagnerites waited in the open air from 11 o'clock on Sunday night to 5 o'clock last evening. Some hours before the doors opened the waiting crowd had increased to several hundreds, many of whom failed to obtain admission. The traffic towards 5 o'clock had to be directed by a large force of police.

Queen Alexandra, who was one of the audience, arrived a few minutes before 5 o'clock, her entry to the theatre being witnessed by an interested crowd.

The production will rank as an historic event in the operatic records of this country. Only on very rare occasions has one seen such an audience at the theatre, an audience which crammed the immense house from floor to ceiling, and in which one saw any number of well-known faces in the social and artistic world.

As the lights went down, and the auditorium was plunged in darkness, as in Bayreuth, there was that tense feeling in the house which one can only experience on great nights, and it was in the most perfect silence that the first notes of the wonderful Prelude came from the orchestra.

NO NEW WAGNER.

To form my first estimate of "Parsifal" it would be necessary to put back the operatic clock (so to speak) by more than 30 years, to try and imagine ourselves as having become familiar with the music soon after the "Ring" had been heard, and Wagner, in his matured artistic powers, was first revealed to us. For the music, of course, cannot strike any very new or modern note to us to-day, such giant strides have been made in the progress of music in those 30 odd years. Neither shall we find a new Wagner in it, any more than Beethoven's ninth symphony, if it had remained buried and discovered only now, could give us a totally new aspect of its composer.

For in "Parsifal" there is unmistakably the Wagner of the "Ring," who, if he had not found a still newer path in music, was working on yet another colossal canvas of the same kind, of wonderful design, both dramatically and musically. And working, I think, with somewhat simpler and more effective means, with those great, broad touches which only the ripest powers of a genius can use successfully, and with all the experience of the "Ring" to guide him.

It must not be forgotten, too, that some of the finest portions of the music have been popularised in the concert room for many years. I imagine that the feelings of many of those who heard the opera for the first time last night must have been comparable to those of an artist who, familiar with a wonderful fragment of a statue, is suddenly confronted with the complete figure.

EARLIER WORK RECALLED.

"Parsifal" has close artistic relationships with the "Ring" and "Tristan," and many of its characters recall those in the earlier works. Parsifal is a sort of saintly Siegfried, the anguish of Amfortas on his litter recalls the death-bed delirium of Tristan. Gurnemanz, the faithful henchman of the Grail, has an ancestor in Kurvenal, the trusty squire of Tristan. Klingsor, the evil master of magic, suggests Hagen or Alberich in the "Ring."

A new type of character is delineated by Wagner in Kundry, the "wild woman," the Magdalen whose better nature longs for deliverance from Klingsor's evil bondage, and this is the individual figure which stands out most strongly in the whole opera, especially in the scene in which she pleads with Klingsor (Act II.) to spare her from the task of tempting Parsifal, and in her scene of repentance before Parsifal (in Act III.).

If "Parsifal" has any faults they are the faults of a genius, and of the same kind as those in the "Ring." People who find that the latter has tedious moments will say the same of "Parsifal," and those who enjoy every bar of the tetralogy will similarly appreciate every note of "Parsifal."

It is agreed by everyone that the sublimest moments of "Parsifal" are equal to anything else Wagner wrote. The two great Grail scenes which form the last parts of Acts I. and III. are wonderful in their "uplift," with music which for mystic ecstasy cannot be surpassed in the history of the art. The whole of the last act, indeed, is of wonderful beauty; there is assuredly scarcely a dull moment for anyone with ears to hear.

UNFORGETTABLE MOMENTS.

In the earlier part of the act, where Parsifal returns to the Grail Kingdom and he and Gurnemanz sing of the rapture of the Good Friday morn, on which the hero has returned with the sacred spear which is to cure Amfortas and restore the full splendour of the Grail temple, the music is almost celestial in its perfect serenity and calm, and its nearly rhythmless flow gives it a peculiar tranquillity. The final Grail scene brings with it a fresh beauty on the arrival of Parsifal with the spear, and the transformation of Amfortas' motif of suffering into one of gladness, with which is woven the motif of the "pure fool." It is one of the most beautiful moments in "Parsifal," but exquisite as it is it is dwarfed by the magnificence of the closing scene of the opera which immediately follows, and in which Wagner has with a last effort woven a musical fabric of incomparable beauty out of the chief themes of the work.

Those last moments of "Parsifal" are absolutely unforgettable both to eye and ear, and whatever one may say of the opera as a whole the last half-hour entitles it to rank as one of the very greatest art works ever given to the world.

One feels, perhaps, that there are certain parts of the opera in which the purely musical interest is not always of the highest. The music of the scene between Klingsor and Kundry at the beginning of Act II. is not Wagner at his best, and the long scene between Parsifal and Kundry, where the latter tempts the hero, is somewhat unequal, although it has fine moments. The flower-maidens' music has an exotic beauty, but some of it owes its inspiration to Wagner's own Rhine-maidens.

So, too, in the first act, the scene between Gurnemanz and the squires is, perhaps, too long-drawn-out. Like Wotan, Gurnemanz could not tell his story except at great length.

A WONDERFUL PRODUCTION.

The precise value of some of the ceremonial music in the Grail scenes has also been debated. But as to its extraordinary suitability and effectiveness there can be no two opinions. However, the public will now have to pass its own verdict on "Parsifal." When it has been in the repertoire for some years one will be able to see more clearly its exact position with regard to Wagner's other works. One thing is certain, it must stand or fall as an opera and an art-work, not as a sacred ceremony to be listened to in honour of the genius who produced it.

Of the production at Covent Garden one cannot speak too highly. No pains or expense have been spared to give it with the proper splendour and solemnity. The Grail temple scene was exceedingly beautiful and impressive, rich in colouring, and with a clever effect of space and height. The lighting was finely managed, and the picture at the moment of elevating the Grail cup one of the greatest beauty.

The panorama illustrating the journey of Parsifal and Gurnemanz to the temple is a very striking piece of work, perhaps the best purely scenic effect in the opera. In the second act the flower-maidens' scene is very charming (although the garden is a trifle garish), and the change from Klingsor's gloomy castle keep to the garden is admirably done, as is also the vanishing of the garden at the end, showing a weird

scene of desolation. The opening scene of Act I. is also very fine, but the "flowery mead" of Act III. is possibly a little too bright. As a whole, however, it is an extremely beautiful production, the costumes being also very picturesque and rich. The stage management was quite a triumph for Herr Wirk, who is to be congratulated on achieving such fine results.

EQUAL TO BAYREUTH.

Musically speaking, the performance was a magnificent one, and I doubt whether any opera in recent years has had such a perfect production at Covent Garden. It was quite equal to many of those seen at Bayreuth, and in some respects superior.

The orchestral playing was of a rare beauty, subtle and very expressive, and with climaxes of gorgeous tone. Herr Bodanzky, who conducted and made his début on this occasion, did wonders with the score, especially considering that he was conducting "Parsifal" for the first time anywhere. He also kept all the singers in close touch with the orchestra, and there was really not a weak point anywhere throughout the whole of the four and a half hours of music which the opera contains.

The Prelude was most superbly played, although a little slowly, and the music of the Grail scenes was given with great emotional force and delicacy.

Never, too, has such wonderful choral singing been heard at Covent Garden as that in the first and second acts last night. The perfect pitch, phrasing, and quality of tone of the dome choirs, both in the "middle-height" and in the top, made the Grail scene of quite ecstatic effect. Very brilliant, too, was the singing of the flower-maidens' ensemble, the picked solo voices being excellent, blending perfectly.

Some notable work, too, was done by the principals. Perhaps the finest was the Gurnemanz of Herr Knüpfer, a portrait of the utmost dignity and authority.

THE NAME PART.

Parsifal, Herr Hensel, sang very finely but was inclined to exaggerate his gestures somewhat in the earlier scenes, especially in that with Kundry.

Mme. Eva von der Osten's Kundry was also a very striking piece of work, and her treatment of the most difficult moments, such as the scene with Klingsor, was extremely clever. She sang with a great deal of vocal beauty in the temptation scene, both she and Herr Hensel making a fine climax to the scene.

As Amfortas Herr Bender also did very good work, his singing of the two great solos before the Grail being done with a fine poignancy and emotional force. Herr Kiess as Klingsor was also excellent, the various small rôles were very ably done. Throughout the evening the ensemble was mostly perfect, a triumph for all concerned.

H. C.

"PARSIFAL," AT COVENT GARDEN.

Feb. 3'14 Pall Mall Gazette

LAST NIGHT'S PERFORMANCE.

By Our Musical Critic.

The season of German Opera arranged by the Grand Opera Syndicate with the primary object of producing "Parsifal" for the first time in England began last night at Covent Garden with the presentation of that remarkable work. Wagner's last creation is in a somewhat unique position owing to the bonds of copyright now loosened; a quasi-novelty, in fact, for the majority of musical people must be perfectly familiar with the music on paper or with those numerous extracts frequently performed in concert form, while, of course, there are many who have made the Bayreuth pilgrimage or heard the performances undertaken in recent years elsewhere.

A great advance has been made in opera since "Parsifal" was produced in 1882. Wagnerism is too much of an established fact to be any longer the subject of heated controversy, there are later divergences to take its place; that which chiefly interests one now from the argumentative point of view is to what extent the method holds its own in comparison with more recent developments.

In "Parsifal" one finds the master-hand working with an ease and surety which to some extent technically surpasses previous work. We should say that here Wagner carried "music-drama" to its most perfect form; that is to say, the action of the piece depends so much upon the play of emotional forces that the addition of music to carry conviction seems more fundamentally necessary than in any other of the operas. "Parsifal" thus has a special significance theoretically, and is a natural development of its author's double power of dramatist and musician.

Of course, nowadays we are so accustomed to swiftly moving action, and to methods of realism, that a work of so much musical reflectiveness and a theme dealing with a great ideal may appear out of date; indeed, it might be urged that its effects should have been accesible when the Wagner movement was new, but no one will be disappointed who approaches the work from the right standpoint. Unfortunately, considerable allowance has to be made on account of the present production, which one regrets to find follows precedent so closely.

With the exception of the Hall of the Grail and the moving panorama, the scenery is very crude and unsympathetic. The same thing applies practically to all Wagnerian production, which, hampered by tradition, seems to ignore the lessons taught by the latter-day schemes of decoration. The music and dramatic ideas of "Parsifal" live, however, in spite of this, in which respect perhaps it is just as well that the work does not come to us absolutely unknown.

If the characterisation of "Parsifal" is wanting in intensity and interest, the reason lies in the fact that the various personages have been subordinated to the presentment of the underlying idea of the eternal conflict between body and spirit. Whether such subordination was necessary or not is, at least, an arguable point, but the fact remains that the important thing is what Parsifal stands for rather than he himself as a character. Kundry likewise. "Parsifal," as a matter of fact, is frankly didactic, always rather a dangerous thing for a work of art to be—dangerous lest the greatness of the idea should be weakened or sentimentalised in its presentation.

The tradition of performance already alluded to comes in here again in reference to the methods of delivery adopted by the singers. When a work is new in the sense that "Parsifal" was in 1882, the necessity for making its tendencies patent is real, just like of old in "Das Rheingold" at the close of the last scene it was customary for Wotan to brandish a sword when the sword-theme was blazed out in the orchestra.

But the day comes when such aids to perception are no longer needed, and one, in consequence, resents the pushing forward of the obvious and may easily apportion the blame for the lessening of the impression to the work itself rather than to its presentation. Fortunately, however, nothing save sheer incompetence—and, of course, we are spared that—can destroy the emotional effect of the music, about which to say much at this time of day is surely superfluous. It would be like taking up one's pen to describe the beauties of the Beethoven symphonies, or of any musical work endeared to the hearts of all music-lovers.

One may suggest, all the same, that if Wagner's inspiration failed him at all, it was in the scene between Parsifal and Kundry, where the latter's powers of seduction are less strongly expressed than her final outbursts of vindictive rage. As to the music of the Grail scenes, or that of the flowery meadow, it is all one long chain of the most entrancing æsthetic appeal, the technical mastery, too, being as superb as the actual thematic invention.

Although there were some limitations in last night's performance, it had many good points. The conductor, Herr Artur Bodanzky, is a capable musician, and the orchestral playing was beautiful in quality, without having very much incisiveness or clarity. Herr Bodanzky's tempi were rather slow at times, and he could not achieve very powerful climaxes. On the stage Herr Paul Bender gave a really fine account of himself as Amfortas; he sang with great feeling, and made the part live.

Herr Paul Knupfer's beautiful voice and easy method were well heard in the music of Gurnemanz; his impersonation, however, was rather of a surface kind, and was not wholly free from an excess of sentiment. The Parsifal of Herr Heinrich Hensel had for its chief merit great earnestness of endeavour and sincerity, which made up in large measure for an unequal vocal method and a forced histrionic style, especially in the earlier scenes. Fräulein Eva von der Osten's Kundry was a splendid bit of technique both in the acting and singing; the latter was remarkably powerful, and her magnificent voice was fully equal to the demands of the second act. But throughout one felt some artificiality, some lack of warmth and conviction.

The scenic effects went well, save for a temporary hitch in the movement of the panorama cloth in the last act, which necessitated the orchestra coming to a halt. This effect, by the way, is a poor one in itself, and the production would suffer nothing by its being done away with altogether. The chorus singing was excellent except in the last act, where the intonation was faulty. But why do the knights still adhere to that ungainly walk? Another Bayreuth tradition which should be abolished.

The flower-maidens' solos and chorus went well, but one would like to see this scene treated with more imagination. Wagner, it may be added, asked for what is practically an impossibility when he required the magic garden to become a waste at a moment's notice. The Covent Garden version is hardly more than adequate.

ROYAL OPERA.

Telegraph Feb. 4'1914

"JOSEPH" PRODUCED.

Could the cry go farther than from "Parsifal" backwards to Méhul's opera "Joseph," which was performed for the first time on the stage in England at Covent Garden last night? In one is all the accumulated wealth of centuries of ever-developing musical expression; in the other the delicacy, the daintiness, the fragility, the reticence, and graceful charm of the period of Gluck and Haydn.

It was indeed an interesting experience for those who have seen on the last two nights these two operas for the first time, and probably there were more persons present at Covent Garden who had previously seen "Parsifal" than had witnessed a performance of "Joseph." Opportunities have been rare. Occasionally one hears of the latter opera appearing here or there in some Continental theatre or other: but some twenty-five years ago it was in the repertoire of many of the leading German opera houses. Then it lapsed and was in danger of being forgotten, until Weingartner took it in hand, converted the original spoken dialogue into sung recitative, and a new period of life was vouchsafed to a work that is nothing if not charming. It is in this form that "Joseph" was heard last night.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

The history of "Joseph" is interesting. The idea of it came into being when, at a famous Paris salon in 1806, a number of littérateurs and artists were discussing the then recent failure of a tragedy, "Omasis, or Joseph in Egypt." The failure was attributed on all hands to the fact that a stage work that contained no love incident must therefore be devoid of vital interest. Duval, the playwright, strongly dissented from this view, and undertook to manipulate the self-same matter for the operatic stage. Méhul thereupon offered to compose the music, the combined work to be in the form of a three-act opera. But the stipulation was made that, as Méhul was at the time on bad terms with the authorities of the Grand Opéra (at which house spoken dialogue was forbidden), spoken dialogue should be admitted, and the work therefore would fall into line with the requirements of the Opéra Comique. Ultimately, in February, 1807, "Joseph" was produced at this latter house as a drama with song, and the result to the composer was the gaining of a prize of 5,000f offered by Napoleon I. for the best work produced within ten years at the Opéra Comique. The prize, however, was never paid. Quickly "Joseph" attracted attention in Germany, where Weber acted as sponsor, a position later assumed in France by Berlioz.

A glance at the list of characters employed will show that Duval strictly maintained one term at least of his contract, since there is but one female in the list, and she plays the rôle of Benjamin, one of the sons of Jacob. The story is a simple one. It tells of Joseph, who, as Cleophas, Governor of Egypt, is in the heyday of his material prosperity; yet, in spite of this, his mind is saddened constantly by the ever-recurring thought of the action of his brothers, who, in his youth, sold him into slavery. In Utobal he has a confidant to whom he relates his early history, when there appear several Hebrew shepherd-travellers, who, in fact, are Joseph's brothers, now filled with remorse. Joseph, on recognising them, decides to conceal from them his own identity, which they have not yet discovered; he seeks "the tents of the Children of Israel," and meets his brother Benjamin and Jacob, to whom he nearly betrays himself by his emotion. Utobal arrives to announce that the city of Memphis is anxious to welcome Joseph by a triumphal procession; Joseph accepts, but demands that Jacob and Benjamin shall accompany him.

Later there is a feast, at which the Governor, Cleophas, treats the Hebrews with so much distinction that his enemies complain to Pharaoh. Utobal warns Cleophas, who, in his turn, acquaints Pharaoh with the true facts, after having dismissed the guests, all save only Jacob and Benjamin and Simeon, whom Joseph orders to be brought in. Simeon thereupon confesses the guilt of the brothers to Jacob, who is on the point of cursing his children when Joseph returns, and ultimately discloses his own identity. This story is surely simplicity itself; Méhul has treated it with becoming simplicity, but, none the less, with a fitting sense of the drama.

MEHUL'S METHOD.

If in "Parsifal" it is slightly necessary to possess the historic sense on hearing it now for the first time, that necessity is infinitely greater in connection with "Joseph," for an obvious reason. In Méhul's day the artist-composer was compelled by circumstances to utilise a more petite method of depicting even a great emotion than is the case to-day, when the composer's palette is massed with a wealth of more or less raw "colour," and the brushes, as it were, are of coarser texture. Méhul, in spite of his dramatic sense, was almost more of an etcher than a great painter—at least, as he is represented in "Joseph," the delicacy of the score of which is delicious in (according to modern ideas) its simple grandeur and dignity.

doubt the influence of Gluck upon his Roger confrère is apparent in more than one bar of "Joseph"; it could hardly be otherwise, since Méhul was only some 16 years of age when, after witnessing the famous production of Gluck's "Iphigénie en Tauride," he expressed his admiration to Gluck, who thereupon took it upon himself not only to give much valuable advice, but to instruct the youth in the deeper underlying poesy of music.

Nevertheless, Méhul himself stands out in perfect clearness in such numbers as Joseph's Romanze, "Die Jugend war mir kaum vergangen," a song that used to be as familiar as Spohr's "Rose, softly blooming." Benjamin's Romanze, "Ach, musste der Tod," and the whole of the music in the scene between Benjamin and Joseph, in which this latter Romanze occurs; and the delicious little prelude to the third act, with, of course, the famous trio and the still more famous chorus, "Gross und hehr sind die Sieger," which brings the fine second act to an end. The pageant music, too, towards the close of this act is capital, and the opera was a most refreshing renewal of an old experience, more especially after one has heard so much of the modern music that has been recently to the front. As to Weingartner's recitatives, they may have seemed a little modern by comparison with the Méhul music, but we found them by no means harsh by contrast, and, generally speaking, they were done with admirable reticence and reverence and rarely skilled musicianship.

THE PERFORMERS.

Of this curiously interesting relic of a state of music that is by no means dead, in spite of what some may say, a very smooth performance was given, though the immense length of the intervals tended a little to break the continuity of the opera. The music, with all its apparent simplicity, is very difficult to sing, but all concerned sang well. Yet there was one outstanding performance, namely, that of Mr. Kiess, whose singing of the many legato phrases in the rôle of Simeon was quite beautiful, while his demeanour was on the same high level. Not very far behind came Mr. Sembach, who as Joseph sang with far greater ease and effect than when he appeared here a year or two ago as Loge, and if his make-up left something to be desired, he yet played the man in a rôle that must be difficult indeed for one saturated in modern rôles, and gave one good cause to expect something distinguished to-morrow, when he is cast for Parsifal. Mr. Plaschke's Jacob, too, was a capital study, and Miss Jonsson an excellent Benjamin. The new scenery, painted by Mr. Bernard, is quite effective, and the chorus, especially that "off" in the second act, sang very well indeed. Mr. Percy Pitt, who conducted, clearly only requires a greater experience to develop into a very capable music-director. The remainder of the long cast was adequate, and the charming opera was received with some warmth.

THE ROYAL OPERA.

Feb 4 1914

MÉHUL'S "JOSEPH."

It was doubtless the religious subject which prevented Méhul's "Joseph" from being heard in England in the days when its style might have made it successful; now it comes to us rather too late. Produced by the Grand Opera Syndicate last night at Covent Garden, this antiquated work could only make but a moderate impression. The truth surely is that Méhul was not a sufficiently original or individual composer to do more than please a public attuned to the current musical phraseology. That the opera has had some continuity in its appeal on the Continent does not really affect this argument, as in countries where opera-going is a habit traditions can linger for greater periods than elsewhere. Méhul's music suggests something of Gluck, with an additional gloss of perhaps the Mozartian influence. It is all very placid and neatly written, and occasionally, especially in the ensembles, a touch of the dramatic creeps in. But the essentially undramatic nature of the libretto makes real force of expression almost an impossibility—at any rate, to a composer without a naturally vivid power of musical characterisation. The three acts deal with Joseph in Pharaoh's Court and the arrival of his brothers and father, who had come to Egypt to escape the famine. The climax of the work is the disclosure of his identity after having made Jacob forgive Simeon and the others for their former cruelty. The music consists of arias, ensembles, and choruses, all very vocal, and quite effective in their simple way. There is just a touch of genuine opera in the treatment of the daybreak at the beginning of the second act, the effect of the prayer sung behind the scenes, and the distant trumpets creating quite an atmosphere. Otherwise one has for the most part various numbers more in the cantata style. They have been strung together by Herr Weingartner, who has set the dialogue in the appropriate recitative form.

The opera has been well mounted, and it was well sung last night. Herr Friedrich Plaschke and Herr Johannes Sembach were excellent as Jacob and Joseph respectively. Good work, too, was done by Herr August Kiess as Simeon, and some very pretty singing was forthcoming from Fräulein Greta Jonsson, the music of Benjamin being written for a soprano. Mr. Percy Pitt conducted an altogether exceedingly smooth performance.

"JOSEPH."

Chronicle Feb. 4/1914

OLD-WORLD MUSIC AT COVENT GARDEN.

The charming little century-old opera "Joseph," produced last night at Covent Garden, was a complete contrast to the solemn splendours of "Parsifal" on the preceding evening.

Its composer, Méhul, was one of the last of the classical French opera writers; his "Joseph," although produced at the beginning of the 19th century, really belongs to an earlier period. Its very simple, ever ingenuous music almost seemed incongruous with the gorgeous Oriental setting it received last night, with some clever scenery by Mr. Bernard, a new artist at Covent Garden.

There are any amount of charming melodies in the opera. Joseph has two effective solos in the first act, and the Romance, which Benjamin sings in Act 2, is even more delightful, while Jacob's solo in the same scene is dignified and impressive. The chorus assisting in the second and third acts is also broad and effective, especially the prayer already referred to, and the charming chorus of Memphis maidens in the banquet scene. The performance was an excellent one, and the mounting of the opera quite beautiful.

The role of Joseph was taken by Herr Sembach, who sang with a good deal of vocal beauty and dramatic sense, and his delivery of the solo in the first act was very artistic and finished. As Jacob, Herr Plaschke also sang well, although he was occasionally inclined to be over-dramatic. The part of Benjamin, which is given by the composer to a mezzo-soprano, was very charmingly done by Mlle. Greta Jonsson, who sang the Romance exquisitely and acted throughout with much naturalness. Herr Keiss as Simeon sang dramatically, and the remainder of Jacob's children were well represented vocally.

Mr. Percy Pitt conducted the opera with a great deal of sympathy for the old-world atmosphere of the music, and kept the ensembles on the stage well in hand. He also obtained very finished performances from the orchestra of the very delightful little preludes to the second and third acts, and the somewhat less taking overture.

QUEEN'S HALL ORCHESTRA

Feb 2 1914 Times

MAHLER'S SYMPHONIC SONG-CYCLE.

The chief event of Saturday's symphony concert, and one which occupied the whole first part of the programme, lasting an hour and 10 minutes, was "Das Lied von der Erde," which is described by its composer, Gustav Mahler, as "a symphony for a tenor voice, an alto voice, and orchestra." This work, not numbered in his list of symphonies, was, together with the Ninth Symphony, left in manuscript and unperformed by Mahler when he died in 1911. It has since had one or two performances in Germany, and was given in England for the first time on Saturday by Sir Henry Wood and his orchestra, the solos being sung by Mr. Gervase Elwes and Miss Doris Woodall.

Those who know only Mahler's earlier symphonies, particularly the Seventh, which was played at Queen's Hall last year, and have been oppressed by their pomp and circumstance, their heavily-weighted orchestration, and their terrible seriousness about trifles, must have been happily surprised by "Das Lied von der Erde." It is certainly long, too long; Mahler could never be quite content with having said a good thing once; but the lyrics from "Die Chinesische Flöte" (Hans Bethge's transcriptions from ancient Chinese poetry) are in many cases handled with extraordinary delicacy and even with reticence. There are six songs or movements set alternately for tenor and alto voice, with a very varied orchestra, though only the first and fourth use a very large one. The first, "Das Trinklied vom Jammer der Erde" (tenor), is the least impressive, because it tries to be the most impressive. The poet struggling to escape, as it were, from his refrain, "Dunkel ist das Leben, ist der Tod," raises a wild dithyramb to the wine of life, and the composer has tried to respond to it in his characteristic way by a great exertion of energy. But his effort does not ring true: he cannot quite forget his Wagner and the patches of quasi-Oriental colour are oddly stuck on to the Wagnerian style of ecstatic emotion. "Der Einsame im Herbst" (alto) is very different. Its delicate opening for muted violins accompanying an oboe solo with a gently groping figure in quavers brings us at once into the intimate feeling of the description, "Herbst nebel wallen bläulich überm See," and throughout the musical treatment is consistent. In the deftness of his writing for a small orchestra Mahler reminds one of Berlioz, but only in the sense that he shows a similar mastery of technique. The charm of "Von der Jugend" (tenor), an exquisite willow-pattern in music, was so appealing that Sir Henry Wood allowed its repetition. "Von der Schönheit" (alto) has the force of a contrast. The poem pictures first the maidens gathering lotus blooms by the water, then the young men galloping by on horseback. The big symphonic interpolation for the orchestra suggesting the ride in uncouth rhythms and strange harmonies is the most graphic piece of instrumentation in the whole work. "Der Trunkene im Frühling" (tenor), too, has delightful moments of instrumental suggestion, particularly in the song of the bird which calls "Ja, ja, der Lenz ist da," and they are not got by any of the more conventional means. Finally "Der Abschied" (alto) shows a capacity for the expression of intense feeling without excessive stress which is rarely found in Mahler. The softly drooping phrases of the horns, the pathetic turn of the oboe combine with beautiful writing for the voice to produce an impression of great earnestness, an impression which is not destroyed even though it is imperilled by the long protracted *coda*.

Both the singers entered fully into the feeling of the work and combined with the orchestra to secure an exceedingly sympathetic performance. In the second part Miss Elly Ney played Brahms's Piano Concerto in D minor and earned such applause that she added the short Ballade in G minor from Op. 118. The programme was completed with Mr. Hamilton Harty's Comedy Overture.

THE ROSÉ QUARTET.

Feb. 4 '14

A graceful compliment to British music was paid by the Rosé Quartet at the first of two concerts at Bechstein Hall last night, when these capable players began their programme with Sir Charles Stanford's quartet in G minor, Op. 99. It is not, perhaps, among the most genial of the composer's works, but its classical cast gave ample opportunity for the clear-cut and admirably proportioned playing for which Professor Rosé and his colleagues are justly renowned. In this respect the Rosé Quartet is unsurpassed, though there were moments last night when one found oneself wishing for a greater warmth of tone and a more varied play of colour. Still, there was a great deal to admire in the performances of the British work and of Beethoven's quartet in C minor, despite a certain want of flexibility. Between the two quartets came Schubert's Trio in B flat, Op. 99. In this Mr. Richard Epstein was associated with Professors Rosé and Buxbaum in a performance which, for its grace and delicacy, can be unreservedly commended.

MÉHUL'S "JOSEPH."

Feb. 4 1914 Times

BIBLICAL OPERA AT COVENT GARDEN.

NEW PRODUCTION LAST NIGHT.

Jacob	Herr Friedrich Plaschke
Joseph	Herr Johannes Sembach
Benjamin	Frl. Greta Jonsson
Ruben	Herr Anton Hummelsheim
Simeon	Herr August Kiess
Naphtali	Mr. Frank Foster
Issachar	Mr. Hughes Macklin
Dan	Mr. William Anderson
Gad	Mr. Furness Williams
Asher	M. Leon de Sousa
Judah	Mr. Charles Mott
Levi	Mr. Murray Davey
Zebulon	Herr Jan Hemsing
Utobal	Herr Carel van Hulst
An Officer	Herr Hans Erwin
Conductor	Mr. Percy Pitt

The opera chosen to be a companion to *Parsifal* this week contrasts strongly with it in everything save seriousness. That the two have in common. But while Wagner's seriousness led him to expand and insist upon every aspect of his theme, Méhul's worked in the opposite direction, making him refuse admittance to every side issue in order that the one essential, the love of Joseph for his father and his brothers, might stand clearly as the single motive of his drama. There is no hint of any other "love interest." We hear nothing even of Potiphar's wife, who has proved so alluring to modern dramatists, and all the details of Joseph's early life are packed into a neat little "Romance" in three verses in strophic form which he sings to his Egyptian servant Utobal early in the first act.

After the overture the curtain rises upon Joseph alone in the palace which belongs to him as Pharaoh's chief Minister. His soliloquy, a recitative and aria, brings us at once to the point of the opera, his constant longing for his native land and his father's house. There follows a conversation with Utobal, originally a spoken dialogue, but in the version current in Germany and used at Covent Garden sung in recitative, written by Weingartner. The "Romance" of which we have spoken is set into this recitative, which is used throughout to link together Méhul's numbers, a concession to modern style which only purists will resent.

Joseph goes out and an officer announces to Utobal the arrival of certain Hebrews to see the Governor. They are, of course, the ten brothers, and in a long *ensemble* Simeon, who had counselled the murder of Joseph, bewails his own wickedness, while the others attempt to subdue him, fearful lest he should betray them.

There is a touch of quaintness about this and much else which comes from the association of very simple human feeling with music which has the formality of a hundred years ago. "The guard and the Governor are coming; O, Simeon, be quiet," sing the brothers, and during their conversation with Joseph, asides to the same effect continually recur. Joseph assures the brothers of his protection, and at the climax of the act the Egyptian populace rushes in somewhat inconsequently to have loaves dealt out to them by Joseph.

A Picturesque Act.

The plot of the opera in the second act leaves the details of the Bible story in order to pursue its own theme. Jacob, old and blind, and tended by Benjamin, is visited in his tent just before dawn by Joseph. The scene is one of great musical picturesqueness; the choir singing their prayers to the God of Israel, Benjamin's child-like song about his lost brother, the fine trio between the two brothers and their father have the ring of genuinely emotional drama, which is independent of fashions and manners of expression.

Joseph insists upon Jacob, who still does not know him, sharing his triumph before the people, and the third act shows him feasting his father and brothers in his own house. An alarm is raised by Utobal that the Egyptians are furious at the favour shown by the Governor to the strangers, and since the scene has included choruses of Egyptian maidens directed by Joseph to sing "the praise of Israel's God" the offence is scarcely to be wondered at. Indirectly, however, the interruption leads to the point towards which the whole opera has been working. Joseph hurries to Pharaoh while the frightened brothers confess their crime to Jacob, and when Joseph returns he has to still the wrath of Jacob towards his sons by declaring his identity. The brothers, falling on their knees, hail him with a cry of recognition.

The opera was excellently mounted and sung by an admirable cast. Two new scenes had been painted by Mr. O. Bernard for the first two acts, an imposing crimson palace for Joseph and a really beautiful scene outside the walls of Memphis, before which all the most charming music of the opera, that of the second act, is sung. The scene of the third act together with some of the properties used in the triumphal procession were familiar to those who know *Aïda*, but that was only to be expected and did not detract seriously from the freshness of the setting.

Méhul's music is not really suited to the German type of voice any more than to the German language, and some of the singers, especially Herr Plaschke, who made of Jacob a very hale and hearty old man, were inclined to be a little heavy. Herr Sembach, too, might have reserved his strength a little more at first, but he sang the music of Joseph with fine conviction, and his voice had a richness which is too rarely found among German tenors. Miss Greta Jonsson sang Benjamin's song in the second act charmingly, Herr Kiess was a dramatic and moroso Simeon, and Mr. Frank Foster's light tenor voice was of just the right quality for this music. Mr. Percy Pitt secured careful playing from the orchestra and well brought out the beauties of the preludes to the second and third acts. The whole deserved a better audience than one which only half filled the house.

PRODUCTION 70 YEARS AGO.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

Sir,—In view of the announcement of the first production in England of Méhul's *Joseph* it may be of interest to recall that this work has already been heard at Drury Lane Theatre. Over 70 years ago during a season there of German opera, the company wished to perform *Joseph*, which was in their repertoire. But the rule against operas on Biblical subjects being still in force, the work had to be announced as an oratorio. My father, Adolph Ganz, who conducted the performance (on April 7, 1841), told me that the German choral singing was particularly admired. The work, however, was described as being too operatic in character and as not possessing "the stern dignity of oratorio music."

I am yours faithfully,
WILHELM GANZ.

February 3.

BECHSTEIN HALL.

Feb. 5. 1914 Telegraph

A pianist who will dare to include in the programme of a first recital music of such divergent composers as Bach, Gluck, Beethoven, Dvořák, Chopin, Gabriel Grovlez, and a few others, must have arrived already at a stage of self-confidence when any excuses for shortcomings are entirely unnecessary. Still, such a programme—it included, it is true, a couple of transcriptions—is very exacting, and it is greatly to the young pianist's credit that he carried it through as successfully as he did. With quite an unusual degree of sympathy Mr. Cooper entered into the spirit of the various things he set out to interpret, least successfully in the Bach and Beethoven, but quite delightfully in the lovely "L'Almanach aux Images" of Grovlez—a composer who is surely coming soon into his own. The "Chanson de L'Escarpolette" and the perfect "Petites Litanies de Jesus" stood out from among the other pieces of the same suite. Technically he would seem to require greater strength and facility in the performance of a thing like the A flat Polonaise of Chopin; that will, however, come in time without doubt. Mr. Cooper had the assistance of Mr. Rowsby Woof as solo violinist.

"PARSIFAL" AT COVENT GARDEN.

Feb. 5 1914 Times

THE SECOND PERFORMANCE.

Covent Garden was nearly filled again last night when the second performance of *Parsifal* was given. The Princess Royal, Princess Maud, Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg, and King Manoel and Queen Amelia were among those present. There were a few changes in the cast. Herr Plaschke took the place of Herr Bender as Amfortas, Herr Vogl was the Parsifal instead of Herr Hensel, and Herr Erwin the Klingsor instead of Herr Kiess. Otherwise the singers were the same as on Monday night, Herr Knüpfer playing Gurnemanz once more and Frau von der Osten Kundry.

The performance, which Herr Bodanzky condneted again, was a very smooth one as far as the orchestra and the principals are concerned. Every now and then the bells in the grail scene dragged behind the orchestra in the theatre, but that is a fault which has almost become traditional, and synchronism between players behind and players in front of the scene is one of the most troublesome problems that stage managers and conductors have to face. In this same scene the hidden choruses were also noticeably out of tune at times, though, on the other hand, they always managed to come in exactly on the beat, and their phrasing was a pleasure to listen to. In the matter of tone we have seldom heard the strings so resonant as they were in the second act, and the playing of the wind instruments was always delicate even when they were producing their loudest tone.

Herr Bodanzky's command of the band was firm without being rigid, and he was able to keep up the pace and so prevent the action from dragging everywhere except in the opening of the first act, where no conducting in the world can counteract Wagner's favourite habit of holding up both the dramatic and the musical interest in order that the situation may be cleared up in lengthy monologues.

The first scene was made as little tedious as possible by Herr Knüpfer's superb singing and dignified acting. Herr Vogl was robust and straightforward as Parsifal and hardly attempted any kind of psychological treatment of his part; he was consequently at his best in the scene in the garden with Kundry, where both he and Frau von der Osten produced strikingly beautiful tone without any effort or over-elaboration of vocal effects. Herr Plaschke, too, was robust rather than imaginative as Amfortas, and his tone was admirable in many passages of his two great scenes. As Klingsor Herr Erwin sang without very much power, but he succeeded in conveying the peculiar grim humour that the part needs and he cut a picturesque figure on the castle walls, looking like some old Rabbi of Rembrandt's against a setting by Piranesi. The lighting failed for a moment at the beginning of this scene, otherwise it was satisfactory in its way, but it is a pity that something more alluring than the garden of yellow asters could not have been devised, and we hope the day will come when Covent Garden will follow the example of Charlottenburg and leave both journeys towards the grail to the orchestra and the imagination of the audience. Last night the curtain fell between the two scenes of the last act, but in the first we had to watch the moving panorama unwinding its drab, ungainly coils.

ROYAL OPERA.

Feb. 6, 1914

"PARSIFAL" AGAIN.

Chronicle

In certainly one respect—if not more—the younger generation of Wagnerites is infinitely the better off than that which came between it and the original Bayreuthers. The very early days had its singers, Materna, Gura, Lilli Lehmann, and so forth. But after them came those who favoured what was known here as the school of Sprechgesang, to the genuine type of which the majority of examples bore but a faint resemblance, for there was such a thing as song in the original, even if some of its exemplars ultimately perverted the meaning for their own ends. Now the lovers of the sung Wagner are coming into their own again, and the promise is of more lovely singing than ever before. And thereby hangs a tale. Some twenty and more years ago Professor Julius Stockhausen, a truly great man and a wiser than many prophets, declared positively to the present writer—then comparatively young—that he (the writer) would live to hear Wagner's music sung even as he (Stockhausen) heard Mozart's music sung in the days of his youth.

Is not this prophecy in course of fulfilment? How often has the most perfect Wagnerite, even of infinite experience, heard such pure and noble singing as that of Mr. Paul Bender last night at Covent Garden, when that eminently-distinguished artist undertook Amfortas's rôle, yet once more, in the third performance of "Parsifal"? And in the matter of purity of singing—the whole of the present company seem to have the art of diction at complete command—has Parsifal's music often been sung so beautifully as now by Mr. Johannes Sembach? We say nothing of his stage deportment, which was often stilted and stiff and pointless, as may well have been, since Mr. Sembach, it is understood, was making his first appearance in the rôle; he can quickly rid himself of the present habit of addressing the house instead of Kundry, in the second act. The fault at present is a venial one. For the moment it is the singing that matters, and there Mr. Sembach created a very decided impression. Also Mr. Fonss's Gurnemanz is a fine example of Wagner singing, while his reading of the part is full of dignity and deep sympathy.

Again, how truly superb is Mr. Kiess's exhortation as Klingsor to Kundry—a performance we have already praised highly; and how glorious the art of Madame Rüsche-Endorf, who appeared for the first time here as Kundry, and created a profound impression by the sheer beauty of that art. Here once more one returns to the art of the singer as such, exemplified as it is by all the representatives of the major rôles. This last performance was in very truth superb if for no other reason than for the sheer beauty of the singing. Moreover, the orchestra, under the brilliant leadership of Mr. T. Morrison, and the direction of Mr. Arthur Bodanzky, played as not before this week, and more especially were the climaxes of greater significance.

It may interest some to know that Madame Rüsche-Endorf, like Madame Von der Osten, dresses in red in the second act. And it may interest them further to know that in Wagner's own rubric there is no mention of colour, and that Wagner laid the accent of his command more on the "light, veil-like, fantastic garment" than on the "Annähernd arabischer Stiles." Also that a great improvement has now been made in the last act by the abbreviation of the panorama.

To-night Messrs. Bender, Vogl, and Kiess are to appear in the second performance of "Joseph."

COVENT GARDEN OPERA.

Telegraph

CHANGES IN "PARSIFAL."

Feb. 5 1914

With a new protagonist, and one or two less important changes of cast, "Parsifal" was staged for the second time at Covent Garden last evening. And as at the historic production on Monday, Wagner's ultimate music-drama was unfolded in the presence of an audience of impressive numbers, and one whose attitude was wholly reverent and sympathetic. No doubt, to many who attend a performance of the work, "Parsifal" is something more than a "sacred festival play"—Wagner's own definition; it is a solemn rite, to be approached in a spirit of the deepest reverence. Others there are, of course—and probably they are in the ascendant—whose interest in the work is purely musical, and to whom its emotional appeal, accordingly, is of another kind. Fortunately in this case the interests of the two classes in no wise conflict, for, while swayed by different emotions, both are anxious alike to ensure for any performance of "Parsifal" conditions approximating to those that obtain within the walls of the Festspielhaus that gave it birth. London being London, it would surely be in the last degree unreasonable to expect of the Covent Garden authorities that they should successfully invoke the authentic Bayreuth "atmosphere." But towards obtaining the right conditions they have unquestionably done their level best, and nobody present at either of the performances given thus far of Wagner's swan-song will be found to deny that the highest ideals have been aimed at and, in very large measure, achieved.

The Parsifal last evening was Mr. Josef Vogl, a newcomer from Mayence. Very few indeed are the singers who have done themselves complete justice on making their bow at Covent Garden, and we hardly think Mr. Vogl is to be numbered among the exceptions. At any rate there were moments, particularly in the second act, when he seemed scarcely able to realise to the full his vocal powers, and that this was due in part to the artist's unfamiliarity with his surroundings may be assumed from the fact that in the anointing scene of the last act he sang with smoothness and beauty of tone. The Amfortas of last night's cast was Mr. Friedrich Plaschke, to whom compliments may rightly go. Dignity and feeling marked his singing at all points, and full, yet restrained, expression was given by the artist to the suffering knight's anguish and ecstasy in the first Grail scene. With a voice of fair volume, Mr. Hans Erwin was able to impart significance to Klingsor's phrases, and again we had in Mr. Paul Knupfer a Gurnemanz upon whose performance it would indeed be hardly possible to improve. And what praises could be too high for the memorable Kundry of Miss Eva von der Osten, whose singing throughout was extraordinarily fine and intensely dramatic. On her lips the "Herzeleide" and, for that matter, the whole of Kundry's music in the long scene with Parsifal sounded wondrously beautiful.

Under Mr. Bodanzky the orchestra gave us playing on a consistently high level of finish and expressiveness, and, as a detail worth mentioning, one should add that—very wisely, as we think—the second panorama, which was designed to link up the two scenes of the last act, was omitted last night. As a further improvement we would suggest also the omission in future of the moving scenery which paves the way to the first Grail scene. Surely Parsifal's journey to Monsalvat could be left to the imagination, the more so as any panorama, however good of its kind, must tend in a measure to divert attention from the accompanying music—some of the finest, as it so happens, in the whole of Wagner's score.

MR. LEONARD BORWICK'S RECITAL.

Times Feb 5 1914

Mr. Leonard Borwick embarked upon a series of five piano recitals at Æolian Hall yesterday afternoon. He knows the art of programme-making as few pianists do, and he has laid out his five programmes to include a number of the biggest things of piano music and at the same time to give plenty of variety and contrast. In all his recitals save the third (February 18), which is to be devoted entirely to Beethoven, a group of modern French pieces comes in the middle of the recital. Yesterday this group consisted of the three "Poèmes d'après Aloysius Bertrand," by Ravel, which have the general title of "Gaspard de la nuit." These were preceded by Bach's short Organ Fugue in G minor (Mr. Borwick's own arrangement) and Beethoven's last Sonata (Op. 111 in C minor), and followed by a group of Brahms pieces.

It is remarkable to find a pianist educated in the strictest sect of the German classical tradition entering so thoroughly into the modern French style as Mr. Borwick does. Possibly he understands and enjoys it all the better for having come to it comparatively late in his career. He can be content to play Ravel in just the way which seems good to him, whereas in the Beethoven sonata there was a certain hardness and rigidity of rhythm which suggested a concentrated earnestness of purpose rather than a spontaneous interpretation. But he seemed to get directly into the poetic content of the pieces by Ravel. "Ondine" was a cascade of pattering raindrops with rainbow tints of tone striking across them, "Le Gibet" had the vague qualities of tone which enhance the eerie effect of the undefined harmonies that surround the persistent bell-note, and "Scarbo" from its groping phrase to its final flicker was perfectly outlined. One cannot help feeling, however well it is played, that "Scarbo" is too long for its subject matter. About half-way through Ravel seems to have forgotten his poem and to have gone on elaborating his theme on purely musical lines.

One wonders whether any but an Englishman could play both Ravel and Brahms with the sympathy which Mr. Borwick gives to them. The Ballade on "Edward" and the Romance in F from Op. 118 were very delicately phrased, and all the power of the pianist's technique was shown in the second book of variations on a theme by Paganini.

ÆOLIAN HALL.

Feb. 5 '14

It is not often that Mr. Leonard Borwick permits himself to appear in public in a London concert-room. Therefore it is all the more pleasurable that he has just begun a series of five pianoforte recitals, to be given in Æolian Hall. Of these the first occurred yesterday, when the programme was devoted to familiar but beautiful works by the three B's.—Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms—with the wonderful "Gaspard do la Nuit." At the recital next Wednesday Ravel is to be represented by his "Valses Noble et Sentimentales," and at the last the "Gaspard" will be repeated. But this is not all that Mr. Borwick is doing to familiarise his hearers with modern French music, for at his fourth recital he will introduce a pianoforte version, of his own making, of Debussy's "L'Après-midi d'un Faune" and of "Fêtes"—a truly bold experiment this, which, however, has the sanction of the French publishers. Of his playing of the Ravel "poèmes" there can be no two opinions. It was very beautiful indeed, "Ondine" being done with delicious delicacy, "Le Gibet" made almost uncanny by the everlasting "bell," and "Scarbo" played with all the necessary waywardness and fancy. Its close, where Scarbo, the little rascal, disappears (to quote Mr. Borwick's admirable notes), "like the snuff of a candle, all of a sudden, puff!—he's gone," was perfect.

Bach was represented by the great G minor organ fugue, which under Mr. Borwick's fingers and in his transcription retains more of its Bach than do most arrangements. This and Beethoven's C minor Sonata, op. 111, were played, as well as a group of Brahms's works, with the reticence and restraint and pearly clearness of technique that have been characteristic of Mr. Borwick's playing since his Frankfurt days. Were only a little more warmth of style to be infused even Mr. Borwick's playing would gain.

BECHSTEIN HALL.

Feb. 6. 1914

"Favourite old and modern songs." Thus ran the legend on the programme of the very pleasant and admirably-varied recital that Madame Blanche Marchesi gave in Bechstein Hall yesterday afternoon. Such a label carried with it, of course, the promise of much that was familiar, and in this expectation nobody will have been disappointed. With equal enthusiasm and sincerity Madame Marchesi addressed herself to the old and the new in a scheme which bore ample witness to the range of her musical sympathies. She sang in German and Italian, English and French, and once even in Norwegian, the case in point being Sigurd Lie's charming "Sue," a song that a few years ago enjoyed very considerable vogue, and the fact that yesterday it was redemanded showed that it has not yet lost its power of appeal. Earlier in the programme such delicate old-time examples as Caccini's "Amaryllis" and Scarlatti's "La Violette," and Garat's "Dans le Printemps de mes Années" (said to have been a favourite song of Marie Antoinette) served to display the singer's art at its best, because they were sung, as was Mozart's "Wiegenlied," with perfect simplicity, and no forcing of the tone. When once or twice, as, for instance, in Brahms's "Immer leiser," Madame Marchesi forced her voice, the effect was to rob it of the soft, pure quality which in most of her songs the artist showed that she can still preserve. Debussy, Fauré, Maude Valérie White, Holbrooke, and Cyril Scott were among contemporary composers upon whom the recital-giver drew for "favourite songs," and her choice proved wholly to the liking of a large audience. Miss Irene Asdaile was the accompanist.

MME. BLANCHE MARCHESI'S RECITAL.

Feb 6 1914 Times

Mme. Blanche Marchesi rarely appears in public nowadays, and the opportunity of hearing her which she gave yesterday to her admirers was welcomed by a large audience at the Bechstein Hall. It seemed appropriate in the circumstances to announce the recital as one "of favourite old and modern songs," for the audience could wish for nothing better than to hear Mme. Marchesi sing the songs which she has made favourites by her finished style and her intimate sympathy. The songs covered a wide period of time from Caccini to Debussy, and a wide range of style from J. S. Bach to Liza Lehmann, but different times and different styles mattered little to the pleasure of the audience, who had come primarily to enjoy the personal interpretation of the singer. Her personality was strongly impressed upon everything; it carried through certain songs, of which Brahms's "Immer Leiser" was one, which now try her voice considerably, and it made perfect in their several ways the miniature songs of description, such as Scarlatti's "Violet" and Sigurd Lie's "Snow." The latter, sung in Norwegian, had to be repeated, and probably more repetitions would have been demanded but for the fact that the audience knew each time a song was ended that the next one would charm them equally.

"PARSIFAL" AT COVENT GARDEN.

February 6 1914 Times

HERR FÖNSS AS GURNEMANZ.

The third performance of *Parsifal* last night was an advance on the preceding ones. Everyone has "found" himself, from the stage manager to the call-boy; the instruments and voices behind the scenes have plucked up courage and dared to sing and play in tune; and the unrolling scene of the passage to the Grail's domain, if it does not exactly improve on acquaintance, at least ceases to annoy. There were some changes in the cast: Frau Rüsche-Endorf succeeded Frau von der Osten as Kundry, Herr Fönss took the part of Gurnemanz, and Herr Sembach that of Parsifal.

Two things shone out in the performance last night—Herr Fönss's singing in the part of Gurnemanz, and Herr Bodanzky's conducting. The part of Gurnemanz is like that of Wotan in *The Ring*. He has to tell the audience all the things that they ought to come with a knowledge of—for it is of little use to listen to Wagner's dramas without a complete and intelligent sympathy with the story. It is the highest praise to say that he very nearly succeeded in doing this. Almost alone of the actors he took great pains with the pronunciation, and for any one with a general knowledge of what it was all about, there was no difficulty in following the why and wherefore of what goes on in the orchestra. Further, though he was not alone in this, it was a constant pleasure to listen to the round, full tones which seemed constantly to remind us that this is no ordinary history of a forgotten past which is being narrated, but a struggle between duty and ease, an antithesis between heedless pleasure and relentless pain.

STOCK EXCHANGE ORCHESTRAL AND CHORAL SOCIETY.

Times

This society gave a concert last night in the Queen's Hall with a programme which contained several things that it was a pleasure to hear because they are not constantly occurring in the programmes of the bigger symphony concerts. Schumann's Fourth Symphony in D minor, like the rest of his purely orchestral music, cannot be called hackneyed. Chabrier's brilliant Rhapsody "España" (known at one time mainly by the waltz Waldteufel founded on it) has not been heard often of late, and we doubt whether the melodious overture to Rimsky-Korsakov's opera *La Nuit de Mai* has been played more than once in the last few years. Feb. 6, 1914

The flowing character of the themes, the strongly punctuated rhythms, and the picturesque orchestration made the performance of this overture less difficult for the orchestra than that of Schumann's symphony, which is full of pitfalls. It must be recorded that many of them were not avoided, in spite of Mr. Hamish MacCunn's care. The orchestra, in fact, seemed a good deal weaker in the tone of the strings, and especially in the steadiness of the basses, than we remember them to have been for a long time, and the entries were clumsily taken by wind as well as by strings many times in the course of the work. The choir, on the other hand, sang well under Mr. Frank Idle, and made the most of such things as Beale's famous "What ho!" and more modern examples, which included two by the conductor. Between Beale's madrigal and an arrangement by Max Reger of a German volkslied, Miss Dora Gibson sang the air "Adieu, forêts" from Tchaikovsky's *Jeanne d'Arc* with a full rich tone, which she produced with striking ease. It was a pity that she should have spoilt the impression she left in this by giving a commonplace ballad as an encore.

ROYAL OPERA.

Feb. 7 '14

There was an unusually pathetic note struck early and maintained throughout the performance of "Joseph" at Covent Garden last night. The opera is nothing if not pathetic, and for some reason or other that was made more manifest now than three days ago, when Méhul's opera was produced here. In this second performance were two changes from the original cast, Mr. Paul Bender succeeding Mr. Plaschke as Jakob and Mr. Vogl Mr. Sembach as Joseph. Of the rôle of Jakob Mr. Bender gave a characteristically thorough rendering. He is the personification of sincerity, and his singing of the "Got Abrahams! erhöre meine Bitte" was sublime in its depth of poignant feeling. Mr. Engl, too, though at first he seemed a little out of voice, sang Joseph's rôle with a similar feeling, and besides acted with conviction; while as Simeon and Benjamin, Mr. Kiess and Miss Greta Jonsson increased palpably the quite excellent impression they created on the occasion of the production of the opera. Mr. Percy Pitt again conducted, and took a real share in a performance that was far in advance of its predecessor, and the opera made upon those who are receptive an even deeper impression than before.

QUEEN'S HALL ORCHESTRA

Feb 16 1914

NEW STRAUSS AND STRAVINSKY WORKS.

The fourth symphony of Beethoven is comparatively seldom played; its revival, therefore, on Saturday afternoon at the Queen's Hall Orchestra's concert was very welcome, the more so as the work received a remarkably beautiful performance. Conceived on a less emotionally exacting plane than the famous fifth or the "Eroica," this symphony is so buoyant and clear in its mood and outlines that in a sense it is easy to see why the general public verdict seems to have placed it lower down in the scale. But as a matter of fact it is really a very great work in its own particular way, and Sir Henry J. Wood's really splendidly controlled and clarified performance ought to do something towards increasing its popular reputation. As it so happens, modern music, with all its brilliance and its large measure of what often approaches cacophony, is having the effect of throwing into the stronger relief music of the old school, and to no particular class does this apply more than the type which seems to have no deeper import than the sheer delight in the weaving of purely musical patterns. Beethoven is known to have been in a calm, happy, contented frame of mind when he wrote the B flat Symphony, and the music reflects such feelings perfectly. There is, of course, a tender poetic note struck in the lovely slow movement, but all the rest is characteristic of the composer, who knew well that all musical expression to be of æsthetic value and charm need not be pitched in a key of stress or gloom. Coming as it did immediately after two modern works, the symphony's successful appeal was an invaluable tribute to its inherent freshness and vitality.

* * *

Strauss's prelude to "Der Bürger als Edelmann" and overture to "Ariadne auf Naxos" received their first concert performance on this occasion. They sounded poor stuff, and are hardly likely to become a popular addition to the Strauss concert-room repertory. The first performance in England followed of an early work by Stravinsky entitled "Fireworks." Apparently it is intended to illustrate a pyrotechnical display, and the subject for one who cares to juggle ingeniously with orchestral colouring in the hope of imitating objective sounds may be said to be a good one. The composer certainly has exerted vast ingenuity, but the work is entirely trivial and musically unimportant. It has value in respect of displaying fine execution on the part of the orchestra, and Sir Henry Wood's band made a brave show. The soloist of the afternoon was the distinguished pianist, M. Alfred Cortot, who quite won the hearts of the audience by his masterly playing in Schumann's pianoforte concerto. It was a very strong performance in every way, the beauty and variety of the pianist's tone being a notable feature. He was many times recalled, and finally gave an encore.

THE WESSELY QUARTET.

Saturday's concert at Bechstein Hall was the fiftieth of the admirable series which the Wessely Quartet inaugurated so long ago as October, 1901. That is a record of which Messrs. Hans Wessely, Spencer Dyke, Ernest Tomlinson, and B. Patterson Parker may well be proud, and there was no doubting the warmth and spontaneity with which Saturday's audience congratulated Mr. Wessely and his colleagues on their services to what many hold to be the most intimate form of musical art. The new work which headed the programme was eminently suited to so auspicious an occasion, for M. Esposito's quartet in C minor has nothing to do with the more recondite problems of life and art. Although at the end of its four short movements one felt that nothing very new had been said, it went its way so gaily and with so welcome a regard for the claims of graceful melody that the ultimate impression was quite a favourable one. The refinement of M. Esposito's workmanship found a fitting reflection in the performance, while no less good was the vigorous impulse that distinguished the playing of Strauss's early and most uncharacteristic quartet in C minor, with Mr. York Bowen in the pianoforte part. A programme of varied interest was completed by Schubert's posthumous quartet in D minor.

COVENT GARDEN OPERA.

Feb. 17 1914

Last evening's performance of "Parsifal" at Covent Garden was marked by the first appearance here in the title-part—of which we had already seen three other representatives—of Mr. Carl Burrian. Once again an enormous audience came to our opera house and listened to Wagner's impressive work with all possible reverence and sympathy. Among those who filled the theatre, from stalls to topmost gallery, were there many, one wondered, who were renewing impressions of the "sacred festival play," or was the vast audience composed mainly of those who had not yet heard it, either in London or elsewhere? On this point, of course, there is room only for conjecture, and, in any case, no answer to the inquiry would carry one much further in the direction of deciding to what extent interest in Wagner's last music-drama is still that of curiosity. All that can be said with any certainty is that, upon those who are no longer strangers to the score, its beauties grow as their knowledge of it deepens. And so, whatever some may think, it looks, after all, very much as if "Parsifal," for which the world at large had to wait so long, has come to stay.

The Parsifal of last night's cast is no stranger, of course, to Covent Garden, where, in years past, he has been seen and heard in more than one Wagnerian rôle—his last appearance here, if memory serves, being as Tristan. To the part of Parsifal Mr. Burrian probably brings more experience than any other artist who has essayed it here, for the reason that he sang it as far back as 1909 at one of the "unauthorised" productions of the work in New York. Recently, moreover, he has shown his quality in it at Buda-Pesth. Certainly there was no lack of confidence and nothing of a tentative character in Mr. Burrian's performance last evening; yet it cannot be said that what, for want of a better term, must be called the "histrionic" difficulties of the part were more successfully overcome by him than by his predecessors, although he did, in the first act, contrive to suggest the bewilderment and also the contrition of the "Pure Fool." Nor was the note of sincerity wanting in his singing, though there were not a few moments when the artist's voice, while well under control and not deficient in power, was apt to take on that roughness of quality which used to be the almost invariable mark of the Bayreuth order of tenors. Of the beauty and intensity of Madame Eva von der Osten's singing as Kundry there is no need to speak afresh, nor of the wholly satisfactory and often impressive performance in other parts of artists whose efforts have already been discussed. Mr. Bodanzky again conducted.

LEIGHTON HOUSE CHAMBER CONCERTS.

Feb. 18. 1914

The revival of these concerts is evidently welcomed by many people, for at the second of the series, held yesterday afternoon, there was a very good audience—good, that is, in point of numbers from the first, and good in its behaviour when Dr. Brodsky had stopped in the middle of a movement and reproved one or two inattentive people near him for daring to talk while Beethoven was talking. Dr. Brodsky was right, and one of the advantages of real chamber concerts such as these should be that the audience, with the artists, can concentrate solely upon the matter in hand undisturbed by the distractions from which the ordinary concert-room is never free. Another great advantage is that every detail tells so easily that there can be no temptation to exaggerate as there is in a large hall.

Times

Dr. Brodsky and his colleagues in his famous quartet would be the last to yield to the temptation in any circumstances. Their performance of Beethoven's posthumous Quartet in B flat (Op. 130) had all the assurance which comes from a fine tradition and the intimacy which can only be got by four players who work together in constant association. Mr. Percy Grainger played some piano solos, his own delicate arrangement of the Sussex Mummers' Carol, Ravel's "Le Gibet," and Debussy's brilliant Toccata in C sharp minor, and took part with three members of the Brodsky Quartet in Fauré's Piano Quartet in C minor. Some small harshnesses of tone which were either not there or not felt as a disadvantage in Beethoven, prevented the string-playing in this last from having quite the polish which the music needs, but the work made an excellent ending to an enjoyable concert.

MME. MYSZ-GMEINER'S RECITAL.

Seeing what a fine singer Mme. Mysz-Gmeiner is known to be it was surprising that there was not a larger audience for her recital yesterday afternoon in the Bechstein Hall, and all the more so because the singer is not one of those who are tempted to repeat a success too often. However, those who went were rewarded with a delightful hour and a half, in which there were very few dull moments.

Times

Such as there were were due to the music, and not to the singing, except perhaps in the first two German folksongs in Brahms's arrangement—"Es steht ein Lind'" and "Erlaube mir fein's Mädchen—both of which were taken at too slow a pace. In the first the change of vocal colour for the refrain "Ach Gott, was thut sie da" was unobtrusively right, and the phrasing throughout was excellent, but the last ines do not bear too much dragging, and the second song loses the character of a *ländler* if the pace is not kept up. In this respect the other two folksongs were exactly what they should have been, and as far as musical interpretation goes the singer sang all of them simply without making them sound consciously naive.

Feb. 18. 1914

It was just this conscious *naïveté* which vitiated the group of Mahler songs which preceded the Brahms; but it was in the music, not in Mme. Mysz-Gmeiner's singing. "Wer hat dies Liedlein erdacht" is just saved by a piece of *coloratura* borrowed from Bach, and the singer's beautiful delivery of it rightly won an encore, but "Ich hab ein glühend Messer" is quite commonplace. "Ich atmet' einen Lindenduft" sounds almost as though it were a parody "à la manière d'une chanson allemande," and the song about St. Antony of Padua preaching to the fishes relies on the words and not on the music for the peculiar humour of its appeal. It was in the group of songs by Schubert, which followed a group by old Italian composers, that the singer gave us the very best. Each song was sung with a true sense of its character and with a lyrical impulse which one felt to be beating in the music from the first bar to the last.

THREE NEW TRIOS.

Feb 8 1914

An interesting and pleasant concert was given at the Arts Centre, Mortimer-street, last night by Miss Clairborne Dixon, Mr. Thomas Fussell, and Mr. Arthur Trew. The programme consisted entirely of music for pianoforte trio, which the three artists named carried out in excellent style. The "Caprice" of Paul Juon received, we believe, its first public performance in London. It is a work of considerable charm and originality. From the title one gathers that the composer did not intend to write a normal trio, and indeed although there are four movements (the andante and scherzo run one into the other) none of them is quite orthodox in style or in the manner of the actual writing for the instruments. The first is the most important structurally, but the scherzo section and the finale, a sort of fantasia in waltz rhythm, prove to be the most taking from a thematic point of view. The invention, indeed, is very fresh and happy in its suggestion of rhythmic vitality and freedom, the composer's use of persistent rhythmic figures of a forcible type being an attractive characteristic of his method. The andante begins well with a subject alternately major and minor, but not enough is made of it to be distinctively convincing. This is decidedly a work which should be heard again.

Mr. H. Waldo Warner's "Phantasy" trio, labelled "first performance," was lacking in strength and cohesion of design; one did not feel the connection between the suavely melodious opening and the light, almost trivial, character of the close. But then the subject-matter was not very interesting in itself. Still, the work is effectively written and shows some knowledge of the none too easy art of writing for the particular combination. Another little English trio was played later, Mr. Norman O'Neill's "Trio en un mouvement," quite an agreeable piece of music this in an unpretentious way; also well written save perhaps for a feeling that there are too many changes of mood. Schumann's trio in D minor completed the programme.

SOCIÉTÉ DES CONCERTS FRANÇAIS.

Feb. 18 1914 Telegraph

VISIT OF FLORENT SCHMITT.

Among the brilliant company of French composers who are gradually making a place for themselves in English concert programmes the name of Florent Schmitt stands high. It is a name respected in Paris, where the later developments of music are discussed with perhaps more keenness of intelligence than is shown by the average lover of music in this great city of ours. It is a sorry thing to admit, but, unfortunately, it is true, for we are, in our musical tastes, as in most other things, very conservative, and disinclined to pay much attention to anything new unless we are told authoritatively beforehand that it is good, or exciting, and worth paying for. In the case of Florent Schmitt the authority is the Société des Concerts Français, whose twenty-fourth meeting was held at Steinway's on Monday evening, with his Excellency the French Ambassador among the audience. From time to time we have had opportunities of listening to various odd compositions of this talented writer, but never to a programme so representative (and even that only in the style of chamber music) as that under notice, which was devoted entirely to his works. In the domain of orchestral music Florent Schmitt has already, although barely in the prime of life, distinguished himself, but on Monday we had to content ourselves with some pianoforte pieces, a few songs, and the pianoforte quintet.

This last has only been played once in London before—just over three years ago, at one of the Society's meetings—so that it was practically new to a Steinway Hall audience. The composer himself played the pianoforte part, the other instrumentalists being the members of the accomplished Parisian Quartet—Messrs. Willaume, Morel, Macon, and Feuillard. Without being in any sense strikingly original, this is a work that has its author's name indelibly stamped on every page, even in the first movement and part of the last, where the mannerisms of his master, Gabriel Fauré, and the harmonic style of that greater personality, César Franck, are very evident. In these fast-moving days one must regard the work, in spite of a richness of "modern" (i.e. Wagnerian) harmonic texture, as academic, since it conforms broadly to the accepted shape, but it leans more to the romantic than the classical in subject and treatment, and although it is quite possible that a little curtailment here and there would be an improvement, there is no denying the logic and beauty of the whole thing. It is a work one should be glad to hear some of our own native organisations perform when they have time to leave the beaten track. Madame Lily Henkel and the composer together played three delightful "Humoresques"—a "Scherzetto," a "Valse Sentimentale," and a "Danse Grotesque"—at the beginning of the programme, trivial hors-d'œuvres of delicate and slightly exotic flavour. The "Chant Elegiaque," for 'cello and piano (the former instrument played by Mr. Feuillard), was the least interesting thing in the programme—a work evidently composed before Mr. Schmitt had the courage to be himself—as he is so finely in the three songs sung by Madame Hilda Roosevelt, and in the "Crépuscule," which followed. Madame Roosevelt's singing, especially of those poignant verses of Maeterlinck, "Ils ont tué trois petites filles," was well worthy of the splendid tradition of these unique concerts.

MISS HENRIETTE MICHELSON.

Feb. 18 1914

The clever American pianist who gave her first English recital at Æolian Hall last night offered a full programme which began with a Sonata by Beethoven (Op. 31, No. 2, in D minor), and ended with Bach's Toccata and Fugue in G minor. Between these came three pieces by Brahms, Schumann's Toccata in C major, Franck's Prelude, Aria, and Finale, and a group of modern pieces.

Times

It was in these last, three of the smaller Preludes of Debussy, Benjamin Dale's imaginative "Night Fancies," and Ravel's "Jeux d'eau," that her playing gave the most pleasure. The contrasts of tone merged into one another by the skilful use of the pedal in "Night Fancies," and the delicate cascades of arpeggios in "Jeux d'eau" were beautifully carried out. She seemed in thorough sympathy with the style of art which aims chiefly at producing impressions of colour which must be made definite to the hearers without a too positive definition on the part of the player. In Brahms, Schumann, and Franck, a nervous anxiety to say everything that there was to be said seemed to take hold of her. Her phrasing of Brahms's Rhapsody in G minor was emphatic without being strong; that of the Intermezzo in A from Op. 76 lost sight of the essential repose of the melody in the meticulous care for the cross accents of the rhythm. Of the three Brahms pieces the Capriccio in D minor from Op. 116, which is comparatively rarely played at recitals, was much the best; she caught and kept its impulse, letting the details fall into place. Schumann and Franck showed well, what, indeed, was fairly evident from the first, that Miss Michelson is highly accomplished in the technique of her art, and in spite of the tendency we have mentioned there was much that was beautiful as well as skilful in her interpretation of these things.

A NEW PIANIST.

Feb. 18 1914

MISS HENRIETTE MICHELSON'S LONDON DÉBUT.

Pall Mall Gazette

There was no lack of variety in the programme in which Miss Henriette Michelson made her first London appearance at the Æolian Hall last night. The fact is worth mentioning, for it is refreshing to come across a pianist bold enough to depart ever so slightly from the beaten track, even if nothing actually unfamiliar is offered, as was the case last night. Beethoven's sonata in D minor, from Op. 31, and César Franck's beautiful Prelude, Aria, and Finale are not played too frequently, and Miss Michelson treated both as if she thoroughly enjoyed playing them. At the same time, she cannot be numbered among the very few who can bring out the full significance of the Franck work. The performance was invariably thoughtful and realised the broader aspects faithfully enough, but it had too little colour and subtlety to make any very definite appeal. The sonata, however, apart from a few too vigorous moments, lay well within the player's range and was given with admirable effect. Miss Michelson, in fact, is most successful when she is least intent on doing herself justice, and one felt that the untidiness that rather spoiled her playing of Brahms's G minor rhapsody and Schumann's exacting Toccata in C major would have been avoided by the exercise of a trifle more restraint. Such lapses as there were must be attributed to excess of zeal, for it was abundantly evident that the pianist's technique is quite equal to any demands that may be made upon it.

MME. MYSZ-GMEINER.

1914 Feb. 18

The beautiful singing of Mme. Lula Mysz-Gmeiner has been frequently praised in these columns. If the exhibition of her art heard at the Bechstein Hall yesterday afternoon, where she gave her only recital this season, was rather less satisfying than usual, the reason seemed to be due to the programme, which contained not a few songs we find unsuitable to her method. After all, though, this is only another way of saying that her interpretative gifts have their limitations. It is no lack of emotional impulse that is in question—rather the way it is controlled. The difficulty is how to strike the exact balance between feeling and forced sentiment. Occasionally Mme. Gmeiner made it appear to be a difficult matter, while at other times the expression was so natural that the art of interpretation seemed to be the easiest thing in the world. It was this touch of artificiality which marred the readings of Marcello's "Quella Fiamma," Buononcini's "Per la gloria," or Schubert's "Gruppe aus dem Tartarus" and "Lied im Grünen." The last-named song was given with too little appreciation of its rhythmic swing. The same composer's "Fischer's Liebesglück" and "Liebe schwärmt auf allen wegen," on the other hand, were perfectly sung. Both songs are rarely heard, suffering a wholly undeserved neglect. The singer did much towards making a group of Mahler songs successful; his music, however, seldom strikes the note of spontaneity. It is surely superfluous to comment upon the natural beauty of Mme. Gmeiner's voice—it was in fine condition yesterday—or upon the general excellence of her technique; and, in spite of the objections raised, her recital was a source of much artistic enjoyment.

— examples of the work of

"DIE WALKÜRE" AT COVENT GARDEN.

SUPERB ORCHESTRAL PLAYING.

Feb. 19, 1914 Chronicle

To hear "Die Walkure" last night, apart from the rest of the "Ring" and with some artists, in the chief roles, who have not sung them here hitherto, was a particularly interesting experience. Opinions may differ as to which is the most suitable opera of the cycle to give separately, but for many "Walkure" has the best claim, because of the love-scenes of the first act and the fine Valkyrie music of the last, to say nothing of the closing scene of the opera.

Last night's performance had many interesting moments, its chief merit being some really superb orchestral playing. Herr Bodanzky conducted remarkably well, showing a fine grip of the score, and proving very helpful to the singers.

Of the principals the best work was done by Herr Bender as Wotan and Herr Urlus as Siegmund. The former has a voice of most dramatic calibre, and he uses it in a fine artistic manner. In his scenes with Fricka and Brunnhilde in Act II. he sang with great breadth and dignity, and was more convincing in his acting than many representatives of the god.

Herr Urlus, who is both singing and acting far better than when he was last here, had many beautiful lyric moments in the first act, using his voice with particularly fine effect towards the end. His acting also had many clever touches.

The Brünhilde of Mme. Rusche-Endorf was not particularly distinguished, although her performance was a sound one, upon conventional lines.

As Sieglinde, Mme. Eva von der Osten gave us some very beautiful singing at times, although she did not seem always at home with the music. But she is an artist whose methods are characterised by great intelligence, and there was much to admire in her work of the first act.

Herr Knüpfer made a superbly grim figure as Hunding, singing with fine sonority. The Valkyries all sang excellently, the ensembles of the last act being well done.

QUEEN'S HALL.

Feb. 19, 1914 Telegraph

A FINE CONCERT.

That was, indeed, a concert of great excellence which was given by the Queen's Hall Orchestra and conducted by Sir Henry Wood in Queen's Hall on Saturday afternoon. The old, the new, and the pseudo-new were each well represented in the scheme. Those who prefer the "classics" revelled in the somewhat neglected strains of Beethoven's fourth symphony—a welcome change from No. 5—while the seekers after romance found plenty of it in Schumann's very beautiful pianoforte concerto, a work that for years has apparently been forgotten, yet now is to have its second performance in the Queen's Hall within a week, for Mr. Borwick is to play it at the Philharmonic concert next Thursday. Stravinsky, in a composition quite unknown here, and Delius, in his splendid "Dance Rhapsody," represented the new; while Strauss, in his two overtures to "Der Bürger als Edelmann" (Le Bourgois-Gentilhomme) and "Ariadne auf Naxos," represented the pseudo-new. This expression is used by no means scornfully. Strauss set out to imitate, as it were, the style of music in vogue in the seventeenth century, and he achieved his object; but in his own manner, by using a small band of practically solo instruments. This is not Wardour-street music at all. Indeed, it is very charming, if in its concert dress it makes no very profound impression. Sir Henry Wood gave us a reading of the Beethoven symphony that was thoroughly characteristic of himself, and Mr. Alfred Cortôt, a fine pianist, played the concerto mentioned in a manner that was just a little unequal. For, at first, his treatment was on the rough side, and so became to some extent unsympathetic, but after he had settled down his playing became quite beautiful, and his style, of which he has as finely developed a sense as his great predecessor here, the late Mr. Pugno, was distinguished.

There remains, then, the new Stravinsky composition. Stravinsky's name is by no means unfamiliar to Londoners. His ballets, "L'Oiseau de Feu" and "Le Sacre du Printemps," have frequently been seen, both being of very much later date than the little work under consideration, which goes by the name of "Feu d'Artifice," or "Fireworks." The piece is little more than a jeu d'esprit, and occupies only some five minutes in performance. Nevertheless, it is a brilliant orchestral-technical and as such individual, achievement with all its glitter and colour and sparkle. Whether or not it has a poetic basis we cannot say; it matters not. As a brilliant "trifle" it is completely successful, and as a fact the public would clearly have heard it repeated on Saturday, but Sir Henry Wood was obdurate.

A month hence Scriabin is to make his first appearance in London at a Queen's Hall symphony concert, when he will introduce his own pianoforte concerto and play in his "Prometheus," a work that made a "sensation" last year.

SIR HUBERT PARRY'S JOKE

THE MUSIC TO "THE ACHARNIANS," AT OXFORD.

Feb. 19, 1914

The funniest of many funny features in the Oxford University Dramatic Society's production of "The Acharnians" of Aristophanes, produced last night in the original Greek at the New Theatre, Oxford, is the music specially composed for the production by Sir Hubert Parry. The play is all about war and peace, showing as it does an old Athenian farmer sick of the long Peloponnesian war, and determined to end it by making peace and opening markets on his own account. Sir Hubert Parry has absolutely entered into the spirit of the fun, and has made use of all the tunes bearing on the subject that he could think of. There is "A norrible tale," and, of course, "Rule, Britannia," "We don't want to fight," and the "Marseillaise" getting mixed up with the overture of the "Meistersinger," and ragtime to express the apathy of the people. Also, there are some fascinating and very characteristic little tunes of his own composition, including a droll pigs' minuet, which has reference to the parent who disguised his little daughters as pigs and sold them in the market rather than see them starve.

This is perhaps the most high-spirited and jovial of all Sir Hubert's many musical jokes, and Dr. Allen and his orchestra, and the excellent chorus led by Mr. A. G. R. Garrod, did it ample justice. The performance as a whole is excellent—much better, if it may be said, than the work of the O.U.D.S. usually is. The playing of Mr. D. W. Llewellyn Jones as the old farmer is a particularly fine piece of sustained comic action.

A NEW VIOLINIST.

Feb. 19, 1914

It would appear from the programme of his first recital at Æolian Hall last night that Signor Francesco Vigliani is something of a specialist in the music of the eighteenth century. At any rate, the only contrast to the polite conventionalities of the period was to be found in Max Bruch's violin concerto in G minor and pieces by Beethoven and Saint-Saëns. It was rather a pity that the violinist should have limited himself in this way, for he was certainly far more convincing in his treatment of music in which perfection of form is not the first consideration. A greater polish of style than Signor Vigliani could lay claim to is necessary in things of such formal design as a sonata by Michael Christian Festing, and the group by Bach, Handel, Arne, and others. Possibly the player was hampered by nervousness, since by the time he had reached the Bruch concerto his playing improved out of all recognition. It was broader both in tone quality and in its freedom of phrasing and expressive power, and if still a trifle tentative, was yet sufficiently acceptable to show that in music, as in other affairs, first impressions are not always to be relied upon.

ROYAL OPERA.

Feb. 20, 1914 Times

"TRISTAN UND ISOLDE."

Another performance of *Tristan und Isolde* was given last night at Covent Garden under Mr. Albert Coates, with two changes in the cast. Herr Carl Burrian replaced Herr Urlus as Tristan and Herr Johannes Fonss took the part of King Marke in place of Herr Knüpfer.

Herr Burrian, who has been heard in the part of Tristan in former seasons, was in better voice than he was on Monday when he took the title *rôle* in *Parsifal*. But though he sang with the advantages of long experience and knew how much to give and take in the duets with Isolde, he was not more successful than many other tenors have been in suggesting the atmosphere of the part. This is partly due to the clumsiness of his gestures and to the general lack of imagination in his acting, but his singing, too (like that of Herr Plaschke, who played Kurwenal), was often coarse in quality, more particularly when he produced a mezzoforte or a mezzopiano tone. When he sang out the volume was full and large and pleasanter to listen to, though it was monotonous in colour; still he sang in tune and did not suggest in the third act that his voice as well as his strength was giving out. Herr Fonss's tone, too, was somewhat monotonous owing to his constant vibrato, but he sang with keen musical instinct and without any tendency to drag the long soliloquy in the second act. Mr. Coates's *tempi* throughout the opera were like Richter's in being on the side of quickness, but he did not hurry or force the pace at all. The big climaxes as he took them were really exciting, but the level stretches, too, were always interesting, because the details were attended to and were thoroughly alive. It need only be added that Frau von der Osten, in spite of having taken the part of Sieglinde the night before, sang with remarkable freshness and splendidly pure, clear tone.

THE ROYAL PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

Feb 20 1914

SIR CHARLES STANFORD'S NEW IRISH RHAPSODY.

Sir Charles Stanford's new Irish Rhapsody was successfully produced at last night's Philharmonic concert at the Queen's Hall. The composer has made use of three national melodies, each of considerable charm and well differentiated in character from one another, yet his mastery over musical design has enabled him to build up a movement which possesses complete homogeneity in mood, and the whole work is undoubtedly an attractive example of its class. It might perhaps be suggested that it is not until the final section is reached that one gets pages of real æsthetic conviction, as though it was the tune known as "The Death of General Wolfe" which had appealed most to the composer. His treatment of this broad, dignified melody is finely emotional and stirring. The Ulster march goes with a good swing, yet somehow the effect was not quite that anticipated, and as a matter of fact it seemed as though its melodic line had been unduly obscured in the orchestration; the side-drum was certainly rather penetrating. The plaintive fisherman's melody with which the work opens has some taking phrases, but on the whole one could not be sure, at one hearing, at all events, whether its possibilities had been exhausted, for if any part of the rhapsody appeared to hang fire at all it was when this material was being used. Throughout the work there are touches of beautiful orchestration, the composer's use of the brass being especially noteworthy. We shall hope to hear this Rhapsody again. It received an admirable performance last night, under the direction of Herr Mengelberg, and Sir Charles Stanford appeared on the platform to bow his acknowledgments to the enthusiastic audience.

* * *

Earlier in the evening we had had a very strenuous, but splendidly controlled, performance of Strauss's "Ein Heldenleben," of which Herr Mengelberg knows as much as any one. The work is beginning to sound dated, especially all the cacophony which later composers are doing quite as well. The best part of the music is the heroic, where there are qualities of breadth and almost dignity. But much of the rest suffers from prolixity and the weak sentiment of the expression, the final section being really almost unbearably long drawn out. Mention should be made of Mr. Sammon's most accomplished playing of the violin solo. Schumann's pianoforte concerto was played by Mr. Leonard Berwick. He gave a reading characterised by its quiet grace and clearness, and though some may prefer a more impassioned style, there was no doubting the artistic success of an interpretation which seemed to aim, for one thing, at attaining to as complete a unity and tonal balance between pianoforte and orchestra as is possible.

SIR C. V. STANFORD'S NEW "IRISH RHAPSODY."

Times

There were two major events in the concert which the Royal Philharmonic Society gave at Queen's Hall last night, a performance of Strauss's "Ein Heldenleben" and the first performance of a new Irish Rhapsody (No. 4) for orchestra by Sir C. V. Stanford. Curiously enough the society has never given "Ein Heldenleben" before, but now, when Mr. Mengelberg is conducting their series of concerts, is the right time to repair the omission. For Mr. Mengelberg has been its godfather from the first; it is dedicated to him, and we in England owe to him many of the best performances we have heard. Last night's added another to the list. He got a tremendous tone from the strings, a tone which also had big effect in Beethoven's Egmont Overture at the beginning of the programme; the wood-wind made the "critics" sound as pernickety and as pettifogging as the composer in his bitterest moments could desire; Mr. Albert Sammons's playing gave eloquence to the violin solo, and even the battle was felt to have a musical purpose underlying its horrible din. Above all the strength of Strauss's melodic power rose victorious. Feb. 20. 1914

Sir Charles Stanford's Rhapsody, a neat miniature score of which is published by photography from the manuscript by Messrs. Stainer and Bell, is called "The Fisherman of Lough Neagh and what he saw." What did he see? Some people will say that he saw a political pamphlet on the Ulster question. Certainly were we to try to put into words the programme which the combination of folktunes, mostly from the North, and the quotations from Moore and Tennyson written in the score suggest, the result would read very like a political pamphlet, perhaps another "solution." But Sir Charles Stanford has just avoided putting it into words; he has put it into music, which is better, and we prefer to leave it there. He has taken a beautiful and visionary melody from Petrie's collection, contrasted it with a march tune found in Ulster, and bound the two together with a solemn tune known as "The Death

of General Wolfe," but of older origin. Perhaps we may feel that the constructive arrangement is a little too conscious, or perhaps after "Ein Heldenleebn" one was inclined to tire of the pictorial view of music, but there can be no doubt of the restrained beauty of the slow introduction, of the nobility of the "Wolfe" tune soaring on the trumpets, of the stern energy of the march episode and the poetry of the reflections upon the Fisherman's song just before the emphatic coda. All these serve to justify his use of the line "Dark and true and tender is the North." The work was very warmly received, and Sir Charles was called to the platform.

Mr. Leonard Borwick's playing of Schumann's Piano Concerto might be called a third major event so far as the enjoyment of the audience was concerned. It rang true from first to last, and the exhilarating coda of the *finale* throbbed with life and energy without a moment's tendency to lose the control which gives the feeling of security to all his playing.

M. MOISEIWITSCH ON TOUR.

Feb 21 1914

M. Saint-Saëns' Concerto in G minor, for pianoforte and orchestra, was performed at Torquay on Wednesday afternoon by M. Benno Moiseiwitsch with such success (writes a Torquay correspondent) that, after being recalled more than once, he repeated the second movement, the Allegro scherzando, in which his fingers flew unceasingly over the keys in a most fascinating manner. The audience was glad to hear this movement a second time, both for the sake of again enjoying its beauty and admiring the pianist's proficiency, and also because at the first performance it had been brought to a somewhat ragged close, an error which was set right on the repetition. The virtuoso also gave three unaccompanied soli—Debussy's Toccata, with its extraordinary harmonies and its abrupt and inconsequent ending; the Romance in F sharp by Schumann, and the Campanella of Liszt, in the last of which, though the pianist failed occasionally to strike the high notes with accuracy in the right hand, the wonderful crispness and delicacy of his touch, and the brilliance of the runs and shakes were quite delightful. M. Moiseiwitsch is distinctly a fine player. He conveys an impression of absolute power over his instrument, and the dexterity of his fingers and the perfection of his touch are things to marvel at.

The orchestra, under Mr. Hindenberg's conductorship, gave a sympathetic interpretation of Tschaikowsky's Symphony in F minor.

LONDON STRING QUARTET.

Times

Music for strings such as was played at the Bechstein Hall last night, of just the right length, an hour and a half, practised to the point where the players without having become stale can absolutely rely upon one another, and containing compositions such as Dohnányi's Quartet in D flat and Schönberg's Sextet in D minor, which are only just reaching the zenith of their fame, forms one of the highest forms of enjoyment. Feb. 21. 1914

Those who came to hear it were closely attentive throughout, and as enthusiastic as English people are capable of being at the end of it. It was surprising that so few thought it worth while to be there. Whatever view they may take about modernity in music, it is always worth while to hear such playing as this. If the music were far harder to understand than it really is, when there is a body of artists like this to interpret it, it can never be obscure.

The most finished performance was, naturally, the quartet. It was followed by Max Reger's slender Serenade for Flute (Mr. Fransella), Violin, and Viola, a wonderful mosaic of neat phrases of not too serious import. For the Serenade Mr. Lockyer (viola) and Mr. Cedric Sharpe (violoncello) joined the quartet players; and that their tone and style of playing, excellent as it was, stood out as just different from that of the rest was the only small blemish. They had not the same skill in giving an accent without any roughness, or of merging their cantabile with the other instruments; but they were too good musicians not to have assimilated every *nuance* of rhythm. It is to be hoped that the practice of writing quartets in one movement may grow, if only because it defeats interpolated applause.

Feb 21 1914

SCHÖNBERG'S SEXTET.

LAST NIGHT'S PERFORMANCE AT THE BECHSTEIN HALL.

Arnold Schönberg's string sextet was played again by the London String Quartet and Messrs. Lockyer and Sharpe at the Bechstein Hall last night. It was interesting to hear this work a second time, for it has many strong points and attractive features if as a whole it cannot be considered a complete success. It is very long, taking somewhere about half an hour to perform, and as the music is continuous one gets too little repose, in spite of the composer's skill in getting as much variety of colour as the limited means allow. A rehearsing does not alter one's original opinion as to the somewhat sentimental nature of the thematic material, and one feels that it has all been set out with very great skill in an *empressé* manner, worthy really of something fundamentally of more musical value. Schönberg seems to have had a catholic taste, for he shows influences of Brahms, Tchaikovsky, and Wagner, all, as it were, rolled into one. This in itself is an interesting fact. The performance was again of admirable quality. Earlier the Quartet had given a very good account of Dohnányi's attractive work in D flat, and in between there came Reger's freakish little Serenade for flute, violin, and viola, played by Messrs. Albert Fransella, Sammons, and H. W. Warner. In this the style of performance was not so happy; it lacked the necessary crispness and clarity.

'LOHENGRIN' FOR TWOPENCE

OPERA AT THE "OLD VIC."

Feb. 23. 14

"Standing room only," and not much of that. Such was the condition of affairs at the Royal Victoria Hall on Saturday evening, when for the second time in two days "Lohengrin" was performed before a crowded house. The famous old theatre in the Waterloo-road has been the scene of many strange occurrences. It is nearly a hundred years since it was first opened—under the name of the Royal Coburg Theatre—for the presentation of the best plays by the best artists. In 1833, after the visit of the Duchess of Kent and the (then) Princess Victoria, it was renamed the Royal Victoria Theatre, but thereafter with the changing conditions of the time it fell from its high estate, and became the resort of the disorderly, and stories there are of many brawls and scenes with their sequels in the police-court. It is a matter of comparatively recent history how the late Miss Emma Cons, with Lord and Lady Mount Temple, formed a Coffee Music Hall Company, and converted the "Old Vic," as it was then, and is now commonly called, into a Temperance Music Hall. Failure, however, dogged its footsteps for some time and it was not until four years later, when the company was wound up, various bequests had been made by, amongst others, the late Mr. Samuel Morley, the late Duke of Westminster, Lord Brassey, and Miss Everest, a new lease secured, and the whole scheme taken in hand by Miss Cons as honorary manager and honorary secretary, that the influence of the Royal Victoria Hall (as it was now become) began to be felt.

Tell Graph

Permanent help came in 1887—for the financial difficulties were still severe—when the Charity Commissioners offered £1,000 per annum if the freehold were purchased. Again the Duke of Westminster came to the rescue with another £1,000, nearly £18,000 was collected, and the freehold purchased. The Charity Commissioners then took the property over and entrusted its work to the old governing body. So things have gone on, and throughout the week one may always find some form of entertainment in the old hall at prices varying from 2d to a 1s. Lectures, animated pictures, symphony concerts, ballad concerts, "variety" programmes, and two evenings of grand opera. This last is the most recent development, and, as stated above, it is a move that promises to be phenomenally successful. Many people were turned away on Thursday evening, when "Lohengrin" was produced, and again on Saturday evening the auditorium was filled from floor to ceiling with an audience that followed the music of Wagner's opera with the closest attention; many people again found it impossible to obtain seats, and once more late-comers discovered that even standing room was denied them.

These operatic performances have been developed quite gradually. At first, songs and quartets and scenas from popular operas, such as "Carmen," "Faust," "Rigoletto," "Maritana," "Lily of Killarney," "La Traviata," "Fra Diavolo," were given, followed by tableaux, in which the singers took part. Then a small chorus was added, the orchestra was increased, and finally the plunge was taken, and a complete opera produced—with the success just mentioned. "Lohengrin," on a Saturday night in the Waterloo-road, played and sung to an overflowing audience, is surely one of the strangest, as it is one of the happiest things that have occurred in the eventful history of the "Old Vic." And considering the various shortcomings in the matter of scenery—inevitable in the case of a management not over-burdened with capital—and limitations of the stage, the production was highly creditable. The chorus and orchestra of fifty—in a large proportion voluntary—under Mr. Charles Corri's direction, did extraordinarily well, especially in the ensembles at the end of each act. Mr. Frederick Blamey was a most capable Lohengrin; Miss Euneta Truscott, the Elsa (a part taken by Miss Christine D'Almayne on Thursday); Miss Dorothy Wiley, the Ortrud; the parts of Telramund, the King, and the Herald being filled by Mr. S. Harrison, Mr. John Trelawney, and Mr. Lewis Walker respectively. The interest taken by each member of the chorus and orchestra in the performance was obvious, and the audience frequently showed its appreciation of a good scene by spontaneous applause. On Thursday and Saturday evenings of the present week "Faust" will be given, and next week "Il Trovatore."

"DIE MEISTERSINGER."

Feb. 23 1914 Times

PERFORMANCE AT COVENT GARDEN.

Hans Sachs	.. ..	Herr Friedrich Plaschke
Pogner ..	.. ..	Herr Paul Knüpfer
Kothner	.. ..	Herr August Kiess
Beckmesser	.. ..	Herr Hans Erwin
Walther..	.. ..	Herr Robert Hutt
Eva ..	.. ..	Frl. Claire Dux
Magdalene	.. ..	Frl. Bender-Schäfer
David ..	.. ..	Herr Eugen Albert
Ein Nachtwachter	..	Herr Jan Hemsing
Conductor ...	..	Mr. Albert Coates

The difference between a Wagner audience and any other audience at Covent Garden has been often noticed, but there is a difference quite as striking between an audience which comes to *Die Meistersinger* and that which comes to hear another Wagner work, one not of the individuals composing it but of the prevalent tone of mind. On Saturday night we had the real *Meistersinger* audience, a house packed from the stalls to the gallery slips, drinking in every note, filled with a happy assurance that what it heard would be substantially right, reciprocating that faith in Wagner and his spokesman Sachs which Wagner showed in his audience when he dared to make his comedy the occasion for speaking his mind upon life and art. Only a very hardened Beckmesser could, while forming part of such an audience, devote his attention to marking down shortcomings.

The resilient life of the prelude as it was played under Mr. Coates's direction seemed to establish at once a strong chord of sympathy between the stage and the auditorium. Its existence was beyond doubt one of the main causes of the fact that the performance gathered force all the way along till it reached its inevitable climax at the moment when Eva transferred the laurels from the head of Walther to the head of Sachs. After the curtain rose Frl. Bender-Schäfer was the first to bring the same vividness into the drama. Her share as Magdalene in the conversation with Eva and Walther had the complete naturalness of musical speech which gave the character a reality above either of the others. Their moments were to come later, and both Frl. Dux and Herr Hutt were at their best in the lyrical passages, she in the conversation with Sachs in the second act and in the quintet, he in the great series of songs which begins with "Am stillen Herd" and ends with the "Preislied." Herr Plaschke's performance as Sachs grew in interest to a remarkable extent. Perhaps the fact that the audience had looked forward to hearing Herr Bender placed him at some disadvantage at first. Through the first act he did not impress particularly, one missed the big expansiveness of voice and manner which one associates with Sachs. The end of the act when Sachs is left alone was spoilt by the scene-shifters, who began to demolish the church before the curtain fell, but in the second act, from the moment that he settled down to his shoemaking Herr Plaschke seemed to become more at ease. He sang in the colloquy with Eva with a quiet sympathy which was reassuring, and through all that followed he gradually increased in warmth of expression till he delivered his last oration in praise of "die heilige deutsche Kunst" with a strength of conviction which was inspiring. All the others seemed thoroughly in their parts; Herr Knüpfer, an imperturbable Pogner, Herr Eugen Albert, a mercurial David, a little too anxious sometimes to keep up the sprightliness, Herr Erwin, a rather heavy Beckmesser but an able one, all contributed to the delights of the performance, but perhaps the chief honours should go to Mr. Albert Coates, with whom the ensemble rested. For it was a general rather than an individual excellence which made the evening memorable.

A CHARMING SINGER.

Feb 25 — 1914

MLLE. ILONA DURIGO AT THE BECHSTEIN HALL.

Some very charming singing was heard at the Bechstein Hall yesterday afternoon. Mlle. Ilona K. Durigo is a Hungarian mezzo-soprano, gifted with a voice of very beautiful quality. It is equally attractive in both high and low registers; indeed, one great success of her method is the remarkable evenness of the tone throughout the compass; for although one has the invaluable distinction in timbre between high and low notes, not only is the gradation sure, but there is a somewhat unusual homogeneity of character. Mlle. Durigo's technique is very good in other ways; she phrases well, and her breath control is admirable. Hence, difficult as the song is to sing, Schubert's "Litanei" was given with rare skill and certainty. Caldara's "Come reggio di sol" and "La Zingarella" of Paisiello were also in their different ways perfectly sung. Some other Schubert songs displayed the singer's art equally well, the quiet repose of "Am Meer" or the delicate grace of "Schlummerlied." Grieg's "Eros" was worked up to a finely contrived climax, and the easy delivery of "Im Kahne" led to a repetition of the closing verses. Some French lyrics were not quite so happily given; the essential characteristic of lightness of touch seemed wanting. The programme did not give a sufficiently good opportunity of judging of Mlle. Durigo's powers of interpretation in a deeply emotional or dramatic vein, and, beautiful as the singing was, one did just wonder whether there was not some shortcoming in respect of a strong personal note behind the interpretations.

DUTCH MUSIC.

Feb 25 — 1914

MISS INGENIUS'S CONCERT.

At the concert given at the Steinway Hall last night by Miss Jetty Ingenius some examples of the work of Dutch composers

were presented in the shape of two sonatas for violoncello and pianoforte by Julius Röntgen and pianoforte pieces by G. H. G. von Brucken Fock. The former has done good and interesting work; a trio and a violin sonata have been played in London fairly recently. In the sonata in B minor, heard last night, one finds a refreshing vitality of idea and a very considerable amount of interesting technical detail. The constructive side of the music may not be very clear, perhaps, and there seems to be some irresolution of mood. Possibly, however, a stronger performance than that forthcoming would give a more favourable impression in this respect. At any rate, one did feel that here was music of which another hearing would be decidedly acceptable. Herr Fock's music had its points, too; it had character, although the somewhat prevalent air of gloom overhanging the ballade and preludes was not specially inviting from the point of view of immediate æsthetic appeal. Miss Ingenius plays with a certain power, but her effects are hampered by a rather hard tone. The violoncellist was Mr. Engelbert Röntgen, quite a clever young player, not dynamically strong nor very assured, yet possessing a sincere style.

MR. LEONARD BORWICK.

YESTERDAY'S RECITAL.

Feb 26 — 1914

Mr. Leonard Borwick continued his recitals at the Æolian Hall yesterday. He opened the programme with a performance of Brahms's F minor sonata, which had some interesting features, although as a whole it was considerably disappointing. The pianist's style is essentially one which has the admirable quality of always keeping the design of the music clear, but it is often found to vary in warmth of colouring. The display of texture has an aspect of some interest, but it is not until one is given the vivifying emotional expression that its chief object becomes valuable. That Brahms's early sonata is not a model from the technical point of view only means that it is the more necessary that its interpretation should be characterised by strong impulse—for the major part of the thematic material is singularly forcible in its æsthetic appeal. Mr. Borwick gives us a distinctly dry reading, and for once even one found a certain interjectory treatment, especially in the first and last movements, which seemed to arrest the natural flow of the music. The andante, however, was beautifully played, and there was some original and quite happy touches in the playing of the intermezzo. Debussy's "L'Après-midi d'un faune," transcribed by Mr. Borwick, was in the scheme, as also the "Fêtes" nocturne. Such music, which depends chiefly for its orchestral colour for effect, can hardly be made successful on the pianoforte; the pianist, however, found many opportunities for displaying his clear and delicate tone. Various examples of Chopin completed the highly diversified programme.

MME. MYSZ-GMEINER.

The beautiful singing of Mme. Mysz-Gmeiner was heard once again at the Bechstein Hall last night, where she gave an additional recital. She was very happy in her choice of Schubert songs, the group including some of the less hackneyed, "Der Einsame," "Fischers Liebesglück," "Der Fischer," all so eminently characteristic of the composer's amazing art of exactly expressing the mood by means of melody and fanciful accompaniment. These and "Kennst du das Land" were sung with the expected charm of voice and cultured style. Yet neither in these nor in Schumann's "Frauenliche und Leben" was one quite convinced by the interpretation; the latter cycle is, of course, the more difficult to express, as the inspiration is not on so high a level; that is to say, there is less purely musical beauty to assist in the awakening of the feelings. Clever and finely controlled as Mme. Gmeiner's performances were, they did not quite shake themselves free, so to speak, from the atmosphere of effect. One was compelled to admire, but was not thrilled. The accompaniments were played by Mr. Richard Epstein.

MISS JETTY INGENIUS.

Feb. 26 1914 Times

Two Sonatas for violoncello and pianoforte by Julius Röntgen, played by Mr. Engelbert Röntgen, and some Pianoforte Preludes by von Brücken Fock, played by Miss Ingenius, formed the basis of a concert at the Steinway Hall on Tuesday night.

Miss Ingenius has a pleasant straightforward style of playing which does not aim particularly at producing effects, but deals with the music on fairly broad principles. Her touch loses somewhat in articulation owing to the high seat she adopts at the instrument and a rather indiscriminate use of the pedal. She was heard to advantage in the Sonatas of Röntgen, especially the first of them. This, Op. 56, is of open clear structure and melodious throughout, whereas Op. 41, now played for the first time here, is decidedly crabbed in its movement. It abounds with sequential climaxes which weary the ear, and the logic overpowers the imagination. Yet both sonatas are obviously the work of a good musician. They were beautifully played by Mr. Engelbert Röntgen, who has an unobtrusive way of hitting the middle of the note which is most attractive. This stood him in good stead in Bach's first Suite, of which the Courante and the second Minuet were particularly fine. Von Brücken Fock's Preludes are slight sketches in sepia. One or two of them rose above mediocrity. Some earlier works, "Mondschein am Strande" and a "Ballade," were more pleasing.

GOUNOD'S "REDEMPTION."

1914 Feb. 26

When the Royal Choral Society revived Gounod's "Redemption" last year it seemed scarcely probable that the work would retain its place in the repertory. The unexpected has happened, however, and the composer's saccharine phrases seem to have been sufficiently to the liking of an Albert Hall audience to justify the society in repeating the performance last night. But even with the imposing assistance provided by a choir and orchestra numbering one thousand, it was impossible not to feel that the "Redemption" has long since had its day. It was written with an eye to pleasing the English musical taste of thirty years ago, which possibly found nothing incongruous in such episodes as the flippant cheerfulness of the music fitted to the march to Calvary or the nerveless sentiment which distinguishes Gounod's whole treatment of his subject. The work, in fact, cannot be taken seriously at this time of day, except, perhaps, as an infliction eminently suitable to the Lenten season. The performance, indeed, had an air of apathy about it which suggested that Sir Frederick Bridge and his forces regarded it in somewhat this light. Certainly neither choir nor orchestra approached their task with any evidence of enthusiasm, though there was every excuse for their failure to give any semblance of vitality to such uninspiring material. The soloists were Miss Carrie Tubb, Miss Emily Shepherd, Miss Phyllis Lett, Messrs. Lloyd Chandos, Ivor Foster, and George Parker, of all of whom it can be said that they accomplished a thankless duty with as much credit as was possible under the circumstances.

"DIE WALKÜRE" AT COVENT GARDEN.

Times Feb. 27 1914

FRAU MORENA AS SIEGLINDE.

There were changes in the cast of the principal women's parts in the second performance of *Die Walküre*, which Herr Bodanzky conducted at Covent Garden last night. Frau Berta Morena sang the part of Sieglinde for the first time and Frau Kurt was heard as Brunnhilde, a part which she sang here a few years ago.

There were moments in the first act when Frau Morena's voice hardly had sufficient body to give full force to the music. They were the quieter moments, especially the passage in which she tells Siegmund of how the sword was placed in the tree. But when she rose to the climaxes, and when she was singing in the upper register, her voice had a penetration well supported by the vigour of her acting and pose. She was at her best in the tragic scene of the second act, and the whole of this was exceedingly well carried through by the singers. The absolute certainty of Mme. Kurt's intonation in the Walkyrie's cry at the beginning, which was free from the least suggestion of screaminess, and her quiet singing in the scene with Siegmund (Herr Urlus) were alike impressive, and with Frau Bender-Schäfer as Fricka, Herr Bender as Wotan, and Herr Knüpfer as Hunding the whole act went well.

This act has been entirely restaged, and the new scene with the lurid sunset light is most effective. One is glad to get rid of the gauzes which used to descend distractingly during the latter part of the scene between Brunnhilde and Siegmund, but in the new arrangement it did not appear that Brunnhilde took any part in the encounter between Siegmund and Hunding. In fact she arrived from the other side of the scene to carry off Sieglinde, so that her protection of Sieglinde seemed to be the only fault with which Wotan could justly charge her. The orchestral playing was not altogether satisfactory. Herr Bodanzky insisted so much upon *sforzandi* that the tone of the brass was often spoilt, and the emphasis was apt to disturb the balance.

ROYAL OPERA.

Feb 27 1914

"DIE WALKÜRE."

Another performance of "Die Walküre" was given at Covent Garden last night with some changes in the cast. On the whole the opera went better than last week; it had more vitality. The Siegmund of Herr Jacques Urlus is certainly a figure of considerable weight. This is due to the sincerity of his style and the many touches of clever characteristics in the acting. Vocally, he is a little uneven, as he shows a tendency to rhythmic uncertainty, the phrasing not being of quite the best. Herr Paul Bender's Wotan is most forcible; if only he was gifted with a more powerful voice he would be really splendid. As it is, the big climaxes inevitably suffer somewhat; for it is imposible to keep down the orchestra if the proper musical impression is to be obtained. Anywhere else, however, Herr Bender is equal to the occasion, and his singing is always full of expression. Herr Paul Knupfer was, one need hardly say, a fine Hunding. By a misprint in the programme the rôles of Brünnhilde and Sieglinde were reversed: Frau Melanie Kurt really appeared in the former and Frau Berta Morena in the latter. The charm of Frau Kurt's singing and the quiet dignity of her style gave the impersonation of the title-part decided character, if at the same time it was not sufficiently of a dominating type. More individual was Frau Morena: her acting was remarkably effective, she introduced several new points, all of which were convincing, and she sang sympathetically. Frau Bender-Schafer sang the music of Fricka much better than that of Brangane the other day, and her vocalisation would give greater satisfaction still if she would improve her attack, especially of high notes.

A NEW ISOLDE.

Feb 27 1914

The performance of "Tristan und Isolde" at Covent Garden last night needs a few words on account of the appearance of Fräulein Berta Morena as Isolde. It was unfortunate for her that she was suffering from a cold, but although this was doubtless responsible for some uncertainty here and there, especially during the climaxes, one could see perfectly well that she is quite an accomplished singer. Indeed, the quieter portions of the great love-duet were beautifully sung, the smooth vocalisation of Herr Burrian helping to achieve this result. In her acting Fräulein Morena showed temperament and dignity, but one did not quite like the lighter touches displayed in the first act—they were a little out of the picture. The cast included the excellent King Marke of Herr Fönss, who sang forcibly and with feeling, the Brangäne of Fräu Bender-Schäfer, whose singing would be so much improved with a shade more control of colour, an energetic Kurwenal in Herr Kiess, while a good word should be added for Mr. Charles Mott's Melot. Finally, Mr. Albert Coates's conducting was admirable in its rhythmic swing.

THE QUEEN'S HALL.

Feb 25 — 1914

HERR HUBERMAN'S CONCERT.

A feature of Herr Bronislaw Huberman's concert with the London Symphony Orchestra at Queen's Hall last night was the first appearance here of Herr Carl Schuricht, a conductor who will most certainly be heard of again. There was nothing at all noteworthy in his treatment of the accompaniments to the Beethoven and Mendelssohn violin concertos, but he had his opportunity in Brahms's C minor symphony, and very completely did he avail himself of it. He is clearly a master of the technique of his art, but his accomplishment by no means ends there. Mere control of detail would not have sufficed for so emotional and impulsive a reading as this proved to be. Yet with its strength of climax and vivid colour there went an admirable control of rhythm, and nothing was thrust into undue prominence for the sake of effect. This sense of proportion did not enter so largely into Herr Huberman's playing in the concertos. In the matter of technique he was equal to giving a thoroughly capable account of himself, though there were times when the want of warmth and variety in his tone made his playing a trifle monotonous. The virtuoso element in his style was further accentuated by the decidedly commonplace cadenza introduced into the first movement of the Beethoven symphony, and skilfully though its difficulties were surmounted, one felt its glittering problems of technique to be something of an intrusion. The orchestra responded nobly to the demands of Herr Schuricht in the symphony, the singing quality of the string tone in the slow movement in particular being remarkably fine.

MISS DIESTEL'S RECITAL.

1914 Feb. 28

Miss Meta Diestel, who gave a recital at Steinway Hall on Thursday, is undeniably a clever singer, though not quite a finished artist. She has a sense of character in interpretation which carried her, on the whole, very successfully through a programme drawn from Teutonic sources, even two examples by Mr. Delius being set to German words, and one rarely felt that she was venturing outside her range. Her style is on the small side, it is true, and her voice also is not a large one, but in neither respect does she attempt more than she can achieve without effort. The consequence was that even when her voice did not suffice for a strong climax, the general conception of the song was so well proportioned that the absence of power or emotional stress was scarcely noticed. Many singers might take a useful lesson from Miss Diestel's remarkably clear enunciation, and in this respect, as well as for its lightness and delicacy of rhythm,

Schubert's "Fischerweise" was admirably sung. The same composer's "Auf dem See" sounded a trifle breathless owing to imperfect vocal control, and an occasional untunefulness might also be attributed to the same cause. But these were comparatively minor blemishes where there was so much that was attractive. Mme. Marie Soldat varied the programme with violin solos, and Miss Margaret Deneke made an excellent accompanist.

MR. JOSEF HOLBROOKE'S CONCERT.

Mr. Holbrooke began his 13th season of chamber concerts at the Arts Centre, Mortimer-street, last night with a programme which consisted mainly of his own works. It appears that the original scheme lately announced in *The Times* is to be considerably modified, and we were given last night Mr. Holbrooke's Quintet for clarinet and strings, with his Piano Quartet (No. 1 in G minor), some songs and piano pieces by Edward Mitchell and Frederick Kitchenir.

The clarinet quintet, which was played by Messrs. Charles Draper, John Saunders, Charles Woodhouse, Lionel Tertis, and Herbert Withers, contains a great deal of charming music, rather ill sorted, as is often the case with Mr. Holbrooke's work, but frank in expression and full of variety. The first movement is the least interesting, but the variations which form the middle movement, mostly based on dance rhythms, are excellently contrasted. The use of "Tom Bowling" as a "chorale" played on the clarinet is presumably one of Mr. Holbrooke's little jokes which, whether made in words or music, are generally hard to follow, and it was not quite easy to see why the last variation should be called "fuga"—but one advantage of a concert in the dark, as this one was, is that one need not be bothered by what is written in the programme.

Miss Jean Waterston sang songs by Elgar, Norman O'Neill, and Delius, as well as three by the concert-giver. Either her voice has lost some of its freshness or the songs did not suit her. The total effect was rather laboured. Mr. Edward Mitchell played his own piano pieces and two by Frederick Kitchenir. The latter were not very remarkable, but two of Mr. Mitchell's pieces called "Danse" (why not "Dance," since these are English concerts?) and "Autumn," a tone poem, are very cleverly written. The last suggested that the composer may do something which is more than clever if he can escape from the fascination of brilliance. Mr. Holbrooke took part in his Quartet, which was included by "general desire."

MR. HUBERMAN'S CONCERT.

Beethoven's and Mendelssohn's Violin Concertos were given at Queen's Hall last night, separated by Brahms's First Symphony. Mr. Huberman's playing is a familiar pleasure, and he has not often pleased his audience more than he did last night. He has a fascinating way of rounding off an exacting passage as if there was nothing much in it after all, which, combined with great technical skill and an excellent intonation, made Beethoven's Concerto, and more especially the first two movements, and of these more particularly the second, into absorbing music.

An unfamiliar pleasure, or rather a most exciting surprise, was the conducting of Mr. Carl Schuricht of the Imperial Orchestra, Wiesbaden, and the Ruehl Choir, Frankfort-am-Main. It was clear even in the Concerto that we had no ordinary musician before us, but we were not prepared for the surprises of the Symphony. There was none of the abashed reverence with which Brahms's work is frequently handled. The tempo of every page, almost every bar, was considered open to question, and the answer was magnificently assured and always convincing. There is space to mention only a few details—the good round pace of the beginning, the resistless crescendo up to the re-entry of the subject, the pulsing life of the slow movement, and then the last movement. The introduction was splendidly articulate, a furious pizzicato on the strings, and a fierce, almost cruel, entry of the horns subsiding into what is often the humdrum march of the Rondo. It was anything but that. After the first statement the theme broke into an awe-inspiring increase of pace, which was followed by gusts of tone, in which it is no exaggeration to say that one man seemed to be playing personally every instrument in the orchestra.

We much hope to have such pleasure again, and soon.

Feb 28

QUEEN'S HALL. 1914

A NEW CONDUCTOR.

Brilliance of tone and brilliance of execution were the most notable characteristics of Mr. Bronislaw Huberman's performance of the solo in Beethoven's Violin Concerto at his orchestral concert at the Queen's Hall last night. It was a performance which one could hardly but admire for the amount of care, thought, and hard work which must have gone to the making of it. It was as clear as daylight; it was as polished as could be; there was not an expression mark misplaced; nor was one of the arabesques with which, as the writer of the programme notes observed, "Beethoven decorates the solo part in an effective, and yet never a vulgar way,' played otherwise than with perfect fluency and neatness. Its merits, in fact, were many, and its shortcomings were few, but those shortcomings were of a kind that it was hardly possible to overlook. For Mr Huberman, while he complied fully with all the external demands made by the music, rarely plunged into its soul, and his playing was an excellent piece of craftsmanship, but left the hearer unmoved. Later in the programme he played the Mendelssohn Concerto, and in this as in the other Concerto he had the very admirable support of the London Symphony Orchestra.

By no means the least remarkable feature of the concert was the fact that it introduced to London a new conductor in the person of Mr. Carl Schuricht, of Frankfurt-on-Main. Mr. Schuricht is only 33, but he has already attained to the very considerable dignities of conductor-in-chief of the Imperial Orchestra at Wiesbaden and of the celebrated Ruehl Choir at Frankfurt, and he is regarded in Germany as one of the big men of the future. If one may presume to judge upon so very brief an acquaintance, his reputation would seem to be in nowise in excess of his deserts. Only one purely orchestral work figured in last night's programme, but that work—Brahms's C minor Symphony—is a splendid test of a conductor's powers. And Mr. Schuricht, a man of a highly intellectual type, commanding in personality if not in physique, scored a triumph. He has personal magnetism and nervous force; he has a splendid vitality—his performances of the first and last movements were extraordinarily exhilarating—and he has great musical sensitiveness. It was a performance which could hardly be eclipsed, even by Steinbach; and higher praise it is not possible to give.

Feb. 28, 1914

BECHSTEIN HALL.

Mr. Egon Petri certainly did not spare himself at his recital yesterday afternoon. He began with Brahms's formidable "Handel" Variations; turned then to Liszt's no less "formidable" B minor Sonata, and devoted himself afterwards to two Beethoven Sonatas—Op. 78 in F sharp and Op. 101 in A. To accomplish all this in an afternoon a pianist must needs possess considerable physical powers of endurance, as well as a strong technical equipment Mr. Petri, as he has often proved, lacks neither. Indeed, there were moments at this recital when one could have wished for a smaller display of his physical powers. Truly a man "of mighty wrists" is Mr. Petri, as he convinced his hearers in the "largamente" variation of Brahms, the left-hand chords of which sounded like the heavy tramp of a whole army in procession, while there were other pages when the prodigious volume of tone he produced conjured up thoughts of the elements raging furiously. Yet he could do his spiriting gently enough on occasion, as, for instance, in the variation in 12—8 time, and the one that follows it. Extremes of tonal contrast were characteristic of his performance of the Liszt Sonata. Mr. Petri has often shown us that he understands and appreciates its composer, but, for the reasons indicated, he did violence yesterday to several passages in the chosen work, of which the beauties are really greater than some "superior" folk will admit. But in the quieter sections the pianist often commanded a sensitive touch and silvery tone, and, needless to say, on the technical side his playing was completely satisfying. If only Mr. Petri would moderate his ardours and curb his temperamental impulsiveness how infinitely greater would be the enjoyment derived from his playing. His audience, one must add, was fully appreciative.

MR. HOLBROOKE'S SUBSCRIPTION CONCERTS.

Mch 2 1914

In the beautiful little hall of the Arts Centre, Mortimer-street, on Friday evening, Mr. Josef Holbrooke began a new series of Subscription Concerts, a numerous audience being present. With patriotic zeal Mr Holbrooke has, for twelve years or so, maintained his plan of producing new works by British composers, and if during that period no composition of arresting originality has been discovered, the concerts have served their purpose in showing us how the wind blows. Some of the compositions have been good, some have been indifferent, some have been "full of promise," as the phrase goes, and what the new series will bring forth remains to be seen. The programme of this latest concert was similar in type to those that have gone before; that is to say, we had songs, pianoforte pieces, and some music for stringed instruments in ensemble, in this case only the pieces for pianoforte being actually new. The songs—by Elgar, Delius, Norman O'Neill, and Mr. Holbrooke himself—were interesting up to a point, but, with the possible exception of Mr. O'Neill's "Hakon's Lullaby," which is charming, hardly a representative selection. That spirited singer, Miss Jean Waterston, was their interpreter, and if some inequalities of diction were made right hardly a better interpreter could be found For Miss Waterston has that rare gift of being able to get "inside" a song, and it was not her fault that Mr. Holbrooke's setting of Tennyson's well known "Come not when I am dead" should have seemed so exaggerated. Into this the composer has managed to put a note of almost ferocious passion, which is certainly not in the poem, and the suggestion of a marche funèbre in the accompaniment is surely inappropriate.

The pianoforte pieces by Edward Mitchell (who played them with considerable skill) and Frederick Kitchenir belong rather to the class of student composition than to that of matured creative work, while four of the five—"Reverie," "On a departed passion," "In an Egyptian Garden," and "Autumn: A Tone-Poem"—bore titles that could have been interchanged without much confusion of ideas in the mind of the listener. In Mr. Holbrooke's well-written Quintet for Clarinet and Strings ("Fate," Opus 28), which began the concert, the players were Messrs. Charles Draper, John Saunders, Charles Woodhouse, Lionel Tertis, and Herbert Withers; in the Pianoforte Quartet in G (Opus 21), which ended it, Messrs. Saunders, Tertis, Withers, and the composer. In such excellent hands these compositions, needless to say, received a worthy performance though, as we remarked the other day in writing of another performance in the same hall, the players were somewhat handicapped by what seems to be an over-resonant platform.

QUEEN'S HALL ORCHESTRA.

Saturday's symphony concert at Queen's Hall gave a holiday from new works which Sir Henry Wood, his orchestra, and his audience all alike deserved. Theirs has been a strenuous season, and the three extra concerts with which it is to be extended are to strain the activities of performers and listeners still further, so a concert made up of Rimsky-Korsakov, Brahms, and Liszt, with Stravinsky's little parade of fireworks at the end to add a fillip of excitement, was very welcome.

Times

It was not, perhaps, the happiest choice to put Rimsky-Korsakov's "Scheherazade" and Brahms's C minor Symphony side by side. Each takes nearly three-quarters of an hour to play; those who came looking to the symphony as the chief event of the programme must have felt its coming too long delayed, and those who revelled with Rimsky-Korsakov in musical pictures of the Thousand and One Nights can scarcely have felt in the mood to start again with Brahms on his more serious quest. In neither work did we feel Sir Henry Wood and his orchestra to be quite at their highest level. It may have been, in the first instance, because of an almost irresistible, though unjust, tendency to judge the playing of "Scheherazade" in the light of the more familiar version of the ballet. There the musical interest is more concentrated; everything is subordinated to colour and movement, and the eye helps the ear. "Scheherazade," the symphonic suite, moves more slowly, and one realizes how much of the music is merely in the nature of pleasant ornament. The playing seemed rather inflexible, too strictly regulated by the conductor's inexorable beat and sacrificing impulse to a well-finished ensemble. The same, too, might be said of the playing of Brahms. It was a well-considered performance, free from the exaggeration of detail which Brahms-lovers are ready to condemn, yet wanting the overmastering force which made the playing of the Fourth Symphony by the same conductor and orchestra earlier in the season a thing to remember.

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After the interval Mr. Lamond stirred everyone to enthusiasm by his playing of Liszt's Piano Concerto in E flat. Not a note of its audacious ornament sounded superfluous under his hands, and the grand display of fireworks seemed to be over before Stravinsky was allowed to put a light to the final rocket. One thing which makes it hard to associate Stravinsky's piece with its title is the recurrent use of drooping phrases. All the brilliance lies in the iridescent effects of instrumental combinations, not in the shape of the themes, which are very subtly contrasted, but that fact leaves one with the feeling that the composer means more than he cares to say.

QUEEN'S HALL ORCHESTRA

March 2 1914

THE "SCHEHERAZADE" SUIT.

The programme of the Queen's Hall Orchestra's symphony concert on Saturday afternoon began with that interesting suite of Rimsky-Korsakov's "Scheherazade," from which the ballet of the same name, introduced by the Russian dancers, was arranged. It is a very picturesque work, owing maybe a good deal of the brilliant effect to the remarkably vivid orchestration, yet showing, especially in the second and third movements, some theoretic invention of real individuality. The ponderous opening motive, of which so much use is made throughout, is of a rather manufactured order, and one gets a little tired of it, but the skilful instrumental treatment generally manages to save the situation and keep one interested. That the emotional plane of the suite is of a surface kind does not hinder one's appreciation; it is, indeed, perhaps just as well as serious works of the kind can so easily become pretentious when effects of technique seem to be of greater importance than the ideas they express. The music was very finely played under Sir Henry Wood's direction. He was less successful in Brahms's C minor symphony, which followed, for here something of the right breadth of treatment was found wanting; also there was a tendency to overdo the sentiment of expression, particularly in cases of solo passages for the wind—such underlining is foreign to the character of the music. The soloist of the afternoon was Mr. Frederic Lamond, who gave an immensely stimulating performance of Liszt's pianoforte concerto in E flat. This found great favour with the audience, and an encore had to be conceded. To end with, there came that ill-considered trifle of Stravinsky's "Fireworks"—a work quite out of place in a symphony concert programme. In any case, it is difficult to call such writing music, except for the bare fact that it deals in sounds.

MR. EGON PETRI.

March 2 1914

Mr. Egon Petri's programme in his pianoforte recital at the Bechstein Hall included such sharply divided works as Brahms's "Handel" Variations and Liszt's B minor Sonata, the one full of noble sentiment and musical beauty, the other little more than pretentious technical display. In both the pianist showed once again that he is very accomplished in respect of execution—that is to say, he gives the impression that there is no difficulty he cannot overcome easily. Unfortunately, however, there is nothing behind this virtuosity. So far as we can see, Mr. Petri cannot seemingly forget for one moment

that he can make a fortissimo as loud as any one, or dead, on the other hand, with the most delicate shades of tone. His method generally is one of violent contrasts, and in other ways all he appears to aim at is showing how well he plays. He had a splendid chance in the Brahms Variations for something a little more interesting, some real expression. We found it not; everything was exaggerated as though to make sure that there should be no mistake as to the player's capability of getting through the work without error. Exaggeration was the note struck in the Liszt sonata too, and the ugliness of the music greatly increased thereby.

BECHSTEIN HALL.

To describe a violinist as serious, earnest, sincere, and so forth is generally to damn him with somewhat faint praise, but to Mr. Albert Spalding, who gave a recital at Bechstein Hall last night, these phrases may be applied in their best sense. For he is serious in that he has taken his art seriously, and has striven with no small success to perfect himself in it; he is earnest, in that he is obviously a real lover and a thoughtful student of music, while there is in all that he does a note of real sincerity. His performances of Corelli's Sonata in D, of Bach's unaccompanied Suite in E, and of Rimsky-Korsakoff's not too interesting Fantaisie de Concert were those of a thoroughly able violinist of strong musical proclivities and of considerable intellectual powers. They were sane, well-balanced, and sympathetic, pleasing to the ear for their beauty of tone and, at the same time, thoroughly satisfying for the keen intelligence which had been brought to bear upon the interpretations. Altogether, Mr. Spalding showed that since his last visit to London he has greatly developed his natural abilities, and that he is a musician to whom a ready welcome should always be extended. Mr. André Benoist proved a very sympathetic accompanist.

AN AMERICAN VIOLINIST.

MR. ALBERT SPALDING AT THE BECHSTEIN HALL.

Mr. Albert Spalding, an American violinist who has not played in London for two or three years, gave a recital at the Bechstein Hall last night. The chief quality of his playing is the essentially agreeable nature of his tone, which is always pure, though not, perhaps, of much variety. Technically, Mr. Spalding has a good deal of freedom; there was much to praise in this respect in, for instance, Bach's solo sonata in E, where many of the difficulties of double-stopping and clean bowing were overcome successfully enough. Yet both here and in a sonata of Corelli the violinist could not be relied on for as persistent an accuracy as could have been wished for. A somewhat indefinite impression was thus made, and in part one feels inclined to put the inconsistency down to a deficiency noticeable as regards interpretative power. For Mr. Spalding did not convince one that he has much to say. This would, of course, account also for the emotionally colourless quality of his tone, however good it was otherwise. A "Fantaisie de Concert" of Rimsky-Korsakoff was in the programme, not a work of much moment nor particularly characteristic of the composer.

QUEEN'S HALL SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

THE ETHICS OF "CUTS."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

Sir,—Sir Henry Wood has justly earned a wide reputation as a conductor who has done a very great deal to popularize good music in this country, but many lovers of music must feel somewhat dissatisfied with some of the methods by which it has been effected. And at to-day's Symphony Concert at Queen's Hall an offence was committed which surely crossed the line which divides mere cheapening from downright vandalism.

Rimsky-Korsakov in his Symphonic Suite "Scheherazade" (now a classic in all musically-civilized countries) has followed the stormy "tale of the sea," which forms the last section, with a quiet concluding passage of great beauty, perfectly in keeping with the character of the work—a series of Oriental tales, and in exquisite taste. This final section, moreover, forms an integral part of the whole work, which becomes distorted, and nearly unintelligible, without it. On Saturday, however, Sir Henry Wood saw fit to omit the last 30 bars or so, and worked up the movement to what is, I believe, known as a "rousing finish," strongly reminiscent of some of his celebrated exploits with Tchaikovsky, and successfully calculated to appeal to "long ears."

Surely this kind of thing can be avoided; it is clear, one would have thought, that music may be popularized at too great a cost.

Yours, &c.,

W. B. HONEY.

7E, Sisters-avenue, Lavender-hill, S.W., Feb. 28.

PYROTECHNICS IN MUSIC.

As the leading firework expert of Europe, Mr. Arthur Brock was invited to give his opinion, from the pyrotechnist's point of view, of the orchestral fantasia, "Fireworks," by the composer Stravinsky, performed at Queen's Hall on Saturday.

At the close of the performance Mr. Brock expressed himself greatly pleased with the composition. "It is unlike anything I ever heard," he said, "and it appealed to me greatly. There was less of the drum and trombone in it than I had expected, and it was wonderful how the composer got his effects by the use of violins and other instruments. It was a remarkable rendering of pyrotechnic effects by means of music, and the way in which Stravinsky worked up through successive crescendoes to the grand melée and the 'Final Bouquet,' as pyrotechnists always do, was very ingenious."

"DIE MEISTERSINGER."

Die Meistersinger was given again last night at Covent Garden with a cast which was slightly different from that of the first performance a week ago.

Herr Sembach, who has already been heard in the parts of Joseph and Parsifal, was the Walther on this occasion, and Herr Bender the Sachs. They were equally successful in obtaining their results by purely vocal means, without, however, neglecting the dramatic side of their parts, and both, too, produced strikingly beautiful tone. Herr Sembach did not, as some Walthers do, keep his best efforts for the climaxes only, though the way his voice came through the big ensemble at the end of the first act was actually one of the most striking things in this finale; but in the quiet passages with Sachs and Eva he paid as careful attention to tone and phrasing as in the set songs, with the result that his performance was one of the most satisfying we have heard for some time. Herr Bender's voice, too, was strikingly beautiful in the quiet, reflective passages at the beginning of the second and third acts, while in the robuster moments, such as occur in his cobbling commentary on Beckmesser's serenade or in his protests against his colleague's dismissal of Walther's claims to be a master, the full, round, even quality of his voice made it a joy to listen to him. His acting showed imagination as well as skill, and enabled him to express the poetry and sentimentality of Sachs as well as his dignity and strength.

Herr Erwin as Beckmesser was a first-rate foil to him, and Herr Schramm was youthful without being too sprightly as David. Herr Fönss as Pogner (looking like one of Dürer's old men) had some fine moments, but at times he was a little colourless; and Frau Claire Dux once more sang the part of Eva with delicious freshness and charm. The chorus were somewhat sketchy in the scene of the street brawl (where the Astronomer Royal should have been taking notes), but they sang out well at the end, and Mr. Coates was admirable in the way in which he kept everything moving and omitted no points in the orchestration, though he never appeared to make any.

ROYAL OPERA.

"DIE MEISTERSINGER."

There were three features of the performance of "Die Meistersinger," at Covent Garden, last night, which were indisputably of outstanding merit—the triumph achieved by the orchestra, the beautiful idea of Eva, which Miss Claire Dux again gave us, and the quite admirable David of Mr. Hermann Schramm. Of all the Wagnerian operas, "Die Meistersinger" has always seemed, to us Londoners, to belong, as of prescriptive right, to Hans Richter in virtue of the "bigness" of his lines. But certainly Richter would have been among the first to recognise the supreme ability of Mr. Albert Coates, who conducted the performance of last night, as even he has conducted the previous performances of the season. Only those of the older guard of Wagnerites possibly realised how much was due to Mr. Coates's Richterian methods when this singer or that sought to introduce the ultra-sentimental note which, as we pointed out the other day, is almost the bane of the newer generation of Wagnerian singers. Over and over again, but more especially in that wonderful second act, Mr. Coates crushed beneath his heel the microbe of sentimentality, which tended to show its head, and insisted with infinite power and splendid authority upon the maintenance of the greater and purer line. Yet all this was achieved without any apparent disturbance of the singers' equanimity. As a fact, the sum of the performance was very fine indeed. Such defects—if so they may be called—as occurred were defects of the kind we have referred to more than once during the season now coming to a close. The season has brought forth nothing more beautiful than the "authority" of Mr Albert Coates. But emphatically it has brought forth that, brought it, at any rate, into the ken of his fellow-countrymen. His triumph last night was complete, and one would have welcomed the appearance, in fairness, of the whole of his orchestra, to join with him in the salvoes of applause with which he (and the singers) were greeted at each fall of the curtain.

Of Miss Claire Dux's delightful Eva there is no new word to be said. In appearance, in gesture, in voice, in expression of sentiment her Eva is very beautiful and to the point. Then again Mr. Schramm; David is so natural, so free, so naïf, and so entirely effortless and spontaneous that it, too, deserves the highest praise. If memory serves Mr. Schramm has sung here before in one of Mr. Thomas Beecham's seasons. It is not a little curious, perhaps, that so many of the singers one has found it a pleasure to praise this season owed their introduction to London Opera through the perspicacity of Mr. Beecham.

For the rest, Mr. Bender's Hans Sachs is new to us. It is of the interesting rather than the striking order. Now tender and dignified, anon terribly "jerky," and inclined to be spasmodic—there is the sum of Mr. Bender's performance, for all the world as if he had not quite made up his mind as to the character of the glorious Sachs. At least his Sachs was unequal, and varied between the poles of the very sympathetic and the peculiarly sentimental. Above all things Sachs was a man, never a mere sentimentalist. But this by the way. Mr. Kiess's Kothner is as fine as ever; and Mr. Fönss was a capital, though not a commanding, Pogner. Mr. Sembach sang often quite beautifully as Walther, but must he really address his glances to the conductor quite so freely as, for example, in the scene outside the church? Mr. Erwin's Beckmesser we discussed earlier in the season; it is good, but conventional.

On the whole, then, the performance was of real excellence. It was extremely well received by an enormous audience, who called nearly all concerned (save the wonderful orchestra) before the curtain time and again at each opportunity.

CLASSICAL CONCERT SOCIETY.

MR. HENSCHEL'S SINGING.

The first of this series of concerts was given at Bechstein Hall last night, and the programme included three instrumental works, Bach's Sonata in E minor for violin with piano accompaniment, Schubert's Fantasia in C for violin and piano, and Beethoven's Trio in D (Op. 70, No. 1) for piano and strings. The players were Miss Fanny Davies (piano), Mr. Maurice Sons (violin), and Mr. C. Warwick-Evans (violoncello), and it is sufficient to say of their performance that it gave us undisturbed enjoyment. It was real chamber music playing, in which one was only made actively conscious of the performers in moments which required some special deftness of handling, which they always got, such as the subsidiary episodes of Schubert and the whimsical changes of time in Beethoven's *finale*.

But the chief attraction of the programme for the audience in general was Mr. Henschel's singing, an attraction which was heightened by the fact that all the audience felt they must make the most of him while they could. For a melancholy note in the programme spoke of this as his last appearance at the Society's concerts, and very soon will come his last public appearance as a singer. He has done much for these concerts, not only by the frequent occasions when he has given groups of familiar songs accompanying himself as he did last night, but on certain occasions when he has organized vocal quartets and given memorable performances of Brahms, Schumann, and others. In greeting him enthusiastically many of the audience were no doubt thanking him for past delightful programmes as well as for this one, which began with Beethoven's "Wonne der Wehmut" and ended with "Young Dietrich." Mr. Henschel was not in very good voice, but that did not much affect the pleasure of the audience, and he was too good-natured to refuse the encores they asked for. He sang such things as Schumann's "Der leidige Frieden" and "Huzaren Abzug" with all his old verve and energy, and his own "Die Sommernacht" and, as an encore, Schubert's "Das Wandern" with that intimate interplay between voice and instrument which is always irresistible.

MR. POWELL'S NEW SONATA.

The second concert given by the musical circle known as the Fresh Air Art Society took place yesterday at the Æolian Hall, and at the somewhat unusual hour of half-past five. In itself the idea of giving a concert between tea and dinner is attractive; one is really more in the mood to hear music than earlier in the afternoon or later, when, as often as not, dinner has to be hurried through in an uncomfortable manner. But unfortunately the practice is too infrequent at present to work satisfactorily, and in consequence it was ill-advised on the part of the designers of the programme presented yesterday to reserve the new thing until the very end. Mr. John Powell's "Sonata Virginianesque," for violin and pianoforte, proved to be a very interesting work, based, as the title suggests, on the songs sung by the niggers in "Ole Virginny." The tunes were all delightful, and the young American musician fully sustains his reputation as a composer by this sonata, in which he played the piano part, while Miss Daisy Kennedy played that for the violin.

TORQUAY SYMPHONY CONCERTS

For the eleventh of his symphony concerts Mr. Hindenberg chose Beethoven No. 2 in D major, and it was a pleasure to hear this work so conscientiously rendered, though in the Larghetto, which is by no means so easy a movement to play as it may sound, the wind was a trifle faulty. The symphony was kept to the end, and before it, by way of contrast, Mr. Julian Clifford conducted his "Ode to the New Year" overture, a composition of a rather showy type, though it contains some good stuff. Mr. Clifford must have been gratified by the way the small orchestra responded to his baton. Another interesting item was Mr. Percy Pitt's charming little Serenade in three short movements, including a dainty and delicate allegretto scherzando, and the only fault of which was its brevity. The attraction of the afternoon, however, was Miss Tina Lerner's

performance of Grieg's A minor concerto, for piano and orchestra. Fortunately for the habitués of the Pavilion, this work bears repetition, and the young Russian lady's interpretation of the concerto was masterly. Her remarkably supple and forceful fingers, so powerful and, withal, so delicate in their touch, added to the brain of a real musician, combine in producing a virtuosa who cannot fail to please any audience. She was recalled several times.

MR. PLUNKET GREENE.

March 1 1914

RECITAL AT THE ÆOLIAN HALL

The vocal recital given at the Æolian Hall by that fine artist, Mr. Plunket Greene was largely attended and very successful in many ways. The programme perhaps failed as regards continuity in musical interest and charm, but there was nothing in it which the singer did not turn to good account. In which respect one had rather the feeling that for once Mr. Greene put his amazing technical powers too much in the foreground and gave us less of his equal sensitiveness to purely musically emotional expression. Indeed, sometimes his interpretations of full worthy things came perilously near being a tour de force, such as Schubert's "Abschied," taken much too quickly, or Schumann's "Waldesgespräch," where the fierceness of the delivery seemed to be a little beyond the mark. On the other hand, the singer still, as ever, gripped one by his intensity in "Döppelgänger," and in quite a different style the singing of the fifteenth century "L'Amour de Moy" was equally successful. Dalayrac's "Ecoute de Jeannette" was the best example of his skill in rapid enunciation, and the performance had to be repeated. "To Anthea" was also encored, but the effect was one of sheer personal force; it was not a musical one at all. As a matter of fact, this song and Clay's "The Sands o' Dee" sound extremely thin nowadays, and are hardly worth the effort involved in their delivery, clever as it may be. The English songs were not very interesting, Sir Charles Stanford's "Cuttin' Rushes" being the most attractive; this, too, Mr. Greene sang so fast that (although one heard every word) the musical outline became a thing of nought. However, the audience insisted on a repetition. Mr. Liddle accompanied beautifully.

March 9.1914

BECHSTEIN HALL.

THE LONGEST SONATA.

Telegraph

To play through a brand new sonata by a little-known composer which takes over an hour in performance and of which the music is far from easy to digest is surely an act of heroic courage. In so far as he accomplished it at Bechstein Hall on Saturday let us award to that fine pianist, Mr. Benno Moiseiwitsch, all the praise to which he stands entitled. But did his courage go hand in hand with wisdom? In other words, was Mr. John Powell's Sonata "Teutonica" really worth all the pains, all the energy, and all the time expended upon it? Mr. Powell, himself an exceedingly clever and brilliant pianist, is a young composer of high aims and obviously of tremendous sincerity. But these admirable qualities, clearly reflected in the vigorously-written pages of this sonata, are not sufficient in themselves to secure unremitting attention for a work of such heroic proportions. Why, in these days, write at so colossal a length? It would be no satisfactory answer to retort that nearly all the "great" composers erred on the side of verbosity. Those were leisurely days, nearly a century ago, when Beethoven wrote his "Hammerklavier" Sonata, whose forty-nine pages are yet but a trifling total compared with the number filled by Mr. Powell in his Sonata "Teutonica."

This enthusiastic young composer is fond of affixing titles to his works. Only last week his "Sonata Virginiasque," for violin and piano, was heard in London, and not long since he himself introduced us to his "Sonate Psychologique." Of the true inwardness of the work played for the first time on Saturday we can, unfortunately, profess no understanding, and any attempt to grasp its meaning, however faintly, would only be foiled by reference to the cryptic explanations offered, in the strangest rhetorical jargon, by the writer of the analytical notes in Saturday's programme.

On the other hand, we are wholly unable, while recognising the composer's earnestness, high musicianship, and constructive skill, to endorse his annotator's statement that "it would be quite impossible to elide one bar of the sonata without spoiling its meaning, its form, and its balance." And there we may leave the matter, merely adding that Mr. Moiseiwitsch played the extraordinarily difficult, and often very 'pianistic,' music—relying on the printed page—with exceeding ability, though not without the blurring here and there of some of the more strenuous passages. He is, as we began by saying, a fine pianist, and of his high courage and heroic fortitude on Saturday there cannot be the smallest doubt

March 10.1914 Telegraph

QUEEN'S HALL.

When Sinding's Symphony in D minor was first produced in London, at one of the Crystal Palace concerts in 1896, it did not meet with a reception enthusiastic enough to justify its repetition, and it has remained forgotten upon the shelf until last night, when Mr. Julius Schröder played it at the orchestral concert which he gave at the Queen's Hall. After hearing its revival it is impossible conscientiously to express any surprise that it failed to find a permanent place in the repertory of the Crystal Palace, or, indeed, of any other orchestra. When a critic of the time spoke of it as suggesting the immense boulders seen on the banks of a Norwegian river he only spoke half the truth, and a fitter description of it would, perhaps, be mountains of sound overshadowing turgid streams of orchestration. A more uncompromisingly massive symphony, indeed, it is rarely one's fate to hear. At moments it is not unimpressive, at others a gleam of sunshine seems to penetrate the heavy shadows; but, for the most part it is ponderously sombre, unalleviated even by any real sincerity of utterance or depth of feeling. Mr. Schröder, who has previously only appeared here as an accompanist, secured a good performance of it from the Queen's Hall Orchestra, while he also showed himself a conductor of considerable accomplishments in Beethoven's "Egmont" Overture and Schubert's Unfinished Symphony, his two interpretations of which, while presenting no particularly striking features, were thoroughly clear and straightforward. He had the valuable assistance of Miss Elena Gerhardt, who sang Wagner's "Stehe Still," "Träume," and "Schmerzen" superbly.

March 1 1914

MR. SCHRODER'S CONCERT.

An orchestral concert was given at the Queen's Hall last night by Mr. Julius Schröder, who proved himself to be a conductor of decided ability. It is true, perhaps, that his readings of Beethoven's "Egmont" overture and Schubert's "Unfinished" symphony were not distinguished by any particular breadth of style or originality in point of view, but as regards the actual playing there was not much fault to find. Mr. Schröder seemingly does not mind if the brass sforzandos become rather harsh, nor, perhaps, is he quite as particular about balance of tone as could be desired. Still, the performances achieved of these two works were quite enjoyable; they were by no means wanting in rhythmic swing or in weight of climax. Later in the programme there came Sinding's Symphony in D minor, a work which surely has not been played in London for a long time. It contains some picturesque music, many episodical passages indeed being quite attractive in their harmonic freedom and the vivid nature of the instrumentation. The failing of the symphony lies in the slender nature of the material, which at bottom has neither strength nor emotional force. Mr. Schröder conducted with an evident determination to give the work its best chance, and the Queen's Hall Orchestra responded well to what was in the end somewhat of a thankless task. Two groups of songs were sung by Fräulein Elena Gerhardt in her accustomed highly polished manner, and her contributions to the scheme were, one need hardly say, much appreciated by the audience.

BRITISH CHORAL MUSIC.

March 11 1914

(FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT.)

LONDON, Tuesday.

It seems impossible to avoid overcrowding when a programme of British music is in question. A flagrant instance was afforded by the concert given at Queen's Hall this evening by the Oriana Madrigal Society. So lengthy was it that only brief mention can be made of its chief features. These, as usually happens on such occasions, were relegated to the end, and after so much arduous work it was surprising that the choir should have acquitted themselves so well. The more praise must go to them considering that not very grateful material was provided by Mr Gustav von Holst's setting of a translation by Professor Gilbert Murray of "The Bacchæ" of Euripides for female chorus and orchestra and by four North Country folk-songs arranged for unaccompanied voices by Mr W. G. Whittaker. Mr von Holst has done such interesting work in extending the range of choral writing that it was surprising to find that his sense of effect has for the moment deserted him. He appears to have aimed at simplicity, particularly in the writing for the voices, but he cannot be said to have avoided monotony in the process. The work has some clever touches of colour in the orchestra, and shows a certain feeling for atmosphere, but this "Hymn to Dionysus" cannot be regarded as anything more than a rather inconclusive experiment. Mr Whittaker has made some effective pieces out of four rather undistinguished songs in broad dialect, but he did not convince one that the true simplicity of such things is at all suitable to elaborate treatment of this kind. Both the new works were conducted by their respective composers, Mr Kennedy Scott taking command in the remainder of a programme containing Mr Delius's immensely difficult "Sea Drift" (with Mr Thorpe Bates as soloist). Mr Balfour Gardiner's "April," and Mr Percy Granger's setting of Kipling's "We have fed our sea for a thousand years."

March 11 1914

THE ORIANA MADRIGAL SOCIETY.

CONCERT AT QUEEN'S HALL.

Some time ago Mr. C. Kennedy Scott, the conductor of the Oriana Madrigal Society, announced that it was intended to enlarge the choir for a special concert with orchestra. This took place last night at the Queen's Hall, and was in some ways very successful. In the first place, the singing of the choir, now that it is of considerable dimensions, was no less good than before, when it made for itself a name for the accomplished performance of unaccompanied madrigals and the like. The choral tone, one found, had real body, the beautiful quality of the sopranos was especially to be admired, while in technical matters there was little fault, if any, to find. For instance, a difficult passage for the voices alone in "Sea-Drift," by Delius, was sung perfectly in tune, and, as regards attack and general precision, the singers responded admirably to Mr. Scott's beat. Delius's work is not one which improves upon acquaintance it still leaves a hazy, nebulous impression of backboneless music, though doubtless possessing a certain atmosphere. But one cannot reconcile oneself to a so over-elaborated and ponderously ineffective setting of Whitman's poetry. Mr. Thorpe Bates sang the solo part; it was not his fault that it did not stand out very clearly. In "Hymn to Dionysus" we had a new composition by G. von Holst, a setting of verses from "The Bacchæ" of Euripides, translated by Gilbert Murray for women's voices and orchestra. The opening was arresting, but the system of vocal intonation adopted by the composer after a time began to pall, and furthermore, the tersitura is, on the whole, too persistently high for an altogether pleasing effect. Then it might be urged that the rhythmical accentuation of the words is accurate enough, but somehow lacking in musical charm. Apart from these objections, M. von Holst's score contains some really good music and strong and characteristic ideas. He conducted the work himself, obtaining an excellent performance and great applause from the audience. Four "North Country Folk Tunes," arranged for unaccompanied voices by Mr. W. G. Whittaker, were sung for the first time. The settings were ingeniously effective, not enough so, however, from a musical point of view, to justify what is at bottom a somewhat cumbersome method of preserving the fragrant old melodies. The programme also included one of Mr. Percy Grainger's Kipling settings; Mr. Balfour Gardiner's "April," a clever choral fantasy on the first spring month, soon to be with us; the "Midsummer-Night's Dream" overture; and 'On Hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring,' by Delius, another what may be called timely selection.

MISS DOROTHEA CROMPTON.

A programme of well-chosen modern French and old English songs was offered last night at the Bechstein Hall by Miss Crompton. Fauré's "Nell," Debussy's "Chevaux de bois," and Bordes's "Dansons la Gigue" are not yet hackneyed; and if Purcell's "Full fathom five" has been heard too often to bear quite so much repetition as its particular setting with chorus involved, some delightful Elizabethan anonymous madrigals are not heard often enough, and two slight songs of Grovlez, "Dors, mon p'tit n'amour" and "Bonjour, Madame Tartine," have a very distinct flavour about them.

It was in this part of her programme that Miss Crompton was heard at her best. Her pronunciation of French, though not perfectly clear, suggests the meaning definitely enough, and is free of other more distracting suggestions which were to be heard in the English. But she characterizes her song with considerable variety, which has been clearly thought out and is appropriately applied.

She was assisted by the "Templars Quartet," which now made its first appearance on a concert platform. They have evidently taken so much pains with all the details of their songs, and left so little, if anything, to chance, that one is inclined to prophesy a successful career for them if they continue as they have begun. One of their strongest points is the pronunciation of English—that most difficult language for Englishmen to sing to Englishmen. Perhaps experience will show them that they can improve their performance by going down and practising starts; they do not at present quite get off at gunfire, and there is a certain amount of splashing before way is got on the boat. Two of their songs, "It was a lover," 16th century, arranged by their second tenor, Mr. A. C. Dixon, and "Love on my heart," Harold Darke, were really excellently managed.

March 11 1914

ORIANA MADRIGAL SOCIETY.

It was a new departure for this society to give a concert of modern music with orchestra as it did at Queen's Hall last night, and Mr. Kennedy Scott and his choir may be congratulated on a thoroughly interesting programme admirably carried through

It was, however, bad policy to put the new work into the second part of a programme which began so late that the first of them was not reached until 10 o'clock. Before them came Delius's "Sea drift," the baritone solo sung by Mr. Thorpe Bates, Balfour Gardiner's "April," which was given its first performance by the London Choral Society early in this season, followed appropriately by Delius's little orchestral piece "To the Cuckoo in Spring," which was lately produced at a concert of the Royal Philharmonic Society.

"Sea-drift" was the least satisfactory of these in point of performance; though it was a performance which enabled one to enjoy many of the subtle beauties of the music, particularly in the latter part, the *ensemble* was not good enough nor the voices of solo singer and choir strong enough to sweep over the crudities of the writing in the difficult section beginning "Yes, my brother, I know." The members of the Queen's Hall Orchestra, too (who, by the way, were not mentioned in the programme), seemed to have some difficulty in following the conductor's beat, which was more often directed towards the singers than the players. The choir excelled in bringing out the freshness and the exuberant feeling of "April." It is a work which grows on acquaintance, though we still feel that there are moments where the treatment is apt to become too strenuous for the expression of Edward Carpenter's text.

The best was to come, after the interval, in the first performance of Gustav von Holst's "Hymn to Dionysus," for female choir and orchestra, which the composer conducted. The words beginning

"Oh blessed he in all wise
"Who has drunk the living fountain,"

are taken from a chorus in Gilbert Murray's translation of the *Bacchae* of Euripides. It is an exceedingly original piece of writing, one in which the interest grows and the musical plot thickens continually from the broad opening, in which the first lines are intoned upon a series of rising notes, through a strongly melodic chorus beginning "All Hail, O Thebes!" and others in which the rhythms become quicker and more insistent till they culminate in the stanza—

"Hither, O fragrant of Tmolus the Golden,
Come with the voice of timbrel and drum,"

and are brought to a close in one vivid phrase—"Away the Bacchanal springs." The way in which the composer has kept a musical continuity without ever delaying the course of the words makes it a remarkable achievement in choral writing. After it came four delightful settings, for unaccompanied choir, of North-country folksongs by W. G. Whittaker, which the choir sang with spirit and the audience enjoyed so much that one, "Pelton Lonnin," had to be repeated. Mr. Whittaker conducted them, and the concert ended vigorously with Percy Grainger's setting of Kipling's "We have fed our sea for a thousand years."

LAST NIGHT OF THE GERMAN OPERA SEASON.

"PARSIFAL" AT COVENT GARDEN.

The season of German opera at Covent Garden came to an end last night with a repetition of *Parsifal*, of which two extra performances had to be given after what was originally announced as the last, owing to the continued demand for seats. It must, no doubt, be satisfactory to the management to think that in providing for a dozen performances they did not overestimate the curiosity of the operatic public.

Whether *Parsifal* will continue to draw full houses when once the novelty of it has passed off and it has to rely entirely on its own merits remains to be seen; for the moment at least it does not seem to have exhausted its powers of attraction. That this is so is partly, due of course, to the way in which it has been presented at Covent Garden. Whatever faults there may have been in the production (and some of them are unavoidable until a stage-manager comes who will act without any reference to Bayreuth), those in authority have at any rate not been slavish in their adherence to tradition and on the purely musical side they have insisted throughout the season on having the work sung, and not shouted or declaimed.

HERR PETRI'S RECITAL.

The chief feature of Herr Egon Petri's recital at Bechstein Hall last night was the first performance, here, of Six Elegies by Busoni. These all have somewhat fanciful titles, and the music in each case is equally original. The third, a Choral Vorspiel, is a curious blend of the old and new, a simple tune in the Bach manner dressed up in whole-tone scale harmonies.

Very fantastic is an Intermezzo labelled "Turandot's Frauen-Gemach," and a waltz, "Die Nächtlichen," proved piquant. The others, however, were somewhat uninteresting. All six were finely played by Herr Petri, whose rendering of Chopin's B flat minor Sonata (which preceded the Busoni elegies) was very forceful and picturesque. Three Liszt works completed the evening's programme.

Mch 12 / 14

MORE "FUTURIST" MUSIC

Mch 12 1914

LAST NIGHT'S CONCERT AT THE ÆOLIAN HALL.

The concert given at the Æolian Hall last night by M. Franz Liebich showed that the "Futurist" movement in music is not confined to Germany and Russia. For the examples of the work of two young Hungarian composers Béla Bartók and Zoltán Kodály brought forward were quite as incomprehensible as anything written by Schönberg or Stravinsky. There is really nothing fresh to be said about this kind of music. Perhaps its most valuable quality will prove to be the advanced technical standard and the degree of daring exhibited. In recent years there has been a good deal of experimenting, the result of which is often so very tedious. It is the more quickly killed by there being always somebody able to go one step further, leaving clear in the open anything there may be which has a sane basis and real emotional expression behind it. Kodály's music is possibly a little less ugly than that of Bartók, it certainly suggests more backbone, more purpose in the ever-present dissonance. According to a note in the programme both composers have steeped themselves in the folk-music of their own country. They have skilfully managed to conceal the fact. At any rate, no folk-music we have ever heard is lacking in some spiritual fire; or, especially that of Eastern origin, influence in rhythm. There is no connection possible between primitive music and the intellectual fancies of a twentieth-century would-be composer. M. Liebich played the pianoforte pieces; Miss May Coleman sang the songs which included some Hungarian folk-songs very uncomfortably arranged by Kodály, and Mr. Livio Boni was the violoncellist in Kodály's violoncello sonata. The concert began with some Debussy and Ravel pieces, including two of the former for clarinet and pianoforte, Mr. Leo Dawes being the wind instrumentalist.

THE ROYAL COLLEGE.

Mch 13 1914

LAST NIGHT'S CONCERT.

The College concert of the Royal College last night drew an audience which completely filled the large hall, and it is probable that the two numbers which had proved especially magnetic were Arnold Schönberg's string sextet (Op. 4), "Verklärte Nacht," and a new Fantasia for organ and violin on "Lasst uns erfreuen herzlich sehr," by Mr Craig S. Lang, a nephew of the late Mr. Andrew Lang. The Schönberg work is an early one, in one long movement, and a great deal of the music must be pronounced unattractive, though portions are agreeable enough, while the parts for each instrument were so scored as to bring out its qualities with full effect. The length and vagueness of the composition, however, were probably responsible for a sensible diminution of the audience during the latter part of it, and perhaps it was scarcely fair to place it at the end of the programme. Mr. Lang's Fantasia, if it did not entirely establish the suitability of the two instruments as mutual complements in a duet, proved a deft and graceful piece, and, with the composer at the organ and Mr. G. Whitaker, a youthful but exceedingly promising performer, playing the violin part, it had a very hearty reception indeed. Mendelssohn's not very eventful string octet in E flat major (Op. 20), with Miss Maud Gold as leader, opened the programme, which also included songs by Miss Melville Iredale, Mr. Stanley S. Heaysman, and Miss Helen M. Davidson, and an able performance of one of the least interesting of Chopin's ballades, that in F minor (Op. 52).

BECHSTEIN HALL.

Mch 16 1914

With a programme of more than ordinary interest, the Wessely String Quartet brought to an end on Saturday afternoon their series of four chamber concerts. Mr. Hans Wessely and his companions are not of those who hold that the London public will have nought to do with novelties, particularly any new thing that happens to come from the pen of a British composer. In Saturday's scheme, accordingly, they sandwiched between a Haydn Quartet and that of Dvořák in G a Pianoforte Quartet by Sir Charles Stanford in C minor which, according to the programme, had not been played in public before. This work, which bears the opus number 133, represents the composer for the most part in a genial and gracious mood. He gives us here the customary four movements, and, as may be supposed, breaks no new ground in the matter of form. Nor, to speak candidly, does the composer offer in his thematic material, or its treatment, anything that could be called strikingly fresh. But what he has to say carries with it at least a pleasant air of spontaneity and sincerity, the expression is direct and concise, and the musicianship of the unobtrusive sort which never suggests that the composer has been at infinite pains to show how clever he can be. Of the four movements we liked best the first two. In the opening allegro, following upon a quiet introduction, the music assumes a character at times almost passionate, and the whole of this section has an impulse and vigour that are very refreshing. The composer has been well inspired, too, in the chief theme of his slow movement, charm and simplicity distinguishing the melody, while the scherzo-like allegro vivace that follows reveals him in a mood of unaffected gaiety. The work, in the performance of which the services of Miss Johanne Stockmarr were enlisted for the effectively-written pianoforte part, was played with abundant spirit, and the audience received it with tokens of complete appreciation.

SCRIABIN IN QUEEN'S HALL

1914 Mch 16

A GREAT RECEPTION.

When the time comes for the true history of music in the early part of the present century to be written, one of the difficulties to be faced by the author will be to explain the attitude of the London public towards the new and the newest idiom in contemporary music expression. Psychologically the point is of great interest. Is it possible that this public can differentiate between the so-called "noises" of a Schönberg, a Stravinsky, a Sati, a Bax, a Holbrooke, and say precisely wherein the difference lies?

This difference is essential, yet one or two of these and other similar composers are accepted with warmth, while the others are left out in the cold. How many publics have we? is another question to be solved by the future historian. Are the ingredients, so to speak, the same in the audiences that attend a ballad concert and redemand everything regardless of quality, and in those which flock to Queen's Hall, as on Saturday afternoon last, when Alexander Scriabin, the Russian musical progressist, appeared as pianist and composer? Again, how comes it that in this "unmusical land" such advanced musicians as Scriabin, Stravinsky, and Schönberg are received practically from the first with the characteristic warmth of the Briton when he is offered what he likes, while many of these same advanced musicians have the greatest possible difficulty in obtaining a quiet and serious hearing in countries always held up for our admiration? When Sir Henry Wood produced Schönberg's Five Orchestral Pieces a year and a half ago a number of the audience hissed at the close. When, a few weeks ago, Schönberg himself conducted a performance of the same pieces, in the same place, with the same orchestra, he was led to acknowledge that never before had he been the subject of so great and so warm a welcome. Were the ingredients of these audiences more or less identical, and had they learnt their lesson in the period that intervened? Some say that it is a national characteristic of politeness that induces this warmth of welcome, but is politeness a national characteristic?

RAPTUROUS APPLAUSE.

To our thinking the matter is both paradoxical and puzzling. Scriabin has himself said somewhere of his "Prometheus," a work given on Saturday, which a year ago, on its first production here, was played twice in the same concert, that no one can hope to understand it thoroughly until it has been heard at least five times. Yet here we find a public receiving it on a third hearing with rapturous applause. Indeed, Scriabin, who played the important pianoforte part in the score with amazing subtlety and beauty of tone, had, at the end, the very greatest difficulty in escaping from the audience, who called and recalled him a dozen times or more. Was this the "ballad concert habit" of demanding more than had been paid for? Was it the "national characteristic of politeness"? Or was it the enthusiasm born of a right (or even a wrong) understanding of a new thing? Who shall say? We have no intention now of attempting to forestall the historian, who may be left to unravel the mystery and set straight the paradox for himself.

But the fact remains that Scriabin met with a reception such as used to be kept in hand for a Paderewski. As pianist he certainly earned it. Not that he and Paderewski have anything whatever in common in respect of style or method. Scriabin's playing is the perfection of subtle phrasing, of polished technique, of neatness of execution, of intimacy, and of "smallness." It is as a beautiful miniature to a large painting when placed side by side with the playing of the giants of the pianoforte. So, too, is the music of his early Concerto, Opus 20, which he introduced for the first time to England on Saturday. It is miniature, delicate, decorative, and simple. It is entirely devoid of that world-force that characterises the music of "Prometheus," and though its very simplicity may seem a little old-fashioned in these musically stormy days, yet nevertheless the sweet melodiousness, especially of the slow movement, of the music was pleasant to the ear if only in virtue of the immense contrast between it and the same writer's "Prometheus."

"PROMETHEUS."

Last year we said our say at considerable length as to "Prometheus," which is more or less a musical exposition of the composer's theosophical views. Meanwhile, if our knowledge of theosophy has not largely increased in the twelve months, and so our potential comprehension of the "poetic basis" is much as it was, it must be confessed that the music itself, as music, seemed infinitely less repellent now than before. After all, the theosophy is Scriabin's affair, not ours; and to him it is quite clear that it means much, even as Schönberg made it evident that the poetic basis of his own Five Pieces meant much to him. Incidentally, it is curious how wide the difference in the music of each of these two composers is when each takes an active part in his own productions. With Scriabin at the pianoforte, all the little subtle nuances so clearly noted in the score were unmistakable in their meaning. But the year that has elapsed since the first hearing has not attuned the ear to the hideousness of the "effects" produced by the frequent clashing of the

brass when called upon to play simultaneously as a chord practically all the notes which go to make up the scale upon which Scriabin bases his harmonic system. To Scriabin's ear, his scale, which includes two each of perfect fourths and augmented fourths and a diminished fourth, may "consonate" when played as a chord, as he is said to believe. To some other ears it is not so. But one need not to go over the ground that was well covered a year ago. In five years' time, in the light of other days, one may perhaps take a dip into the past, when the ear shall have become more accustomed to many things that appear to-day to be extravagances, and one will not be asked to "specialise" in at least half a dozen different styles and methods of musical expression. Perhaps an entirely new type of thought may soon be demanded of the critics by these musical evolutionists.

To Sir Henry J. Wood goes much credit for his great and well-directed energy in bringing these works forward. Without his energy, as in operatic matters without the energy of Mr. Thomas Beecham, London musicians would be indeed in a parlous state in the matter of "the higher education." For it must not be forgotten that to them we owe our introduction to all that was new and is newest in orchestral and operatic endeavour.

SYMPHONY CONCERT.

M. SCRIABINE AT QUEEN'S HALL

March 16 — 1914

The interest aroused by the musical adventures of M. Scriabine was unmistakably shown by the presence of an audience which entirely filled Queen's Hall on Saturday afternoon, when the famous Russian composer appeared here for the first time as soloist in two of his own works. First of all came a new piano concerto in F sharp minor, an early work which is completely wanting in any suggestion of the harmonic experiments to which the composer afterwards devoted his attention. To that extent it is less characteristic, and certainly infinitely more attractive, than the musico-theosophical æsthetics embodied in his "Prometheus." The concerto is chiefly remarkable for a complete acceptance of the claims of form and melody, and the reminiscence-hunter would not find it difficult to trace many of its melodic and harmonic elements to their original source. But if no fresh ground is broken either in the actual invention or in the comparatively conventional treatment of the solo part, the work has a freshness and spontaneity which make it easily intelligible at a first hearing, and it is not surprising to find that it has achieved considerable popularity in Russia. There is no reason why a similarly happy destiny should not await it here, though it is possible that the remarkably delicate playing of M. Scriabine in the solo part was an important factor in its success on this occasion.

It would have been interesting if the gulf between the concerto and "Prometheus" could have been bridged by something representing an intermediate stage in the development of the composer's artistic creed. As it was, the transition proved too violent for many of the audience, and even while the work was in progress some sounds of protest were to be heard. At the end, however, the ayes had it, though it may be doubted whether the applause really indicated enjoyment of a work which at best can only be regarded as an inconclusive experiment. The hectic excitement of this musical expression of the mystic doctrines of Mme. Blavatsky received stronger accentuation in this performance than was the case when Sir Henry Wood introduced the work a year ago, on which occasion, it will be remembered, a second performance was considered necessary. A rehearing does not materially alter first impressions. The brooding mystery of the opening pages and the overwhelming climax at the end remain the most impressive moments of a score containing little that accords with the commonly accepted canons of beauty and much that sounds merely incoherent and eccentric. As M. Scriabine is shortly giving a recital on his own account, it will suffice for the moment to say that he apparently realised all the possibilities of the piano part, and that in this direction his success was complete. In comparison with the complexities of "Prometheus," the orchestra must have found Strauss's "Tod und Verklärung" simplicity itself, while they were on even safer ground in Beethoven's eighth symphony and the "Meistersinger" overture.

"FUTURIST" MUSIC AT QUEEN'S HALL.

M. SCRIABINE PLAYS IN "PROMETHEUS."

March 16 — 1914

Music-lovers in London have had many opportunities during the past 12 months of hearing some of the music of the advanced school (which for want of a better term has been termed "futurist"), and of which Schönberg, Stravinsky and Scriabine are the leaders. The first two have already visited us in connection with performances of their works, and on Saturday afternoon M. Scriabine made his first appearance here, at the Queen's Hall, to play the pianoforte parts in his "Prometheus" and his piano concerto in F sharp minor.

Evidently the public is anxious to try to understand the new music, for there was an enormous audience in the hall. Also one may note, as a sign of interest, that more than once during the actual performance of "Prometheus," hisses were heard in one or two parts of the hall. These protests, however, passed unnoticed, and at the end of each of his works M. Scriabine was given a most enthusiastic reception.

Scriabine himself suggests an interesting personality; small, dark and very alert, he proved an excellent pianist, with a refined and delicate touch. He made the elaborate piano part of his early concerto sound very effective, but in the "Prometheus" the piano did not assume very much prominence, and a more robust manner would have given it greater weight.

The opening of the work, with its mystic suggestion of "primordial chaos," is wonderfully impressive, and of genuine musical value, in a new way. But the succeeding portions, in which a development of man's self-consciousness is outlined, are somewhat dull, and commonplace in their ideas, and not at all suggestive of the ideas illustrated. However, towards the end, the composer builds up a long series of tonal waves which work up to a magnificent climax, the emotional effect of which is unmistakable.

One is inclined to think that Scriabine will yet reach a stage of development in which his music will become much more interesting and vital than it is at present.

THE WESSELY QUARTET.

SIR CHARLES STANFORD'S NEW WORK.

March 16 1914

A new pianoforte quartet in C minor, by Sir Charles Stanford, was a feature of the recital given by the Wessely Quartet at Bechstein Hall on Saturday afternoon. It does not, perhaps, represent the composer in a new light, but it has all the sound qualities which invariably distinguish his work. Very attractive in its simplicity is the adagio, while to say that the finale is coloured by national characteristics is sufficient recommendation in itself, for the composer is always happiest when his work is influenced by the folk-song idiom. With Miss Johanne Stockmarr in the piano part, the performance lacked nothing in point of sympathy and technical finish, the latter virtue also being conspicuous in the string players' delightfully spontaneous account of a Haydn quartet. Dvorák's quartet in G major, Op. 106, completed a well-arranged scheme.

THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY

March 17 — 1914

LAST NIGHT'S FORMIDABLE PROGRAMME.

The Royal Philharmonic Society can no longer be reproached for indifference to the claims of the British composer, for at the concert conducted by Herr Mengelberg at Queen's Hall last night Mr. Frank Bridge found himself in the imposing company of Mendelssohn, Strauss, and César Franck, to say nothing of Cornelius. It was a programme of truly formidable proportions, worthy of the society's palmiest days, but it possessed many admirable features. Among the most delightful of them was the performance of Mendelssohn's "Italian" Symphony, which served to put every one in a good humour at the outset. After the strenuous and provocative doings of Schönberg, Stravinsky, and Scriabine, it was a genuine pleasure to renew acquaintance with a work which raises no psychological problems, and is content to express simple emotions without pretence to profundity. It sounded remarkably spontaneous as Herr Mengelberg played it, and though he took the first movement a shade fast, the clarity of the playing was such that not a note was blurred. In the finale, also, the delicacy of the wood-wind was especially notable. By way of contrast, the phonetic climaxes and tense emotion which he secured in Strauss's "Tod und Verklärung" appeared additionally impressive, and more than reconciled one to the fact that this was the second performance the work has received within three days. M. Cortót, the soloist of the concert, showed a perfect appreciation of the part taken by the piano in giving colour to the orchestral texture of Franck's symphonic poem "Les Djinns," while he also played with masterly ease in the same composer's fine "Variations Symphoniques."

In his "Dance Poem" for orchestra Mr. Frank Bridge seems bent on proving that he is capable of writing music every whit as incoherent as anything we have had from the redoubtable "three S.'s." It is true that he has not gone to the length of inventing a scale of his own, but in spite of this handicap he effectually left us in the dark as to what his work was all about, though a note in the programme intimated that it ends with a climax of "disillusion." A flutter of excitement was caused at the end by the vigorous hissing of an individual in the gallery. The protest, however, defeated its own object, and aroused such a strenuous counter-demonstration that Mr. Bridge had to return four or five times to acknowledge the sympathetic applause.

MR. MURRAY DAVEY'S RECITAL.

March 19. 1914 Times

Mr. Murray Davey, who has been heard but not seen a good many times during the past few weeks in the part of Titurel at Covent Garden, gave a song recital yesterday afternoon in the Æolian Hall.

The first part of the programme, which was accompanied by Mrs. O'Connor Morris, opened with Sarastro's two great airs "O Isis und Osiris" and "In diesen heil'gen Hallen" from *Die Zauberflöte*, and contained Schubert's "Der Doppelgänger," Schumann's "Widmung," and an air from one of Bach's cantatas. Having thus paid homage to the classics and shown that he realized the bridge as well as the gulf between the lyrical and the dramatic style of singing, Mr. Davey passed to two groups of his own songs and one group by Mme. Poldowski, who accompanied these herself. Of the first three of his songs, which were settings of English words, "The Olive Branch" was a long way the best; in all three the music was written with true regard for the just declamation of the words, but in this one the melody was more distinguished than in the other two. There was beautiful melody too in "Il était une fois, ô gué" and "Odelette," but the two most interesting songs in the French group were Verlaine's "Colloque sentimental," in which the narrative and dramatic portions were very delicately differentiated, and a delightfully witty setting of Tristan Corbière's "Le Crapaud." The atmosphere in these French songs was indicated at once by the accompaniment, and Mr. Davey's admirably pointed diction and skilful use of vocal colour brought out every *nuance* in the melodic line, which, as in much modern French music, closely follows the inflections of the speaking voice.

Mr. Davey's tone was a little strained on the upper notes: otherwise he was in very good voice, and after having repeated "Le Crapaud" and Mme. Poldowski's charming setting of Verlaine's "Cythère" he sent every one away happy by his singing of Leporello's famous "catalogue" of Don Giovanni's amours.

NEW BRITISH MUSIC.

March 19 1914

THE EDWARD MASON CHOIR'S CONCERT LAST NIGHT.

The Edward Mason Choir so seldom gives a concert that it may seem ungrateful to suggest that more discretion might be exercised in the production of new works by British composers than was apparent in the far too lengthy concert given with the assistance of the New Symphony Orchestra at Queen's Hall last night. Five first performances is surely a liberal allowance in itself, but we had, in addition, Mr. R. Vaughan Williams's "Toward the Unknown Region," Henschel's ballad, "Young Dietrich," César Franck's 150th Psalm, and—for some obscure reason—the overture to "Oberon." In the circumstances it is only possible to touch briefly upon the works heard for the first time. The most ambitious was Mr. Montague Phillips's "Death of Admiral Blake" for baritone solo (Mr. Charles Knowles), chorus, and orchestra, an earnest but somewhat disjointed piece of work, with a more purposeful air about it than was to be found in most of the others. One always felt that Mr. Phillips was making the effect he aimed at, and, as he did not aim too high, his work left quite a favourable impression. In his "Labourer's Song," Mr. Josef Holbrooke invokes the aid of a brass band for the purpose of giving emphasis to the woes of the small holder. An appropriate suggestion of the soil is conveyed by the use of folk-song idiom, but the accompaniment was too faulty to allow any definite conclusion to be formed. The orchestral playing throughout the concert was none of the best, the players evidently finding a difficulty in following Mr. Mason's beat. Mr. Gustav von Holst shows his usual partiality for Eastern colour in a fourth set of choral hymns from the "Rig Veda," for male choir and orchestra, particularly in the persistent rhythmic pulse of the "Hymn to Goma." The "Hymn to Agni," too, is full of picturesque effect. Mr. H. V. Jervis Read's "That Land" is well-meaning, but not otherwise remarkable. The choir sang with bright tone and careful attention to detail, but they had small opportunity of proving their mettle.

NEW BRITISH CHORAL MUSIC.

March 19 1914 Chronicle

EDWARD MASON CHOIR'S CONCERTS.

For some seasons the Edward Mason Choir has managed to provide an interesting pro-

gramme of new choral works by the younger British composers. At the choir's concert last night at Queen's Hall, some six composers were represented, five of the works being given a first performance on this occasion.

Perhaps the concert, on the whole, failed to impress one as much as in previous years, but if no work was remarkable, there were one or two which deserve to be heard again. M. Gustav von Holst's new group of lyrics from the "Rig Veda" unquestionably made the success of the evening.

In his treatment of Eastern subjects M. von Holst shows something like genius: he can get the Oriental atmosphere into music that is purely Western in technique, and never does he forget purely artistic considerations in his search after colour. The cleverness and charm of the three little "hymns" sung last night is unmistakable, and both the choral writing and the orchestration are exceedingly effective.

A "humoreske" for chorus and orchestra, "The Vindictive Staircase," by Mr. Edgar Bainton, was not without clever and humorous touches. The words deal with the ghost of a charwoman haunting an old house in Houndsditch. The illustration of the ghostly walk on the stairs is cleverly done, but the music towards the latter part of the piece tails off somewhat.

Two little pieces by Mr. Jervis-Read had some taking moments, but both suffered from a somewhat uncertain touch. Mr. Josef Holbrooke's "Labourer's Song," with brass band accompaniment, was a kind of folk-song of not very attractive character, and Mr. Montague Phillips's setting of Newbolt's "Death of Admiral Blake" is very poor music.

The performances of the works were mostly good, and the choir sang with much intelligence, Mr. Mason conducting with some skill.

MENGELBERG AND STRAUSS

Mch 20 1914

AN IMPRESSION.

From a Correspondent.

Though the event was last Monday, surely it is not too late to say what some of us think its critics ought to have said. It was a strange idea to set the doughty Mengelberg to conduct Mendelssohn. He did his best for it, playing it with all the fineness and finish that he could—but nothing could disguise its essential emptiness; its vivacity is so decorous, its facility so gentlemanly—a veritable monument to the "Fine Shades and the Nice Feelings." It was speedily obliterated from memory by a performance of "Tod und Verklärung" of Strauss that must rank as probably the finest yet given in England. It was hardly like the same work that was heard on Saturday, and that, not because Sir Henry Wood played it less than well, but because Herr Mengelberg played it with incomparable splendour. Without the slightest blurring of the outline, drawn with a grip of the rhythm as firm as it was sensitive, every shade of colour in the marvellous web of sound was made clear and lovely. Herr Mengelberg, holding, like Blake, that you cannot know what is enough unless you know what is more than enough, obtains a passion and glory in his climaxes that depends on his absolute assurance that he can always get more if he needs it. After the last outbreak of the powers of death, it will be remembered, there is a long passage of slowly gathering volume of sound up to the final illumination. This became literally an effect as of throbbing waves of light, as well as of sound, like the dawning of a cloudless summer day till, with unspeakable majesty, the sun rose and illumination flooded not a single soul, but a world, with a revelation of "The love that moves the sun and every star."

The other notable feature of the concert was the playing of "Les Djinns" and the "symphonic variations" of César Franck for piano and orchestra. Herr Mengelberg and the Philharmonic Orchestra (surely now one of the best in the world) played magnificently also here. The pianist was M. Cortot, who gave a brilliant rendering. He is a fine pianist: the stream of his playing runs limpidly clear, flashing back the light, but it never runs shallow for all its clearness. He has a great range of tone, especially from mezzoforte to pianissimo, and his passages of the most magical softness are never lacking in depth or volume. It is rather on the side of the fortissimi, if anywhere, that his tone thins out into hardness. Perhaps the piano was a little to blame—it seems rare to get a concert grand with a fine fulness in the treble. A hard, rather wooden, sound is so often produced where we long for mellowness. However, the performance was admirable. We have heard the end of the variations so played as to sound trivial and weak, but between them M. Cortot and Herr Mengelberg gave it its rightful value, full of vivacity and charm and an eager spiritedness that was wholly delightful.

MLLE. SPRÁVKA'S RECITAL.

Mlle. Ella Správka has before now given us so much neat and polished playing that her want of form in her recital at Bechstein Hall yesterday afternoon need not be taken too seriously. She began with Beethoven's "Appassionata" sonata, a work which did not seem to lie within her range. At any rate, she was less at home in it than in the Brahms waltzes which followed. These were given with a great deal of the facility which one usually associates with this pianist's style. Even here, however, rather more regard might have been paid to accuracy of detail, though in this respect the performance was decidedly superior to that of the sonata. Mlle. Správka, too, let her enthusiasm get out of hand in the more sentimental moments of Chopin's Fantasie, Op. 49, and as a rule it was in music of slender outline that the best qualities of her playing could be enjoyed. Mch 20 '14

QUEEN'S HALL

Telegraph March 20 1914

NEW BRITISH WORKS.

When the history of contemporary music comes to be written an honourable place must surely be awarded to Mr. Edward Mason and his choir for their patriotic efforts to promote the well-being of the young British composer. The latest of their concerts, that which took place in the Queen's Hall on Wednesday evening, allowed a large and very sympathetic audience an opportunity to judge some new choral works by Josef Holbrooke, H. V. Jervis-Read, Edgar L. Bainton, Montague F. Phillips, and Gustav von Holst. Let it be said at once that the performances appeared to be in every way satisfactory, Mr. Mason having the well-balanced forces of his choir—backed up by the New Symphony Orchestra—in complete control. The subject-matter of two of these compositions—"The Small Holder" of Mr. Holbrooke and "The Vindictive Staircase" of Mr. Bainton—was hardly what one expects, or what one would associate with music in any shape or form. "The Small Holder" (sub-entitled "The Labourer's Song") tells of the woes of one who would go in for farming on a small scale, of frost and potato blight, of weeding nettles, of the purchasing of manure, and other details in the daily life of the labourer. As there is no sort of dramatic context in the narration of such things, as the "poem" by Anna Bunston lacks climax, and as it is anti, or, at any rate, non lyrical in treatment, it follows that the composer was faced with a problem which it was practically impossible to solve. In our opinion Mr. Holbrooke has not succeeded. No amount of skilful management of his chorus and of the brass band accompaniment could make a satisfactory work of art of such a theme, or rather of a theme so treated. Mr. Bainton achieved a happier result in "The Vindictive Staircase," which tells of a ghostly charwoman in "a damned and ghostly house in Houndsditch," though, as we have suggested, the subject was a poor one to choose for music, even as a "Humoreske," which is how the composer describes it.

There is more real and legitimate music in the "Dream Tryst" and "That Land" of Mr. Jervis-Read, a young composer whose work is gaining in strength and personality. The poems, by Francis Thompson and T. Sturge Moore respectively, are both of high quality, and their settings appropriately thoughtful and imaginative. Very effective in an obvious and conventional way is Mr. Montague Phillips's setting of Henry Newbolt's fine verses in "The Death of Admiral Blake." There is no uncertainty in the composer's handling of his orchestra—most young men to-day have learned that art ere they leave their student days behind; what one does feel in this, as in most of the artist's work, is that its effects are got at the expense of sincerity. In other words, that the composer has been expressing not so much what he truly feels as what he is expected to feel. There is nobler music in Mr. von Holst's "Rig Veda" choral-hymns. The sincerity of his work is always self-evident, and in the fourth set of these hymns heard on Wednesday he has stamped his own personality indelibly, and with distinction. In these, which are set for male voices and orchestra, the composer follows in the style, quasi-Oriental, laid down in the first group which was produced by the Edward Mason Choir a couple of years ago. Mr. Charles Knowles was the very able vocalist at this concert, and Mr. Herbert Hodge the organist.

MR. F. S. KELLY'S RECITAL.

Times March 20. 1914

Few pianists at the present day seem aware that Handel wrote anything for them to play besides a set of variations which they call "The Harmonious Blacksmith," so the eighth suite at the beginning of Mr. Kelly's programme at Æolian Hall last night made a fresh opening. Moreover, it was excellently played, with the due value set upon its points of contrapuntal interest without the exaggeration of any one of them, and the broad humour of the gigue sharply differentiated in tone from the more effective mood of the movements preceding it.

Mr. Kelly's playing of Handel was more enjoyable than his playing of Beethoven's sonata in A flat (Op. 26) or of Schumann's "Etudes Symphoniques." In the first he was too careful of the exact disposition of accent throughout the variations; in the other not careful enough of details; though there was a more spontaneous impulse behind the Etudes than behind the sonata. Between them he played for the first time a set of 24 "Monographs" of his own composition, a formidable-looking series of pieces in all the keys, not all at once, as is the practice of certain modern composers, but in turn. They were not as formidable as they looked in the programme, for each takes only about one minute to play, but they would be more enjoyable taken in smaller groups, as they very well might be. They are very varied; some, like the first in C major and the last in C minor, have a boldness of design which was unexpected; others, like the Allegretto in A flat, the Pastorale in F, and the Allegretto dolente in B minor, have great delicacy and charm; while others again explore problems of technique with considerable enterprise. The playing of them, too, was delightful, for with his own music Mr. Kelly is freed from the sense of duty and the reference to precedents which sometimes cumber his playing of the classics.

NEW BRITISH MUSIC.

Mch 21 1914

MR. ELLIS'S CONCERT AT QUEEN'S HALL.

One fears that there are not a few of the type of concert given at the Queen's Hall last night which are more interesting on paper than in the result. Still, Mr. F. B. Ellis is to be commended for his enterprise in arranging his series, and let us hope the second and third will prove more worthy. Last night's programme began with Mr. Arnold Bax's "Festival" overture, and later there were heard the same composer's Four Orchestral Sketches, two of which had not been played before. Mr. Bax has a facile pen and a decided gift for orchestral colouring. It is unfortunate that his style is so lacking in character. It suggests a series of influences, first one, then another; there is no unified amalgamation or development from any one particular school. One feels indeed that this clever young writer is still struggling with technique, and has not yet found himself. A "Shropshire Lad" Rhapsody and an Idyll, "The Banks of Green Willow," were two pieces for orchestra by Mr. George Butterworth, which received their first London performance on this occasion. The former is a sort of pendant to the composer's cycle of songs of the same title. As such it is much too lengthy, while as a self-contained work the introductory character of the opening persisted throughout, and one did not seem to be led anywhere. The latter work makes use of two folk-tunes treated in rather a pointless way, the net result being indecisive.

Probably the composer's experience is too small to enable him to deal as yet successfully with the material. Both compositions, however, had merit in other directions, displaying neat workmanship and pleasing orchestration. Dvorák's symphonic poems are so seldom heard nowadays that the revival of "Die Mittagshexe" was welcome. Not that the work is entirely satisfactory, lacking cohesion, but Dvorák was an inspired writer, and the freshness and vitality of his ideas reconcile the hearer to a vagueness of form and the feeling that the symphonic poem was not with him a happy medium for musical expression. The programme was completed with Strauss's "Don Quixote," with Mr. C. Warwick-Evans playing the solo violoncello part and a couple of songs sung by Miss Gladys Moger. The orchestra was the Queen's Hall organization, and the conductors were Mr. Geoffrey Toye and Mr. Ellis.

MR. SCRIABINE'S RECITAL.

Mch 21 1914

A CROWDED AUDIENCE.

A year or two ago the name of Scriabine was scarcely known in this country, save to a few music-lovers particularly interested in the modern developments of their art. To-day, evidently, it is a name to conjure with. In Bechstein Hall, accordingly, there was no vacant seat yesterday afternoon. For the public, in defiance of rain, sleet, and snow, had ventured forth bravely to do homage unto the distinguished Russian composer-pianist, who was then giving his first recital in London. It was a Scriabine programme interpreted by the composer, but not—in one sense—the composer we heard recently in the daringly unconventional pages of "Prometheus." In other words, although some very characteristically modern pieces came at the end of the programme, most of it was confined to the early Scriabine—the Scriabine who, as a young man (he is still comparatively that), found himself very much under the domination of Chopin. Again and again one had evidence of that influence in the Preludes, Mazurkas, and Studies that formed the first half of yesterday's scheme. In not a few of the Preludes, and in the Study in D sharp minor, the mood, method, and harmonic idiom of the Polish composer were clearly reflected; yet one felt that there was here something more than mere imitation, some attempt to express a personal mood and a definite individuality. And in any case many of the Preludes—"Sketches" they might almost be called—were very charming things in their kind and clearly the outpourings of a composer with a complete understanding of pianoforte technique.

AN EARLIER SONATA.

Of this fact there was ample proof, too, in the Sonata in F sharp minor—his third—which Mr. Scriabine played afterwards. In structure and in the treatment of its subject-matter this work is clear and logical enough, and, save in the dreamily poetical slow movement, contains a good deal of rhythmical energy. But a remarkable work it could hardly be called, and it falls into an altogether different category from the composer's singularly banning later Sonata bearing the opus number 53. As has been noted, one found a certain affinity with the later developments of Scriabine's style of utterance in some of the pieces he included in his final group, more especially in those ranging from Opp. 51 to 59. The harmonic strangeness of "Désir," the elfish spirit of the aptly-named "Etrangeté," and the bizarre fantasy of the "Poème Satanique"—these were among the qualities that bespoke the Scriabine of a fresh, individual outlook, emancipated from the fetters of convention and the influence of his predecessors. We have no space left in which to describe the rare and refreshing beauties of the pianist's interpretation of his works. Enough that his playing throughout was that of a sensitive, sincere, and finished artist, and a master technician. He gives his second recital on Thursday evening next.

M. SCRIABINE'S RECITAL.

mch 21 1914

A DEPRESSING AFTERNOON.

The pianoforte recital of his own compositions given by M. Scriabine at the Bechstein Hall yesterday afternoon was disappointing. The examples of his work selected for performance were of varying dates, judging by the opus numbers, which ranged from 3 to 63. They were also of varying character in a sense, the later ones showing considerably more harmonic freedom than the earlier. But one came away feeling that very little had been expressed musically in any of the styles. A group of preludes, Op. 11, were for the most part hardly more than fleeting, fragmentary influences of Chopin. The same could also be said of a couple of mazurkas, Op. 3, and three études, Op. 8. No one of these pieces conveyed anything approaching the emotional purport of the Polish master's creations, while in the sonata in F sharp minor, Op. 23, one had a work of but slight distinction, either in ideas or in design. The third group possessed, at any rate, the interest attaching to the experimental style of M. Scriabine's later writings, but here again one had a complete lack of æsthetic solidity, not to say charm. The truth is that, after hearing a good deal of the latter-day attempts to break away from the line of tradition, we are beginning to fear that the one thing which is really of account in artistic creation is not to be found. In fact, an amazing amount of ingenuity is being expended in the endeavour to beguile us into believing that impulses from the intellectual side can replace those from the emotional. It will be a sad day for the art of music if such a principle should be accepted as necessary and all-sufficing, but that is surely beyond belief.

M. SCRIABIN AT THE PIANO

mch 21 1914

BRILLIANT INTERPRETATION OF HIS OWN WORKS.

M. Scriabin charmed a large audience at Bechstein Hall yesterday afternoon by his exquisite playing of his own music. Beginning with the early Préludes, Mazurkas, and Etudes, he led us on through gently-ascending Opus numbers and gently-ascending technical complexities, till he brought us at last to his "Poëme Satanique."

Still, he gave us nothing of his very latest style, nothing which really requires much thinking about, and while he went on playing one delicate trifle after another the audience became a little apathetic. It was not till he reached "Etrangeté" (Op. 63) that they felt they had got, as the Americans say, "right there," and its piquant phraseology and the brilliant playing roused them to demand an encore.

Though Scriabin's early works are entirely in the manner of Chopin, very few of them actually recall particular works by Chopin, and so it was curious to find that the "Poëme Ailé," a comparatively late work, is closely modelled on Chopin's Etude in F (Op. 25, No. 3). The largest work in the programme was the Sonata in F sharp minor (Op. 23), and its most interesting movement is the vigorous finale. The first movement becomes a little tedious by its insistence on one rhythm, but the finale, which follows an *allegretto* and a slow movement (both quite slight), is built on big lines, and the composer's masterly interpretation of it created a deep impression.

MR. F. B. ELLIS'S CONCERT.

The first of the interesting series of concerts which Mr. F. B. Ellis is giving to replace those of Mr. Balfour Gardiner was held at Queen's Hall last night, and contained new works by Mr. Arnold Bax and Mr. George Butterworth. Quite apart from the interest of novelty, the action of which is often curiously uncertain, it was a programme which ought to have drawn a better audience than it did, since it contained an excellent performance by the Queen's Hall Orchestra, under Mr. Geoffrey Toye, of Dvorák's quaintly picturesque symphonic poem, "The Noon-Witch," as well as Strauss's "Don Quixote" (the solo played by Mr. Warwick-Evans), which Mr. Ellis conducted.

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The concert began with Mr. Arnold Bax's genial festival overture, which has been played several times, and this was followed by Mr. Butterworth's rhapsody, "A Shropshire Lad," first played at the Leeds Festival last year. With it came a new "Idyll" by the same composer, called "The Banks of Green Willow," a piece written upon two folktunes, which carries on and develops the poetic feeling of the beautiful melodies very gracefully. Grace rather than strength was the prevailing quality, too, in the Four Orchestral Sketches by Mr. Bax. Two of them had been heard at a Promenade Concert. The dainty "Dance in the Sun" and the reflective slow movement for strings called "In the Hills of Home" were the new numbers.

We must content ourselves at the moment with a brief record of an enterprise which we hope will gain fuller support from the public at the two concerts which take place next week, and return to a further discussion of their achievements when the series is completed.

MR. ELLIS'S CONCERTS.

mch 24 1914

A NEW QUINTET.

A decidedly valuable addition to the repertory of British chamber music was introduced last night at the second of Mr. F. B. Ellis's concerts of modern music, given at the Æolian Hall, in the shape of a "Phantasy" quintet for strings, from the pen of Mr. R. Vaughan Williams. It might be said, perhaps, that the composer has not quite solved the problem satisfactorily of dealing with this particular form, which owes its origin to the interest and enterprise of Mr. W. W. Cobbett; but he has managed to write some exceedingly characteristic and charming music. The work avoids the chief difficulty in a sense by being divided into four sections, which correspond roughly to the ordinary four movements of the sonata form. They are necessarily short, but scrappiness of effect is avoided by the use of a theme which is worked through each one. It is here that the ear feels some dissatisfaction, due, we think, to the somewhat shadowy melodic outline of this particular theme. That is to say, one of a rather exceptionally distinctive type seems to be required when it is intended to subject it to extensive development. However, to let that point pass, there is no doubting the general air of really pleasing musicianship displayed in this Phantasy; in the sarabande section a note of genuine beauty is struck of a rare kind in these dull days of experimenting and tampering with scales and so forth. The finale, too, is a happily spirited section, while the somewhat bewildering rhythm of the scherzo will doubtless resolve itself into something a little more tangible at a second hearing. A capital performance was given by the London String Quartet, Messrs. Sammons, Petre, Warner, and Warwick-Evans, Mr. J. Lockyer playing second viola.

Pianoforte pieces were played most skilfully by M. Ricardo Viñes-Roda, the "Ondine" of Ravel in particular, and it sounded more attractive than usual. He could not, however, make "Le Gibet" or "Scarbo" of the same composer sound anything better than the tiresomely freakish pieces they are. The Variations, Interlude, and Finale on a theme of Rameau, by Paul Dukas, a work we do not remember hearing before, proved to be a very tedious piece of music, throwing no light upon the chosen subject which could make any appeal to one's æsthetic sense. Balakirev's "Islamey" and Wolf's "Italian Serenade" and Percy Grainger's "Molly on the Shore" for string quartet completed an interesting programme.

VAUGHAN WILLIAMS'S QUINTET.

Though the only new work heard at Mr. F. B. Ellis's chamber concert in the Æolian Hall last night was a short "Fantasy Quintet" by R. Vaughan Williams, it was still an eventful programme. It is an event to hear Señor Viñes-Roda play Ravel—indeed, to hear him play anything.

He began the concert with the three pieces called "Gaspard de la Nuit," and played them with that wonderful deftness which draws the hearers into the spell without the exercise of any peculiar fascination of tone or colour. Señor Viñes seems to say, "The composer has done it all; I have only to play exactly what he has written and you see what happens." With Ravel his method is wholly successful; with Dukas's Variations on a Theme by Rameau one wants a little more help from the player. About half-way through one began to feel not only that he was detached but that we were getting detached with him. The first few numbers are intensely interesting. They suggest a sort of French counterpart to Brahms's famous set on a theme by Handel; but as the work developed and became more rhapsodical the interest flagged as the connexion with the theme became less clear, though it revived considerably in the brilliant finale.

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Señor Viñes ended the programme with Balakirev's fantasia "Islamey." Between his numbers we got a striking contrast in the intensely vivid and glowing playing of the London String Quartet. That admirable body of players, led by Mr. Albert Sammons, produced first the quintet by Mr. Vaughan Williams with Mr. James Lockyer playing second viola, and afterwards gave Hugo Wolf's Italian Serenade and Percy Grainger's Irish reel "Molly on the Shore." The quintet is in four very concise movements threaded together by the use in all of a theme which is announced at the beginning by the viola. The slow prelude made perhaps the strongest impression, because, coming immediately after Ravel's "Scarbo," the infinite content which the composer finds in successions of common chords was emphasized in the contrast. Its style reminds us of two other works by Vaughan Williams, both of them Church music, the Tallis Fantasia and the Psalm sung last year at St. Paul's. The Scherzo brings the main theme into a stronger light, and it and the Burlesca, which forms the finale, are full of vital energy and strong rhythm. Between them the Saraband (without violoncello) is a charming dream, and the way in which the violoncello on its re-entry hustles the other instruments back to real life is peculiarly telling.

MISS DOROTHY MOGGRIDGE'S RECITAL.

Miss Dorothy Moggridge gave a pianoforte recital on Saturday afternoon at the Æolian Hall with a programme in which the chief place was occupied by Paul Dukas's Sonata in E flat minor, which does not seem to have been heard in London since it was played seven years ago by Mlle. Blanche Selva. It is not a work that is likely to attract the average pianist, for, interesting though it is musically, it is monotonous in places, and it does not contain much that is showy from the executant's point of view, while a large part of it is exceedingly difficult to play. The Variations on a Theme by Rameau are more varied in interest and in some ways more effective, nevertheless a great deal can be made of the Sonata if it is played by some one with a very advanced technique.

This Miss Moggridge can hardly be said to have done. She played some pieces by Couperin and other early French composers with a crisp and delicate touch and with understanding of the idiom. In the Sonata she seemed to be struggling with the music as though she were unable to convey the ideas through her fingers. The scherzo went best; the slow movement needed a more singing touch to differentiate the melody from the varied embroideries that surround it, and in the last the player had not enough physical strength to convey the power and glow of the passages moving in big masses to a climax.

mch 26 1914

THE CLASSICAL CONCERTS

BRAHMS'S SEXTET IN B FLAT.

Yesterday afternoon, at the Bechstein Hall, the Classical Concert Society's extra series of concerts came to an end. The work in the programme of leading importance was Brahms's string sextet in B flat. This was played in very fair style by the English String Quartet, Messrs. Morris, Kinze, Bridge, and James, with the assistance of Messrs. Tomlinson and Salmond as extra viola and violoncello. More warmth of tone, breadth, and occasionally greater technical certainty would have improved a performance otherwise by no means wanting in spirit or sympathy. Early in the programme the quartet played Mr. Bridge's "The Londonderry Air" and Mr. Grainger's "Molly on the Shore," the former much better than the latter, in which the tone was somewhat thin and "scratchy"; but it is a more difficult work to make effective, needing the greatest possible crispness and executive assurance. Both are in their diverse ways characteristic compositions, although it may be urged that Mr. Bridge hardly convinces us that the tune he has used has much to do with the general mood of the music; while Mr. Grainger possibly goes rather too much the other way, and barely escapes the monotonous in his somewhat naïve variation. The singer at the concert was Miss Muriel Foster; in excellent voice, she gave very attractive interpretations of three Wolf songs, having to add an encore, and was also heard in Schumann's cycle, "Frauenliebe und Leben."

M. SCRIABINE'S "WRONG NOTES."

March 27 1914

STUDIES FOR A FIRELIGHT RECITAL.

M. Scriabine began his second recital at Bechstein Hall last night with a number of those little pieces études and préludes (the names do not imply any distinction in form) which it would only be possible to enjoy in comfort if one could kidnap the composer and insist upon a recital all to oneself by firelight. They are too slight for the concert-hall, with its persistent punctuations of applause.

He followed them with his second sonata, Op. 19, in G sharp minor, which has two movements, a rather vague *andante* and an exceedingly brilliant *presto*. The latter gave us the full flavour of his technical command of the piano. Lastly came a group of the new poëmes and préludes and the sonata, No. 9, which were reviewed in *The Times* a fortnight ago. The second of the two poëmes of Op. 69, with its wild arabesques persistently hitting on what used to be called "wrong notes," entertained the audience immensely, and they asked for, and got, its repetition.

The ninth sonata (Op. 68) was disappointing. One would have expected at least that it would have given opportunity for a wider range of tone and colour than it did, and the four-note phrase, which is its principal theme, hardly seems worth all the elaboration it gets. However, the audience still wanted more, and M. Scriabine satisfied them by playing "Etrangeté" (Op. 63, No. 2), which was one of the events of last week's recital.

M. SCRIABINE'S CONCERT.

A REPRESENTATIVE PROGRAMME

March 27, 1914

We were given another opportunity of hearing M. Scriabine's pianoforte music last night at the Bechstein Hall, and the programme of this second recital was drawn up on similar lines to that of the first. Examples were played by the composer himself of both early and late works, a number of little preludes, some only ten or a dozen bars long, two sonatas, No. 2 and No. 9, the latter a very recent work, some mazurkas, and "Poemes," etc. Doubtless a thoroughly representative selection. A large and friendly audience listened to this programme with evident appreciation. Such appreciation is not hard to understand if one gets rid of the idea that M. Scriabine is anything more than what one may call an ornamental or decorative writer. But to take the music really seriously is impossible. All the charm in the earlier works, and there were flashes occasionally, is Chopin, only not so good, while in the later the queer little flourishes, odd turns and twists have no connection other than purely superficial with music which counts, music springing from feeling to react emotionally upon the hearer. So once again one sat through an empty and soulless entertainment, admiring, of course, M. Scriabine's clever playing, his delicate touch, his excellent technique, but wondering whether it was, on the whole, worth while.

March 27 1914

Music composed for two pianofortes was a prominent feature of Mr. F. S. Kelly's second recital, given in Æolian Hall yesterday afternoon. There is, of course, not a great deal of good music of that class in existence, but in choosing Mozart's Fugue in C minor, and Sonata in D major, and Saint-Saëns's "Variations on a Theme of Beethoven," Mr. Kelly arranged a contrast that was interesting, though none of the works chosen can be regarded as overwhelmingly beautiful. There are delightful pages in the Mozart, but there are dull ones, too, and the somewhat mechanical manner in which the music was played by Miss Johanna Stockmarr and the recital-giver hardly relieved the longueurs of their dullness. Strangely enough, this mechanical effect is very common in the performance of such music, even in the case of artists who may, individually, be possessed of any amount of temperament. There was no lack of clearness in the rippling phrases of the sonata; one was merely conscious that neither artist felt free enough to give proper expression to the music, and was content to concentrate attention upon phrasing and a sweet tone. Interest lay, however, chiefly in the first performance of Mr. Kelly's "Theme, Variations, and Fugue for Two Pianos," in which the composer was joined by Miss Stockmarr, and of some songs which Miss Rhoda von Glehn sang to the composer's accompaniment. Unfortunately, neither in the pianoforte work nor in the songs has the composer arrived at that stage when self-expression becomes interesting. In the hands of a more highly-gifted artist the rather uninaginative Theme might have suggested quite wonderful things in the course of a set of variations, for it had both length and shape. But Mr. Kelly's phraseology is conventional in a style that died with Mendelssohn, and in this he never gets beyond a certain tinkling prettiness, as in the neat and facile tenth Variation, marked "Leggiero e scintillante." The same conventionality was marked in the songs, the best of which is only a little better than the average "ballad" of to-day. "Infant Joy," "Cradle Song," and "The Pride of Youth" are pleasant and obviously sincere little settings of verses that have been set many times, but there one's appreciation ends. Mr. Kelly's talent is not yet of the kind that stirs the soul to its depths. The songs were well sung by Miss von Glehn, as was also a fine group of Debussy, in which she was most ably accompanied by Mr. O'Connor Morris.

For her second pianoforte recital, which took place in the same hall in the evening, Miss Tora Hwass chose a programme rather less conventional than her first. Richard Strauss's Piano Quartet (Opus 13) was selected, with Messrs. John Saunders, Ernest Yonge, and Charles A. Crabbe as her coadjutors, four pieces of Max Reger—Two Humoresks, a "Melodie," and a "Burleske"—Schumann's F sharp minor Sonata, and Stradal's paraphrase of Friedemann Bach's "Fantasie and Fugue in A minor." The last named is a very discursive, not to say incoherent, composition, and Miss Hwass's somewhat spasmodic interpretation did not help to make its design any clearer. There is little indeed to be added to our remarks upon her recital at Steinway Hall last week. The pianist's sense of rhythm, and consequently of form, is inadequate to do complete justice to a work of elaborate proportions such as this. Phrases and sections that should have been closely joined were broken by the pianist's habit of punctuation, and an excessive use of the sustaining pedal interfered as much with the proper rendering of the Bach work as it did with the Schumann. These two defects should easily be rectified by a little more study.

A "FUTURIST" AT THE PIANO.

March 28 1914 — Times

The very latest came to Steinway Hall yesterday afternoon from Russia *via* New York. Mr. Leo Ornstein, a boy of 19, is a Russian pianist who two years ago began to write "futurist" music for the piano. He gave us a large selection of his productions, which included "Two Impressions of Notre Dame," Three Moods (Op. 22), a Sonata in four movements (Op. 26), "Impressions of the Thames," and a "Wild Men's Dance." Why they were not called "Impressions of Colney Hatch" or "A wild goose-chase" it would be difficult to say, and it is quite impossible to give the faintest suggestion of what the performance was like.

Mr. Ornstein is a trick pianist of the first order. An energetic housemaid with a duster might do some of the things he did, but not nearly all of them. His facility is amazing, even if it is granted that the actual notes he plays may be the chance of the moment. The "Wild Men's Dance," which has a strong basis of rhythm, was the one among these things which impressed us most. Probably the writer of the programme note was right in saying that they are meant to be felt, not analysed. They are quite unthinkable, but one is stirred by their crudity, their energy, and often by their absurdity.

Before them Mr. Ornstein played three choral preludes by Bach quite badly as regards tone and rhythm, and among them he placed two numbers from Schönberg's Op. 11, and the six little pieces, Op. 19, played continuously so that they were indistinguishable to those who did not know them. Certainly Mr. Ornstein's pieces are more exciting than Schönberg's.

A NEW SYMPHONY.

MR. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS' SUCCESS

March 28 1914

The third and last of Mr. F. B. Ellis's concerts of modern music took place last night at the Queen's Hall. Its feature was the first performance of a symphony by Mr. Ralph Vaughan Williams, a work, one was glad to find, which easily fulfilled one's expectations. The composer has gradually built up a sure reputation for himself as a serious-minded musician, one who always endeavours to express himself with sincerity, never writing for the sake of effect. His style is original and individual, and although his invention at times has suggested strong influences, there is generally to be traced something behind entirely his own. Now in this new work it might be urged that there are several reminiscences of Elgar and some touches characteristic of Debussy, yet they are not a disturbing factor if one views the movements as wholes. What, perhaps, matters more is a tendency towards a mannerism in the use of the triad in its root position and of the flat seventh and one or two melodic turns which are taken from folk-music. This seems to be a pity, for the tendency may grow to the point of causing the composer to repeat himself. The work is entitled "A London Symphony," but no indications are given by Mr. Williams as to the personal aspects of his music. One could, therefore, listen to it for its own sake, and extremely interesting it proved to be. The best of the four movements is the lento, which is a really beautiful piece of music, and is the most purely original in mood.

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From the structural point of view, perhaps, the concluding section hardly balances with what has gone before; or it may be that some feeling of dissatisfaction was due to its lack of definiteness after the earlier clarity. One could not quite feel the mood of the scherzo, which towards the end included a section of such essentially different character that the lack of a regularly built-up recapitulation was the more noticeable. In the finale Mr. Williams was the least successful, chiefly owing to a certain measure of prolixity, but as regards the general scheme of the movement, with its quiet and dignified close, reflecting the prelude of the opening allegro, nothing but praise is to be said. There are many fine orchestral passages in this and in the first movement, the thematic material being marked by its rhythmic vigour and strength of outline. Altogether, the symphony is a notable addition to British works of the class, and its reception last night was of the most favourable description.

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The performance was exceedingly good, and it reflected great credit upon the young conductor, Mr. Geoffrey Toye, who at this and the first concert of this series has shown very unusual gifts. He should go far with further experience. Another novelty in the programme was a set of three songs with orchestra by Mr. Arnold Bax. They were sung by Miss Dilys Jones, the second, "A Christmas Carol," being especially successful by the way it reflected the exaltation of the text. Mr. F. Delius's fanciful and picturesque "In a Summer Garden," was heard for the first time in its revised version. The very interesting programme was completed with Ravel's "Valses Nobles et Sentimentales," Franck's "Pièce Héroïque," arranged for orchestra by Mr. Ellis, and the "Thamar" symphonic poem of Balakirev. In support of Grove's Dictionary, by the way, it is only fair to point out that Balakirev's biography duly appears on page 168, Vol. I. (last edition). The note in the programme about this is rather misleading.

MR. HOLBROOKE'S CONCERTS.

March 28 1914

The second of Mr. Josef Holbrooke's concerts at the Arts Centre, Mortimer-street, last night, was chiefly confined to the familiar, the concert-giver himself being represented by the "In Memoriam" sextet, a characteristic work which has often been heard before, and a "Fairyland" nocturne. Another concerted work, Mr. Richard Walthew's pianoforte trio in C minor, is an early effort of its composer, though it makes quite pleasant hearing by reason of its tunefulness and clearness of design. The strongest movement is a set of skilfully-contrived variations. No less uneventful in their way were the four piano solos played for the first time by Mr. Edward Mitchell. True, they show that their composers are fully conversant with modern developments, and in his "Sunrise" Mr. Mitchell has made an earnest, if not entirely convincing, attempt to rise to the height of his subject. But Mr. Richard Cleveland's pieces are too imitative to possess any claim to originality, and the chief merit of Mr. Ernest Farrar's "Capriccio" lies in its brevity. Two groups of songs by Mr. Granville Bantock were sung by Mr. Frank Mullings with a vigour that was a trifle overpowering in so resonant a hall; while Mr. Holbrooke was assisted in the concerted works by Messrs. John Saunders, Charles Woodhouse, Lionel Tertis, Herbert Withers, and Claude Hobday.

A LONDON SYMPHONY.

Chronicle

MR. V. WILLIAMS'S WORK AT QUEEN'S HALL.

March 28 '14

The London Symphony of Mr. Vaughan Williams, which was produced at Mr. F. B. Ellis' concert at Queen's Hall last night, is yet another attempt on the part of a British composer to give a musical picture of the metropolis. Like the others, Mr. Vaughan Williams has, by turn, made his music pictorial or introspective, alternating realistic tone-painting with mood-pictures. As a whole the symphony gave one the impression of a fine but somewhat unequal work.

A good deal of the music has a mood akin to that of one or two other modern composers, especially of the French school, and of Elgar. But there is a genuine individuality in the work, and one is inclined to consider it the best symphony (after those of Elgar) which any British composer has written in recent years.

There is a fine loftiness and dignity about the first movement, which may vaguely illustrate the strenuous side of London life. More striking still is the second movement, which has an elegiac beauty of a rare kind. The life and gaiety of the third movement made its due effect, and the more serious mood of the finale brought some characteristic music. The symphony was excellently conducted by Mr. Geoffrey Toye, who began the concert with Delius's tone poem, "In a Summer Garden."

Another new work consisted of a set of three songs for contralto and orchestra, by Mr. Arnold Bax, the words by Fiona McLeod, Sheila McCarthy, and a fifteenth century anonymous writer. The last mentioned, a Christmas Carol, proved very quaint and charming, the other two being rather less distinctive.

The solo parts of these were sung by Miss Dilys Jones, and Mr. F B. Ellis conducted them.

Mr. Holbrooke's Concert.

The programme of Mr. Holbrooke's second concert included Richard Walthew's trio in C minor, and two other Chamber works by the concert-giver. Mr. Frank Mullings gave rather highly coloured renderings of the set of songs by Granville Bantock, "Ferishtah's Fancies."

As at the first concert of this series, the most interesting feature was Mr. Edward Mitchell's performance of some new pianoforte pieces by Ernest Farrar, Richard Cleveland and himself. His technique is excellent, and he has a special gift for interpreting these very modern pieces, his use of the pedal being unusually interesting and effective.

SHEFFIELD CHOIR IN LONDON.

March 30 1914 — Times

BEETHOVEN'S NINTH SYMPHONY AND BACH'S "WEEPING, WAILING."

Misfortune, which rarely visits the Queen's Hall Orchestra, struck twice at the concert given on Saturday afternoon. Unfortunately Sir Henry Wood's *bâton* does not beat time for railway companies, and Mr. Robert Newman had to announce that the choir of the Sheffield Musical Union which was travelling to London would make a late entry. However, Beethoven's overture "Leonora III." was used, as a certain musician once wrote, to be "the hiatus which fills a gap," and just as we were beginning to wonder whether it would be necessary to go on with further Leonoras the choir began to arrive.

We were to hear three works, Brahms's "Song of Destiny," Bach's cantata, "Weeping, Wailing"

("Weinen Klagen"), and Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. The first was necessarily injured by what had happened. No one could be quite in the mood of Olympian serenity which belongs to its opening chorus. It was little wonder that the contrast, "Man may not linger, and nowhere finds he repose" was the point upon which the choir really became itself, and gave us that incisive brilliance of rhythm and tone which cuts like a Sheffield knife. "Weinen Klagen" is a small cantata not in the least suited to the conditions of performance by a festival choir and a big orchestra. Presumably it was chosen for its beautiful first chorus, the first part of which is practically identical with the "Crucifixus" of the Mass in B minor. In order to make it performable in these conditions something had to be done with the orchestration, which is of the slenderest description. On the whole, Sir Henry Wood had done, we think, the right thing, backing the obbligato parts with wind and strings filling up the continuo. But the effect could not be anything but rather clumsy. His most questionable alteration was the transference of the oboe obbligato of the alto aria to the violin. The opening chorus and Mr. Herbert Heymer's singing of the bass aria were the two distinctively fine numbers of the performance. Both Miss Phyllis Lett (alto) and Mr. Gwynne Davies (tenor) gave the impression that they were contending with difficulties.

The second stroke of misfortune fell in the indisposition of Miss Carrie Tubb, who was to have sung the soprano part in the choral symphony. Miss Esta D'Argo took her place, but the change was bound to affect detrimentally the balance of the quartet in a performance which had been thought out in every detail. Still, the symphony was the best part of the programme, and very few of the large audience seemed aware that it was keeping them there till close upon 6 o'clock. No applause was allowed between the movements, so that one got the great sweep of the design in all its splendour, and was made to feel its unity in a way which is rare. Both orchestra and choir were unfailing in their clear articulation of every phrase. But it is high time that someone should achieve a more or less sensible translation of Schiller's Ode which Englishmen and women can sing.

MR. FREDERIC LAMOND'S RECITAL.

March 30.1914 Times

Mr. Frederic Lamond, who gave a pianoforte recital on Saturday afternoon in the Bechstein Hall, paid his customary homage to Beethoven by putting the early Sonata in C major half-way down his programme. It is not the most interesting of the early sonatas, but it is the most showy, and that no doubt is why the average pianist appears to be almost unaware of the existence of the others. We shall not accuse Mr. Lamond of being unacquainted with these or with any others among Beethoven's sonatas, for of all living pianists he is the one who has devoted himself to the study of them with the greatest zeal and sympathy. We only wish he had chosen one of those that lie outside the accepted hackneyed repertory.

In opening his recital with Glazounoff's Sonata in B flat minor he was more off the beaten track, for it has not been heard more than two or three times within the last few years. There is no particular reason, perhaps, why it should have been, for although it gives the player plenty to do and contains a romantic slow movement in which a good pianist can display the variety of his touch, the music itself is not of very much account; it is not original, it is very German in feeling and, owing to the fussiness of most of the writing and the overloading of themes with irrelevant detail, the effect of the whole is very monotonous. Mr. Lamond played it with remarkable verve and with characteristic care for the details, so that the music was presented in the best possible light. In Schumann's symphonic studies, which followed, there was not very much light and shade, but the solidity of his style was saved from becoming oppressive by the cleanness with which he brought out the rhythm and by his refusal to subordinate formal to sentimental considerations.

"A LONDON SYMPHONY."

Telegraph March 30.14

VAUGHAN WILLIAMS' NEW WORK

Those who have followed the career of Mr. Ralph Vaughan Williams since first he came before the public as a musical composer must have noticed how gradual, but certain, his development has been. His first Norfolk Rhapsody itself marked for him an advance; so did his Tallis piece; still more so his Sea Symphony—the advance being always towards a clearer power of expression. There was from the beginning an open-airness in most of his music, but there was also a certain thickness in the expression, as if the composer's technique was not on the same high level as his thought. Now he has crowned his career, so far as it has gone. On Friday night, in Queen's Hall, Mr. Geoffrey Toye conducted, with quite admirable skill, at the last of the delightful series of concerts organised by Mr. F. B. Ellis, "A London Symphony," by Mr. Vaughan Williams, which is not only the most masterly but also the most beautiful work, musically or psychologically considered, from the pen of any musician of his generation that we have heard in recent years. True it is very long; it occupies some fifty-five minutes in performance, and there are spots on the sun here and there, as if the "thought" were becoming a little involved and getting a trifle out of hand. But, nevertheless, we should be loth to suggest where, if anywhere, cuts should be made. If they are possible the composer will know what to do. In any case, spots or no spots, the symphony is of quite extraordinary beauty. It is in four separate movements and is scored for a very full orchestra.

By a somewhat curious but probably quite accidental coincidence the symphony was preceded by the revised version of Delius's exquisite picture, "In a Summer Garden," curious, because the musical-mental attitude of Mr. Vaughan Williams and of Delius towards the expression of the mood of subjects, such as "London" in the one case and "Brigg Fair," or, better still, "Paris" in the other, seems so similar. Both musicians are remarkably introspective, or reflective, and aloof. In both it is the mood of the introspective onlooker that, if we are not mistaken (and in the case of Delius we know we are not), is suggested, not the concrete thing itself. So, too, is the case with Charpentier's "Louise," which is one of the same "school" in spite of the seeming "actuality" of the last.

A LONDON OF DREAMS

In the middle section of the opening movement, where Mr. Vaughan Williams becomes almost (but refreshingly) frivolous with his Cockney tunes and American ragtimes, and again in the lovely slow movement, where appear snatches of evident London cries, as of the lavender seller, these things merely pass through the mind, as it were, and are simply occasional objectivities leaving only a passing impression. They are on the surface, but not superficial. Underneath lies the greater moody, hazy, atmospheric subjective yet more broadly human, seething London. And what a mental picture the poet-musician offers, for his music is full to the brim of poetical suggestion in this "London" of dreams, with its sweet visions and occasional raucous interruptive "actualities" (as, again, the Bank Holiday scene in the most attractive Scherzo, wherein the concertina or mouth-organ is hinted at broadly). In the peaceful closing of the mood in the strangely mystic epilogue Mr. Vaughan Williams reaches to his topmost height in poetic expression.

The actual texture of the music is infinitely clearer than in any previous score from the same composer, save perhaps only in his first Norfolk Rhapsody. Each of the four movements is as easy of comprehension as any other, and each is full of the delightful melodic flow of which Mr. Vaughan Williams has often shown himself the master. The scoring is happier than ever before, surer and more individual, if occasionally one sees that the composer has not shut his ears to one or two of the masters hailing from other lands. With too many of the musicians of to-day the thing that counts is the scoring; with Mr. Vaughan Williams it is primarily the subject-matter. He has created a vast material of infinite value, and has here presented it with the skill of a genuine master. Of how many composers of to-day can the same be said?

CAPABLE CONDUCTING.

We have said that Mr. Geoffrey Toye was the conductor. Mr. Toye is another example in proof of a case often stated in these columns, that if some of the younger generation of musicians here were only to be given the opportunity for exercising any skill they may possess as conductors, they would prove to be as successful as those from abroad. There seems no reason whatever why Mr. Toye should not develop into a conductor of the front rank, given experience. If once or twice the orchestra seemed to know their work and the "composer's intention" as well as the conductor knew it, if in other words certain instruments gave themselves an occasional cue, Mr. Toye showed on the whole a genuine capacity, and there is no denying the difficulty of his task. Time and again he was called with the composer to bow acknowledgments, while at the close there was a most friendly demonstration. Most sincerely it is to be wished that one or other, or all of our permanent orchestras, will add the score of this noble work to their libraries, but for use, not for ornament! And may they not forget the conductor.

ROYAL PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

April 1.14 Telegraph

Metaphorically the curtain has fallen on another season—the 102nd—of our Royal and historic Philharmonic Society. Last night's concert in Queen's Hall was the seventh and final one of that season, and now the Philharmonic's patrons will have to possess their souls in patience until the autumn brings with it renewed activities on the part of the long-lived organisation. The season now brought to a close, if hardly to be accounted "sensational" in its happenings, has proved by no means deficient in interest. It began bravely enough, with a rare flourish of trumpets—in every sense of the phrase—with the first performance in England, which Time may prove also to have been the last, of Strauss's "Festliches Preludium," a pièce d'occasion interesting as coming from Strauss, if for no other reason; and it has brought forth some notably fine performances under Mengelberg, who conducted again last night (although the programme omitted to mention that detail), Safonoff, and other conductors. Encouragement, moreover, has been extended to native musical art, the Philharmonic directors having accorded a hearing to new works by, among others, Stanford, Delius, Gustav von Holst, and Frank Bridge. On the whole, then, a record of which the venerable society has no reason to feel ashamed.

With Mengelberg in command, and two distinguished soloists, in the persons of Miss Muriel Foster and Mr. Frederic Lamond, bearing a part in the night's music, the season ended brilliantly enough. The occasion would have been memorable if only for a performance of the "Eroica" Symphony in which the Philharmonic orchestra covered themselves and their conductor with glory. To discuss in detail the reading of a work so familiar is obviously unnecessary. Enough that it was one that compelled admiration by its breadth and virility no less than by the wonderful way in which clearness of detail was obtained without undue accentuation of any part.

After Beethoven we had Max Bruch's seldom-heard aria, "Aus der Tiefe des Grames," and it may well be questioned whether that scena could be made more impressive than it sounded on the lips of Miss Muriel Foster, so dramatic was the artist's delivery and deep the feeling she imparted to every phrase of Andromache's poignant lament. A great ovation went by right to Miss Foster, who, it should be noted, was the recipient after the concert of the Philharmonic Society's gold medal, her name thus being added to the distinguished roll of musicians upon whom that honour has been bestowed. The other soloist of the evening, Mr. Lamond, gave us nothing less hackneyed than Tschaikowsky's Concerto in B flat minor, his playing of which was a magnificent piece of virtuosity, though there were passages in the first movement when one felt that the pianist might have done his spiriting a thought more gently. Liszt's symphonic poem, "Les Préludes," brought the programme to its appointed end.

RUSSIAN MUSIC.

April 1. 1914

An interesting programme was presented at the Steinway Hall yesterday afternoon by M. Parlovitz, assisted by Miss Alys Bateman and Mr. Montagu Nathan. It took the form of a recital of Russian music, and had the quality of performance achieved been a little higher the result would have been quite attractive. The concert began with the first performance in England of a violin sonata by Nicholas Medtner, who, perhaps, can hardly be called a Russian composer with his German parentage. Nor, as a matter of fact, was the music particularly Russian in character. In itself it was marked by a certain fluency and deftness of workmanship, but except for the last moment the thematic material was decidedly uninteresting. Mr. Nathan played the violin part, and was subsequently heard in two rather more characteristic pieces for violin by Fédor Akimenko; these, however, could hardly be described as distinctive in any special way. Still, one is always glad and interested to hear what the younger composers are doing in all schools. The rest of the programme was on more familiar lines. Moussorgsky was represented by his "Tableaux d'une exposition" for pianoforte and some songs, the latter somewhat tamely sung by Miss Bateman. She sang also songs of Rimsky-Korsakov, Borodin, and Stravinsky. M. Parlovitz gave another pianoforte solo in the shape of Balakirev's picturesque "Islamey" fantasia, but not with enough accuracy or rhythmic control to reveal its points to proper advantage.

"PARSIFAL" IN ENGLISH.

LAST NIGHT'S PERFORMANCE AT THE QUEEN'S HALL.

April 2 1914

A large audience went to the Queen's Hall last night to the performance of the greater part of "Parsifal" given by the London Choral Society. To hear opera in the concert room is a good thing now and again, because one can concentrate one's attention upon the music, and, however familiar it may be, there is generally some fresh little point to take stock of, especially in matters of instrumentation; many of such details may easily pass unheeded in the theatre. "Parsifal" is full of remarkable orchestral touches, certainly there; whatever people may say about the master's hand having lost its cunning in invention, there is no trace of declining years. The work will doubtless be given frequently by choral societies, for in the elevated character of its theme there is some approximation to the oratorio. Whether so much of it should be performed as was the case last night is perhaps another matter. In 1910 the obviously suitable passages for a choral society were sung at the Queen's Hall, but on this occasion we also had part of Act I. from the entry of Parsifal, the whole of the second scene of the second act, and nearly all of the third. This means, of course, a great deal of music for the soloists, and thus, from the choral point of view, the evening becomes ill-balanced, and many people may possibly find the dialogue go rather slowly without the action. One is inclined to recommend a shorter selection.

Mr. Fagge's choir sang well, especially the tenors and basses. The sub-division in the hall of the Grail scenes was not very successful, the children's choir singing weakly and not always in tune. It would be better possibly to give up the idea of obtaining an effect of distance at these moments, and just be content with carefully graded semi-choirs. Of the soloists, Mr. John Coates was excellent in the music of Parsifal; he sang the part by heart, and used a version of the text, we believe, of his own making, which often seemed to be an improvement upon the translation of Mr. Ernest Newman otherwise used. His declamatory style suggested a keen inner vision of a stage conception of the character, and we should much like to see him undertake the rôle in the theatre. Miss Carrie Tubb hardly infused enough warmth into her singing of Kundry's music, but she used her voice with great skill and easily surmounted the very difficult passages in the second act. Mr. Robert Radford and Mr.

Thorpe Bates both did good work as Gurnemanz and Amfortas respectively. Mr. Fagge conducted (the orchestra was the London Symphony), and, while he obtained some resonant climaxes, his tempi were not always happy, generally erring in being too slow.

LONDON CHORAL SOCIETY.

Telegraph April 2 1914

"PARSIFAL."

For several reasons the performance of "Parsifal" in the Queen's Hall last night will be accounted memorable in the history of music in London. Under Mr. Arthur Fagge's careful and conscientious guidance the London Choral Society has performed many interesting works during the eleven seasons of its career, always with considerable credit to itself. It seemed inevitable that Wagner's last music-drama should be placed in the repertoire in this year of grace, and the announcement that that unique work was to be heard drew one of the largest audiences the society has yet attracted to its concerts, although it was not by any means the "first performance in English by English artists," as declared on the posters. So far as London is concerned a concert performance is, however, a practically new thing, and the audience last night listened to the music with the deepest interest. Throughout the religious atmosphere was a thing to be felt; ordinary applause was suppressed, and the London Symphony Orchestra, led by Mr. W. H. Reed, played superbly—better, indeed, than it has played in association with this society for some time past. The vocal parts of Amfortas, Gurnemanz, Parsifal, and Kundry were sung by Mr. Thorpe Bates, Mr. Radford, Mr. Coates, and Miss Carrie Tubb respectively, Mr. Dawson Freer combining the parts of Titurel and Klingsor. Into the details of such a performance it is impossible to enter at a late hour—in order to terminate on the right side of midnight the concert commenced at half-past seven—but one would like to put on record the admirable work accomplished by the soloists, especially by Mr. Coates, who sang his part throughout without having to refer to the printed page. Whether "Parsifal" is really suited to the concert platform may well be doubted; last night, with apparently the best will in the world, it was sung like any oratorio, and there was no illusion of mystic and symbolic rites. From the first bar of the Vorspiel there was no illusion of any kind, and the bells of Monsalvat, played behind a curtain, seemed an intrusion. Yet, as we have said, the orchestra played superbly. In time "Parsifal" will take its place in English repertoires, but just now it is difficult to foresee where that place will be.

MR. VAN DOMSELAER'S RECITAL

April 6 1914

Mr. Jak van Domselaer is a pianist who clearly takes his art very seriously indeed, if one may judge from the design and the actual performance of his programme at Bechstein Hall on Saturday afternoon. The seriousness of the occasion became, indeed, a trifle oppressive after a while, and even the opportunity for comparative frivolity offered by Beethoven's "Lost Penny" rondo scarcely provided sufficient contrast to the rather heavy treatment of Busoni's arrangement of Bach's organ prelude and fugue in D, two choral-preludes by the same composer and arranger, and one as transcribed by the pianist himself. Mr. van Domselaer has a serviceable technique, though it is not as yet wholly to be relied upon. On this occasion, at any rate, it was apt to play him false, and a too liberal use of the sustaining pedal could not gloss over a good many textual inaccuracies. A useful command of tone-colour and the ability to build up and sustain a climax at once imposing in volume and musical in tone were qualities deserving of cordial recognition, but one felt that so much attention had been devoted to the technical side of interpretation that the general effect sounded lifeless and over-elaborated. Mr. van Domselaer, in fact, has the makings of a capable player, but at the moment it is not possible to say more than that.

A LISZT SYMPHONY.

April 6 1914

UNINSPIRED MUSIC.

The Shapiro Symphony Orchestra revived Liszt's "Eine Faust" symphony at the Queen's Hall on Saturday afternoon. It had not been played in London for nine years, and a rehearing of the music suggests the reason why it has been thus laid on one side: the music is too uninspired to hold a permanent place in the regard of music-lovers. After all, Liszt was really a far greater interpreter than composer, and although he was a splendidly equipped musician and a daring innovator in matters of technique when it came to the actual invention of themes whereby his methods, so in advance of their time, should be exploited, the result, heard in the light of present-day achievements, sounds very dull, commonplace, undistinguished, and unmoving. The purely sound sensation of combined orchestral tone has been exceeded since Liszt's day, and we are left with pages of writing which can only interest us from the historical point of view. In the long run the ultimate value of theories must lie in their exploitation, and Liszt's thematic metamorphosis is a typical instance. If one gave him the credit for the idea one can find a far more powerful justification for its employment in the "Ring" than in the "Faust" symphony. The noble transformation of the Siegfried horn-call in the "Trauermarsch" shows how a device of technique may bear the stamp of inspiration just as does the original phrase itself. Can one really say the same of the "Faust" material in either simple or transformed guise? When speculation is at work upon the Lisztian influence upon Wagner it would be as well to remember that if it were proved conclusively that the latter owed some of his actual phraseology to the former, he at any rate turned copper into gold. There are one or two Wagnerian touches in this symphony, as a matter of fact, a phrase used by Wagner himself in his own "Faust" overture, which occurs again in "Tristan und Isolde" or the harmonic progression suggestive of the sleep theme in "Die Walküre." The orchestration of the symphony is very powerful in its own way; it is direct and clear, and highly effective, more so, indeed, than Mr. Shapiro's performance always made apparent. At the same time, one was glad to observe a marked improvement in the playing of the orchestra, and one could excuse a few moments of carelessness in view of the difficulty of the work. The concert began with the "Lohengrin" prelude, and there was also played Tchaikovsky's violin concerto, in the solo part of which Herr Anton Maaskoff did some good work, if his intonation was not all that could have been desired throughout.

BECHSTEIN HALL.

Telegraph April 6 1914

It can hardly be pretended that Mr. Jak van Domselaer, a young Dutch pianist who appeared at this hall on Saturday afternoon, chose his programme with much skill, or with a keen eye for the value of contrast. The three examples of Bach he brought forward, for instance, were all transcriptions (by Busoni), the organ Prelude and Fugue in D, and two of the Choral-Preludes being the appointed works. Mr. Domselaer's Bach-playing was rather on the "small" side, particularly in the Fugue, in which, for the most part, he adopted a piano tone that became rather monotonous for want of variety, while the passages played forte towards the close were somewhat deficient in clearness, owing partly to the pianist's rather injudicious pedalling. Yet another transcription in the programme was that made by Liszt of Schubert's "Erlkönig." The recital-giver also played, among other things, Beethoven's Rondo a Capriccio in G, and a Choral-Prelude of his own, and, although his performances were unequal, they yet revealed enough of promise and sincerity to justify confidence in the young artist's future.

Can anyone say what the real reason is (if any) why singers almost without exception always place the usual group of English songs at the end of their programmes? The writer has frequently put the question, and the answers have invariably been one of two—either, "I don't know," or "Because it makes the scheme more artistic"! The former is reasonable, or at least as reasonable as the cause of the question. But what in Heaven's name can the latter mean? Mr. Theodore Byard gave a recital, and a very interesting one, too, at Bechstein Hall on Friday night. After he had sung twenty-one songs in various languages he introduced three brand new songs by Mr. Roger Quilter, and with them brought his recital to a close. On making inquiries as to why these songs were placed at the end of the recital, which occupied upwards of an hour and a half in performance, the writer was informed—not, by the way, by the concert-giver—that "it made the programme more artistic." A blessed word, that, almost as blessed as Mesopotamia! Why more artistic? Is there somewhere a subtle order of precedence in these things? Do Duparc, Ropartz, Florent Schmitt, Ravel, Poldowski stand higher in the musico-social scale than our own Parry, Charles Wood, and Quilter? As a fact neither of these groups provided the central feature of the recital. That unquestionably lay in the wonderful group of, in most cases unfamiliar, songs by Hugo Wolf which preceded them.

As to the singing of the songs by the composers named, speaking generally Mr. Byard was inclined to be over-intimate in his style, as if he were singing to a tiny audience in a drawing-room, with such "meticulous" care did he dot his "i's" and cross his "t's." In a word he tended to allow his art to become obvious. He was more successful in the French group, and especially in Duparc's exquisite "La Vie Antérieure" and "Chanson Triste," and in Ravel's equally beautiful "Noël des Jouets," than in Wolf's "Die Geister am Mummelsee," "Ein Ständchen Euch" and "Du denkst," which were rather laboured in delivery. Mr. Quilter's songs, "The Jocond Dance," "Where be you going?" and "To Wine and Beauty" are characteristic of the composer of "Fill a Glass," and "Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal," and many other songs; but they are not outstanding examples of the composer's work nevertheless, for the idiom is now very familiar. Mr. S. Liddle accompanied quite beautifully.

QUEEN'S HALL.

Telegraph April 6 1914

A "MIXED" ORCHESTRA.

On Saturday afternoon the Shapiro Symphony Orchestra, which includes nearly one-third of lady players, gave a very interesting concert in Queen's Hall. It is not a point of great significance, but it may be as well, nevertheless, to say that there existed orchestras with lady players as permanent members long years before Mr Shapiro's excellent organisation, or even Mr. Shapiro himself, came into being! His revival of an old custom that had fallen into disuse is, however, very welcome, and for ourselves we hope sincerely that the example will be widely followed, at least when ladies of sufficient experience can be found to have also sufficient physical strength to undergo the fatigue of long rehearsals, especially of ultra-modern music. Under Mr. Shapiro's direction a sound and generally good performance of Liszt's wonderful "Faust" symphony was given, a performance that would have been all the better, however, if it had been a little more highly coloured by contrast, as it were, and somewhat less inflexible. But, with all this, Mr. Shapiro has earned the lasting gratitude of the younger generation of musicians by his revival of a strangely neglected masterwork, a composition that almost more than any other in the whole of musical literature has shed its influence over the music of continents for three generations.

From early Wagner to late Tschaikowsky and the present day the influence of Liszt, and especially of his "Faust." symphony, is to be traced; and this is the man now scorned by the idea-less composer of to-day whose asset is his great technical skill! Weaknesses there may be in this music. But even so they, by a curious irony, are defects of qualities long denied in England to Liszt by some critics and many musicians. If Liszt had been in his music the formless creature he used to be depicted, his symphony might conceivably have been shorter. Where he fails here is in his too close adherence to the restricted "form" of the classical period, whereby quite unnecessary repetitions are made that prolong the work unduly But against this, have we many examples of such magnificent characterisation in music as that of Mephistopheles here? Then "Gretchen" is a delicate picture indeed, full of radiant beauty, and the "Faust" section, which, incidentally, has many prognostications of Wagner and Tschaikowsky, is a fine study in the psychology of character. If only as an historic document, the "Faust" symphony deserves to be played. Most emphatically it is one of the most important milestones in the path of musical progress, and is a beautiful and distinguished work as music. Later, Mr. Maaskoff played Tschaikowsky's violin concerto fairly well. But for the Liszt symphony we are duly grateful.

MR. CYRIL SCOTT AT BECHSTEIN HALL.

QUINTET FOR STRINGS AND SOME NEW SONGS.

April 7 1914

Music tricked out in the garb of singularity, of a decided super-æsthetic order and containing a purely intellectual appeal, was heard at a recital of Mr. Cyril Scott's new works at Bechstein Hall last night.

The enthusiastic applause of a crowded and fashionable audience was gratifying to the composer, who sat at the piano for the first performance of his Quintet for strings and pianoforte, assisted by Lady Speyer (first violin), Mr. Arnold Trowell, Mr. Lionel Tertis, and Mr. Maurice Sons.

The Quintet, according to the programme, contained themes from an unripe composition of 11 years ago. As performed last night they were steeped in Mr. Scott's more recent affectations.

The work was long-drawn, its irregular rhythms following one another in monotonous succession, giving an impression of formless improvisation. Eleven years is a long step in the evolution of a composer. Is the quintet overripe?

Some charming new songs were sung by Mr. Frederic Austin and Miss Jean Waterston, the best being "A Song of Arcady" (Ernest Dowson), "My Captain" (Walt Whitman), "Autumn's Lute," and "A Little Song of Picardie" (Rosamund Marriott Watson).

BECHSTEIN HALL.

Telegraph April 7 1914

Mr. Cyril Scott gave a concert last night devoted entirely to his own compositions. Whether he was well advised in doing so is a question that those who were present must answer according to their individual taste. At any rate, Mr. Scott's supporters were very numerous, completely filling the hall, while of enthusiasm they gave him not a little. To this extent, then, was the concert-giver justified in his daring, and in the circumstances it may sound a little ungracious if we say that Mr. Scott does not come very well through what may be called the one-composer-programme test. Yet how many are there who can honestly be said to emerge triumphantly from so very exacting a test? And the more pronounced the composer's individuality—or should one rather in the present instance call it mannerism?—the less likely, as it seems to us, is he to come with flying colours through such an ordeal. He may, it is true, as happened in Mr. Scott's case last evening, show his quality in a variety of art-forms, and range from the sonata form to the art of song-writing. But his musical idiom, his style of expression, may yet be so insistent and so uniformly of one complexion as inevitably to engender monotony. And for our part it is impossible to deny that we found Mr. Scott's style of utterance more than a little cloying for an entire evening's musical fare. He is often very clever, he is not without imagination or the power of creating an atmosphere. But a sense of proportion, apparently, is not to be numbered among his attributes—at least if we are to judge by the Pianoforte Quintet which was the chief novelty he

contributed to last night's programme.

In this work—in which the division of the movements (there are four) is of a somewhat arbitrary kind—the composer is all too prone to repeat phrases that possess small musical significance until the ear wearies of them, and, although here and there, as in the second movement for instance, he seems to recognise the value of contrast, far too much of the music is conceived in a similar mood, with the result that it is difficult to escape a sense of sameness. The Quintet was played by the composer (at the piano), Lady Speyer, Mr. Maurice Sons, Mr. Lionel Tertis, and Mr. Arnold Trowell, and the performance, so far as one could tell, did the composer no injustice. After it we had some songs, three of them new, of which the most effective, perhaps, was "A Song of Aready"—its "effectiveness" being mainly derived from an accompaniment of which the deliberate reiteration was quaint in a rather perverse sort of way. Mr. Frederic Austin found this number more grateful to sing than the one that preceded it. Very late in the programme that accomplished artist, Miss Jean Waterston (who might surely have been assigned an earlier position in the scheme) was set down to introduce some other new songs from the same pen. Lady Speyer, who came forward as the interpreter of a group of violin pieces by Mr. Scott, played them with unerring sympathy and skill.

MISS STARR'S VIOLIN RECITAL

Chronicle

A young Canadian violinist, Miss Evelyn Starr, made her London début yesterday afternoon at the Bechstein Hall. For rich and sonorous tone production of unmistakable beauty, combined with a delicacy of touch, Miss Starr has seldom been excelled at a first appearance. April 9.14

Her programme was chosen with taste and insight—quite a rare achievement among new performers—and she began with examples from Vitali and Corelli, dated 1650 and 1653, followed by selections from Max Bruch, Cesar Cui, Arensky, and Wienawski.

In all, wonderful tone was a dominating feature, although her phrasing, execution, and interpretation also reached a high level. Miss Starr was fortunate in securing Mr. Hamilton Harty as accompanist.

A CANADIAN VIOLINIST.

April 9 1914

Although not displaying any special interpretative gifts, Miss Evelyn Starr, a young Canadian violinist, made quite a favourable impression at her recital at the Bechstein Hall yesterday afternoon. She produces a rich and resonant tone and her technique is decidedly of an ample kind. This was all shown well in the Vitali chaconne and Corelli's "La Folia," with which her programme began. In other respects her execution is rather wanting in polish, her rhythms are not quite steady enough, and her phrasing lacks breadth. Bruch's "Scottish Fantasia" offered more scope for romantic qualities of performance, but here Miss Starr fell somewhat short; there was not very much individual impulse in her playing. The effects made suggested calculation rather than feeling, and this made the general result somewhat uninteresting. Mr. Hamilton Harty accompanied.

MISS EVELYN STARR'S VIOLIN RECITAL.

Times April 9.1914

A recital was given yesterday afternoon in the Bechstein Hall by Miss Evelyn Starr, a young violinist, who played a conventional, straightforward kind of programme that included Corelli's La Folia variations and Max Bruch's Scottish Fantasia in a conventional, straightforward kind of way.

Her playing was not lacking in musical instinct; at the same time, it was not interesting, for her phrasing, if accurate, was inclined to be inflexible and her tone was monotonous. She was at her best in the slow movements, where her broad bowing told well, but she also managed her double stopping well in the finale of the fantasia, where, however, the solid style of the music was too regularly insisted on both by her and by Mr. Hamilton Harty, who accompanied.

TWO BARITONE SINGERS.

April 9 1914 Times

A vocal recital was given last night in the Æolian Hall by Herr Willy von Sadler and his pupil, Herr Berthold Pusch. Both of them are baritones and both sang German songs—mostly very familiar examples by Schubert, Strauss, Wolf, and Brahms, though Herr Sadler led off with "Pietà Signore," still masquerading under the name of Stradella.

This singer proved to have rather a hard voice and rough method—far too rough, in fact, for such delicate songs as Schubert's "Forelle" or "Wohin." He was inclined to emphasize each single note of a phrase instead of treating the phrase as a whole, and he did not always sing the notes themselves clearly; he was also out of tune in his upper register. However, he sang rhythmically, and that saved at least the quicker songs. Herr Pusch sang much more evenly, and he produced a good tone, not only in the quiet songs, but also in "Der Sieger," by Hugo Kaun, an effective rather than an interesting song. He also phrased clearly and showed some sense of character. M. Cernikoff accompanied both singers sympathetically, and added a group of pieces by Chopin and Liszt.

TORQUAY MUSICAL FESTIVAL

April 16 — 1914

MR. G. H. CLUTSAM'S NEW SUITE.

During the brief interval between the winter and spring seasons the centre of interest in the musical world has shifted from London to Torquay. There the second annual festival began yesterday afternoon, in perfectly ideal conditions. The sky was cloudless, the sun dazzling, and the wind just fresh enough to make the atmosphere exhilarating. In these circumstances the musical fare provided by the enterprise of the Torquay Corporation proved irresistible to the visitors; and those whose Easter holidays were not fixed within unalterable limits prolonged them gladly and stayed on to crowd the handsome pavilion for the first of the three festival concerts.

Last year, it will be remembered, the programmes, designed and directed by Mr. Basil Hindenberg, the conductor of the municipal orchestra, were devoted almost exclusively to Wagner. But the restricted policy, suitable for an initial experiment, was not necessary when that experiment had been crowned with success; and this year the festival scheme has been made more comprehensive. The first programme contained works of many styles. There was a Brandenburg Concerto (No. 3), to represent Bach and the classics; and, the intervening gulf being bridged by Dvorák, there were works by Strauss and Debussy to typify the foremost schools of contemporary musical thought. Finally, that the claims of patriotism might be satisfied, the programme included two specimens of Mr. Holbrooke's ingenuity, and a new work, "The Pool," by Mr. Clutsam.

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This novelty is a Suite based on the music-drama of the same name which was produced at the Alhambra nearly two years ago. The music has been largely rewritten; the harmonies are revised, and the orchestration is new. Mr. Clutsam is an admitted master in the art of scoring, and "The Pool" in its later form is a singularly felicitous example of his skill in that direction. But its merits do not consist in orchestral colour and variety alone. More than most British composers Mr. Clutsam is blessed with a light touch. He can be popular without being commonplace, rhythmic without being rigid, and fresh without descending to eccentricity. "The Pool" is an admirable addition to the list of modern light music, and the impression it made was largely due to the alert manner in which Mr. Hindenberg conducted the performance.

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In all that he did, indeed, Mr. Hindenberg proved eminently capable and vigorous. His versions of the Bach Concerto and the Dvorák "Carneval" Overture were laudably spirited and decisive. The young conductor's beat was clear, and his style refreshingly free from mannerisms. Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel" was conducted by Mr. Thomas Beecham, who was also responsible for the performance of Mr. Holbrooke's elaborate distortions of "The Girl I left behind me." The soloists were Miss Carrie Tubb and Mr. Frank Mullings. The former showed almost too much restraint in the final scene from "Salome," while the latter showed no restraint at all in his obtrusively energetic treatment of a scena from "The Children of Don."

THE TORQUAY FESTIVAL.

April 17 1914

MR. HINDENBERG'S SUCCESS.

Another very comprehensive programme was arranged for the second festival concert in the Torquay Pavilion yesterday afternoon. Richard Strauss figured very largely in this part of the scheme, for in the course of the afternoon the audience were given an opportunity of comparing the boisterous "Don Juan" with the sombre and intensely serious "Tod und Verklärung." Both works were directed by the conductor-in-chief, Mr. Basil Hindenberg. His duties had kept him and his orchestra hard at work all through the previous day, and yet there was no trace of staleness about the playing. On the contrary, there was a very marked advance on the level of the first concert. The "Don Juan," in particular, was splendidly given, the performance being as notable for spirit and life as for the technical virtues of clarity and balance.

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Next to Strauss, the most important name in the concert scheme was that of Igor Stravinsky, whose First Symphony, in E flat, was played for the first time in England. It is not a work that will add much to the fame of the composer. Indeed, by comparison with "L'Oiseau de Feu" and "Petrouchka," it sounds curiously innocent and empty, which is hardly to be wondered at, considering that the symphony was written while Stravinsky was still under tutelage at the St. Petersburg Conservatoire. In those days he probably lacked the power, and certainly wanted the courage to give his own individuality free expression. He wrote, quite naturally, like a student, bent on imitating the moods he had been bidden to admire. Consequently his music echoes many men and many styles. Beethoven can be detected in the first movement, and Tchaikovsky in the Largo; while the spirit of Glazounow dominates the whole scheme in gross and in detail. The themes are not wanting in vigour and distinction, but the treatment is tentative and the connecting links none of the stoutest.

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Delius's noble C minor Concerto proved for once in a way somewhat disappointing. The piano part, played with abundant energy and brilliance by Mr. Percy Grainger, was not really prominent enough, for the soloist's energy was shared by the conductor, Mr. Thomas Beecham, to such an extent that, in tutti passages, the piano was either obscured altogether or forced to sound hard and unsympathetic. An individual success of a much more gratifying kind was gained by Miss Carrie Tubb, a singer whose progress in the last year or two has been quite phenomenal. She was in her element in the "Willow" song from Verdi's "Otello," and she sang it with rare beauty of tone and deep interpretative insight.

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Mr. Beecham took a much smaller share in this concert. Mr. Hindenberg, however, proved more than equal to all the demands he had to meet. Always brisk and energetic, he never allowed his judgment to be overwhelmed by his enthusiasm, and as a natural consequence the effects he set out to secure invariably came off.

AN EARLY SYMPHONY BY STRAVINSKY.

April 17 1914

NEW WORKS AT THE TORQUAY FESTIVAL.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

TORQUAY, April 16.

The event of this afternoon was Stravinsky's Symphony No. 1 in E flat. Like all early work it contains the inevitable borrowings—a phrase from the Ninth Symphony, a piece of figuration from Tchaikovsky's Sixth, an enharmonic change from *Die Walküre*, and so on. These do not, of course, in any way impair its originality; they serve merely to date it composition, as a book is dated by the water mark in the paper.

In the light of works which have appeared since, the method of handling is seen to be distinct and individual, if not yet sufficiently set to be called original. A fondness for identical repetitions enhanced by some small rhythmical complexity, as if there were some magic in the iteration, is there, as it is in a more developed form in *Petrouchka*. There, too, is the pursuit of a sequence wherever it may lead, and the frank acceptance of the conclusion reached which created later some of the great moments in the *Firebird*. And there are passages where Stravinsky is clearly feeling after what is seen later on to be one of the distinguishing marks of his style—the postponed climax whereby the rainbow comes down to the ground sure enough, but it is always a field or two away.

The work has the usual four movements but the Scherzo is placed second. The first movement is poor. Neither theme is at all distinctive. The first subject is treated with a poverty-stricken monotony. The second subject, which presents a dull appearance on paper, being scored for strings in lifeless minims, may sound better than it looks; but it was rather drastically cut, and we were not allowed to hear it. The Scherzo and Largo present most incident, and the Finale contains a rhythmic experiment of a rather wooden nature. It is altogether the effort of a workman who has not yet got the feel of his tools.

"PUNISHING" THE PIANO.

We have begun, however, in the middle. The concert opened with a performance of the overture to *Lohengrin*, which was remarkable alike for the pure intonation of the divided strings and the curious interpellations from outside of motor-horns and steamer whistles which supplied them with basses that were not scheduled. There was much to admire in the way Mr. Beecham gathered his forces without hurry or delay for the climax, and in Delius's concerto held a strict yet malleable rhythm, in which the brilliant pianoforte part moved easily without any sort of distortion. This is a very wonderful piece of music, and it lost nothing in the hands of Mr. Percy Grainger.

Mr. Grainger plays as he writes, with an air of breezy enjoyment. He least of all executant musicians is fettered by traditional canons of the art. He forms a rapid, concise

estimate of how the thing ought to sound, and adopts any and every means to get that sound and no other. He is neither pedant nor precisian; he relies mainly on his powers of cheerful adaptability and his mother-wit. At any rate he made the concerto, if we may borrow his idiom for the moment, "hum lots." We are not quite sure whether any one has the right to punish a piano to the extent to which he allowed himself to do so. It is no doubt important to be earnest, but it is more important still to be musical, and there were moments when he reached the dividing line between music and noise. But after all, there would be little fun extant if we did not reach and overstep boundary lines sometimes, and it was fun. In the less passionate though not less dramatic music of "Salee" from Verdi's *Otello*. Miss Tubb showed what she could have done with *Salome* if circumstances had permitted. It is indeed a pleasure to hear phrases so well modulated and so free from mannerism or exaggeration of any kind.

Mr. Grainger's "Colonial Song."

The evening concert contained Delius's Dance Rhapsody and, on the same sort of lines, Mr. Percy Grainger's "Molly on the shore," and a new work, a "Colonial Song," Mr. Percy Pitt's new orchestral work, a *suite de ballet* entitled "Sakura," besides such well-known things as Elgar's "Cockaigne" and Tchaikovsky's Fourth Symphony.

Mr. Grainger's two compositions added much to the general feeling of festivity which was abroad. "Molly on the shore," which we have heard before at one of Mr. Balfour Gardiner's concerts, arranged for strings, has now been decked out in orchestral trappings. Among these is an instrument of his own invention, and, no doubt, christening—a "resonophone." It is first cousin to a xylophone, being of metal instead of wood, and is played with three differently armed pairs of drumsticks in combination with the celeste. It added a warmth to the reckless dash of these two Irish reels.

The other work, the "Colonial Song," called for short "sentimentals," was now heard for the first time. It is a duet such as might have occurred somewhere in *Hiawatha*—not a lyric, for it is not intended to "express" any emotion, nor a ballad, for there are no words. With engaging candour the composer directs that it be sung to "Padaba" or "Tiribidi," or any Italian syllables that prove convenient to the singers, and these in their embarrassment at the riches thus proffered them compromised upon "Ah." Whether this simple method would be applicable to songs on any large scale or not there is no doubt that the effect of the blended voices of Miss Carrie Tubb and Mr. Hubert Eisdell was very beautiful even in the absence of any more precise meaning than has been extracted from the composer—"a certain kind of emotion that seems to me not untypical of native-born Colonials in general"—a lucid account with which it may be hoped the interviewer went away happy.

The music is of the kind that has been crooned to babies of all ages and in all lands. Its author expressly disclaims the use of any traditional tune, but it is in the folk-song idiom. It is simple but sincere; it reads like a bit of first-hand experience, and sounds like the "story without an end." It was encored.

Mr. Percy Pitt's "Sakura."

The other work of interest was Mr. Pitt's "Sakura." Owing to his presence being required at Covent Garden, the composer was unable to come and conduct his own work, and in the circumstances only the first three movements were played. It is hardly fair to judge the work by these, as they do not carry one very far. There is a prelude couched in the vague Eastern style which may be Siamese, Singhalese, or anything you please, but is said as a fact to be Japanese. There is a hymn to the setting moon or rising sun, as they sot and rise at least at Covent Garden. This illusion is brushed aside by an allegretto which is by the scherzo in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* out of the valse in *Faust*. After that comes an "uplifting" piece of music which promises well, but just as one was getting interested the curtain was rung down.

For the rest, Miss Tubb found great favour for her neat execution of the Mad Scene from Thomas's *Hamlet*, and Mr. Hindonberg put the crown on his labours by a remarkably clear and forthcoming version of Elgar's "Cockaigne."

THE TORQUAY FESTIVAL.

A FINANCIAL SUCCESS.

April 18. 1914

Judged by the criterion of public enthusiasm, the final concert of the Torquay Festival was by far the most successful of the three. The Pavilion was crowded to its utmost, and the audience, as if bent on unreserved enjoyment, greeted each soloist and each work in the concert-scheme with riotous appreciation, untempered by the chilling influences of a too critical discrimination.

As regards the novelty of the evening—Mr. Percy Pitt's Suite de Ballet, "Sakura"—this was perhaps just as well. The band parts only arrived at the last moment, and the composer arrived not at all. So Mr. Hindenberg, with a very limited time available for rehearsal, was obliged to cut out about half of the work. Any just estimate of its value is, consequently, impossible; but as far as one could judge in circumstances necessarily unfavourable, the section that was played only succeeded in partially conveying the essential idea of a Japanese background.

Mr. Percy Grainger's "Colonial Song," that apparently expresses by means of an obbligato vocal duet the dawn of inarticulate emotion in the heart of the sentimental young Colonist, went very well under the composer's guidance, and the rollicking "Molly on the Shore," with the new "resonophone" (a kind of bass glockenspiel) to add colour, pleased so much that it had to be repeated.

Other individual successes were gained by Miss Carrie Tubb in the Mad Scene from "Hamlet," and by Mr. Thomas Beecham, who conducted as good a performance of Delius's "Dance Rhapsody" as that delightful work has ever received anywhere. Mr. Hindenberg added to his laurels by his clean and spirited version of Elgar's "Cockaigne" Overture and Tchaikovsky's Fourth Symphony.

It is pleasant to hear officially that this splendid example of municipal enterprise is likely to be continued. The first festival not only paid its own way, but made a handsome profit; and the second, though the exact figures are not yet available, will undoubtedly do likewise. Torquay holds no disconsolate guarantors to-day; and the close of the festival, which has been given in the ideal conditions of perfect weather, leaves the promoters with every reason to congratulate themselves on their public-spirited determination to make music pay in one of Devon's most fascinating towns. They have already extended the scope of their energies by founding a municipal choir; and next year it is possible that this body will take part in the concerts, and prove that West-country folk care as much for choral as for instrumental music.

AN ENGLISH OPERA.

MR. V. THOMAS'S "ENID."

April 18— 1914

One was glad to hear Mr. Vincent Thomas's Arthurian opera "Enid" again, for, in spite of a good many rather obvious faults, there is much in the score which reveals the hand of a composer with a genuine instinct for stage effect. Listening to the work at the King's Hall, Covent Garden, last night, the impression it made when produced at the Court Theatre some four or five years ago was renewed. Mr. Thomas's technique is weak, but his intentions are so often direct and in their way strong that the dramatic expression is easily discernible. Moreover, it comes readily through the disadvantages appertaining to a performance undertaken by a small company and given on a small stage. The composer has a decided gift for characterisation, which means that his score presents plenty of musical variety; and with a book better constructed, with a more clearly told story, there would be every possibility of his being able to turn out an opera considerably more in the right vein than many efforts of the kind from native pens. Which all goes to prove how much a little real invention is worth in contradistinction to mere technical skill.

A good deal of the obscurity overhanging the presentation of the music one felt sure was more due to a lack of sufficiently clear playing, although at the same time Mr. Thomas displays a tendency to make his accompaniments rather too florid. Last night's performance had some excellent features; Miss Helen Frank, who appeared in the title-part, used her admirable soprano voice to very good effect, singing the original and pretty song of the birds of Rhianon with charm and showing dramatic feeling when describing the progress of the tournament in the third scene of the first act—one of the most picturesque moments in the opera. Miss Evelyn Hutchinson took the two parts of Lady Ermelin and the Countess Ynol skilfully. Of the men, Mr. Frank Mullings was a vigorous Geraint, and both Mr. Henry J. Corner, an excellent baritone, and Mr. John Dixon did valuable work in the parts of Earl Doorm and his dwarf retainer. The composer conducted, and the large audience was very appreciative.

"DER EVANGELIMANN."

April 18 1914

A NEW OPERA AT LIVERPOOL

Notable success, telegraphs a Liverpool correspondent, characterised the production at Liverpool last night of Wilhelm Kienzl's opera "Der Evangelimann," as presented under the English title of "The Pious Beggar," by the Moody-Manners Company. The story concerns two brothers who love the same girl, and, when she decides in favour of the younger, the elder contrives to get him arrested on a false charge, with the result that he spends twenty years in prison. When released he goes to Vienna and earns his bread as a street singer of religious songs and peripatetic preacher; and eventually the brothers meet, and, as he dies, the elder confesses his crime, and is forgiven by his long-suffering junior. The music is remarkable in its wealth of essential melody, its graphic and dramatic qualities, and its rare and impressive emotional intentness, and artistically the whole opera is a distinctly better work than the same composer's "Dance of Death."

Mr. Frank Christian, Mr. Charles Moorhouse, Miss Lily Moody, and Miss Marian de Cleno sang and acted the principal rôles admirably last night, and the audience received the novelty with every sign of favour.

KIENZL'S "EVANGELIMANN" IN ENGLISH.

April 18 1914

REVIVAL IN LIVERPOOL.

Kienzl's opera *Der Evangelimann*, though it won success on the German stage, achieved only a moderate degree of favour when it was given in German during the summer season at Covent Garden in 1897. Apart from its intrinsic worth, however, it is easy to understand that a drama so unsophisticated and domestic could hardly produce a great impression on the Covent Garden stage; and the Moody-Manners Opera Company did well not to be discouraged from presenting it in an English version, prepared by Mr. Pinkerton, at Kelly's Theatre, Liverpool, yesterday evening. The title, *The Pious Beggar*, was, perhaps, not the best that could have been chosen as the equivalent of *Evangelimann*, a word which indicates rather an itinerant preacher, or "Singing Evangelist," but it is no doubt epigrammatic and attractive, if not particularly accurate.

As it is so long since the opera has been heard in this country, a brief summary of its simple plot may be desirable. Two brothers, engaged in subordinate offices in a Benedictine monastery in Austria, have the presumption to aspire to the affections of the niece and ward of the principal. One is favoured and the other, the rejected suitor, seeks revenge, and finds it in setting fire to the monastery buildings, and fixing the responsibility on his brother. After suffering a long term of imprisonment for the offence of which he is not guilty, the deeply-injured man returns to the world to find his betrothed has committed suicide, and he takes up the work of an "evangelimann," travelling about the country, and by singing texts and hymns to the people earning a precarious subsistence. His journeyings bring him to Vienna, where his brother is lying on a bed of sickness, tortured by remorse. Before he dies his brother is brought to him, and the two are reconciled. The story is enlivened by such brighter touches as the dances of children and the humour of a village skittle-alley, the latter affording an episode which is distinctly reminiscent of some incidents and characters in the Meistersinger drama.

Musically the opera owes as much to Wagner as was inevitable in a work written 20 years ago by a composer who was an avowed admirer and friend of the master. Other influences may be detected, however, and it would not be unjust to describe it as eclectic in style, but if not original it has a very considerable charm and in parts, as in the great scene of the brothers' reconciliation, there is genuine dramatic power. Perhaps, however, it is in some of the lighter episodes that the composer is happiest, as, for example, in the scene in which the Evangelimann teaches the children his texts, an episode handled with exceptional sympathy.

On the whole the opera is one well suited to the Moody Manners Company. The principal parts were well represented, that of the heroine being a particularly fine performance by Miss Marian De Cleno. The love duet, which, though not without reminiscences, has musical beauty and genuine emotional feeling, was most sympathetically sung by her and Mr. Frank Christian, an experienced and powerful singer. Mr. Charles Moorhouse did efficient work as the rejected suitor, and minor parts were well taken by Mr. F. Davies, Miss Lily Moody, and Mr. Klitgaard. The chorus was good, but the work of the orchestra was the least satisfactory feature of the performance

THE BEETHOVEN FESTIVAL.

April 21 — 1914

The day is not yet when one can rely on performances of Beethoven's music being given on a scale approximating the original conditions. We are still living in a period which is observed with the idea that the large orchestra is a sine quâ non, whatever the music played. Therefore, we will not criticise the Beethoven Festival held this week at the Queen's Hall, the first concert of which took place yesterday afternoon, from this point of view, except to say that especially in the early works does one object to the forcing of the tone on the part of the wind in a desperate attempt to balance the large body of strings. Mr. Henri Verbrugghen's conducting was of excellent quality. If it erred at all it was on the score of what one may call a certain excitability which occasionally seemed to interfere with delicacies of expression. Also the rhythms at times were not quite firmly enough held.

The programme began with the first symphony, and ended with the second. That the former shows to some considerable degree the composer's indebtedness to his models is of course obvious, yet the music contains plenty of evidence of the greatness and originality to come, especially in the direction of the invention of beautiful details. The other purely instrumental number was the "Emperor" concerto, in which Mr. Frederic Lamond was the soloist. He gave a very

fine performance, except that it was possible to urge that the pianoforte part was made to stand out almost too much by reason of the virile personal note of the interpretation. The other soloist was Miss Elena Gerhardt. She was heard with the orchestra, "Freudvoll und Leidvoll" and "Die Trommel gerührt" from the "Egmont" music, with all her accustomed art and charm of voice. Later she sang "Wonne der Wehmut" and "Der Kuss."

April 21

MISS BORELLE'S RECITAL. 1914

The playing of Miss Félicia Borelle at her violin recital at Bechstein Hall last night was obviously based on a sound method, and, up to a certain point, proved satisfactory enough. Intelligence there was in plenty, though that quality, commendable though it was, scarcely sufficed for an individual account of such works as Bach's Sonata in E minor, Schumann's in A minor, and Fauré's in A major. Miss Borelle has played a good deal as an amateur, a fact which might perhaps have been guessed from a certain air of indecision which prevented her from suggesting the breadth and spaciousness necessary for performance in the concert room. Still, her general conception of what she played showed genuine musicianly feeling, and such faults as there were should be easily removed by further experience. At present they indicate an incomplete command of bowing, which affected both tone and phrasing in places where the player's attention was occupied with technical matters. Miss Borelle received useful assistance from Miss Ellen Tuckfield in the piano parts of the sonatas, and also in two groups of smaller pieces.

April 21 1914 Telegraph

BECHSTEIN HALL

Both by the choice of her programme at her violin recital at the Bechstein Hall last night, and by her playing of it, Miss Félicia Borelle showed herself to be a most enthusiastic and intelligent musician. Miss Borelle, who is of Dutch extraction, and has long been resident in England, was a pupil of Ysaye's, and has for some time been well-known as a very capable amateur, but this was, we believe, her first appearance as a professional. She has yet, it is true, to acquire the true professional technique, and her playing lacked that perfect execution which, in these days, we are accustomed to expect from those who make their living by their art. But her interpretations of Bach's Suite in E minor and Schumann's Sonata in A minor was thoroughly alive, and bore throughout the stamp of a true enthusiasm for the music. Her playing, indeed, was always thoroughly musical, and if it lacked the final polish, this is surely an element which it should not be difficult for her to acquire. Fauré's A major Sonata and some little pieces by Pisendel, Pugnani and Kreisler were also included in an excellent programme, throughout which she had very capable support from Miss Ellen Tuckfield at the pianoforte.

April 21 1914

THE ROYAL OPERA.

MELBA IN "LA BOHÈME."

"La Bohème" was chosen to open the season of grand opera at Covent Garden last night, with Mme. Melba appearing as Mimi, and there was in consequence a crowded and enthusiastic audience. Not that the performance as a whole was in any way of very special quality. One felt that most of the enthusiasm was directed towards the distinguished soprano, who remains, indeed, as brilliant an exponent of her art as ever, even if it has to be admitted that the voice itself begins to show signs of wear. Mimi, however, is perhaps Mme. Melba's best part, and her scenes with Rodolfo really went very well indeed. Signor Martinelli's singing seems to have improved. It always had many good points, but last night his phrasing was more sustained and even. His top C in the first act was remarkably pure and strong. Signor Aristide Anceschi appeared as Marcello; he is a baritone of scarcely more than average quality. With Signor Aquistapace and Signor Malatesta the quartet of Bohemians was completed—a lively enough group, if in the ensemble there was rather too much excess of accentuation. But Puccini's music is somewhat of a patchwork in many places, and a certain measure of restlessness of effect is unavoidable. Miss Rosina Buckman's Musetta was gay and sparkling, and she sang with much spirit, if a trifle shrilly now and then. Mr. Albert Coates conducted, hardly giving one the evidence of the gifts he displayed in Wagner. Perhaps he finds the Italian school difficult as regards obtaining vitality of movement without a lessening of impulsiveness in the expression.

THE KING AT THE OPERA.

April 21. 1914 Times

BRILLIANT OPENING OF THE SEASON.

MME. MELBA IN "LA BOHÈME."

The King, Queen Alexandra, and Princess Victoria and the Princess Royal and Princess Maud were present last night at the opening performance of the Royal Opera season at Covent Garden. The opera chosen was *La Bohème*, which has always been a great favourite with the King.

Mimi	Mme. Melba
Musetta	Miss Rosina Buckman
Rodolfo	Signor Giovanni Martinelli
Marcello	Signor Aristide Anceschi
Colline	Signor Aquistapace
Schaunard	Signor Pompilio Malatesta
Benoit .. .. } Alcindoro .. .. }	Signor Dante Zucchi
Parpignol	M. Leon de Sousa
The Bellew and Stock Choir.	
Conductor	Mr. Albert Coates.

The management of Covent Garden wisely determined on a lead from trumps, and took the first trick last night with the queen—Mme. Melba. Hearts we should have called it, if the evidence of the house had not declared it to be diamonds. Mme. Melba, indeed, must be allowed to mix the metaphor. She draws the best cards in both suits at once, and will continue to do so even when her voice has lost some of the freshness and charm which up to the present it has retained in so remarkable a degree.

Her charm, of course, is something over and above her voice. The chief of it lies in her wonderful power of singing well within her limits. It all seems so easy. One cannot imagine her bracing herself for the effort of those high notes which she sings outside the door at the end of the first act of *La Bohème* any more than one can imagine the least hint of forced sentiment in the gentle "addio," which she murmurs so confidingly and so often to Rodolfo in the third act. In all this she was as convincing last night as she has ever been, and though a keen listener might suspect that there was not quite as much power behind as there once was, she never let one know how much power there was because she never tried to exert it to the full extent.

This made her performance a curious contrast to those of other members of the cast. The four Bohemians and Miss Rosina Buckman as Musetta were all intensely alive, all singing to the utmost of their power, sometimes acting a little beyond it. Signor Martinelli's voice, indeed, came out easily, and his singing of the luscious soaring phrases which have gained such popularity for this opera, was exceedingly enjoyable, but when he reached his climaxes one felt he was giving us all. When he was singing in octaves with Mme. Melba he made his voice blend with hers in an admirably sympathetic way. Signor Aristide Anceschi sang straightforwardly with excellent spirit, but without making the part of Marcello stand out in the vivid way it has been known to do when sung by certain of the big singers who have been heard in it in recent years. Miss Rosina Buckman made a very robust Musetta, and perhaps her determination to play the ranting little termagant to the full accounted for the tendency to shrillness when she got to the climax of her song in the second act and threw herself into Marcello's arms.

Mr. Coates as Conductor.

The rest of the cast were all too familiar to need individual comment, but Mr. Albert Coates, who was making his first appearance in Italian opera at Covent Garden, was responsible for the general excellence of the ensemble, and particularly for the vivid playing of the orchestra. His work recalled the fact that *La Bohème*, though it is a work which singers love and which draws the sort of audience to the opera house which comes principally to hear popular singers like Mme. Melba and Signor Martinelli, is only what is called a singers' opera. It is in fact full of the most delightful touches of orchestral colour. It is Puccini's orchestra which makes us go cold with Mimi and hot with Musetta, which brings out the merriment of the revels in the "quartier Latin" with such glowing contrasts, makes us believe that Rodolfo's candle is blown out by the draught, even though we see him blowing it out, and that the chill air is bringing on Mimi's cough when Mme. Melba's voice sounds as clear and pure as can be.

Mr. Albert Coates made all these details of orchestration fall into their places; they were significant, but he never pressed them too far. It seemed right that at the end of the third act he should come on to the stage to share the applause with Mme. Melba, as right in fact as that Mme. Melba should hand on a few of the roses which were given to her to Miss Buckman.

ROYAL OPERA.

"DAS RHEINGOLD."

Wotan	Mr. Paul Bender
Donner	Mr. Charles Mott
Loge	Mr. Johannes Sembach
Froh	Mr. Jean Skrobisch
Alberich	Mr. August Kiess
Mime	Mr. Hans Bechstein
Fasolt	Mr. Paul Knupfer
Fafner	Mr. Johannes Fonss
Fricka	Madame Kirkby Lunn
Freia	Miss Greta Jonsson
Erda	Miss Charlotte Dahmen
Woglinde	Miss Sybil Vane
Wellgunde	Miss Bessie Jones
Flosshilde	Madame Dilys Jones

Conductor, Prof. Arthur Nikisch.

April 22 1914 Telegraph

If the complete cycle, or cycles, for there are to be two, of "Der Ring des Nibelungen" is destined to "go" in the fashion of "Das Rheingold," which was admirably given at Covent Garden last night, then those who witness the performances will have good cause for rejoicing.

Under the direction of Professor Nikisch the magnificent orchestra played in superb fashion, and rarely have the strings "sung" as they sang last night. But this is not all, even if all is not to be praised. Mr. Sembach's Loge, not seen here since 1910, is an individual performance of the highest order of merit, and we have seen too often to require detailed notice just now the Alberich of Mr. Kiess, the Mime of Mr. Bechstein, the Fafner and Fasolt of Messrs Fönss and Knüpfer, and the Fricka of Madame Kirkby Lunn, one and all fine performances, though the last-named seemed indisposed on this occasion. It will be time enough to enter into detail of Mr. Paul Bender's Wotan when "Der Ring" has progressed a little further; the complete work may then be discussed as a whole.

But even so one or two shortcomings should be pointed out now. For example, Alberich's snatching of the gold lost verisimilitude in virtue of the fact that the gold seemed to be far from his reach when its effulgence disappeared and the stage was plunged in darkness. Further, though one appreciates fully the attempt to light up the scene under the Rhine, the side light must not be such as to illuminate the machinery which controls the swimming maidens' actions. The new second scene is far finer than before, with its Dolomitisch rocks and imposing primordial Walhalla; and the changes that have been wrought in the opening scene are all for the better. There one may leave the performance of the prologue for the time being.

THE ROYAL OPERA.

April 22. 1914

"DAS RHEINGOLD."

The first of the German opera performances was given last night at Covent Garden with "Das Rheingold." Herr Nikisch is conducting the "Ring" again this year, as he did last. While there is, of course, no doubting the beauty of the orchestral playing under his guidance, there is room for opinion as to his reading of the music as a whole. For instance, last night we found that many of the scenes dragged in a decidedly dissatisfying manner, and, unfortunately, not only are some of the conductor's tempi on the slow side, but he makes tiresome effects of rubato in addition. In "Das Rheingold" of all the trilogy does one feel this to be a wrong system, for here the composer gives us his material in its simplest and most direct form, and one wishes to hear it played in a simple and direct manner. Another point in Herr Nikisch's method we object to is the continual low dynamic plane on which he keeps the orchestral complement. While one gains in hearing the voices very distinctly, something of the right balance is lost, besides the drawback that there is a serious loss of dramatic emphasis.

It was good, however, to hear some really excellent singing. Herr Paul Bender did admirable work as Wotan, if there was some shortcoming in the authority of delivery such as we have been accustomed to associate with interpretations of the part. Herr August Kiess repeated his truly splendid impersonation of Alberich, and he seemed to be singing better than he has ever done before at Covent Garden. The Mime of Herr Bechstein was welcome as ever, and the Loge of Herr Sembach, another remarkably good study, both vocally and on the dramatic side. Of Mme. Kirkby Lunn's Fricka it is hardly necessary to say more than that she gave us yet again some of her very best art. The other parts were quite well taken, especially the giants of Herr Knüpfer and Herr Fönss. But, as suggested, things really went rather tamely—in spite of the very smooth vocalisation and orchestral playing, there was a general lack of verve and breadth. Some

new scenery has been provided, painted by Mr. Oliver Bernard; the first scene is a beautiful effort, the second perhaps hardly so pleasing to the eye as the old, though marked by its uniformity.

THE BEETHOVEN FESTIVAL.

SYMPHONIES AND EARLY CONCERTOS.

The Beethoven Festival was resumed at Queen's Hall yesterday afternoon with a programme consisting of the Fourth and Fifth Symphonies, the G major Pianoforte Concerto, and the song cycle, "An die ferne Geliebte." It was a selection delightfully representative of the composer, intrinsically so, that is to say, apart from its position in the festival scheme itself.

The B flat Symphony is comparatively rarely heard, suffering from a neglect hard to account for, unless a reason be found in the fact that the structure of the music is such that it offers but poor scope for the idiosyncrasies of the "star" conductor. Indeed, to make an impression the Symphony requires playing in the most difficult of all ways, with absolute straightforwardness. One was glad to find that Mr. Verbrugghen had evidently realized this; all his effects were of a thoroughly normal kind, and, but for some roughnesses here and there, the performance was of a decidedly stimulating character. In the C minor, too, the conductor aimed at directness of interpretation, but the playing was often more coarse than strong, and more strenuous than forcible.

The soloists, Mr. Paul Reimers and Mr. Max Pauer, gave performances very much to the liking of the audience. The singer's phrasing was remarkably clean, and the pianist, if occasionally displaying a certain dryness of tone, gave otherwise evidence of complete mastery.

The chief interest of Tuesday night's concert was the playing by Herr von Dohnányi of the two early pianoforte concertos, which are seldom heard. It was a pity that the earlier of the two, bearing as it does a later opus number, was played second, for it is on a smaller scale than the C major, and was originally scored for an orchestra without clarinets, trumpets, or drums, and its composer himself did not hold a very high opinion of it. The C major Concerto, on the other hand, though also belonging to his very early period and resounding throughout with the influence of Mozart, shows some of the individual ability that characterizes Beethoven's musical ideas, particularly in the beautiful largo. Nevertheless, any further quarrel with the programme is unnecessary, since Herr von Dohnányi was the soloist, for he is one of the absolutely satisfying pianists of the present day. Nothing could have been more charming than his playing of the C major Concerto, for he identified himself entirely with its youthful unsophisticated spirit, and spurned any opportunity offered for mere technical display.

In the B flat concerto, the less grateful task of the two, Herr von Dohnányi's qualities as a pianist were, perhaps, most markedly apparent, for he so played as to bring out the full beauty of what is, after all, old-fashioned and immature music, the immature music of a wonderful genius. The scale in thirds which ends the first movement was like gossamer, and in the Rondo one could imagine the courtiers of Titania featly treading a measure in the light of the moon to unearthly music.

April 23 1914 — Times

SIGNOR AURELIO GIORNI.

The young Italian pianist, who gave his first recital here a year ago, was heard at Bechstein Hall again yesterday afternoon, when he played Liszt's variations on Bach's "Weinen, Klagen," Liszt's Fantasia in C, op. 17, some Chopin, and other things.

There is a special pleasure in listening to the playing of an artist who has reached mature command of his instrument and not outgrown the first enthusiasm of youth. Signor Giorni's command of tone values and his delight in using them was very pronounced both in Liszt and Schumann. And they were thoughtfully used, producing an impression of great beauty in the chorale which ends "Weinen, Klagen," and giving many delightful contrasts in the course of Schumann's work. The dreamlike feeling of the melodies in the first movement of the latter induced him to drag, and sometimes to break up the movement too much, but such faults may be cured with experience when, as in this case, the performer is evidently thoroughly imbued with musical feeling.

"PARSIFAL" AT COVENT GARDEN

April 24 1914

A FINE GRAIL SCENE.

Amfortas	Herr Carel van Hulst
Titurel	Mr. Murray Davey
Gurnemanz	Herr Paul Knüpfer
Parsifal	Herr Johannes Sembach
Klingsor	Herr August Kiess
Kundry	Frau Pfeilschneider
Eine Stimme	Frl. Charlotte Dahmen

Conductor—Mr. Albert Coates

It was an unfortunate arrangement which brought *Parsifal* between the parts of the *Ring*, and one which ought to have been avoided, since both are part of a special subscription series. The *Ring* is one work and the subscribers to it ought to be allowed to hear it without the interpolation of another work between its parts.

The performance last night, which was listened to by a large audience, who showed the seriousness of their attention by silence, was in many respects the same as that given earlier in the year. Herr Sembach was an impressive Parsifal, and Herr Knüpfer as Gurnemanz showed the same remarkable power in the way his singing and acting concentrated the interest at once upon the drama and prevented the long narrations to the Squires, which constitute the first part of Act I., from becoming tedious, as they can be when a less commanding artist sings them. Herr Carel van Hulst, who appeared last season in a subordinate part of Méhul's *Joseph*, was the Amfortas, and in the wonderful prayer before the Grail he showed a power of expression for which his former appearance had scarcely prepared us.

The whole of the Grail Scene was a great improvement upon what we heard at any rate in the earlier performances before Easter, for though the choir of knights might still be better in tone and intonation the choirs of youths and boys sang exquisitely. It would be difficult to imagine their music sung with greater sympathy, and their work, with the fine orchestral playing under Mr. Albert Coates, made the Grail Scene one of intense solemnity.

We could not feel that the second act rose to the high level of the first, in spite of the clear articulation of the orchestra, particularly remarkable in the Prelude and Klingsor music, the general excellence of the Flower Maidens' *ensemble*, and earnest singing on the part of the two principals. Mme. Pfeilschneider was singing Kundry at Covent Garden for the first time. The most distinctive feature of her performance was the clearness of her diction. Otherwise it seemed just to miss distinction, either musical or dramatic. At no moment was she more than the capable singer. Her first call to Parsifal had no peculiarly arresting quality; the cry, "Ich sah Ihn-und lachte," wanted the piercing intensity which brings conviction. Her actions, too, were inclined to be stereotyped; one felt that she knew exactly what she would do at each point. The dramatic climax of the act was not very well managed. Klingsor hurled the spear a moment too soon, so that the action anticipated its orchestral counterpart; also we were allowed to see too much of the mechanism of the ruin of the castle and garden. But apart from such details the whole performance was a notably careful and competent one.

"PARSIFAL."

April 24 1914

"Parsifal" drew a very large audience to Covent Garden last night, in spite of the recent numerous performances following on its first production in England a short while ago. Then there have been some concert performances of the music to crowded houses, all showing the extent of the hold the work has exerted over the imagination of our musical public. We should, indeed, be sorry were it otherwise, for although "Parsifal" may not be a flawless creation, what opera is, after all? Its many great moments are among the greatest things in the art, while we venture to believe that its underlying sentiment, or moral, touches the general public deeply. Some may possibly be inclined to scoff at the solemn attitude as displayed in the abstention from applause at the close of the acts, perhaps resenting the intrusion of a religious element into a stage work; but we think it is prompted by a perfectly genuine impression, and if that is so it is all the greater tribute to the genius of Wagner, who did not fear to attack a difficult problem and produce a frankly didactic work of art.

There were many excellent points about last night's performance. Mr. Albert Coates conducted, and the feature of his work was the vitality and steadiness of his rhythms. It is true that one felt the tempo adopted for the "Verwandlungs-musik" in Act 1. and the processional music was a shade fast; on the other hand, the increase of speed in the "Komm', Komm'!" of the flower-maidens was a distinct gain. The singing of the maidens was a little unsteady, suggesting insufficient rehearsal. The choruses in the Grail scene were, however, very well sung indeed. Mr. Coates obtained some sonorous climaxes, if here and there they might have been still more pointed. Herr Johannes Sembach's Parsifal was an admirable impersonation, and the temptation scene with Kundry was impressively given. Frau Pfeilschneider's Kundry was not specially strong, either dramatically or vocally; in the latter respect one felt some lack of technical control, but in the quieter moments her singing was quite attractive. Herr Paul Knüpfer made the figure of Gurnemanz very humorous, and he sang beautifully. Herr Carel van Hulst made a distinctive Amfortas. He has a beautiful voice, and sings with genuine expression. The Klingsor of Herr Kiess remains, as before, an excellent study, and the other small parts were well taken, Mr. Murray Davey's superb voice in the music of Titurel deserving mention. The flower-garden scene has been repainted, and has been greatly improved thereby.

ROYAL OPERA.

"DIE WALKURE."

April 24 1914

DIE WALKURE
(in German).

Siegmund	Mr. Peter Cornelius.
Wotan	Mr. Paul Bender.
Hunding	Mr. Johannes Fönss.
Brunhilde	Miss Gertrud Kappel.
Sieglinde	Miss Maude Fay.
Fricka	Mme. Kirkby Lunn.
Conductor ..	Professor Arthur Nikisch.

For many reasons which need not now be inquired into "Die Walküre" has proved in the past to be the most attractive section of "Der Ring." Over and over again in seasons gone by (as recently, indeed, as in the season last February), it has found a place in the scheme of things never yet vouchsafed to any other section. It is, of course, easy to see why. But the point now is that, this being the case, it is odd that Covent Garden was by no means full when "Die Walküre" fell into its lawful place in the cycle on Wednesday night.

A thousand pities, this, for the performance was one of high excellence, and if it fell occasionally below the highest, yet it had its moments wherein the "thrill" of the years that are gone came back. One of these was in the quite superb playing of the orchestra. Recently we referred to their "singing" qualities. Such orchestral "singing" as that at the ecstatic moment when love first comes into the hearts of Sieglinde and Siegmund is of the rarest, and if we knew the name of the violoncellist to whom falls that exquisite phrase which is the culminating point of the passage, freely would we print it, for his playing was very beautiful indeed. Then the graceful movements of Miss Maude Fay, who played Sieglinde's rôle here for the first time, were perfectly in keeping with her idea of the part which she conveyed by her expressive and sympathetic singing. Decidedly Miss Fay helped materially to strike the human note that was struck with more than ordinary intensity by Mr. Paul Bender, as Wotan, Mr. Peter Cornelius as Siegmund, and Miss Gertrud Kappel—all, happily, old friends, these—as Brünnhilde.

In point of fact that human note was the keynote of the entire performance, in the orchestra no less than on the stage. Some may suggest that this is rather a defect than a quality, but we would say that at worst it is but a defect of a rare and fine quality, since the gods, even Wotan himself, had his intensely human side! Mr. Bender has done nothing here quite so good as his performance in the second act, where he rose to hitherto unreached heights, and the fault was none of his that the fight at the close was just a little ridiculous owing to the overcrowding of the rocky pass by three gigantic specimens of humanity, the excellent Mr. Fönss (Hunding), Mr. Cornelius, and Mr. Bender, whose combined heights reach to upwards of 19ft!

The performance was one of uncommon excellence, and, at times, of distinction, and the enthusiasm was warm, so that all and sundry of the singers were called and called again. But on every opportunity a specially warm note sounded in the cries for the great conductor, Arthur Nikisch.

"PARSIFAL."

PARSIFAL
(in German).

Amfortas	Mr. Carel van Hulst.
Titurel	Mr. Murray Davey.
Gurnemanz	Herr Paul Knupfer.
Parsifal	Mr. Johannes Sembach.
Klingsor	Mr. August Kiess.
Kundry	Madame Pfeilschneider.
Conductor	Mr. Albert Coates.

This, the opening week of the summer season of opera at Covent Garden, has indeed been full of pleasant surprises. Already we have recorded an intensely poetic performance of "La Bohème" and an extremely beautiful version of "Die Walküre." Now it is a pleasure to record a performance of "Parsifal," which took place last night, that in nearly all respects equalled and in most surpassed any that were seen in February and March.

The auditorium was filled to its last seat, and even in the highest heights, in the gallery slips, were there in dress clothes. But it was not this, of course, that gave the cachet to the latest performance. Once more one must begin by praising the orchestra, which played not only as one man, and he inspired, but yielded to every demand made upon it by the conductor, Mr. Albert Coates, who, be it noted, was now conducting this drama for the first time. And masterly indeed was the conducting. Mr. Coates, like his eminent colleague, Professor Nikisch, possesses to the full the supreme gift of building up a climax, yet when a gentler art is called for, as in the graceful and charming scene of the Flower Maidens, it is as readily forthcoming. The Verwandlungs-musik was magnificently done.

Nor was this by any means all. Indeed, it was but a part, however important. In Mr. Carel van Hulst, a Dutch singer, who was formerly engaged in Vienna, we have a representative of the part of Amfortas quite second to none who has appeared in Covent Garden. Though the voice is of immense power and of most telling ring, its fortunate owner has such perfect command over it that the poignancy of his singing, for instance, in the moments preceding the discovery of the grail, become almost overwhelming. As actor, too, Mr. van Hulst stands high, for his bearing is full of magnificent dignity, and his reading of the rôle was of exquisite art.

Mr. Paul Knüpfer's Gurnemanz, likewise, is as superbly dignified as before and as beautifully sung; and Mr. Kiess's Klingsor is the same malicious and vindictive portrayal which drew forth high praise a couple of months ago. Mr. Murray Davey's appealing singing of the aged Titurel's music is a sheer delight, and so is that of Mr. Sembach as Parsifal, albeit it should be easily possible for so accomplished

an artist to show better the development, however slow, of the perfect Parsifal from the "reine Thor."

A NEWCOMER.

There remains, of the singers, only the Kundry of Madame Pfeilschneider, a newcomer from Frankfort-on-Maine, a singer who is vocally excellent, but as actress falls short of the highest. In the wonderful scene in the second act Madame Pfeilschneider appeared to be far too self-conscious, and though she sang the Herzeleide music well, her movements were vehement rather than seductive, and her gestures were deficient in spontaneity. But her diction, like that of Madame Kappel and Miss Fay in "Die Walküre," is beautifully clear.

For the rest the Magic Garden was, perhaps, appropriately enough, far more attractive in appearance than in February, but the bells still are refractory, and sound rather as if they were gongs (and not particularly well struck, for at first their sound was too metallic) than any known form of bells. The Knights of the Grail sang well, but with very small volume of tone having regard to their number, and the choir in the dome was capital. Taking it all in all, then, the performance in nearly all its chief essentials was a very fine one indeed; most certainly it was full of deepest feeling, and touched a deeper note than any of its predecessors. It was most "convincing," and, save for the few shortcomings hinted at (and also the defective darkening of the stage at the moment of the wrecking of Klingsor's garden, a defect very easily remedied), it was as nearly perfect as one is likely to witness in this imperfect world of ours.

THE ROYAL OPERA.

April 25

"MANON LESCAUT." 1914

Wagner and Puccini are having things all their own way at Covent Garden this week, and for the second Italian performance of the season the latter composer's "Manon Lescaut" was revived last night. After the more arduous delights of "Parsifal" and "The Ring," Puccini's fluent and mellifluous melodies were in the nature of an agreeable relaxation, though the composer's most sincere admirer could not claim this particular work as a typical example of his genius. The occasion, however, offered Mr. Albert Coates a further opportunity of proving how skilfully he can adapt himself to circumstances. He seems equally at home in both German and Italian music, and the orchestral playing last night was quite the most distinguished feature of a performance which in other respects was one of no more than average merit. The buoyant spirit and impulsive climaxes in the orchestra were invaluable in keeping things moving when matters on the stage showed a tendency to drag.

The cast contained two names unfamiliar to Covent Garden. Mme. Bianca Bellincioni is obviously an experienced artist, and she fulfilled the dramatic requirements of the part of Manon satisfactorily enough. Her singing was considerably more limited in range of effective expression, and a persistent tremolo not only made for monotony, but had the more serious result of untunefulness. Considering that the indulgence of the audience was claimed for Signor Giulio Crimi on the score of indisposition, his performance as Des Grieux was eminently praiseworthy. Comment is best postponed until a more favourable opportunity, but it can at least be said that he has a voice of considerable power and is a more than passable actor. Signor Pompilio Malatesta gave one of his skilful character studies as Geronte, and Signor Aristide Anceschi was conscientious as Manon's undesirable brother in a doubtful costume which suggested that he might at any minute come down to the footlights and give us "Three Cheers for the Red, White, and Blue." The chorus singing was excellent in the ensembles of the third act, but otherwise did not escape the prevailing tendency to untunefulness.

MM. PÉCSKAI AND DOHNANYI.

April 25 1914

Seldom does one hear performances of sonatas for violin and pianoforte of the quality forthcoming on Wednesday at the Æolian Hall, where a joint recital was given by Messrs. Louis Pécskai and Ernst von Dohnányi. One is given to understand that these two artists have for years past been accustomed to play together, although they have not done so in public in London before the present occasion. We hope it will not by any means be the last. Such unanimity of expression—and expression, too, of a singularly refined and beautiful type—is not to be heard every day. They began their recital with a performance of Brahms's sonata in G major, which was one to remember, so sure the execution, so pure the tone, and so finely felt the moods of the music. Especially remarkable was the playing of the slow movement, which, unless given with true understanding, can so easily be made to sound somewhat perfunctory or even mawkish in sentiment. Where the ensemble was so good individual excellence counted for less, yet one may point out the singular charm of M. Pécskai's double stopping in this movement, while the pianist was everywhere at his best. The latter was represented, as a composer, by his sonata in C sharp minor, not perhaps one of his most engaging works, but containing, all the same, many striking passages, especially in the finale. The programme of this delightful recital was completed with Franck's superb sonata in A.

MR HOLBROOKE'S CONCERTS.

Last night at the Arts Centre, Mortimer-street, Mr. Josef Holbrooke gave the third of his series of subscription concerts. There were several novelties in the programme, but only one of any importance, a trio by Mr. Arnold Bax, for the unusual combination of pianoforte, violin, and viola. This work was written several years ago, since which time the composer's method has undergone some change. Also, naturally enough, his technique has improved considerably. Still this trio contains some decidedly interesting passages; it is in one movement, and from the point of view of structure is rather lacking in conciseness and balance, but some of the sections are distinctly fanciful in invention, and generally quite effective in treatment. Whether the combination written for is a complete success is perhaps doubtful, yet Mr. Bax was certainly skilful in laying out his music in a way which made one feel the lack of a deep string tone as little as possible. The new songs sung by Mr. Frederic Austin, of his own composition, were of no special moment, nor Mr. Norman O'Neill's setting of Keats's "Where be you going"? Mr. Holbrooke played a group of pianoforte solos, amongst them being several by Mr. Piotr Rafl (a pupil of his), which possibly were intended to be a sort of joke at the expense of the "Futurist" group. But the music was so very obvious that the humour, if such was intended, was poor enough. Otherwise one could only see clearly that the latest movement is not a thing which can be attempted by anybody. Other songs were contributed by Miss Linda Travers, and the programme was rounded off by Franck's string quartet and Mr. Holbrooke's pianoforte quintet "Diabolique." The executants were Messrs. Albert Sammons, Petre, Travis, and H. Withers and Mrs. Withers.

April 25 1914

"MANON LESCAUT."

April 25 1914

MANON LESCAUT
(in Italian).

Des Grieux	Mr. Giulio Crimi.
Manon Lescaut ...	Madame Bianca Bellincioni.
Lescaut	Mr. Aristide Anceschi.
Geronte	Mr. Pompilio Malatesta.
Edmondo	Mr. Dante Zucchi.
Lampionaio	Mr. Leon de Sousa.
Un Musico	Miss Bessie Jones.
Comandante	Mr. Charles Mott.
Maestro di Ballo	Mr. Goroni.
Un Sergente ... ... } L'Oste	Mr. Michele Sampieri.
Conductor	Mr. Albert Coates.

The changes and chanoes of the operatic life at Covent Garden are both interesting and curious. For example, in the early season we found a fancy-dress ball sandwiched between two performances of "Parsifal." Now, in this summer season, we have Puccini's little opera, "Manon Lescaut," a delight in its way, dovetailed between "Parsifal" and "Siegfried." But what matters that? "Manon Lescaut" is, of course, a curious mixture, a kind of early indiscretion, though, for ourselves, we can always find enjoyment in it, for it provides a very pleasant evening's entertainment, and at least affords a contrast to the strenuousness of the Wagnerian drama.

Moreover, it also provides quite excellent opportunities for certain of the exponents of the several rôles. Manon herself is a character study; so is Des Grieux. Last night these two rôles were played by two singers new to Covent Garden, the one by Madame Stagna-Bellincioni, daughter of a famous mother; the other by Mr. Giulio Crimi, a tenor for whom, unhappily, the indulgence of the audience had to be craved owing to his suffering from a very severe cold. In spite of this cold, however, it was quite clear that Mr. Crimi is a tenor singer quite out of the common. His voice in the upper register has in it a magnificent ring, and one looks forward with real pleasure to the time when he will be able to do himself oomplete justice.

WESTMORLAND FESTIVAL.

THE FINAL CONCERT.

The twenty-fifth Westmorland Festival came to a close on Friday evening, with a concert which sustained well the note of exhilaration that has characterised the event throughout. The performance of Dvořák's "Spectre's Bride" illustrated the value of including important choral works in the programme, and making their careful sectional preparation a condition attaching to all the chief choral competitions.

On this, the second day of the choral competitions a contingent of seven important choirs formed a chorus of approximately 350 voices, a number which finds its limit in the capacity of the platform, not the number of possible singers, for, as a matter of fact, only a certain proportion of the competing choirs can be admitted to the combined performances. The alertness and responsiveness of this large choir, which met together for the first time on the day of the concert, were remarkable. Mr Balling's interpretation of Dvořák's music made the most of its picturesque, romantic character, and he demanded great variety of expression, sudden changes in speed and dramatic characterisation, all of which were reproduced with perfect fidelity.

June 27 1914

DOUBLE CHORUS.

It was a performance that was all alive, while that of the other choral work, Bach's great double chorus, "Nun ist das Heil," was an exhibition of great power and vigorous utterance, with a realisation of the big climax that had a most impressive effect. This was the more interesting, since it was the first performance at the Kendal Festival of a double chorus, and advantage was taken of the occasion to perform it twice in the course of the concert, so that it could be the better appreciated.

It may be added that, as there was no organ in the hall, Mr. Balling had prepared an orchestral accompaniment that was in most happy imitation of Bach's manner and thoroughly effective. The soloists in "The Spectre's Bride" were Miss Agnes Nicholls, Mr. Herbert Heyner, a narrator who emphasised the terrors of his story, and Mr. Frank Mullings, who, in spite of some technical mannerisms, gave dramatic interest to the part of the lover by enabling one to realise the demoniacal side of this vampire hero. Miss Agnes Nicholls also sang Beethoven's "Ah perfido," which, with her performance of "Abscheulicher, wo gehst du hin" on the previous evening, afforded an opportunity of comparison between Beethoven's two greatest dramatic scenas.

The only orchestral work in the programme was Dr. Arthur Somervell's "Thalassa" Symphony, the introduction of which was a delicate compliment to a Westmorland composer who has had a long connection with these festivals, of which two of his brothers are at the present time joint honorary secretaries. The symphony has been heard already in London, but the present writer may venture to record his impression that, while it owes much to Brahms in turn of melody and general character, there are some subjects, particularly the second in the pleasing vivace and the nine-eight theme, with its agreeable lilt, in the finale, that are distinctively English.

The treatment of the orchestra is of a decidedly conservative character as a whole, in spite of the introduction of the big drum in the culminating part of the slow movement and the employment of a tuba in rapid passages, which, somehow, failed to blend quite satisfactorily with the ensemble. The composer sets a good example in not being unnecessarily long-winded, and it is much in his favour that he never wearies his hearers, for the material is ably and concisely knit together. The symphony was exceedingly well played by the Hallé Orchestra under Mr. Balling, and at its conclusion the composer was called forward to receive the acknowledgments of the audience.

April 27 "SIEGFRIED." 1914

The first cycle of the "Ring" bids fair to gather strength as it proceeds towards its final stages, for not even the most captious Wagnerite could have found any serious shortcomings in the performance of "Siegfried" conducted by Herr Nikisch on Saturday. That everything should have gone with exemplary smoothness was only to be expected of a list of experienced singers who have, for the most part, often before proved their aptitude both individually and collectively for the parts in which they appeared on this occasion. Even the dragon was an old friend both as to his interior economy as supplied by the sonorous Herr Fönss and in his obvious reluctance to put up even a passable show of resistance to the discreet onslaught of the youthful Siegfried. Tradition dies hard at Covent Garden, but in view of recent scenic improvements it is not past hoping that a "loathly worm" more worthy of a hero's steel may yet replace the decrepit beast who should long ago have retired under the age limit.

But this, after all, was a comparatively trifling indiscretion in a performance to which in other respects almost unstinted praise is due. Least familiar of the singers was Herr Paul Bender, whose Wanderer was, beyond question, the finest thing he has yet given us. The volume and musical quality of his singing proved him a more than worthy successor to the great Van Rooy, and for once in a way the scene of his questioning of Mime appeared not a whit too long. But, then, the dwarf of Herr Bechstein is a little masterpiece of subtle characterisation, which seems only to gain in comedy as time goes on. Excellent, too, is the Alberich of Herr Kiess, who sang with fine power. Herr Cornelius is always at his best as the youthful Siegfried. The forging songs might have had more abandon, perhaps, but he sang and acted with compelling energy up to the final scene, and sustained a resonant tone which has not always been his. Fräulein Kappel acted cleverly in the trying scene of Brünnhilde's

awakening, and, [illegible] rather tired, she, like the rest, sang with exemplary clearness. Miss Bessie Jones did fairly well in the bird-music, and the beauties of Erda's music had every justice done them by Mme. Kirkby Lunn.

ROYAL OPERA.

April 21 1914

"SIEGFRIED."

Brünnhilde	Miss Gertrud Kappel.
Erda	Mme. Kirkby Lunn.
Waldvogel	Miss Bessie Jones.
Mime	Mr. Hans Bechstein.
Der Wanderer	Mr. Paul Bender.
Fafner	Mr. Johannes Fönss.
Alberich	Mr. August Kiess.
Siegfried	Mr. Peter Cornelius.

Conductor—Prof. Arthur Nikisch.

It is safe to say that the performance of "Siegfried" at Covent Garden, on Saturday night, was on the same high level of that of "Die Walküre" a night or two before, than this it is difficult to give greater praise. Once more the orchestra covered itself with the glory of almost perfect playing under the direction of Professor Nikisch, but to describe again how such things as the "Waldweben" and other extracts made familiar in the concert-room were played would merely be to repeat a very oft-told tale. The tone of the strings is quite lovely, while the phrasing and the nuances were of finest finish; but this is not to say that the wind, &c., was not also on the high level.

In nearly all respects the cast was a familiar one, the only exception being Mr. Paul Bender, who, as Der Wanderer, completed his fine cycle of impersonations of the rôle of Wotan. But if Mr. Bender was new to us in this part, it is unlikely that he will be overlooked in the future, for though he has achieved many excellent performances before, in "Parsifal" and "Die Meistersinger," for example, he has not previously attained to quite so great a height as now. In the first act in the long scene with Mime, Der Wanderer sang magnificently, while at the same time he both stood and moved like the god whom he was representing in so dignified and distinguished a manner.

It seems almost supererogatory to say more of the Siegfried than that Mr. Peter Cornelius once again represented him, but even this fine artist has not often sung better, especially at first, while in appearance, more especially in the woodland scene and during the forging of the sword, he presented a perfect picture of youthful strength, happy in the full-blooded enjoyment of life. Mr. Fönss's admirable Fafner we know, as also we know that pitiful dragon which possesses no more capacity for fighting for its life than the merest black beetle. The Alberich of Mr. Kiess likewise is an old friend, and a truly magnificently malevolent impersonation it is; but is there not just a suspicion of over-doing the "comedy" of the scene between Alberich and Mime, a suspicion shared by the Mime of Mr. Bechstein? Eliminate this, and you have the rôles in as near perfection as possible.

Madame Kirkby Lunn's Erda was sung, as often before, very beautifully indeed, and Miss Kappel showed once more how distinguished an artist she is by playing Brünnhilde most sympathetically. Miss Bessie Jones was not a complete success as the Waldvogel, and, in any case (the fault is not hers), her voice is made to over-dominate the scene in which she is heard by reason of her too close proximity to the front of the house. The voice thus becomes too crude in effect.

To all the singers who have yet appeared in this cycle of "Der Ring" a word of high praise goes for the extraordinary beauty of their diction. On Saturday, as before, it was perfectly easy for one knowing German to follow the proceedings from the sung text—a rare occurrence in opera, in whatever language it is sung. What, by the way, is the subtle meaning of that pendulous red light which swings backwards and forwards for several minutes at the moment of the breaking of Siegfried's sword? If it has no meaning it had better be abolished, for it is not only ineffective, but in any event is most distracting.

April 28 1914

"GÖTTERDÄMMERUNG" AT COVENT GARDEN.

A NOTABLE PERFORMANCE.

Siegfried	Herr Peter Cornelius
Gunther	Mr. Charles Mott
Hagen	Herr Paul Knüpfer
Alberich	Herr August Kiess
Brunnhilde	Frl. Gertrud Kappel
Gutrune	Miss Maude Fay
Waltraute	Mme. Kirkby Lunn
Woglinde	Miss Sybil Vane
Wellgunde	Miss Bessie Jones
Flosshilde	Mme. Dilys Jones
1st Norn	Mme. Dilys Jones
2nd Norn	Miss Bessie Jones
3rd Norn	Miss Sybil Vane

The first cycle of the *Ring* was completed last night in a way worthy of all that had gone before. In spite of the many confusions in the story, in spite even of some weak musical moments in the middle act, the intense humanity of the drama and Wagner's consummate development of the musical material from the earlier parts, make *Götterdämmerung* a thing apart; and its last act with the great monologue of Brünnhilde and the orchestral peroration is generally felt to be the greatest emotional climax in the whole of Wagner's musical output.

In this last performance the two orchestral interludes, the morning glory of the one known as "Siegfried's Journey to the Rhine" and the sombre reflections of the other, which links Hagen brooding in the hall to Brünnhilde musing on the rock, were fine moments of orchestral interpretation. One resented the noises of the carpenters on the stage which obliterated some of the most delicate phrasing in the second. All through the orchestral performance was of the highest order; not once were the tubas allowed to blare or the trombones to grunt; all the energy was expended in real tone producing that wonderful depth and resonance which is the special colour of *Götterdämmerung*.

All the singers had been heard in various parts throughout the cycle, and it is necessary to say little more of them beyond that they all lived up to their reputations. Of Fräulein Kappel, however, one would wish to say something, if only a word of gratitude for the illumination which her keenly sympathetic singing shed upon that bewildering second act. Mr. Charles Mott sang carefully as Gunther, but his diction was not equal to that of the German members of the cast. Herr Knüpfer made Hagen more clearly the son of Alberich than anyone else has done recently. He generally kept the tone of his voice to a dry hard quality, sometimes reducing it almost to speech, and in his dramatic treatment of the part one could never forget the scheming and the calculation of every action. It was an exceedingly clever interpretation, if not a distinctively musical one.

Miss Maude Fay's beautiful voice and charming presence seemed a little wasted upon the part of Gutrune. It is unnecessary to expend words over such well-known performances as those of Mme. Kirkby Lunn, Herr Cornelius, and Herr Kiess, but the three Norns, who were also the three Rhine-maidens, deserve praise as the best trio we have had of late years, and among them the contralto, Miss Dilys Jones, excelled in the clearness of her enunciation and in the certainty with which she attacked every phrase of her music. The whole cast was fit material for Herr Nikisch to work upon, and he wove all together into a finely graduated *ensemble*.

ROYAL OPERA.

"GÖTTERDÄMMERUNG."

April 28 1914

Siegfried	Mr. Peter Cornelius.
Gunther	Mr. Charles Mott.
Hagen	Mr. Paul Knupfer.
Alberich	Mr. August Kiess.
Brunnhilde	Miss Gertrud Kappel.
Gutrune	Miss Maude Fay.
Waltraute	Mme. Kirkby Lunn.
Woglinde	Miss Sybil Vane.
Wellgunde	Miss Bessie Jones.
Flosshilde	Mme. Dilys Jones.
1st Norn	Mme. Dilys Jones.
2nd Norn	Miss Bessie Jones.
3rd Norn	Miss Sybil Vane.

Conductor—Prof. Arthur Nikisch.

All those who were present at Covent Garden last night, when the first cycle of "Der Ring" was completed by the performance of "Götterdämmerung," may lay the flattering unction to their souls that they "assisted" at one of the most beautiful performances of this stupendous tragedy that have been given in many years. From first to last it was very beautiful indeed, in the orchestra and on the stage, a performance, assuredly, that will live long in the memory of those fortunate enough to hear it. Rarely has the point been more clearly emphasised that Wagner can be, and must be, sung by all concerned if even approximate perfection is to be achieved. And the reasons for the beauty of this performance were many, yet one. Everybody concerned seemed in an unusual degree to be working for the common good, so that though the principal soloists were among the best we know, yet none overshadowed another.

If, however, anyone harbours a suspicion of overshadowing, the "suspicion," as it were, must fall upon Miss Gertrud Kappel, in whom we have a Brünnhilde of a most truly glorious type. It is true that her original entry with Siegfried from the wings seemed a trifle prosaic, but once one had forgotten that—in a moment or two—the rest was one long continued joy. Whether in the period of her splendid happiness in the love of Siegfried, or in the moments of her poignant sorrow, this was a Brünnhilde the very type of the goddess who yet was very much of a woman. Again, it was the same in the ecstasy of love, when Siegfried sets off on his travels, and the contrast was all the more striking, therefore, in the superbly-dramatic scene of the oath.

Mr. Cornelius's Siegfried, too, was a particularly fine performance, even for a singer who has offered so many in years that are gone, and his share was a large one in the triumphant success of a truly joyous performance. Mr. Knüpfer's Hagen is a magnificently malevolent portrayal as fine as ever and as wonderfully sung; but Mr. Charles Mott has not yet offered anything nearly so good (save, perhaps, in "Die Meistersinger" in February) as his Gunther last night. His was truly a capital performance; as also was Mr. Kiess's splendid Alberich. Miss Maude Fay's Gutrune is a very refined picture, but almost too delicately limned, and the Norns, the Rhinemaidens, and the excellent chorus, and all concerned did their work under the magnetic direction of Professor Nikisch quite superbly well. The conductor, who had a very warm welcome before each act, shared with his company finely enthusiastic applause at each curtain-fall.

April 28 1914

THE ROYAL OPERA.

"DIE GÖTTERDÄMMERUNG."

The first of the two cycles of the "Ring" came to an end at Covent Garden last night with a performance of "Die Götterdämmerung," which had many excellent features. Once again we had some very beautiful playing from the orchestra, although Herr Nikisch lessened the total impression considerably by his waywardness in respect of rhythm and the use of rubato; also his tempi, at times, were curiously slow. On the stage the Siegfried of Herr Cornelius stood out by reason of his impetuosity, vigour, and, occasionally, some really powerful singing. The tendency to an excess of accentuation was rather tiring to listen to but when that was in abeyance the ease and warmth of his delivery gave genuine satisfaction. Fräulein Gertrud Kappel appeared as Brünnhilde, and sang splendidly in the magnificent duet in the first act; in the closing scene her control was not quite sure, as though she was fatigued, but the expression was always well maintained. The Hagen of Herr Paul Knüpfer was rather disappointing, in spite of some admirable singing, and one or two clever histrionic touches; the character was not made specially distinctive. Miss Maude Fay essayed the difficult rôle of Gutrune with fair success. Mme. Kirkby Lunn's superb voice, of course, told as finely as ever in the music of Waltraute. A certain measure of inexperience showed itself in Mr. Charles Mott's otherwise creditable impersonation of the part of Gunther. Herr Kiess was the Alberich and the Misses Sybil Vane, Bessie Jones, and Dilys Jones the Rhine-maidens and Norns. Some of the lighting effects were well carried out, but one wishes something a little less crude could be devised for the closing catastrope, the details of which at present possess the element of inconvincing. That the "Ring" badly needs overhauling in respect of the stage-management is an opinion we fancy is fairly generally held.

COVENT GARDEN OPERA.

April 29 1914.

"LA BOHÈME."

A new tenor, Signor Giuseppe Taccani, appeared as Rodolfo in Puccini's "La Bohème" at Covent Garden last night, and by the easy grace of his acting and excellent, if at first somewhat unsteady, vocal qualities, entirely commended himself to the good will of his audience. The famous song in the first act produced a top C that, by reason of its certain attack and ringing resonance, easily outshone the notes immediately below it, which were not so well managed. It is probable that when Signor Taccani adapts his methods of voice production to the requirements of the house, Covent Garden will have a welcome addition to its list of tenors.

For Mme. Bellincioni, who appeared as Mimi, the indulgence of the audience was requested, as the artist was suffering from a severe cold—a fact that could scarcely be disputed. For the rest of the cast, it was as on the opening night of the season, and it may be recorded that Mr. Albert Coates's conducting set a fine pace throughout to the familiar strains, and accomplished an unusually brilliant orchestral performance that was of invaluable assistance to the happenings on the stage.

April 29 1914

A BOY CONDUCTOR.

A number of musical people were invited to the Albert Hall yesterday afternoon to hear Master Willy Ferrero conduct the New Symphony Orchestra, previous to a series of concerts to begin next week. This child of seven and a half years is a musical phenomenon of an interesting type. It is said that he is unable to read music, but has a very remarkable memory. So much so that after hearing musical works played on an orchestra he is able to direct a performance himself, giving the cues to the instrumentalists, the tempi, the changes of rhythm, and so forth, and all without a score. There has, perhaps, been no more

striking instance of what an undeveloped brain is capable of, for the peculiar conditions of the performance of music through the means of an orchestra involve the perception and the retention in the memory of a great number of details of a varied kind. How much musical faculty young Ferrero possesses is another matter, and is not easily estimated, at any rate, after yesterday's proceedings, which were in the nature of a rehearsal. Moreover, it must always be a difficult matter with an orchestra which could quite easily play most things without a conductor at all and yet give a fair sort of performance. We have heard orchestras play in such a manner before now, and know what can be done. Still, Master Ferrero did enough to show that he certainly exercises some influence, although occasionally it seemed evident that the orchestra was rather taking the lead.